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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 2. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, JAN. 12, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

UNCLE JACK.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

"What young bears most boys are!" said my Uncle Jack, watching his oldest hope pushing his sister in the swing so vigorously that she almost fell out, and then pulling one side of the rope at a time, making her fairly dizzy with swaying from side to side, while she alternately screamed and entreated.

"Just about the same, all of them," Uncle Jack went on. "Talk about boyish chivalry, I never found it, especially toward a boy's own kith and kin. There may be some Highland Marys with juvenile adorers, but nine times out of ten a boy would rather frighten a girl than kiss her. My John, here, 's just a specimen. Come here, sir," raising his voice. "Do you want to hear a story about the days when I was just such another cub as yourself?"

This suggestion brought John and his sister both in from the swing. When Uncle Jack began to "spin a yarn," as he often called it, all the family were sure to want to be present at its unravelling.

"You see," he began, "my sister Nelly wasn't my sister at all; but it was all the same, as far as my feeling for her went. When I was only three years old my mother's best friend died, and left Nelly, a little, wailing, two-months-old baby, to my mother's care. Her father had been killed before she was born, in a railroad accident, so there was no one but my mother to see to her; and she brought the little thing home and adopted her, thankfully enough, for though she had four good stout boys, of whom I was the youngest, there was never a girl in the family Nelly came.

"We all loved her, as she grew older. She was a pretty little blossom as you would want to see, with her eyes as blue as the violets on a south slope in May, and her hair like yellow gold spun into glittering threads. She had a funny little rose-bud of a mouth, too, and the daintiest little figure—well-made all through, and no mistake about it.

"I think I loved her, if any thing, better than the rest did, considering that she was nearer my age, and so we were more continually together; but, bless you, there wasn't any chivalry in it. It didn't keep me from painting her doll's face black, or hiding its shoes, or from listening when she was talking with her girl cronies, and then bursting out among them, and yelling their choicest secret to the four winds.

"I would have knocked any boy down, from the time I was big enough to use my fists, who had said a saucy word to Nelly; but I said plenty of them, myself. I believe I liked to tease her for the sake of hearing her beg me not to; just as I've seen you tease your sister a hundred times, Master John.

"You would think she would have hated me; but that's one curious thing about girls and women, they don't always hate where you would naturally expect them to; and Nelly cared a good deal more about me than I deserved. She seemed to be proud of me, because I was a great strong, roystering fellow, and she never bore malice for any of the tricks I served her.

"I have wondered many a time since how I could have had the heart to torment her, for she never once tried to revenge herself on me, nor can I recollect her ever being angry with me. When I got myself into disgrace with parents or teachers, it was always her gentle voice which pleaded for me, and hard enough folks found it to say no to her, whether it was the violet eyes and spun gold hair, or a little winning, coaxing way she had.

"When I was fourteen and Nelly was eleven we went one day to a huckleberry picnic. We had great fun all the afternoon, and stayed a good deal later than we meant to, so that it was almost dark when we started to go home. We had two miles to walk, and the first half of the

UNCLE JACK.

distance our way lay with the rest of the company. I had got well stirred up by the general merriment, and wasn't half satisfied with the frolic ending there.

"Nelly, I remembered afterwards, was very quiet, and seemed tired. She was a delicate little thing, any way, and got worn out with fatigue or excitement a good deal sooner than most of her mates. Finally our road turned off away from the rest, and led through a long pine wood. As we went on under the thick trees it grew darker and darker, and Nelly cuddled up closer to my side.

"You'd have thought that at fourteen I was old enough for chivalry, and that sort of thing, if I was ever going to be; but not a bit of it—I was just a great, strong, rollicking boy, with some heart, to be sure, but liking fun better than any thing, and headstrong and inconsiderate to an extent which I am ashamed to remember. Full still of unexhausted animal spirits, and as I said, not half satisfied with the frolic I had had, I began, in default of other amusement, to tease Nelly.

"I told her a ghastly story or two, and then I would rush away from her among the thick trees, as if in pursuit of something, and come back again to her side, in a few minutes. I wanted her to scream after me, but she didn't. She was so still that I actually thought she didn't care; and after awhile I grew vexed because I couldn't vex her, and make her implore me to stay with her, and confess her dependence upon me.

"At last, when we were about a third of a mile from home, a path led through the woods, branching off from the main path on which we were, to the farm where my greatest crony lived. I thought of something I wanted to say to him. Here was a chance to tease Nelly well—let her see whether she was just as comfortable without me as with me.

"You look at me as if you didn't believe I could have been such a brute; but I was, and what is more, I did not at all realize at the time that I was doing any harm. That Nelly would have a little scare, and hurry home somewhat faster than usual, was the most I apprehended; so I said, with a sort of boyish swagger,—

"'It just occurs to me that there is something I want to say to Hal Somers, and we are so near home now that you won't be afraid, so I'll just branch off there. Tell mother I had supper enough at the picnic, and she needn't wait for me.'

"It was too dark to look at Nelly, or perhaps her white face, sad and frightened as I know it must have been, would have turned me from my purpose. She did not speak one word, and I struck off at a tearing pace through the woods.

"By the time I had reached Hal Somers' place I began to get sobered down a little, and to feel somewhat uncomfortable about what I had done. I had to wait a few minutes before I could see him, but I did my errand briefly, and it was not more than an hour after I had left Nelly before I, myself, was at home. I found mother on the porch, looking out anxiously.

"'I'm so glad you've come, children,' she cried, when she heard my footsteps, and then, as I drew nearer, 'Why, Jack, where is Nelly?'

"'Here, I suppose,' I answered, trying to face the music boldly. 'I left her about an hour ago in the woods, where the path branches off to go to Hal Somers', and she had nothing to do but to come straight home.'

"'You left Nelly in the woods, an hour ago!' my mother cried, in a tone which made my heart stand still, and then turn over with a great leap. And then she sprang by me like some wild creature, and called through the darkness to my father to come with his lantern, quick, quick, for Nelly had been alone in the dark woods for an hour.

"Instantly, as it seemed to me, my father and my oldest brother were following mother along the woodland path, and I stole after them, feeling like a second Cain. It was but a very few minutes before we came up to Nelly, for there she was, just where I left her. She had sunk to the ground, and was half sitting there, her back leaning against a tree beside the path. The light from the lantern flashed on her face, a face white and set as death, but with the wide-open eyes glaring fearfully into the dark beyond.

"It was my mother who touched her first; and felt to see whether her heart had stopped beating.

"'Is she dead?' my father asked, huskily.

"'I don't know. It seems to me I can feel the very faintest throb, but I cannot tell until we get her home. If she isn't dead, I am afraid she is worse—frightened out of her senses, forever.'

"Then father and William made preparations to carry her. I asked, timidly, if I could help. I think none of them had noticed before that I was there.

"'You!' my father said, with such concentrated scorn and wrath in his voice as I cannot describe; and then mother said, more mildly, but so sadly it was worse than any anger,—

"'No, I trusted her to you once. I supposed you loved her.'

"So I saw them move off, carrying her between them, and I followed after like an outcast, until it occurred to me that, at least, I could call a physician. So I flew by them like the wind, and off on the road to town. By some singular good fortune, if we ought not always to say Providence and never fortune, before I had gone forty rods I met Dr. Greene, who was coming in our direction to visit a patient. So I had him with me on the door-stone when they brought Nelly in.

"I did not dare to go into the room where they carried her; but I waited outside in an agony which punished me already for my sin. At last my mother had pity on me and looked out.

"'She is not dead, Jack,' she said, 'but she is still insensible, and until she is restored to consciousness there is no telling what the result will be.'

"Then an awful terror came over me, which I cannot put into words. What if she died, or what if she never had her reason again? Who in that house would ever bear to look at me? When Cain had murdered his brother he had to go forth alone—what was left for me, another Cain, but to go also alone into the world?

"We lived nine miles away from a seaport town from which whaling vessels were continually starting, and it came into my mind that I might ship on board one for a three years' cruise; and, by the time it was over, the folks at home might have learned to forgive me for being in the world. So off through the night I hurried.

"How strangely our ways seem made ready for us, often, in the great moments, big with fate, of our lives! I found a whaler which was to sail in the early morning, a captain disappointed in one of his green hands, whose place I could have, and before I had been half an hour in the town my bargain was made, I had been fitted out with necessaries, and I went into a tavern to write a note to my mother.

"A strange, incoherent note it was; but it told her where I was gone and why, and begged her, whatever came, to forgive her boy, who loved her, and who might never see her again.

"Never mind about the long, long days, and weeks, and months which followed—the empty hours, of solemn nights and gusty days, during which I was face to face with my own soul.

"Of course before a week had gone by I was sorry enough for the rash step I had taken. It seemed to me I could not live for three years and not know what had become of Nelly. I would have gone barefoot to the ends of the earth to find out about her, but I could not walk the sea. I was growing so wild with grief and anxiety that I sometimes think I should have walked overboard some night, and so ended all my pain for this world, if Providence had not raised me up a friend in my need. Only a common sailor, and a man whose strange history I never knew—but a gentleman and a scholar, in whose locker were Milton, and Shakespeare, and Don Quixotte.

"I had studied pretty well at school; and was rather forward than otherwise, for a boy of fourteen; and I have sometimes thought no course of study in any school would have been so much to me as was the entire absence of frivolous and worthless literature, and the constant companionship of these great minds. Besides these, I read daily in my pocket Testament; and I owed a great deal also to the instructions and explanations of the friend who was, as it has always seemed to me, God's especial gift to my needs.

"Our voyage appeared destined, at first, to be a highly successful one; but just as we were nearly ready to return, we encountered a storm which strewed the sea with wrecks. We saw our vessel go down, but we were fortunate enough to escape in our boats; my friend and I, and two or three more, were with the second mate in his boat, and we were soon separated from the others. We made land on a fruitful island, peopled by savages who were not unfriendly, but it was many months before, at last, we got away in an East Indiaman, and while we were on the island my friend had died suddenly, leaving untold the story of his life.

"I will not enter into the particulars of my return home—how from port to port and ship to ship I made my way, until at length, after five

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years of absence, I sighted the well-known landmarks of the old town from whence I had embarked.

"How familiar it all looked to me! I knew every field through which the homeward road led, and I walked the nine miles between the town and my father's farm in the night, as I had done before. It was three o'clock of a September morning when I reached the old place, and I had nearly two hours to wait before there were any signs of life about it. For now, after all these years, I had not the courage to summon them from their rest. How I passed those waiting hours, divided betwixt hope and fear, you can guess. I lived over in them all the torturing anxieties of the last five years. Was Nelly dead or alive? Should I ever see my mother again? What had changed, while the old house among the trees had stood so still?

"At last I heard a sound. A door opened, and my mother, who of old always used to be the first to move, looked out. Her hair was white, and her thin cheeks were pale; but I knew the kind eyes that looked forth to meet the morning, and should have known them despite any amount of change. I sprang forward to greet her.

"'Mother,' I said. She knew my voice and turned toward me, trembling.

"'O, Jack, Jack! I thought you were dead long ago. O my boy, my own boy!'

"And her arms were round my neck, her tender lips were kissing me; and so she drew me in, into peace, shelter, home.

"'And Nelly?' I asked, half afraid to call the name.

"'Nelly is well. O, if you had but waited to see. She was ill for awhile, but no serious harm came to her; and, instead, it was my own boy who went away to break my heart.'

"'And has come back to heal it,' I cried, growing bold and merry with my relief and joy.

"By this time the rest heard us, and came to the scene—father, brothers, and last of all, Nelly, such a beautiful Nelly of sweet sixteen, ten times fairer and brighter than my brightest memories of her, and all ready to forgive me, and make much of me.

"*Then* was when the chivalry began. *Then* I was ready enough to fetch and carry for Miss Nelly of the violet eyes and the spun-gold hair."

"O," said John, laughing, "then when a fellow is nineteen he can be chivalrous to his own sister?"

"Very likely he can," Uncle Jack answered, "but my experience doesn't prove it; for I began to be glad, very soon indeed, that Nelly was only my adopted sister, after all. It was a good while before I got my courage up to ask her whether she would trust herself to me on the long home stretch through life. Be sure that I promised her, if she would, that I'd never leave her in any dark places."

"And what did she say?"

"O, I mustn't tell her secrets. Go and ask her. There she comes, with her first grandchild in her arms. Her hair isn't spun-gold now, she says, but it looks to me just as it used to look; and I know her eyes are blue violets; and though I call her 'mother,' with the rest of you, when you are all round, there is never a night that I don't say to her, before she goes to sleep, 'God bless you, Nelly!' "

PILLOWS OF STONE.

"Rock" and "stone" do not suggest such rugged and cheerless ideas in the East as they do here. "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land" to an Oriental mind conveys an idea of exceeding comfort, refreshment and safety. The sense and thought of *coolness* connected with a rock or stone by the Eastern people is implied in nearly all their descriptions. Rev. Dr. S. C. Robinson, in one of his recent letters from the East to the *Christian Union*, says:

"A word may be said about the hardship of stone pillows, and about this eastern habit of sleeping. The climate throughout all Southern Palestine is not only warm, but sunshine tends peculiarly and excessively to sun-stroke. It drives to drowsiness almost irresistibly. Whenever one of the natives has an hour of waiting, he invariably sleeps, as the readiest method of disposing of his time. In the parable, those unfortunate virgins may seem exceedingly commonplace, who fell asleep when a wedding was on the way. I admit they were foolish to sleep even until the cry was heard, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh.' But they did just what most people do when kept under pressure in these regions.

"Then, as for conveniences, you are to remember that a stone has these two advantages: it is generally cool, and it is free from vermin, and furthermore, it is almost the only thing for elevating one's head, which can easily be found. No stock of old trees, no fallen trunks remain in this country; these, and such things, are gathered at once for firewood. There are no hillocks or green grass. And when you recall the sort of head covering to be worn by all who desire to avoid dizziness and danger, that is to say, either a turban or the folds of a thick band of muslin around the temples, you will perceive that even in the historic instance of Bethel, Joseph did not have so terribly hard a time of it as would at first sight appear. His pillow was on his head, and a cool fragment of rock made him no mean bolster."

DON'T TELL IT.

Your neighbor's name,
Or your friend's fair fame,
And what befell it,
In deed or word,
You may have heard,
Yet pray don't tell it!

If kept within,
This rumored sin
May prove a bubble;
If told again,
Like thriving grain,
'Twill soon grow double!

Instead of p ace,
If strife increase,
Then try and quell it;
Think what you will,
Of good or ill,
But pray don't tell it.

For the Companion.

AFTER NEW YEAR'S.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

You must know we are not rich in this world's goods. Father keeps a small grocery, and mother and I keep house. It is a very small house, painted red—but not an offensive red at all—prettily relieved by the greenest of green window-blinds. Father has been trying for years to buy it; the greatest ambition of his heart, next to seeing me a good scholar, being to own a house.

The store juts out on the corner; stands all by itself, though there is a communicating door from the house.

Mother is not very strong, but she is always busy. Did ever you know mother hands that were not busy? Just as surely as heart and smiles are full of sweetness, the hands are full of work. She and I are just like two sisters. Granny Winslow, who comes here sometimes, says it does her old heart good to hear us laugh and chat together. Poor old dame, she drove her only child from her side for every trifling misdemeanor, never sparing the rod, and the consequence is, that the girl, glad to get away from home, has gone to a distant city, and works in a factory, happier there than by her mother's side. The love has been chilled out of her, mother says.

But I was going to tell you of our New Year's presents.

I happen to know May Golding. She is the doctor's daughter, and just a year younger than I am. We have taken a great fancy to each other! Fancy? Indeed, I think it is real love; at least I know it is on my side, and I hope it is on hers.

Two or three weeks before the holidays, May confided to me her little secrets. As we walked along the village street, she took me to the shop windows. The first was a jeweller's, and she directed my attention to a ruby velvet case, in which laid a gold thimble. It was the loveliest gold thimble I ever saw in my life! Little tiny leaves and flowers were wrought round the rim, and under that the fine metal shone like flakes of sunlight.

"That is for mamma," she said. "Not long ago my Uncle George gave me ten dollars, and I have been saving up every cent I could get since. Don't you think she will be pleased?"

Of course I thought so, but I fear there was an ugly feeling in my heart; it might be called envy. I struggled against it, though, but when she took me to the next shop, and displayed another prospective gift,—a lace collar, of exquisite design,—I quite broke down, and the collars, and fans, and parasols danced about in all directions, through the trembling mist in my poor foolish eyes.

"Mamma has often spoken of that set," said May, in an ecstasy of delight, "and she little thinks that she will get it, I know. Then I have worked such lovely slippers for papa, and a little red pincushion for his vest pocket, and a watch-case, and, why!"—she turned suddenly upon me—"Sady Ingals, you are crying."

"Nonsense!' I said, but with such a ghost of a little quavering laugh!

"But you are! There's a tear escaped jail, and is running straight down your nose. Why, dear me! What can it be for?"

"It's just for silliness," said I, almost sobbing, "and envy, and every other bad feeling that I ought to be ashamed of myself for harboring. The fact is, I was thinking how I wished I could make my dear mother a fine present; just one *fine* one, that would cost something. But we are not able. Your father is a rich man; mine is a poor one."

May was silent for a moment.

"Your mother *is* a sweet little mother," she said, at last, "and ought to have one of the prettiest presents that can be thought of. O dear! if you only had a rich uncle!"

"I *have* a rich uncle," said I, "but what good does he do me? He lives hundreds of miles away, and never, or very seldom, writes to us, or, I suppose, thinks of us."

"And do you never write to him?"

"No, indeed. I don't believe he thinks there's a poor Sarah Ingals in existence," I replied—her suggestion awakening new thoughts and impulses. "If we were rich, I suppose he would remember me at holiday times."

"But my dear child," exclaimed May, with the air of forty and the wisdom of fourteen, "you can't expect him to remember you if you don't take any pains to get remembered. Now if I were you, I'd sit down and tell him just how it is, and how much you want to make your dear mother—his own sister, mind—at least one pretty present. I shouldn't wonder if he sent you five or ten dollars."

"May Golding, I wouldn't do it for the world!" I cried, indignantly. "What! do you suppose I'd cringe to a rich man and ask him a favor? He ought to remember us of his own accord."

"But he don't," said May, sententiously, "and I'd make him," she added, pressing her pretty little lips together. "Why, it seems so funny! My Uncle George writes to me every month, and I'm always sure of a splendid present at the holiday time. But haven't you got any thing to give?"

"Only some miserable little tidies," said I, choking again, "and a few other insignificant things. But then," I added, with a little tingling of pleasure, "mother will value them just as much as she would finer gifts, only I do so want to give her something handsome."

All the way home May's suggestion followed me. "Write a letter to Uncle Walter," something said, like a little fairy voice buzzing just inside my ear.

By the time I reached my room, the plan did not seem so contemptible. After all, there could be no harm, supposing, even, he never noticed the letter.

As I opened the drawers, a photograph of myself stared me in the face. Curiously enough, that decided me. I took out the picture, sat down at my little table with pen, ink and paper, and in ten minutes had written a simple little letter, in which I enclosed my photograph. I sealed it guiltily, like a culprit, and waited till I had a good opportunity, and posted it myself.

It would bring an answer, if any notice was taken of it, in three days. How strangely I felt in the interim! How I frequented the shop windows! Suppose, *only* suppose that he should send me *ten dollars!* It almost took my breath away to think of it. I had never had much over a dollar of my own in my life, and even the little I had possessed, I had been obliged to use for necessary purposes.

Mother and father both noticed that I was more quiet than usual. Sometimes, when I kept shop for father for a few moments, amid the mingled odors of cheese, salt fish and damp sugar, I forgot to give change, and, indeed, my thoughts were strangely perturbed during those eventful days.

At last the time came. I went to the office. No letter. The next day I was more fortunate. A large white envelope was handed me, postmarked New York. How my heart beat! A curious sensation came over me. Outside the door I opened the letter. Yes, there was money there; five or ten dollars, I felt quite sure. I walked home on air, my cheeks glowing, my heart bumping against my side. I gained my room, took out the bills without daring to look at them, and read, as follows:

DEAR NIECE,—Received your letter, and thank you for it. Never write much, myself. I enclos- with pleasure some money for presents. You are a good, thoughtful girl, I am sure.

Affectionately, UNCLE WALTER.

And what had my venture brought me? Could I believe my sight? Two fresh, crisp bills, each one with the figure 50 staring me in the face!

What! A *hundred dollars?* All for me, to buy presents with. The bills fell from my hands, and I burst into tears of pure joy, and sobbed like a baby. What would not a hundred dollars buy?"

I went out that afternoon, utterly reckless. I spent fifty dollars, and I fancy I spent them well. I know there was one good piece of white cotton cloth, that I knew mother was wishing for. The other fifty—well, on one or two occasions, I had heard my father say that he could do nicely if he had only fifty dollars clear cash. On New Year's Eve I put it in his stocking, in a cunning little envelope.

So on New Year's Eve, when they thought me sound asleep, I crept down stairs with my goods, and ranged them around everywhere. What a sight it was, to be sure! Such a love of a breakfast shawl! A silver thimble in a fine case! A pretty pattern for a dress! Two or three sets of collars and cuffs! A delicate little dress-cap, some gloves, handkerchiefs and stockings, and the mighty web of snowy cloth!

Need I tell you what a scene ensued on the following morning? How I was kissed, and cried over, and blessed, and made a little queen of all that day? How father seemed to be as happy as if his fifty dollars had changed to a thousand?

You see I am telling my story after New Year's, for I love to look back and think of it.

May asked me if I got any thing for myself. Why, bless you, I never dreamed of such a thing.

For the Companion.

SARAH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

In the course of a week Mr. Darius took up his abode at the farm, and I must admit that he managed exceedingly well, and was kind to us all, insisting that grandma should remain, although she offered to go to her own kindred.

And yet, somehow, I mistrusted him from the first. Why, I could not have told, and perhaps, after all, the feeling I had was only jealousy at seeing him in my dear master's place.

He seemed fond of Willie—over-fond, as I thought,—at least he made too much show of it. But sometimes he would sit and watch him with a look which said, as plain as a look could, "Only that little lad between me and my brother's fortune." However, I could not quarrel with a look, and grandma thought the man perfection, so I kept my suspicions to myself.

He had been with us a year or more, when he announced his intention of visiting his cousin in Scotland, and proposed to take Willie with him. I objected, saying that he was too young to go away from home.

"I think the boy might be trusted with his uncle," said he. "Willie, what do you say about it? Would you like to see the wonders of Edinboro' town?"

"That I would," said Willie; "but I would like my Sarah to go with me."

"What! not large enough to travel without your nurse," said his uncle, tauntingly. "I thought you more of a man."

At this Willie's cheeks flushed. "Indeed, I could go all by myself, but I wanted my Sarah to see the fine sights, too. But I will bring you a shawl, Sarah,—a real, beautiful McGregor plaid."

So it was decided he should go, and I packed his little trunk without another word.

I bade him good-by at the door, and then stole up to the gable window to get a last look at him. What made him do it, I never could divine, but, just as the wagon went out the gate, the little lad turned his head, looked straight up to me at the window, and kissed his hand.

I thought we should hear from him in the course of a week, but no letter came, and grandma said he was too busy to write, and I tried to think so too, though I knew it wasn't a bit like him; but when another week passed and no letter, I felt certain that he was either sick or dead.

At last a line came from his uncle, saying, "I shall be at Surry in the five o'clock train, Friday. Let John meet me."

"He says *I*, not *we*," said I to grandma.

"It's an oversight, child," said she. "Don't worry so."

But it was not an oversight, for at the appointed time Mr. Darius came, and *came alone*. He seemed greatly agitated, and looked like a ghost.

"What have you done with Willie?" said I.

"I wish I had never taken him," said he.

"Where is he?" said I.

"In the cemetery at Edinboro'," said he, and then he explained to us how Willie had taken small-pox, which was raging in the quarter of the city where his cousins, the Mowrys lived, and they had been obliged to bury him the same day. When I begged for some message or token, he said there was none, for Willie had been unconscious almost from the first. And that was all I could learn from him, for he tried to avoid the subject, and once he burst out, as cross as you please,—

"Be quiet, girl; you're enough to drive a man crazy with your questions."

So, after that, I asked no more, for where was the use? At least, not then, though that was not the end of the matter, for who should come

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to visit us, by-and-by, but the Scotch cousin, Rob Mowry, himself. Of course it would ill have beseemed me, being only a servant girl, to make conversation with my betters; but he had a free, pleasant way with him, so when he began inquiring about the farm, and the dairy, and the like, I took the liberty to speak on the subject nearest my heart.

"The place is thriving," said I; "never more so than since the young master was taken away."

"Yes. I was sorry to hear of the wee laddie's death," said he.

"Then, may be, you weren't at home when he died?"

"At hame? How's that?"

"Surely, it was at your house he died?"

"My hoose! How could that be, when he was never so much as inside it in a' his life?"

When he said that, I felt all goose-flesh from head to foot, but I had no chance to say more, for Mr. Darius, who may be had his own reasoning that Blacknose had swallowed a potato the wrong way, and would choke to death if she

Afterwards I put a bold ace on the matter, and asked him, didn't he say Willie died at his Cousin Mowry's, in Edinboro'?"

"No, foolish girl—it was in Liverpool," and then he remarked to his cousin, laughing, "Her notions of geography are not very distinct."

"She seems a clever lass, though," I heard Mr. Mowry say, as I was leaving the room.

"Yes, much too clever," thought I to myself, "to be outwitted in this way." And from that time I watched Mr. Darius like a detective. Not a word or a look escaped me, but although he daily grew more morose and irritable, it was long before I found any further clue to the mystery.

Meanwhile the Scotch cousin departed, and we were left by ourselves.

One evening, when I was sitting by the fire, trying to forget my sad thoughts in reading, Mr. Darius came into the kitchen. "A horrible night," exclaimed he, for the rain was dashing against the windows, and the wind was raging fearfully.

"Yes, sir," said I, "especially for them that have an unquiet conscience."

"What do you mean by that?"

"O, nothing, only I suppose there are such in the world."

"I suppose so. What book have you there? Come, read to me a little while. Any thing's better than listening to the racket outside."

"May be you'd not find the book entertaining, sir. It's a sad tale about a cruel uncle who ordered two little children carried to a darksome wood and murdered, that he might have their property. But the murderers' hearts failed them, and they left the poor things to wander about by themselves. So they died, and the robins covered them with leaves."

"Look here, girl," cried Mr. Darius, "do you imagine I don't understand your hints and suspicions? You think I murdered Willie, don't you? Well, let me tell you, you are greatly mistaken. For any thing I know, he is alive and well this minute. There—put that in your pipe and smoke it."

Then he flung out of the room, and I saw him no more that night, but when, the next day, I besought him to tell me the truth, he said, "I was only fooling you."

So I was more wretched than before, not knowing what to believe. But if I was miserable, so was he, and at last he fairly fretted himself into a fever. He was always nervous and cared if his head did but ache, but now he went beyond any thing I had ever seen before.

"O, Sarah, do you think I'm going to die?" he said, every time I went near him, and I would try to soothe and encourage him; but just the same he would ask me over again,—"O, Sarah, do you think I'm going to die?"

"No doubt of it, sir," said I, at length.

"Then why don't you do something? Send for a London physician instantly. Tell John Denny to start at once."

"Answer one question first," said I. "What have you done with Willie?"

"You care more for that child's little finger than you do for my whole body," said he, angrily.

"That's true, sir," said I.

"Are you going to let me die before your eyes?"

"That's as you choose. But bethink you, if you die, what good will all your possessions do you?"

"How do I know that you won't desert me when I have told you?"

"You have my word for it."

"Listen, then. When I took Willie away I meant to go to Edinboro', but while at Liverpool I found a large American steamer at the wharf, which I visited with the boy, out of curiosity. Finding that she was about to leave, I was hurrying off, when I missed Willie, whom I last saw gazing at the engine. I took one step to go in search of him, when old Satan put it in my head to leave him behind. I stepped on to the pier, and five minutes afterwards, the boat was steaming down the harbor."

Then I got from him the name of the boat which was the *Winona*, and the captain, and other particulars, all of which I noted down, and in less than a fortnight afterwards I was myself on a steamer bound for New York. Mr. Darius called it a wild goose chase, going after the boy, but I knew that if he was in the world alive I could find him.

And indeed there was less difficulty than I expected, for our captain proved to be a good man, and as wise as he was good, and took the matter in hand as though the lost one had been his own. He was not long in tracing Willie to an orphan asylum, and from there to a family in the State of New Jersey, but not till he had seen me safely on my way there, did he bid me farewell. May Heaven's blessing rest on that man to the last day of his life.

When I reached the house where Willie lived, and made known my errand, they said the little lad was in the field at work, and would I step in while they called him; but no, I could not wait for that, and went to the field myself. I knew him in a minute, although he had grown so tall, and stout, and sunburnt, and was in coarse working clothes, instead of the pretty suit of navy blue I last saw him wear.

I came close behind him before I spoke. "Willie," said I, then.

The color came to his cheek, and he turned his head this way and that, like a stray bird that hears its mother's voice, but he did not see me.

"Willie," said I, again.

Then he looked round. "My Sarah!" he cried, and dropping his hoe, sprang to my arms.

There is little more to tell, for the family who had taken Willie, gladly surrendered him when they heard his story and proved its truth, and in a few weeks we were back on English soil and in our own home.

Mr. Darius left our premises as soon as he got rid of his fever, for I suppose he thought I would divulge every thing, but I did not, and to this day no one knows his share in the business, though I think the Scotch cousin had an inkling of it.

CAPTURE OF A SHARK.

We had run through the "trades," and had been lying becalmed for several days, when a breeze sprang up that promised soon to take us round the African Continent.

On the following morning, soon after daylight, we were gratified by the appearance of the first cape pigeon—the first herald of the cold latitudes we were approaching.

This first arrival was also, strangely enough, the last to leave us—in fact, poor bird, it never did depart, either willingly or alive. All hands came to know it well, and never confounded it with any other, though dozens of its companions were eddying around us within the course of the next few days.

I am writing of years ago, when sailors were a different race from what they now are. They were superstitious, and loved those strange yet familiar birds—those little feathered friends, who came to keep them company, and cheer their spirits during the most perilous portion of the voyage.

Day after day, week after week, through storm and calm, fair weather and foul, for more than a month, these birds remained in our company. But when, having doubled the cape, our ship began to near the hot latitudes of the Mozambique Channel, then, slowly, one by one, they commenced to forsake us.

All had left us—all but that one marked bird, the first which came. For more than a week after its last companion had disappeared, that solitary bird remained behind. The weather had become burning hot, yet still it would not quit us.

All hands now seemed to devote unusual attention to this one laggard. The most superstitious of old "shell-backs" began to entertain their extravagant opinions; one weather-beaten old fellow positively affirming, that the dead sailor's spirit had mistaken our vessel for that in which he had been lost.

We had just entered the Mozambique Channel. It was a calm and oppressively hot day, and our pet was being fed, as usual, by one of the watch below, when a loud cry from the man brought half the ship's company rushing aft to where he was seated on the taffrail.

Poor bird! I was just in time to see it vanish down the hideous distended jaws of a huge shark. The six gleaming rows of lancet-like teeth closed upon it, and our friend of many weeks—our first and last companion through the bleak regions so lately left behind—was gone!

One cry of anguish seemed to burst from the whole crew, then a storm of curses at the black-looking, terrible monster now gliding so quietly in the wake of the vessel.

"Here, Trestletree; knock off the hands!" roared the captain. "Let them stay aft to try and catch that shark.

Half wild with excitement, all joined in the efforts to capture the greedy monster of the deep.

The sturdy old boatswain flew aft with the shark-hook and chain; while the cook fished up from his harness-cask a great piece of greasy pork, to bait the hook, and lure our enemy to his destruction. A running bowline knot—all ready to drop over his head, and hold him fast under the fins—was made round the rope to which the chain of the hook was attached.

The bait was then tossed overboard, with a loud splash, to attract the shark's attention; and eagerly every soul on board stood watching that dark, quiescent mass just beneath the surface, and that sinister black dorsal fin projecting out of the water some thirty yards astern.

The captain and mates had each a musket, loaded with short pieces of brass bolt, to give an effective dose, if chance offered.

Harpoon in hand, two of our best men, who had sailed in whalers, sat quiet but watchful on the taffrail, waiting till the ravenous monster should give them an opportunity, or be dragged plunging to the surface, with the strong iron hook in his jaws.

The rest of our crew were standing ready, with the fall in their hands, behind the block on the spanker-boom end through which the fishing-rope had been rove.

The shark had seen the bait; we thought so, at least, by the changed angle of that ominous black fin—now pointing straight on. We knew that he was coming when the ugly dorsal fin suddenly disappeared, as he sank to a safe depth before approaching.

Crouching on the taffrail, the captain saw the monster, and warned us by whispering,—

"Stand by, my lads; stand by!"

Now, it is a singular fact that, although the shark rushes upon his prey with inconceivable rapidity, he never takes bait in the same way; but, on the contrary, always approaches it with caution, swims hesitatingly about it, and then, if he does bite, seizes the treacherous morsel with such slowness and deliberation that you cannot tell he is hooked except by seeing him turn on his side to take it, and then feeling the drag when he lashes round with his tail to make off.

Suddenly up sprang the captain, and shouted, "Haul away, boys; haul away! Crabs and crowbars! he's taken the bait right down!"

It was stamp and go with those who held the fishing-rope, and in a second or two the shark was dragged to the surface.

But now came the tug of war. It was easy enough to pull him through the water, but to get him out of it—that was the job. It could not be attempted until we held him with something more than the hook. We had now got his ugly shovel-nose within a couple of feet of the surface, and the boatswain, carefully gathering up the running bowline, flung it down the fishing-rope, and, at the first throw, succeeded in sinking it over the head and shoulders of our prey. This other rope was now placed into a snatch-block.

"Now, then, my hearties, clap on to the bowline!" cried the delighted boatswain. "Haul with a will, and up she rises!"

And the knot holding firmly under his fins, up our enemy did rise; but it was a tremendous struggle. Plunging and darting in every direction, splashing and dashing, about his native element in impotent fury, we succeeded in getting the whole of his head and shoulders out of the water, amid a perfect sea of foam raised by his struggles.

Bang, bang, bang, went the muskets, and the shark was further incommoded by several jagged lengths of brass bolt. Then the harpooners, standing erect on the taffrail, used their weapons with all the strength of arm they could exert; so that, altogether, the devourer of the cape pigeon was getting into rather uncomfortable quarters.

All hands had now seized the bowline rope, and the shark, despite his terrible efforts to escape, was bound to come. He was a tremendously big fellow, and of the largest species, or he could never have resisted our united strength so long.

"Haul, my lads; haul together!" cried the captain, half wild with excitement.

"Now then, men," echoed the chief mate, "up with him—up with him! Rouse him up! One more pull, all together!"

Encouraged thus, the men exerted themselves more than ever. Still, for a moment, with a supreme effort, the shark clung to his briny home.

"Hurrah, my boys, hurrah!" yelled the old boatswain. "Keep time, yer lubbers; keep time, and he must come! Now then; one, two, three, haul!"

And, with a frantic effort, keeping time to the song of the old boatswain, their immediate leader, our tars tore their enemy out of the water.

"Run him for'ard, boys; run him for'ard!" cried the captain, anxious for his chronometers, which would get sadly shaken if we left the powerful fish to struggle about on the poop.

The shark showed over the taffrail, and, with a run altogether, we drew him quickly forward till he fell down to the main-deck, with a tremendous crash, and for some moments had all his own way; not a soul daring to come within reach of the swift and terrible blows of his tail.

At length, however, want of water began to exhaust his energy, though he stood it much better than a man could endure the absence of air. Then, holding his axe aloft, the carpenter began to steal cautiously upon the panting monster.

"Stand back! stand back!" roared our captain, from the break of the poop, just as the shark sprang several feet off the deck, and brought his tail down with a sweep that almost touched the carpenter, and a force that made the stout decks quiver again.

"Chips," however, was quite nimble and smart enough to take care of himself, and, by a dexterous swift blow, drove his broad axe through the backbone of our enemy. A few spasmodic struggles, and the shark's strength had gone. Regardless of his powerless wriggling and writhing, our tars fiercely fell upon him with knife and hatchet. Ere long he was opened and the lifeless form of our poor cape pigeon recovered.

Our little friend was quite dead, though it had not received any discernible mark of injury in its devourer's capacious maw. One of our oldest and most superstitious seamen carefully stitched it up in canvas, slung a twelve-pound shot to the shroud, then reverently consigned the body of the last cape pigeon to the deep. The mangled remains of the shark were tossed overboard—the pigeon was avenged.

For the Companion.

THE FALL OF THE BASTILE.

By Prof. J. de Mille.

In the middle of the year 1789, two Americans encountered one another in Paris. They had fought in the war of Independence, and though very unlike, the two men still entertained a strong friendship for each other. One of them, Capt. Clayton, was a young man, rash, impetuous and brave, the other, Elkanah Sprole, was much older. He was large, tall, and with a muscular energy that made him almost gigantic.

Capt. Clayton had not been long in Paris before he drew on himself the hatred of an influential noble, who, although the times were perilous, and the people loud and terrible in their fierce menaces, yet had sufficient power to procure the seizure of Clayton, and his imprisonment in the Bastile.

Elkanah Sprole devoted himself to the task of the liberation of his friend. From Clayton's valet he had learned pretty accurately the fate of Clayton, and determined to effect his release.

With this intention he went to the American Minister, and urged the case upon him. The Minister took it up most zealously, and laid the circumstances before the French government.

To his amazement the government denied utterly that they had ever seized any man by the name of Clayton; and declared that no American whatever was imprisoned.

Of course, after such a disclaimer as this, nothing more could be said, yet Elkanah still believed that Clayton was in the Bastile. He thought it probable that he might have been arrested on a false plea, and in a false name, so that the authorities would know him as an Englishman, or an Italian, but not as an American.

In this opinion Elkanah was confirmed by Clayton's valet, who was much attached to his master, and who had found out a great deal from the valet of Clayton's enemy.

What to do was now the problem that agitated Elkanah, night and day. Weeks passed, and months, but still nothing further was heard of Clayton. The French government were in a perilous position themselves. At last there came a memorable day in July, when Elkanah, obeying the impulse of his feelings, took a walk toward the Bastile.

He reached the spot. Before him rose the vast and gloomy prison; the living tomb of many a gallant heart; the place which had been in past ages the torture chamber for many of the best and noblest of the sons of France. Who could tell the thousands that had passed through those gloomy portals, to enter upon a fate worse than death!

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Above flaunted the royal standard as proudly as ever, as though no blood, no agony, no shame had ever marked it with indelible stains.

But the hour had come at last! The groans, and the sighs, and the tears of all those generations of captives had ascended not in vain. They had spread out over the land, had echoed in the hearts of the nation, and roused the despairing fury of an oppressed people. Far and wide a cry had gone forth,—a cry never equalled before in all the ages of the past,—a responsive cry of vengeance from an outraged people, now rising like one man to throw off the yoke, and wreak revenge on their oppressors.

The space round the prison was thronged with people. They had come from every quarter in Paris; they emerged from dark alleys, and squalid houses, and damp, mouldy cellars, and filthy court-yards. Here they gathered,—wild, squalid, ragged, having lost the stamp of humanity, and gained the semblance of wild beasts. With bloodshot eyes, matted hair, emaciated faces, shrivelled limbs, they now surrounded the place; they pointed at it with their long, lean fingers; they glared at it with hungry eyes; they shook their clenched fists at it, and all their voices yelled, hoarsely and discordantly,—

"Down with the Bastile!"

Women were there, not spectators,—not idle lookers on, but actors and principals in that scene. They had left behind all the softness and tenderness of their sex. Wild, and fierce, and violent, they moved through the scene; their shrill voices joining in discordant unison with the general clamor, as they shrieked out,—

"Down with the Bastile!"

Every moment the vast crowd increased, as fresh thousands came pouring forward. Higher and wilder grew the cries for vengeance, more vehement grew the gesticulations.

Bands of men rushed forward with arms of every kind. Deadly weapons of every description were produced. With axes, and knives, and sabres, and antiquated guns, they hurried to the attack. The guards within witnessed the gathering storm, and from the grim fortress came grape shot, tearing into the midst of the assailants. Through the maddened crowd the wounded were borne away to the Hotel de Ville, where the sight of them would awaken new crowds to greater madness. The crowd struck at the outer drawbridge, and it came thundering down. But the grim walls arose before them, solid and lofty, defying their feeble shots.

As soon as the uproar of the assault began, Elkanah had flung himself into the midst of the assailants.

"Hooray!" he shouted, as the drawbridge thundered down. "Hooray! there she goes!"

The Frenchmen saw his great figure prominent among their ranks, and cheered at the sight of such a champion.

"*Vive la Liberte!*" cried some.

"Liberty!" cried Elkanah, catching the word.

"Liberty! Hooray!'

And there, in the forefront of the conflict, Elkanah stood, and fought through the long hours of that memorable day.

At last the Bastile was gained, and with a shout that made the old walls vibrate, the people poured through into the court-yard of the prison.

Then arose another cry.

"The prisoners!"

Elkanah had rushed in among the first, and saw a man trembling with fear, seeking to hide himself from notice. It was a turnkey. In a moment Elkanah had guessed who it was, and had seized him.

"The American!" shouted Elkanah.

The prisoner groaned and implored for mercy.

"The American!" repeated Elkanah.

"*Americain?*" said the turnkey, half comprehending what was said.

Elkanah nodded.

The man seemed now to understand. He nodded, and set off at a rapid rate, with Elkanah following closely and holding his arm. Already the crowd were pouring through the vast structure. Already they were filling the halls, the corridors and the vaults; and on every side arose the sounds of grating doors, and locks unfastening, and walls broken in, mingled with the shouts of joy which were raised by the liberated prisoners.

The turnkey hurried rapidly past all these, until at last he came to a door far away at the extreme corner of the Bastile, and up in one of the highest stories. Tremblingly he inserted his key. The bolts grated back with a harsh sound, and flinging the door open, Elkanah sprang in.

A haggard and emaciated man, with matted hair, pallid face and glaring eyes, met his sight.

"Clayton!" he cried; "Clayton!"

Clayton started back, a flush passed over his pale face, he looked eagerly at Elkanah, then he grasped his hand, and tears burst forth from his eyes. In that sudden revulsion from utter despair to glorious hope, as he came up thus in one instant out of the very grasp of death, the full tide of his emotion overwhelmed him, and his joy made him speechless.

"Come!" said Elkanah. "Hurry, man! You're saved! Hurry!

Elkanah's own voice was husky and broken, and as he spoke there were tears in his own eyes, and he wrung Clayton's hand again and again.

"Come, come," he cried, at last, "the people are up. They've riz. We've bust in here. We've licked the sojers. We've tore down the flag of the bloody tyrant. They're all shoutin' like mad for liberty. I haven't had sich a fight these ten years!"

"You didn't forget me, after all, then," said Clayton.

"Forget? Why, man, I'd hev spent my hull life in tracin' you out. But come along. The people will finish this business. They're already beginning to demolish the place. You look rather used up, old feller. Come to the hotel an' fix up. Hooray!"

Thus Clayton was saved. His enemy was at his chateau in the country, when the news of the fall of the Bastile roused the peasantry, who attacked the chateau, sacked it, and hanged the count in front of his own door.

HOLINESS OF NIGHT.

How well
The night is made for tenderness—so still
That the low whisper, scarcely audible,
Is heard like music—and so deeply pure
That the fond thought is chastened as it springs,
And on the lip made holy.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE GREAT INDIA RUBBER INVENTOR.

Charles Goodyear, the inventor of the "vulcanizing" process, by which alone India rubber can be made useful in the arts, began life a poor man. He had an inquiring mind and a quick genius, and, what is still better, great faith in God.

In the course of his observations he became convinced that the remarkable gum known as *caoutchouc* (pronounced koo-chook) and popularly called India rubber, could be made into cloth, or to take any desirable shape in manufacture.

So with a simple roller, a lump of gum, and a slab of marble, he began his experiments. Once he thought he had discovered the secret. By a chemical mixture he made the rubber plastic and non-adhesive. He was now confident of success, and began to manufacture it into goods. The fabrics, however, soon spoiled, and his work was a failure.

Then followed weary years of fruitless experiment. He sold the furniture of his house to buy materials. He sold even his children's school-books, believing sacredly in the final triumph of his efforts. Often his family were without fuel or food. More than once they were scattered to other shelters for lack of the means of life. Still the determined man of genius held on.

We remember Palissy, the potter, and are inclined to excuse the brave Goodyear for the privations he forced upon those he loved. Perhaps we ought to do so even if he had not succeeded. The best benefactors of the race have been men of just such resolution and unfaltering sacrifice.

Six years rolled away, and the moment of his success came! You have all heard of the accident by which he hit a piece of prepared rubber gum on a red-hot stove. Instead of melting, it charred and became tough as leather. That was what he wanted—to make India-rubber leather.

The great secret was out. He must now find how to apply it. Four years more of toil and suffering passed before he could put his invention in practice. In 1844 he took out his patent for the vulcanization of rubber, and Charles Goodyear became one of the famous men of the age. His object was not to make money. As fast as he perfected his various manufactures, he spent his gains in new experiments, till he was able to furnish not only wearing apparel, but excellent articles of use to every trade and nearly every department of life.

His wonderful improvements in clothing, bedding, travelling, life-boating, and in the manifold economies of business and expedients of safety, have, for more than twenty years, earned him the gratitude of the sick, the sailor, the soldier, the exhausted laborer and the exposed sojourner in trackless wilds.

Mr. Goodyear was a deeply religious man, and through all the tedious years while he was thinking out his admirable discovery, he never suffered his all-absorbing pursuit to intrude on his Sabbath days, but kept them holy, worshipping God. He was a benefactor to his race, truly good and great, and has gone to his reward.

AMUSING EPIGRAMS.

The poet Pope presented to the Prince of Wales an elegant collar for a pet dog. It bore the following amusing inscription, which was rather hard upon the reader:

"I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

Soon after the destruction of the Invincible Armada, Queen Elizabeth chanced to meet a west country Mayor, who received her with a pompous speech, in which he made a most malapropos allusion:

"As a west country mayor, with formal address,
Was making his speech to haughty Queen Bess,
'The Spaniard,' quoth he, 'with inveterate spleen,
Has presumed to attack you, a poor virgin queen,
But your majesty's courage has made it appear,
That the don had ta'en the wrong *sow* by the ear.'"

The following smart repartee is acknowledged by Dean Swift:

"Cries Sylvia to the reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?
There are no women, he replied,—
She quick returns the jest—
Women there are, but I'm afraid,
They cannot find a priest."

The following witty old epigram, which we find in an English book published in the last century, was entitled "The Biter Bit:"

"A certain priest had hoarded up,
A secret mass of gold;
But where he might bestow it safe
By fancy was not told.

"At last it came into his head
To lock it in a chest
Within the chancel; and he wrote
Thereon HIC DEUS EST.*

"A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Long wished for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words
That on the casket lay,

"Took out the gold, and blotting out
The priest's inscrip thereon,
Wrote, RESURREXIT, NON EST HIC—
'Your God has rose and gone.'"

* Here is God.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

Probably the most sudden and painless mode of death is that by lightning. The victim neither sees the flashing of his destroyer's eyes, nor hears his roar. Those persons who have been restored to consciousness after having been struck by lightning, have always testified that they saw nothing, heard nothing, and even thought nothing.

The same is the case with severe shocks from electrical machines. The great Franklin had his nerves jarred by two Leyden jars, which he discharged into his head, and by which he was laid on the floor. When he recovered his senses he was altogether unaware of what had happened. He supposed the jars were still in his service, being ignorant that he had discharged them, and was surprised that they did not answer, till his assistant spoke for them.

A stroke of lightning seldom causes any external wounds, and instead of knocking a body violently down, makes it sink gently to the floor. The person is floored in the most considerate manner possible. How it occasions death in such cases is still a mystery.

To this rule, however, there are many exceptions. Two men once took refuge in a thunder storm under an oak tree, from which the lightning dropped on them. One, who was a carrier, was carried to a distance of twenty-five yards, and found his last resting-place on a heap of chestnut burrs.

At another time a storm came suddenly upon a surgeon, who dismounted from his horse and fled for shelter to a tree, where he found a laborer. They huddled together, when the lightning came and parted them. The doctor was hurled twenty-five paces, and was turned to a cinder. A young girl having been struck by a thunderbolt, which came down the chimney, her clothes were burned away, and one arm was turned into a cinder. It is even said that cases have occurred in which men have thus been literally resolved into the dust from which they were formed.

LAZY.

We heard a stout, grown-up boy, with a famous great pair of hands, say that "he had tried hard and couldn't find any way to support himself!" What he meant was, that he couldn't find a place behind a counter to sell lace and ribbon, or corsets and hoop skirts. Aspiring youth! He couldn't put those great fists of his to the spade, or the axe, or the plane; he wanted to keep them *white!*

Not an hour after he uttered those pitiable words, we heard the voices of merry children and loud laughter in the street. Looking out, we saw a man with a little round table, on which was a monkey, sweeping with a tiny broom, as if for his life. He shouldered a gun, blew a whistle and swung a watchman's rattle; and he did it with such hearty good will as would have made that lazy fellow blush, if he'd been there.

The full-grown boy, with an immortal mind and a stalwart frame, "couldn't support himself," and here was a creature of God not much bigger than one of his great fists, "supporting himself" and a big family of Italians, beside.

FASHION IN BEAUTY.

Beauty, like every thing else, goes by fashion. The Greeks, who ought to know, called a low, broad forehead beautiful; but in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a high, bold brow was coveted by all the belles; probably because that was the form of the queen's. She set the fashion then, as poor Eugenie did in her day.

Large eyes were, and still are, the admiration of the Greeks, but in the time of the second Charles, small, sleepy, half-shut eyes were a token of beauty. A Turkish song calls a lady "stag-eyed," which we are told means "eyes both fiery and indifferent." With Turkish ladies the stag's eye then is the desirable one. Homer says Juno was "ox-eyed," which means eyes large, full and cold.

In Elizabeth's time, red hair, called for eloquence' sake, "sunny" and "golden," was thought so desirable that ladies used chemicals to burn the life and color out of their hair, so as to be like a homely queen! And the same fashion for light and sunny—not to say, red hair—has revived in our day, and gay ladies, who give less care to the heart than to the fashions, are accused of using those same color-destroying liquids to produce the desired hue. We hope it is a scandal!

Our grandmothers' pride was to sit up as straight as pokers: but the young ladies of our day try to look as if they had weak backs.

It is proper to conform to the prevailing fashion in dress so as not to be peculiar. But no person has the right to tamper with the complexion of the face, or the color of the hair which God has given. The first is left to our taste, but the others are given by a wiser than mortal hand, and we should be satisfied with them.

ATTACKED BY THE COMANCHES.

Appletons' Journal gives the following in the course of an interesting description of travels in Texas and Mexico by a large party of traders. The Comanches are a tribe who are always ready to fight and to plunder, and the attack on the savages in this case was not a wanton piece of sport on the part of the travellers, but a stroke of policy intended for their own safety:

It was on the fifth day of our encampment. The captain had ridden out alone, as usual, and had been absent about two hours, when we saw him riding back at full speed. He dashed through the opening left for that purpose, and called out, as cool as a cucumber,—

"Boys, we are going to see some fun; there are from three to four hundred Indians after me. I want you to fire low and kill the horses, not the men. We must give them a good scare to ensure our own safety in the future. Gunners, depress that four-pounder, and stand ready to fire when I give the word." The party had a small field piece with them.

All was done as he directed. We soon heard the thunder of their horses' hoofs, and then a most exciting scene was presented to our view; at least three hundred Indians, who were afterward found to be Comanches, armed and equipped for a grand hunting expedition, burst on our view.

They presented a gallant sight, armed, as they were, with bows and arrows, lances and knives. (The Indians prefer the bow and arrow, for hunting, to the rifle; it makes no noise, and does not alarm the game.) Instead of finding a small camp of a dozen trappers and hunters, whom they were prepared to annihilate, they beheld a large encampment of pale-faces, (not Mexicans) well protected, with one hundred rifles held in twice as many hands, and all pointed at them.

Their astonishment can be better imagined than described. It was ludicrous in the extreme, and many a "Wagh!" and an "Ugh!" resounded from their copper-colored throats.

They were just wheeling round to retreat, when Maurello gave the order to fire. "Bang" went the four-pounder, and "ping" went the rifles, all aimed very low, or probably one hundred saddles would have been emptied.

As it was, after the smoke had cleared away, we saw a number of horses on the ground, some killed outright, some mortally wounded, some with their legs broken. Their late riders were being taken up by their more fortunate brethren, who, notwithstanding their carrying double, went off at a two-thirty pace. Never were poor wretches so frightened; and they kept up their headlong speed, until they were quite out of sight.

We never knew if we killed any of their men, as Indians always carry off their slain and wounded; but as the captain, from motives of

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humanity, aimed low, it is probable that few, if any, were killed. We emerged from our camp, and counted fifty-two Indian horses lying on the plateau. About thirty were quite dead, the remainder, being desperately wounded, were humanely shot in the head, to put them out of their misery. Our lesson was effective. We were not troubled by the rascals afterward.

BABY'S THEFT.

A poor, but honest mother, once came near being sent to prison for theft of her baby which she had not noticed. Her story seemed a very strange one, and no one was willing to believe it till it was proved by experimenting on the baby:

The following touching scene recently occurred in a Parisian court of justice. A poor, pale, wan seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with a boy eleven or twelve months old in her arms, her child. She went to get some work, one day, and stole three coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I was going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless she was carried to the Commissioner of Police, and he ordered her to be sent before the police court for trial.

She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she answered,—

"The day I went to my employer's I carried my child with me. It was in my arms, as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several other gold coins on the mantelpiece, and unknown to me it stretched out its little hands and seized the three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy."

The court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. They besought her, for her own sake, to retract so absurd a tale, for it could be of no effect, but oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young, evidently steeped so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect except in strengthening the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court were at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve their embarrassment one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. The gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she said she stood at her employer's house. There was a breathing in the court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, looked for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hands and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was acquitted.

A FATHER LOST AND FOUND.

Real life has in it events quite as strange as any found in books of romance; and the following story, of staid New England life, shows that even in this age of steam and telegraphs, families may be separated for years without knowledge of each other:

Not far from thirty years ago, a husband and father, burdened with debt, on a small place which he was struggling to make his home in the State of Maine, sought and obtained work at logging in the lumber districts of that State.

He worked hard all winter and saved all his wages, in the hope that when spring came he could pay something on his place. But when spring came, the sheriff, armed with a writ, came down and swept away all he had. Discouraged and sad, his heart was too heavy to return to his family, and he directed his steps toward Boston.

At a late hour of the night he accidentally came upon two men who were fighting in the streets of that city. He took the part, as he supposed, of the innocent party, and rescued him, when, to his surprise, he found that the latter was a merchant from the city of New York, whom the other was trying to rob.

An attachment was formed, which resulted in the discouraged lumberman's going to New York and entering the employ of the merchant he had saved, who found him faithful and trustworthy in all that he gave him to do.

Confidence increasing, positions of greater trust and responsibility were given him. He went to South America, Australia and other places on business. He wrote to his family several times, but got no tidings of them.

About the time of his departure, a man was killed on the cars on one of the lines leading out of Boston, and from the description given, his family supposed it to be him, and gave up in despair all hope of ever seeing him again.

The wife soon after died, and left a little orphan three years old to the cold charities of strangers. After a struggle of many years, without the comforts of a home, amid the pinchings of poverty and want, the boy grew up to manhood. The church, however, found and cared for him, assisted in his education, encouraged his efforts to rise, and he at length became a minister of the Gospel, and is now one of the most devoted pastors and acceptable preachers in the Connecticut Valley.

He now learns, to his utter astonishment, that his father "is still alive," and a wealthy man, living on Puget Sound, in Washington Territory, and is about to pay a visit to his son.

What must be the meeting between that father and son, each of whom supposed the other dead thirty years since! That son is the Rev. Mr. Colburn, of Easthampton.

THACKERAY AND THE OYSTER.

Oysters are small in the seas around England, and travellers from that country look with wonder on the prodigious size of those taken from American waters. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* gives an amusing account of Mr. Thackeray's first experience with our oysters:

Mr. Thackeray arrived, on a frosty November evening, and went directly to the Tremont House, where rooms had been engaged for him. I remember his delight in getting off the sea, and the enthusiasm with which he hailed the announcement that dinner would be ready shortly. A few friends were ready to sit down with him, and he seemed greatly to enjoy the novelty of an American repast.

In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvellous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unwonted vision when he came to the table, although I blush at the remembrance of it now, we apologized in our wicked waywardness to him for what we called the extreme smallness of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time.

Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised, then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish,

"How shall I do it?"

I described to him the simple process by which the free-born citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task.

He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half-dozen, and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author.

Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt.

"Profoundly grateful," he gasped, "and as if I had swallowed a little baby."

A FINE LITTLE FELLOW.

The Boston *Advertiser* records this satisfactory incident in some observations on a windy Sunday:

If the wind whisks off a man's hat and gives him a long chase for its recovery, does he expect or get any sympathy? Of course not. He expects to see a smile on every face, and is not astonished if, while running his course, he hears the shouts and jeers of all the little boys in sight. But, after all, the little boys' hearts are generally in the right place, as the following incident will serve to show:

Yesterday morning, as an old colored man was coming down town, the wind, in a frolicsome mood, blew his hat high in air and deposited it inside of the high iron picket fence of the old Franklin school-house.

The gate was locked, the fence was high, with sharp pickets on the top, and the old man, having in vain tried to reach his hat through the fence, had exhausted his resources, and, with his head powdered with dust, was evidently almost in despair of regaining it. But before leaving his uncomfortable walk before the fence, a bright little boy, on his way to Sunday school, came along, and, seeing at a glance the position of affairs, did not stop to laugh, but scaled the fence at once, recovered the hat and departed on his way, with the hearty thanks of the old man.

That boy's lessons have done him good, whether he obtained them at Sunday school or not.

PORK UNCLEAN.

So far as the Divine declaration "[illegible] unclean, and of him ye shall [illegible], neither you in your day, nor your posterity forever!" had its motive and reason in the fact that the hog was in some peculiar way a *Gentile* beast, it ceases to be binding on us now. God told Peter, when he objected to eating all manner of meats (including swine), "What I have cleansed that call thou not unclean."

But the cases of *trichinæ* discovered in recent times, together with the well-known habits of swine, naturally make us more shy of their meat than of good beef and mutton. A recent lecturer on the subject says:

The word *scrofa* or *scrofula*, in the Latin, when translated into English, means "*sow!*" and hence this terrible disease has received an appropriate name from the early belief that the disease was peculiar to the *swine*, and as Lugol, in his essay on scrofula and its origin, tells us, was derived from "sleeping with the hog!"

"I AM THE REAR GUARD."

History loves to record the pithy replies of great Frenchmen. "The Old Guard never surrenders," and McMahon's, "The cuirassiers are no more," are sayings famous in the literature of sorrow, and eloquent with the brave defiance of misfortune. The following anecdote is related of Marshal Ney after the terrible retreat from Russia of Napoleon the Great:

It is well known that this officer fought, during the retreat from Russia, with heroic courage, keeping always by the side of his soldiers. That he survived the balls, cold and hunger that battled incessantly his corps, seemed a miracle.

One day as Gen. Dumas occupied the village of Stoluppenen, he was informed that a peasant wished to see him. He was covered from head to foot in sheepskin clothing.

"Where do you come from? Who do you wish?" demanded the General, brusquely, in Polish. The man threw off his bonnet. The General made a gesture of surprise.

"You, Marshal!"

It was Ney. He remained standing and silent.

"I believe that you command the rear guard," said the General.

"I," said Ney, "am the rear guard."

FINDING THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Many brave mariners have lost their lives, like Sir John Franklin, in trying to find a passage from ocean to ocean around the northern extremity of our continent. But whales found it out long ago, and this knowledge is not lost. Here is a proof of it:

A late number of the *Commercial Advertiser*, of Honolulu, relates the fact that one of the whale ships in that harbor recently captured a whale in the Arctic seas, which had in its body a harpoon. This harpoon was known to belong to a ship which was at that time cruising in the northern seas, on the other side of the continent. The whale had evidently passed from one open sea to the other by way of the Pole. He must have found open water, for even a whale must come up at short intervals to blow. It is certain the Polar Sea is navigable for whales from one side of the continent to the other. But while it does not follow that ships would follow in the same track, the fact cited is one of considerable interest. Shipmasters may be able to navigate the Polar Sea when they know as much about navigation in high latitudes as this whale with a harpoon sticking in his back.

REMEDY FOR STINGS OF INSECTS.

There is one good use to which a filthy weed may be put, and for which we cordially recommend it. Henry Ward Beecher says:

The other day, while gleaning a few remaining Bradshaws, as I took hold of a plum it sent a spark of fire into my finger! At any rate, that was the impression of the moment, till a white-headed hornet darted off. I found it convenient to come down from that tree.

But let me tell your million readers that we have discovered one good use for tobacco. It is the one best remedy for all stings of insects! Wet it so that the juice shall start, and place it on the place stung, and in one moment you are all right again.

Last season a little grandchild, walking in the grass near a bank, fell upon a nest of hornets, and the hornets speedily fell upon her. She was sadly stung in some eight or ten places. Her screams brought the nurse. She, too, screamed. Every body ran out of the house.

"What's the matter?" and "What's the matter?" sounded from half a score of frightened mouths.

Tobacco was at hand. Little wads of it were wetted, bound on the spots stung, and in ten minutes the little girl was playing again, nimble as a cricket. And chiefly to set forth this remedy have we introduced this article. We rejoice, at length, to learn that tobacco has some reason for existing. It is the nasty plague of neat men, but is a good antidote for venomous insect stings.

OLD FOOTPATHS.

Nature abhors straight lines, it is said, and she has certainly managed her land scenery so that we have to make a good many curves to get through. There is a great deal of poetry in a footpath, and Mr. T. W. Higginson is not the only one that thinks so. He asks:

Who cares whither a footpath leads? The charm is in the path itself, its promise of something that the high-road cannot yield. Away from habitations, you know that the fisherman, the geologist, the botanist have been there, or that the cows have been driven home, and that somewhere there are bars and a milk-pail. Even in the midst of houses, the path suggests school children with their luncheon-baskets, or workmen seeking eagerly the noonday interval or the twilight rest.

A footpath cannot be quite spoiled, so long as it remains such. You can make a road a mere avenue for fast horses or showy women, but this humbler track keeps its simplicity and if a queen comes walking through it, she comes but as a village maid. Roads become picturesque only when they are called lanes and make believe that they are but paths.

BABY STEAMBOAT.

Nettie was watching the departure of one of the large Mississippi steamers, when she saw a small stern wheeler following it. "O mamma!" said she, "there is a baby boat going after its big mamma." She looked at them eagerly till the large boat passed out of sight, while the small boat was still a little way behind, then turned with a sad face to her mother, saying, "The poor baby can't catch its mamma. Isn't it too bad?"

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

My 1, 2, 3, 4 you'll grant to be nigh.
And my 2, 3, 4, own not far from your eye.

G. E.

2.

I am three words, consisting of seventeen letters. My 1, 13, 17, 4, 5, 6 is much prized by Christians; my 7, 13, 3 is one of the most wonderful of created things; my 9, 5, 6 is good for food; my 9, 16, 12, 15, 4, 5, 6 is what all boys and girls like in summer; my 9, 16, 12, 6 is what we should all strive to be; my 4, 5, 15, 1, 6 is a pretty flower; my 7, 5, 14, 4 is found on the sea-shore; my 1, 8, 10, 12, 4 is not pleasant company; my *whole* is the name of a religious society, formed for the benefit of children.

E. H.

3.

HAUTBOY.

4.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in grass, but not in hay,
My *second* is in night, but not in day;
My *third* is in glove, but not in hand,
My *fourth* is in walk, but not in stand;
My *fifth* is in rob, but not in steal,
My *sixth* is in pare but not in feel.
My *seventh* is in lake, but not in pond,
My *eighth* is in gold, but not in bond.
My *whole* is used frequently by boys in winter.

A. W. F.,

5.

CHARADE.

My *first*, I'm sure you'll all agree,
Is plainer far than A. B. C.
Indeed, among them it is found,
A letter fair, of pleasant sound.
My *second* a proclamation is,
Before a season, supposed of bliss.
The outcry's made three several times,
To stop deceit and other crimes.
It also means to curse or shun
The man to whom the thing is done.
My *third* an old-fashioned word denotes,
When folks put on their caps or coats;
Or, 'tis a title much in vogue
When Spanish is the native brogue.
My *whole* is a word of sad import,
If the ship be sinking far from port;
Or, if to leave some loved employ,
We must a life's last hope destroy;
Or if, when sorrow's wave runs high,
The friends we've trusted worse than die—
Leave us to struggle with the wave
Unhelped, nor stretch the hand to save.

E. M. M.

6.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. To divide.
2. A man's name.
3. A drinking vessel.
4. To join.
5. A part of the head.
6. A girl.

The *initials* give the Christian name, and the *finals* the surname, of an English poet.

7.

RIDDLE.

I'm very useful when the night is dark:
I often rattle when the house-dogs bark;
With others like me I protect your door;
But if alone my services are poor.
One of a guard of many hundred strong,
My services have been attested long:
And merchandise on land and on the sea
Has often been dependent upon me;
And, like a wealthy trader, had I failed,
Great would have been the losses thus entailed.
The answer, when supplied, a moral brings,
Teaching the worth of even little things.

J. B.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Fe-male. 2. Monosyllable.
3. "Little pitchers have great ears."
4. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."
5. Ford, Odor, Rope, Drew.
6. "In haste accuse no man."
7. Sancho.
8. Field, Earn, Ravenna, Gill, Unbar, Souchon, Oc, Nautilus—FERGUSON, SCOTLAND.

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IS THIS ALL?

Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of His face,
But that is all.
Sometimes He looks on me, and seems to smile,
But that is all.
Sometimes He speaks a passing word of peace,
But that is all.
Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice
Upon me call.

And is this all He meant when thus He spoke:
"Come unto me?"
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
In Him for thee?
Is there no steadier light for thee in Him?
O, come and see!

O, come and see! O, look, and look again!
All shall be right;
O, taste His love, and see that it is good,
Thou child of night!
O, trust thou, trust thou in His grace and power!
Then all is bright.

Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
But love His love,
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove;
Take Him for what He is; O, take Him all,
And look above!

Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage
And steadfast peace;
Thy love shall rest on His; thy weary doubts
Forever cease.
Thy heart shall find in Him and in His grace
Its rest and bliss!

Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all
Forevermore!
Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways
Forevermore!
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul
Forevermore!

HORATIUS BONAR.

HOW JOHNNY BRADY WAS SAVED.

The *Sunday School World* tells this affecting story of the power of kindness in the case of a troublesome scholar of a large Sabbath school in Western Wisconsin:

Johnny Brady was not positively a vicious boy. There was no spite, nor malice, nor coarse ugliness in him. He was listless, and overrun with pure mischief.

No teacher had retained this boy long since he became a member of the school. Changed from one class to another, in the vain hope of making him attentive, he at last drifted into the "street boy's class."

And now his present teacher, (the sixth or seventh) who had both tact and long experience added to earnest piety, had given him up in despair. What ought to be done? Must he be expelled?

At the next teachers' meeting, after much hesitation and prayer, it was sorrowfully decided that the good of the school required that the unruly pupil should no longer remain in it:

Next Sabbath Johnny was there, mischievous as usual. At the close of the lesson the superintendent announced that he had a painful duty to perform.

Without calling any name, he then described the bad boy, his home, his poor mother, his ignorance, the evil influence of his bad conduct in the school, and the solemn decision of the teachers to expel him. The school were to ratify or suspend that decision.

He then spoke tenderly of Jesus' love for this boy, and if expelled from these privileges, he might never hear of Christ or salvation again, but perhaps go on in sin to his everlasting destruction. To save him from such an end, and, if it pleased God, to win him to Jesus, he asked the school to suspend the sentence for one month.

The superintendent would be responsible for the good conduct of the lad, and earnestly asked that he might have one more opportunity of becoming a better boy. Tears were in every eye. The touching appeal was closed by a prayer.

The boy knew well that it was to save him from disgrace, and his eyes were riveted upon his kind advocate. The sentence of expulsion was suspended. After all but the superintendent had left the house, Johnny was found lingering in the entry.

"I don't want to be a bad boy; I've tried to be good, but I can't. Some way, I'm so full of bad, it will come out. What will become of me?" said he, looking up imploringly into his friend's face.

Kind and gentle advice followed. The boy's heart was won—vanquished by *love*.

Not many weeks after, he was very sick of diptheria. He sent for his superintendent.

"My boy likes you," said poor Mrs. Brady. "I wanted to send for the priest, but Johnny wanted you."

"I knew you'd come," said the sick boy. "Mother did not believe you'd care for such poor folks. May be I can't live long. Won't you pray with me, and tell me about Jesus? Stay with me as long as you can."

Daily he was visited; sometimes his friend remained for hours. When too choked by disease to speak above a whisper, he pleaded for his friend to stay a little longer, to pray and repeat the story of the cross.

The school gave him a proper burial, and have ever been thankful to God for the little hope poor Johnny Brady gave of trying to love Jesus.

A HORROR-STRICKEN SERVANT.

Here is a quaint anecdote from the biography of Dr. Marshall Hall. Dr. Wilkins had lent Dr. Hall the well-known book, "Body and Soul," and as it was not returned in due time, he sent this note:

"Dear doctor, do send back my 'Body and Soul;' I cannot exist longer without them."

The servant who received the note read it (as servants sometimes will), and, horror-stricken, rushed into the kitchen, crying, "Cook, I can't live any longer with the doctor!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough," replied the man; "our master has got Dr. Wilkins' *body and soul*, and I don't dare to stay where there are such goings-on!"

THE LITTLE GIRL "DEACON."

A writer in the *Congregationalist* tells of a very good-tempered little girl who once started to play "deaconess" for fun, and when her mother explained to her that a deacon's duty was to take care of the sick and hunt up the poor," thought she would try to be deaconess in good earnest. The following shows how she succeeded, and that doing good is the same always, no matter what name you go by:

The next morning, to begin right, she jumped out of bed as soon as the doves tapped at her window, then when she came down to breakfast, she said "good-morning" cheerfully, and even gave an extra pat to her little dog.

"Be good, Frisk, and you needn't have your ears boxed," she said.

"Mollie," said her mother, "on your way to school, carry some milk to old Mrs. Martin."

She hesitated—there was that "lovely story" by Hans Andersen, she wanted to finish so much; but no, she said to herself, "not to-day. I'm God's little servant to-day," and as she put away her book, she said, "Go to sleep, little Klaus, we'll see each other by-and-by," and off she trotted with the milk.

"Why, Polly Deans, if yer don't beat all," said old Mrs. Martin, raising herself up on one elbow; "much obleeged. I haint got a soul to do a thing, an' I'm half dead; now dear, ef you'd jest fix up the fire, and set the kittle a bilin'."

"I can't," was Mollie's first thought, but she made the fire and set the kettle humming, so I think her second thought must have been different.

"Good-by, now, Polly, ye'll be late to school. Yer just like what yer grandma used to be."

She was just in season to get into the schoolroom as the second bell was ringing.

There was a new scholar in school, and after recess all the scholars laughed at him, Mollie with the rest. His trousers were too long, his toes bo-peeped out of his boots, and he kept his hat on.

You ought not to laugh, you are not God's little servant if you do; so she said to herself, "I'll swallow my handkerchief, and after school I'll speak to him, although such a funny, stupid, harum-scarum I never saw!"

After school Kate Converse called, "Come, Mollie, and get some cocoanut cakes with me."

Mollie's heart jumped; then she remembered the new scholar. "I can't, to-day, Katie. Good-by."

Little Pat came out at last, and Mollie said, "O, how do you do, Patrick? I'm glad you've come to our school." Ah, the boy's face was not stupid now!

"Be ye, raly, miss?"

"Why, yes, why not? We have a real nice teacher, and she is my Sunday school teacher, so I like her double. Do you go to Sunday school?"

"I went once, miss, but them bieys laughed at me, they did."

"That was because you kept your hat on, Patrick. Come again, and take it off, and then they won't. We have some real nice new books. But good-by. Come some time and see my brother Charlie's guinea pigs, won't you?"

"Heigho, here's our Mollie,
Aint it wondrous jolly?
Walking home with Pat,
Where's the like of that?"

shouted Charlie.

"Hush, my boy," said his mother, as the blood mounted to Mollie's forehead. "She knows what she is about, and how is it?" she whispered, as the child hid her face on her shoulder. "God knows too, doesn't He, little one?"

"Do you think He does, mamma?" said Mollie, lifting her face, and smiling through her tears. "Then I'll never give up trying."

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

In Russia wolves are large and fierce, and often desperate from hunger. They are hunted by companies of men, when they become too ferocious to be tolerated. A recent traveller gives an account of a hunt, in which one of the bravest of the hunters, whose name was Michael, would have been killed, but for the help of his companions. The party were on the track of an enormous wolf that had killed several persons, and committed unusual depredations:

Michael, while quickening his pace to catch up, had been brought to a halt by the bursting of his shoe-strap, and must stop to adjust it. But there is one watching him who fully appreciates that defenceless posture.

Poor Michael does not hear the rustle of that stealthy tread, does not see the gleam of that fierce yellow eye; but he cannot fail to hear the sharp crackle of the dead branches as a huge grayish mass shoots from the dark thicket, and falls right upon him as he rises, clutching fiercely at his unprotected side with its sharp white fangs.

Yet even in this deadly peril the brave fellow does not lose heart. One moment's grace is allowed him, while his assailant's teeth fail to pierce his tough sheep-skin frock; and that moment suffices.

The wolf's head is under his left arm-pit; in an instant his powerful arm is round its neck, jamming the beast's throat in an iron clasp between his side and elbow, while with his right hand he seizes its fore-paw, and holds the brute as in a vice, lifting his voice at the same moment in a wild cry for help.

And now begins a terrible struggle. No time to snatch up the trusty axe which has fallen just in front of him; it is a tug of sheer strength now. The wolf, erect on his hind legs, strains every nerve to tear himself free; once free, one strangling gripe of Michael's throat will pay for all.

Hold on, Michael, as you love your life! though your joints crackle, and your sinews start, and your head swim dizzily, hold on still—tighter, tighter, tighter!

And so, amidst the tomb-like shadows of the lonely forest, with the cold moon looking pitilessly down upon it, does the death-grapple proceed. That iron pressure is beginning to tell at last upon the wolf. The fierce yellow eyes are growing dim, the huge jaws writhe convulsively, and from their edges the hot flakes of blood and foam spurt over Michael's face.

But how long can his hold upon the neck of the wolf be maintained? Are not his strained muscles already yielding? the stiffened fingers already relaxing their clutch? And the five staunch comrades who would rush to the rescue if they but knew—where are they?

One last, despairing cry for aid, which the echoes of the lonely forest give back as if in mockery, and then every thing swims around the hunter, shadows dance before his eyes, a rushing, roaring sound sweeps past him, there is a dull crash close to his ear—and he falls exhausted to the earth.

"*Was fur ein Thier!*" says the German, admiringly, thrusting his knife into the throat of the monster, whose skull is in a moment literally shivered by the formidable hatchets of the hunters as they rush to the help of their comrade.

When we lifted Michael we found him, to our astonishment, completely unwounded, though utterly spent with his superhuman exertions. His first act on coming to himself was sufficiently characteristic. After crossing himself devoutly, and murmuring a few words of prayer, he staggered up to the spot where the wolf lay dead, and bending over it, said, with a taunting grin, "*Noo, brat, ya vigral, shto li?*" ("Well, brother, *I've won, haven't I?*")

HOW AN INDIAN CATCHES A SKUNK.

Skunks have their uses (when dead and "tried out") both in medicine and the arts, and somebody must catch them, bad as they are to get at. On this subject a Yosemite traveller makes the following contribution to natural history, which may do for theory if not practice:

On my way up there, the other day, I saw two Indians up in a ravine slowly and stealthily approaching each other, with their eyes riveted on an object which proved to be a full-grown skunk. The one who was behind held out his hand, and kept moving it round in a circle, the animal watching him all the while. It prepared to make him a target several times, but the Indian's revolving hand seemed to distract its attention, and it did not execute the threat.

All at once the Indian dashed upon it, twitched it up by the end of its tail, and held it high up and cracked its neck with a stroke of his hand.

The whole operation was performed without the effusion of any stench whatever, which appears to be the main point in killing, and the captors bore it away in triumph. The animal seemed to feel itself so ignominiously discomfited and disgraced in being hoisted by the end of the tail, that it abandoned its usual means of defence.

We don't advise boys to attempt playing Indian in just that way. The experiments might cost too much before they learned how.

A FINE COURTESY FROM ENEMIES.

War has not rubbed out the delicate feelings in the German hearts towards their old neighbors, the French:

Dr. Russell tells a story which, he says, has made a sensation in a circle at Versailles, as an illustration of peculiar national feeling on both sides. There are six artillery officers billeted in the house of a certain French baron, whose mother, nigh eighty years of age, lives in a house close by.

The other day the French baron's birthday anniversary came round, and the Prussian officers became aware of it. So they got together and wrote a very pretty note, in indifferent French, expressing their sympathy with the misfortunes of the country which had brought on her such a mournful celebration of her son's birthday, but not in the least degree compromising themselves as good Germans, and then in a body repaired to a room of the old baroness, with a magnificent bouquet.

Would these men be likely to kill the son and burn the mother out of mere brutal wantonness?

NAPOLEON'S FLOWER.

The violet is the emblematic flower of the Bonapartes, as the lily is of the Bourbons. When Eugenie agreed to accept Napoleon's offer of marriage, she expressed it only by appearing, one evening, dressed in an exquisite violet toilet—violets in her hair, in her dress, even to a bunch in her hand. Louis Napoleon understood, and it was his only answer. Napoleon, while consul, selected this as his flower. It was through Josephine asking him to bring her a bouquet of them on her birthday—a desire he was only able to serve after very great difficulty. He cultivated them assiduously while a prisoner at St. Helena; and they were profusely planted over the grave of Josephine. After his death his coffin was covered with the humble flowers he loved. It is even said that in the earlier days of Louis Napoleon he was silently made acquainted with whom his secret friends were, by a cautious display of violets.

PATHETIC WAR-ANECDOTE.

In describing the scenes that followed the surrender of Metz, the correspondent of a London journal says:

A touching incident occurred as I was walking down a street. A veterinary surgeon of the ambulance corps came up, and said,—

"Monsieur, my horse is dying for want of food; I have ridden him for four years; he has shared my rations, and latterly my bed; for three days I have had nothing to give him to eat. Give him something; save the poor thing's life, and take him for your own; he is a good and faithful beast; you will never regret it."

I immediately accompanied the man, and on my way I bought two loaves of bread, which we cut up as we walked along.

Arrived at the shed where his horse stood, the poor beast turned his head toward his master, and neighed out a welcome, though so weak that he could scarcely move. The man, rushing up to his horse, threw his arms around his neck, and, while the tears stood in his eyes, cried out, "Thou art saved! thou art saved!"

A BACHELOR COW.

The false nicety of some ladies is amusingly illustrated by the following:

An infuriated bull attacked a horse and carriage in which Mrs. Rogers, of Auburn, was riding, turned the vehicle over and injured the lady in a serious manner. A precise editress, who made a notice of the fact, alluded to the animal as a *male cow*. Some ladies at a private sewing-circle were speaking of the casualty and injury, when one of the number who had not heard of the accident, inquired how the injury occurred, whereupon she was told that a *gentleman cow* turned the carriage over in a rage, &c. As the inquirer did not exactly comprehend the phraseology, another lady explained the matter more definitely by stating that it was a *bachelor cow*.

JAPANESE ENGLISH.

The following specimen of "Jap" English is more polite than proper:

Sado 6th, August 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for present very beutifull a photograph of your ship this morning to me and I should have any longer to keep and dlight myself for rare and cosely.

I accept for your kindly invitation at 1 o'clock to-morrow to your steamer and then my officers are pleasant to see you as well as my happiness.

I have the honor to be, my lord,

KATO DAISANZI.

To Esqr. John C. Hubbard.

THE GREATEST MAN IN GEERCE.

Themistocles, the famous Greek, had a daughter who was courted by two citizens of unequal fortunes. But he preferred the worthy to the wealthy suitor, and gave this pointed reason, namely: "that he had rather his daughter should have a man without money than money without a man."

It happened that a son of Themistocles had great influence over his mother; so one day Themistocles observed, "This child is the greatest man in Greece, for the Athenians command the Greeks, I command the Athenians, his mother commands me, and he commands his mother."

SOME LONELY LIZARDS.

California adds another contribution to her list of wonders. Several live lizards have recently been found embedded in fir trees discovered in a forest near Calistoga. They are unlike any species now known. Scientists will be expected to explain this new miracle of the Pacific slope.

We sometimes hear of "leaving the world to climb a tree," but these reptile monks must have become sick of the world indeed to get *inside* of one—that is, if they "did it o' purpose."

HIS LAST SHOUT.

An officer related to Dr. Russell that at Sedan he saw a huge Prussian, who had been lying with his hand to his side in mortal agony, rise suddenly to his feet as he comprehended the reason of voices shouting for victory, utter a loud "hurrah," wave his hands on high, and then, as the blood rushed from his wound, fall dead across a Frenchman.

The *enthusiasm* of war is about the only relief to its personal pains and horrors.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TRAP.

"During my boyhood," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster whose way of catching idle boys was rather odd. One day he said to us,—

"'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"'Ah!' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell.'

"I did so, and was caught in the trap the schoolmaster had set."

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THE CAT AND THE DOVE.

Once, when a baby dove was young,
And could not feed itself nor fly,
The mother bird was very kind,
And watched it with a loving eye.

With tender care from day to day,
She fed the helpless little thing:
And safely every night it lay
Hidden beneath her pretty wing.

But when it grew a larger bird,
Covered with feathers soft and new,
Quite able for itself to care,
And find its food and water too—

Its parents threw it from the nest,
And would not have it any more
To live with them, in what had been
A little happy home before.

A gentle lady owned the birds,
And had a favorite cat as well;
Of this kind pussy I have now
Something most wonderful to tell.

She did not pounce upon the dove,
And kill it, as some cats would do;
And, after it was eaten up,
Lick her pink lips, and then cry *Mew*.

No, no; she loved it far too well,
And made it quite a little pet,
And if it wandered from her side,
Its absence filled her with regret.

And when upon the lady's hand
The dove would perch and sit so free,
Puss never would be left behind,
But always jumped upon her knee.

I wish the little boys and girls
Who hear this story, would but try,
Gentle and loving ones to be,
Nor tease nor make each other cry.

For the Companion.

JOHNNY AND I.

Johnny is a little dog with a white spot on his nose, the rest of him is all black, and if he didn't have that white spot, you couldn't see him of a dark night.

I am a little boy and my name is John, but almost every body calls me Jack, except the minister; but I guess he's more polite.

I am not *very* little, and I've worn boots nearly a year. When I first had them I used to tuck my pants into them, so's people would know I *had* boots. I don't do so now. I'm older and know better.

My last name is Stone. I used to forget it, and then I had to think of something hard, and that was stone. Somebody asked me once what my name was, and I told them John Iron. I wasn't in fun, and I didn't mean to tell a lie, but I forgot. I don't do so now. I've got a memory.

I love Johnny, and I guess Johnny loves me, because he was named for me. And when I ask him if he loves Jack, he wags his tail on the floor, and it sounds just as though somebody was knocking. Then I give him some bread. He speaks for it. He don't really speak. He barks, but that's the way dogs speak.

I get discontented sometimes, and so does Johnny. I always know when Johnny is not contented, because he keeps changing his places to lie down upon. When I am discontented, I don't want to read, or play, or do much of any thing. If I am sick I have the doctor, but when I'm not content, I go over to grandpa's.

I didn't tell you I have got a grandpa, but I have. He's ever so old. He must be a hundred. He knows a good deal. He calls me Johnny Punks, because I used to call pumpkins punks. I didn't know so much about long words as I do now.

I always sit on grandpa's knee, and he asks me if the bald place is larger or the silver field thicker. He means the great round place on the top of his head, where it's all so shiny. The silver field he calls his white hair.

Johnny likes to go to grandpa's, for there's a very nice dog there, that he is acquainted with. They play together, but they don't bite. I won't let Johnny bite.

Grandpa used to fight once, and he's got a great gun hung up. It's real heavy. I can't lift it. He tells me lots of stories. I mean grandpa does. He was lost in the snow once, and had his feet frozen, and he didn't have any thing to eat for a day and night. So I always take a cracker in my pocket in case I get lost.

Grandpa thinks Johnny is a very nice dog, because he don't make much noise. Grandpa wears a white cloth round his head when he don't want me to shout. He's got a headache then, and he knows I like to shout. I guess all boys do. He's teaching me to play on the drum, but I don't learn very fast. The drumsticks are real heavy.

Grandpa's got lots of pictures, and there's a horse in most every one. I like horses and ponies. Johnny barks at horses, so I guess he don't like them.

Grandma lives with grandpa, and wears glasses on her nose, so she won't get her eyes dirty. She don't like Johnny, because he tangled up her yarn, so I don't let him come in her room. She don't have teeth like mine. They don't grow in her mouth. They are rich teeth, for I saw some gold on them, and she takes them out whenever she wants to.

I go to see grandpa when she is up stairs, for I feel more at home with him. I was drumming with my foot on the floor once, and she said it made her nervous, so I stopped. My foot got asleep there once, and when it woke up it seemed as if I had needles in my feet. It didn't last long.

Grandpa gave me twenty-five cents to buy a ball at Mr. Gooding's store, and grandma gave me ten to put in the box for the heathen. I guess Mr. Gooding is poorer than the heathens.

Grandma always gets me to take her letter to the post-office. She writes with ink. I wish I could write with ink. I use a slate and pencil, and print letters, but my fingers get tired very soon.

I like to draw houses, or a sled best. I went coasting last winter. Johnny went, too. He can't coast, but he runs along by the side of the sled. I tried to fasten him to a sled once, and make him draw me, but he didn't like it, so I didn't trouble him again.

I don't like to coast when the ice is like glass. That is good for skating. I can't skate, I am too little. I can't even stand on skates. I tried to once, but I fell down. Grandpa says he used to skate ever so far, but he can't do so now.

I'm discontented, telling you all this, and Johnny is too, of hearing it, so I guess I'll go to grandpa's, and have a talk with him.

My hair curls, and it's black. Mother combs it all out smooth, but it crinkles right up again. I wish I could go fishing, but I guess I'll go and see grandpa, and when I come back, I'll tell you what he says, if the editor will let me.

JACK STONE.

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HOME CURES.

Testimonial of W. POUSLAND, Esq., of Boston.

It affords me great satisfaction to be able to testify to the success of Dr. Carpenter in treatment of Catarrh, and to inform sufferers from that terrible disease that there is hope for them. I contracted Chronic Catarrh thirty years ago, and it increased until it pervaded my whole system. I became very deaf—my eyes were weak and inflamed, and discharged water so frequently that I was unable to read without a handkerchief in my hand to constantly wipe the tears away, My throat was full of matter mornings, and required an hour's exertion of hawking and expectorating to clear it; my nostrils were clogged with mucous, which would frequently become dry, very annoying and difficult to remove, while my head was dull and disagreeable. Dr. C.'s remedies have cured my Catarrh and improved my hearing so I can hear my watch tick. My throat is clear mornings; the discharges from my nose are moist and natural; the disagreeable sensations have left my head; and I now read an hour without wiping my eyes, they feeling quite natural and well.
WM. POUSLAND,
No. 15 Ferry Street, Boston.
Dec. 5, 1870.

Testimonial of an Old Resident of Salem.

[From the Salem *Observer*.]

My ears were affected some years, and I had become so deaf as to be unable to sustain ordinary conversation, and to unfit me for my occupation of night watchman, and I feared I must relinquish my situation. But, fortunately, I consulted Dr. Carpenter in August, 1869, who pronounced it Catarrhal Deafness, which he thought he could cure. His opinion proved correct, for under his treatment my hearing was restored so I can hear as well as before the disease.
Any of my brother watchmen will testify to the above facts. JOHN B. MANSFIELD,
No. 11 Nursery Street.
Salem, Mass., Nov., 1870.

Testimonial of Thomas Prince, Esq., of Boston.

BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1870.
W. H. CARPENTER, M. D.:
My Dear Sir,—I write this to acknowledge your skill and kindness in treating my son for Otorrhea or Discharge and ulcerated condition of the ear, resulting from scarlet fever, which had become chronic, and failed to yield to treatment until it came under your care, when, after about three months, he was restored to health. I shall not fail to recommend others similarly afflicted to apply to you. You are at liberty to publish this if it will be of service to you. Very respectfully yours,
No. 2 Rollins Street. THOMAS PRINCE.

Testimonial of Mr. D. H. Shahan, No. 235 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.

[From Salem *Observer*.]

I placed myself under the care of Dr. Carpenter in July, 1869, to be cured of chronic inflamed eyes and chronic catarrh, both of which I had for some time. Dr. C.'s remedies were perfectly satisfactory, having cured these diseases. Any person interested can converse with me at the office of this paper. D. H. SHAHAN.
Salem, Mass., Aug. 1, 1870.

Dr. C. is also permitted to refer to the following persons:

DEFECTIVE HEARING OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING CURED!

Mr. SMITH, of Newburyport, Mass., who had during 20 years gradually lost his hearing, in a letter to Dr. C., dated Dec. 5, writes: "My hearing, that was restored by your treatment, remains good."

Mr. C. G. FRYE, of Waltham, whom he cured of Catarrhal Deafness, during February and March, 1870.

Mr. FRANK DENNIS, son of B. F. Dennis, Esq., the well-known tuner of piano-fortes, late of Salem, now of Lynn, Mass., cured of Otorrhea in 1864. Hearing remains perfect and ears healthy.

Mrs. MARY E. WYER, Middle Street, Portland, Me., cured of blindness, after having been unsuccessfully treated by six eminent physicians.

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GREAT GUNS.

If the boys have forgotten, or never knew, their fathers may remember the excitement over the fifteen-inch cannon used on our monitors during the war, and the still greater one, over the first twenty-inch gun ever cast in this country, or any other. This was mounted for trial at Fort Hamilton, in New York Bay, and hundreds of people went down to see it.

What would they think, then, of a *thrity*-inch gun, having room enough inside for a Tom Thumb couple to dance a hornpipe? Open their eyes as I did, and ask, at once, How is it done?

Nothing, save the making of gunpowder, requires greater care, and the larger the cannon are, the more essential is it that every process should be perfect in its way.

The first necessity is a mould, or *flask*, as it is ometimes called. This is made of clay, the same as that used in the "pots" for glass-making, and the two halves before baking are painted inside with a mixture of molasses and ground anthracite coal.' Then they are wheeled to ovens and baked till thoroughly dry. This is a very important point, as if any moisture remained in them, the red-hot metal in casting would turn it instantly to steam, spoil the gun, and perhaps cause a dreadful explosion. Once baked, the two parts are keyed together, caulked with clay, and are then lowered into pits and buried up to the muzzle.

All guns are cast upright, with the mouth upwards. Those under nine-inch are cast solid, and afterward bored out by a lathe. Above nine-inch calibre a core is put in the centre of the mould, which, when drawn out, leaves a hollow ready for shaping and smoothing.

The furnaces in which the gun metal is melted have very high cupolas, and therefore no blast is needed, the draft being strong enough to bring about quick melting.

Two sorts of iron are used in making cannon; a mixture of Juniata and Hanging Rock pig, and this must be fused, often two or three times, to give the right density and tenacity. When ready, it is led from the cupola through troughs to the moulds, which, when filled, are left undisturbed for twenty-four hours. Then the core is carefully taken out, and either a jet of cold air forced into the bore, or cold water thrown in in small streams, till the piece is entirely cooled. A twenty-inch gun must be left undisturbed for a month, to cool properly.

Over the pits where the great guns are cast are enormous cranes, capable of lifting twenty-four tons, and by them the pieces, when cool, are lifted and sent into the finishing room, where are boring and turning lathes, and a planer, capable of planing a piece of metal thirty feet long, ten feet wide, and eight feet thick.

In the Fort Pitt foundry, where the twenty-inch guns are made, is a lathe which cost thirty thousand dollars, and which is the only machine in the world able to finish a gun properly.

How different this all is from the days when a gun was simply an iron tube, with rings driven on while red-hot, which contracting as they cooled, made a gun of great firmness! Iron bolts were first shot from them, then round stones, and at last iron bullets were thought of. In the meantime, some long head had invented hand-guns, which knocked over the shooter almost as surely as the *shootee*. This hand-gun was at first a simple barrel, with an open touch-hole at the top, and the gunpowder was fired by a coal of fire, or a lighted splinter or match. This was too dangerous work, and soon the stock was bent, and a match-lock used.

With Henry VIII. came in the wheel-lock, but many years passed by before either guns or pistols were thought much of in battle. Gunpowder was obtained with difficulty, and archers remained the strength of the British army, till other nations made improvements, which gradually did away with all old fashions.

From the Dutch came the flint-lock, in the reign of Charles II., and till within the last thirty years it underwent very little alteration. Since then all sorts of changes have been made, and, most important of all, that of the percussion cap. Queerly enough, this idea found birth in a clergyman's brain, but his experiments were not successful, and it was not till some years later, in 1816, that one Joseph Egg, made a genuine percussion cap. So great is the prejudice against new things, that they were not used by the English till 1839, and by the French a year later. Cartridges again have taken their place in rifles, though percussion caps are used altogether with shot, and some other sorts of guns.

And now one special word for the boys. I know it is considered a sure sign of courage and approaching manhood, to use a gun as recklessly as if it were a stick of wood; to point it at screaming sisters, who "cannot bear a gun," or at some shrinking boy, who would like to scream, if he dared.

Let me tell you, my friends, that he who has seen most service with a gun, best realizes its danger, and the old hunter who has shot his hundreds of deer, and bear, and buffalo, or the gray-headed soldier, who has been through scores of battles with Indians on the plains, will hold his gun so carefully, you would say, "What a spooney!"

The cautious are the daring in this case, as in a good many others, and experience will teach you that guns, great or small, are not to be trifled with. HELEN C. WEEKS.

HOW TO CHOOSE A CANARY.

The following hints may perhaps be useful to our readers in the choice of a tame specimen:

First, entirely green birds, or such as are brightly marked with green, are usually very strong, and in consequence, their voice is often disagreeably loud. Secondly, such as are of a yellowish brown or dark yellow, are weakly, and seldom breed. Thirdly, the variegated kinds do not often have prettily marked young. Fourthly, such as have red eyes are weak. And, fifthly, should birds with a crest be preferred, the purchaser must be careful that there are no bare spots on them.

In order to ensure a good singing canary, it is necessary to procure such as have parents gifted in that respect, and during the course of instruction the bird should not be allowed to hear the song of other birds, as the notes which it would thus acquire would be unnatural, and therefore soon forgotten.

In Andreasdorf the people are most careful only to allow the young to copy the notes of such male singers as are experts in the art, as should the little pupil, even when four years of age, hear a bad singer, it is pretty sure to imitate all its faults, and even in old age will sometimes retain this tiresome trick.

The canary will learn tunes played upon an organ with little difficulty, but after a time often perform them inaccurately. We have tried the experiment of placing the pupil with two old males, and have always found it prefer to imitate the bird whose song gives it the least trouble, and thus it acquires shakes and thrilling notes with much greater ease than the flute-like tones or deep rolling song of the nightingale.—*Cassell's Book of Birds.*

JAPANESE HOUSE.

The Japanese have habits of living about as unlike ours as the inhabitants of the moon, if that satellite has any living beings. Here is a sketch of a Japanese house:

When the walls of a house are up it consists of but one large room, which is then cut up by partitions, which are nothing more than sliding screens that close up into each other in a fashion that admits of one apartment being divided into a dozen distinct ones instantly. There are no chimneys attached to the houses, and they contain no beds, chairs or tables.

The floors are covered with a series of clean bamboo mats or cushions, each six feet by three, and nicely bound with red or blue tape. They are stuffed with light wool or moss, and are as soft and yielding to pressure as the heaviest Brussels velvet.

These mats fit in with each other as regularly as the squares on a chess board, and the whole floor is kept as clean and is dusted as often as the mahogany sideboard in the house of a Dutch burgher. No fleck of dirt is ever allowed to rest upon the polished surface of the matting, and to step upon it with a pair of boots would be a greater insult than to make a footstool of a seven hundred dollar piano.

The family sit upon the matting all day, with their legs bent under them, in a shape that would give any foreigner incurable paralysis in fifteen minutes, and they sleep upon it at night.

A Japanese pillow is a curiosity in its way. It is nothing but a rocker of a cradle, broad enough to stand alone, with a semi-circular depression on the upper side. The Japanese lie full length on the floor, place not their head but their neck in the crescent-shaped hollow on the upper side of the pillow, and rock themselves to sleep in a few minutes.

THE MAGIC SHIRT.

One of the Middle Age superstitions was that of the Christmas shirt or tunic, which is thus described:

The magic shirt was prepared as follows: On Christmas Eve three young girls. under seven years of age, were to spin a thread, weave it into cloth, and sew it into a shirt between sunset and sunrise. The shirt was to reach from the neck half way down the leg, and to be without sleeve. On the breast were to be embroidered two crosses and two heads. The head to the right was to wear a long beard and a helmet, and that to the left "a crown resembling the crown worn by the devil." A shirt thus prepared was reputed invulnerable, *i. e.*, weapon-proof.

TWO BIG HOGS.

Teachers sometimes blunder a little as well as other people. This man perpetrated a joke without meaning it:

In a speech delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association at Louisville, Mr. H. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati, related a laughable incident. He and another Cincinnatian were introduced to a school in Halifax. The teacher told his pupils where Cincinnati was, and added that they had more and bigger hogs than any place else in the world, "and," said he, "we have two representatives here to-day." Mr. Miller said it was a mixed compliment, but they had to take it.

A BIG FIRE.

The aurora borealis was recently visible in England, and excited great astonishment. A traveller who happened to be in Leicestershire at the time found the inhabitants of a certain village gazing intently at the phenomenon. One of these observers said, "There is France for you." The traveller was rather taken aback, but found, upon inquiry, that the villagers all believed the red light in the sky to be the reflection of Paris on fire. One of the villagers said, "My, how it burns!" and another exclaimed, "They're gettin' it hunder now!"

WRONG END FOREMOST.—A curious typographical error recently occurred in a morning paper. In giving an account of an inquest, it stated that "the deceased bore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death."

An Irish poet once started to ask for "A Cot by the Shannon," but got the letters misplaced, and wanted "a shot by the cannon"

THE ROOSTER THAT COULDN'T.—A correspondent writes: We presume your readers have all seen a half-grown Shanghai rooster try to crow. Our Minnie saw one try, too; and, after all his fuss, he came down on the flattest of B flats. "Humph!" said Minnie; "*him fought him could rooster, and him couldn't.*"

INDIA RUBBER AND MILKWEED.—The "caucho," or rubber tree, though of a different species from that of the East Indies, produces a gum which constitutes most of the rubber of commerce. Agassiz puts this tree, forty or eighty feet high, in the same class with the "milkweed" of our American pastures.

CRUELTY REWARDED.—The proprietor of a $10,000 house in San Francisco saturated a rat with kerosene oil and set fire to it. The rat ran under the house, and now the man has no $10,000 residence.

"HAVE you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman.

"Yes, there's a good eel in it," was the rather slippery reply.

A CLERK in the Binghamton post-office heard a tap at the window of the ladies' department, when who should he find there but a man by the name of Drake, to whom he said, "Mr. Drake, you will please go to the other side; this department is for ducks!"

A LAWYER of this city has conspicuously displayed in his office the following suggestive notification: "Gentlemen who expectorate on the floor cannot expect-to-rate as gentlemen."

A NEW HAMPSHIRE paper makes merry over the fact that, as a party of Philadelphians were riding in its vicinity last summer, one young lady remarked, in passing a clump of white birches, that it was "singular how much pains these people took to whitewash their trees clear to the top."

How Pleasant.

How pleasant in the Winter time,
When all without is cold and drear,
Around the fire, in prose or rhyme,
Some interesting tale to hear.
We sometimes valued lessons learn
Of things that happened long ago;
Then to the present if we turn,
'Twill oft a pleasant contrast show.
To see the BOYS in good warm "CLOTHES"
Doth make our fireside joys complete,
Reminding us of GEORGE PENNO'S,
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

IN A BALLOON.

By Prof. J. de Mille.

The boys at Dr. Davis' school were having a holiday, for it was the anniversary of the Queen's birthday, and the doctor's loyalty would not allow him to keep school on such an occasion. So they dispersed in different directions, some to visit relatives, some to the country, some on an excursion trip to the seaside.

Two of them, however, had in view something very different from this. A week or two before, Fred Dalton had seen an announcement that Herr Schwartzenburg would give some of his famous balloon ascensions in Regent's Park, commencing in two weeks from date, and continuing until further notice. This was shown to his particular friend, Bob Smalley, and the two had resolved that they would take advantage of the first holiday, to patronize Herr Schwartzenburg, and try an ascent into the upper air.

True, it would not be a real balloon voyage. The balloon was held to the earth by a rope. Yet after all, it was a flight into the air, and a high flight at that, and there was something delicious in such an idea. They kept their purpose secret, and when the appointed time came, told their parents that they were going to Regent's Park, without specifying the cause of their visit there.

The day was gloriously fine. The thick cloud of smoke that rests like a funeral pall over London, was less dark than usual. The sky over Regent's Park was bluer than may commonly be seen there. All things seemed to favor their project.

There were two or three balloons, and each of these could hold two or three persons. Any one who wished was allowed to ascend in them several hundred feet, on payment of the small sum of sixpence to Herr Amadeus Friedrich von Schiller Schwartzenburg, who alone superintended the movements of the balloons.

On reaching the enclosure, the boys found but few people there. The balloons were not quite ready. Fred and Bob were the first applicants. Herr Schwartzenburg was a nervous, pudgy man, and was now breathless with his frantic exertions to get every thing arranged for the crowd of visitors whom he expected. Motioning the boys to the car of the only balloon that was ready to start, he pocketed their sixpences, and told them to sit on each side of the basket.

"Shoost geep in der zame bosition," he said to them, "an tague gare not your blaces zu verlorm. You shall ubstay tain minute—*verstehen sie.*"

Whereupon he loosened the rope and the balloon slowly and gracefully rose in the air.

"Isn't this glorious?" cried Fred, as he saw the earth moving apparently from beneath him. "Isn't this glorious?"

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Bob; "after the ten minutes are over we must go up again."

"And again after that."

"Yes, a dozen times."

And now they ceased speaking, and all their attention was fixed on the scene around.

In truth the scene, novel and wonderful, was one which might attract the attention even of boys. Beneath stretched the soft green expanse of the Park, with its silvery ponds dotted with white swans, and the darker foliage of lofty trees that rose from the greensward on every side. Beyond this they saw stately houses around the Park, and in the distance myriad roofs of the giant city, with the dun smoke-cloud hanging over them. Added to this was that strange feeling, common to every one in a balloon, that they themselves were motionless, and that it was the solid earth that was moving away from them.

Exciting it was, to watch all this; pleasant it was, to look down upon the scene beneath; and laughable it was, too, to see how queer the human shape appeared when looked down upon vertically. Men dwindled to points. It was not

IN A BALLOON.

Herr Amadeus Friedrich von Schiller Schwartzenburg that they saw, but only the top of his hat; it was not a horse that they saw, but only a long figure, the legs of which were invisible.

So the boys feasted their eyes on this mixture of beauty, of grandeur, of novelty and of oddity, and laughed, and uttered exclamations, and cries of mirthfulness, of wonder and of joy. And still the earth seemed to move away farther and farther, and farther still, and down.

It is strange how instantaneously the same feeling may flash through different minds. Some such thing took place here, for it was in an instant—in the very midst of their laughter, and wonder, and joy that there came to each of them a swift, sudden thought—a thought of horror unutterable—that brought with it a pang of anguish but seldom felt by hearts so young and so light. For they had been looking down, just then—watching Herr Schwartzenburg, and they saw the end of the rope dash through his hand, and swing backward and forward above him, and beyond him.

They saw him throw up his arms wildly as though he would leap after the lost rope, which, in his carelessness, he had forgotten to secure, and simultaneous with the horror that flashed through them, they saw a movement among the people below, followed shortly after by a loud cry that ascended after them.

Then the earth seemed to move beneath them to an immeasurable depth.

They turned and looked at one another with tremulous, ashen lips, and faces white with fear. For a long time neither of them could utter one word. They sat motionless, with thoughts that did not admit of words, partly from a remembrance of Schwartzenburg's directions, but chiefly because terror had paralyzed them.

A long time passed, how long they did not know. They dared not look over the side of the balloon, they feared to know the truth of their position, to learn how high they had ascended, or how far they had flown. A vague expectation of instant death was in their hearts, and each moment was anticipated as the last.

But the very pressure of this extreme terror at last alleviated itself. They felt no motion, even though they knew that they were moving. The continual postponement of any catastrophe brought a relief. They rallied slowly, it is true, but still they rallied, and at last dared to look over the side of the car again.

Far beneath was the earth which they had left so joyously,—the beautiful world, with its silvery streams, its green meadows, its fair cities, its wealth of forests and groves. Sweet and dear had these always been to them, but never so sweet and so dear as now, when they seemed to be losing them forever.

Having once looked over, the distance beneath was at first appalling, but even they grew able to look down without any new accession of fear, and to perceive the course in which they were moving.

They were moving in a southerly direction. Already they had passed beyond the extremest bounds of London, and now they were floating on over fields, and meadows, and houses, and towns, many of which were familiar to them.

Their progress was not of such a kind as to make them feel it much. They felt no wind, no motion, and now, as at first, the motion seemed transferred to the earth, which appeared to be flying away from beneath them.

"If we only knew how to manage it, we might stop it—or get down," said Fred.

"But I don't know any thing at all about it," said Bob.

"Nor do I. I've heard of their throwing out ballast. These bags are the ballast, I suppose."

"But that's to make the balloon go higher," said Bob. "The question is how they get the balloon down. That is a mystery to me."

"I never heard how," said Fred, dejectedly.

They now looked up at the network, but only saw cordage and ropes, which they could not understand. All hope of managing the balloon soon vanished, and they sat silent, awaiting their fate.

For a long time they floated along over the land, but at length a cry from Fred attracted Bob, and he looked to where Fred's finger was pointing.

It was the sea. It spread from horizon to horizon, while far in the distance lay land. That sea and that land they knew very well to be the British Channel and the coast of France.

Onward and still onward they passed, and at length the last of England moved from beneath them, and they looked down upon the blue waves, which every minute opened more and more widely. Here ships were tossing or riding at anchor, steamers were breasting the tide, and vessels of all sizes were dotting the surface of the water.

About half way over their progress grew slower. They were very much lower, also, than they had been, and this gave them hope. They thought they had a chance of falling into the sea, and in that event they might expect to be picked up by one of the vessels about. So the prospect was desirable rather than otherwise.

Slower and slower grew their progress, and they descended constantly. The natural escape of gas had lightened the balloon, and the weight of the ballast and passengers was dragging it down. The wind now scarcely rippled the water. Near them also was the French coast, with boats skimming the sea in all directions.

Nearer and nearer they descended. At last the car touched the water. The balloon held it up, and floated slowly on. Boats flocked to their assistance. As the car settled more deeply it retarded the balloon, and the wild cry of the boys for help brought it promptly to them from a half hundred wondering fishermen.

They were saved.

The balloon was secured, and the boys were taken to Boulogne. Their story was made known. Some Englishmen who were on their way to London offered to take them home, and on the following day they were restored to their almost distracted parents.

For the Companion.

THE FARMER'S ELIZABETH.

A rich old farmer, named McDowell Graham, lived, many years ago, on a Highland farm, in Scotland, which had been in the hands of his ancestors for three or four generations.

He was a very proud farmer, and gloried in wearing finer plaids, and longer stockings, and shorter breeches, and more glittering knee-buckles than any of his neighbors; but most of all he prided himself in keeping his farm laborers and other poor people at a distance from him, and in being addressed by them as if they were serfs, and he a laird.

He was hard, crusty, and of a violent temper; but withal was honest and upright, and if his sympathies could only be roused, benevolent, also.

There were but two places where old McDowell met ever his inferiors like men—at the church door and at the open grave. There he often took the poor cotter or his ploughmen by the hand, saying, in a patronizing tone,—

"We're a' alike here, mon,—rich and poor, high and low."

In the low, rough garret of the farm-house, were three or four oaken chests, which had belonged to his ancestors, and which were believed to be "packed full o' yellow gold." If so, his main riches were hidden in the garret, for he made no display of wealth below.

The one room which boasted of any furniture was that of his daughter Elizabeth. Here she read, and sewed, and knit, and slept. It boasted a gay striped carpet, a high and well-polished secretary, a bed so inviting as to make one sleepy to look at it, and six high-backed chairs.

Out of this opened a larger room, with a worn oak floor and table, flag-seated chairs and a tall clock,—the pride of the farmer's proud heart. This room was the parlor. The rest of the house was devoted to work; for the dairy of Nisdale Farm was famous the region over, and owed its fame to Dame Elsie, the old man's sister. Wife, he had none, for Elizabeth's mother had slept for sixteen long years in the old kirk-yard of the adjacent village.

Elizabeth was a sweet, gentle Highland girl, who had never milked a cow nor made an ounce of butter, for the reason, her father said, that "there were ordinary people enough in the world to truckle awa' at rough work, not to be puttin' silver hands and tender hearts at it!"

She was his idol, and lived very much as Hindoo idols do—up high in a niche, apart from the world.

She had no companions. The laird's daughter did not notice her, the minister had neither wife nor children, and the farm people about the place scarcely dared to look at her, lest they might offend the man who held their bread in his hand.

Seventeen years, old McDowell had petted Elizabeth, and growled at every body who paid her more than ordinary attention; always telling her how Heaven had blessed her with such a fond father and loving aunt, and how grateful she ought to be!

She was grateful; but for all that she often wished that her aunt would not sleep all the evening over her knitting work, and her father

L M Hosford Oct70

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over his Scotch ale,—that she had some human heart to sympathize with her in her loneliness, and to teach her of the world into which she must some day enter.

Elizabeth loved her family and she loved her kirk; but she was not satisfied. She often grew weary of her father's seven books, twelve pamphlets, and the old file of almanacs,—and worse than all, she grew weary of herself and her poor thoughts.

Sometimes, when all were sleeping, she would lean out of her window and look off at the silent church-yard, where her mother was sleeping, and wonder if, after all, it was a very dreadful thing to lie there!

And then she would look up to the calm, clear skies, and wonder if any one could be lonely or grow tired of herself in heaven. And then the tears would fall, and she would say, "I wish I had a mother;" and after that would rebuke herself and ask God to forgive her ingratitude.

One day, old McDowell came in from his ripening fields, his face all aglow with pleasure.

"I've been fain to believe," he said, "that I'd lose half my harvest for want o' a head man, since David died; but here's been my old schoolmate, Blakie, at me, to take his Donald, who's just a skilled farmer! The lad's been off studyin' for the kirk,—his had bein' fu' o' books; but his eyes ha' failed him at the study, and he's fain to go back on God's green arth for a livin'. He will na go in among common laborers to herd wi' them, but will take all off my hands, if he can be one of us at the farm-house. And, gudeness knows, I'd be glad to be rid o' care, wi' this gout that's on me now!"

Old Elsie was by nature a terrible gossip, aching to hear and to tell the village news. But her genius was imprisoned, for Elizabeth knew nothing to tell, and the old farmer scorned to tell what little he did know. No wonder, then, that she smiled, and drew herself up straight, and settled her cap on her head, and replied,—

"Yon's just a providence, brother! Ye'll be rid o' vexation, and I'll hear what's goin' on in the world, and the dear lassie will have company and a teacher in the fine, tall lad."

"Nay, nay! Ye are a fearfu' gossip, and always were, sister! But I'll ha' no talebearing here; and as for Bess, the child, she'll ne'er see the lad but in my presence. I'll have na nonsense about here! The only fault the lad has is his good looks, but I've forgiven him that! He's as poor as Tim Crock, the beggar, and so he na son-in-law for me! There's gentlemen's sons in the region that would be glad o' this farm and a' that's in it; and they shall ne'er see my child holding company wi' a poor man's son!"

If they had been discussing the future prospects of the young tortoise-shell cat that was purring in the corner, she could not have looked more unconcerned than did Elizabeth. She had seen young Donald at a rustic wedding, and exchanged "bonnie breast knots" with him, a year before; and he had promised to come to the farm-house as soon as he was fairly enrolled a student for the kirk. Elizabeth knew her father too well to manifest any pleasure at the news he now brought.

Old McDowell now rolled the burden of the farm from his mind. But alas for his comfort, he took another burden on his heart, and one far heavier to bear!

The very hour his "head man" came into the house, the old man was seized with a fear of him, and looked on him as an intruder, who had artfully thrust himself in there to cheat him out of a grand son-in-law!

And yet so circumspect was the innocent offender, and honorable in all his conduct, that the old man could neither accuse him nor treat him coolly. He gave the farm, with all its interests, into his hand, and then devoted himself to watching Elizabeth and to filling her ear with unkind words against the man in whose honor and skill he had the most unbounded confidence.

He charged his child to have no words with him, and would have liked very much to bind the young man over to shun her; but that would have been delicate business, when, to the young man's praise be it said, he had never, by word or look, expressed the smallest degree of interest in her.

Fettered in this way, the old man grew sour towards his manager, and repeatedly assured his sister that he was preparing to dismiss him, and to make a will in favor of a dissolute nephew—of whom he had not heard in fifteen years, and who was in all probability dead—in case Elizabeth manifested any regret at his course.

Two years had rolled away, when the gout became master of the old man's constitution, and could no longer be controlled. It soon laid its cruel hand on his heart, and he knew that death was drawing near.

Then he worried about his farm and the cattle, and after that about his neglected duties to God and man.

All through those long weeks of suffering, young Donald watched faithfully over his employer's interests by day and sat by his bed at night,—a place he would allow no other to fill.

When the old man's last hour came, his mind was still cumbered with his land, his herds and flocks, his gold, and worse than all, by his pride. He divided his treasures, giving his watch and his great ring to his sister, with "money enough to carry her to the grave," as he expressed it. He gave his gold-headed cane to the minister, divided his little trinkets and a hundred pounds among his work people, and gave the rest of his possessions to his child, on the condition that she should marry only a true gentleman, with good education.

Then his sister whispered, through her sobs, "But, dear, you have forgotten good Donald, who has never left you, but served you like a lovin' son."

"Ay, ay, ye are right, sister. He, too, shall ha' his dues. In the brass-bound chests in the loft ye'll find the hoarded treasures of years; and in ither places are what will serve him well. He's been a patient and lovin' lad to me, and I leave my blessing on his head. Give him his choice out o' my worldly treasures, whether o' gold, or herds, or flocks,—bein' sure that it be worth not less than a hundred pounds. Ye, and the minister, and Elder Sandy, and himself will decide the matter, for I'm done wi' earth now, and would fain sleep. Should I wake na more ye may feel that I died in peace wi' God and man."

He did not wake again, poor old man.

When the stir of the burial was over, and his effects were to be divided, the minister and Dame Elsie asked young Donald what he would choose of all the treasures on the farm or in the house. worth a hundred pounds; and he, like a sensible man, said he would take Elizabeth, herself, for she was the old man's best treasure, and *in herself* worth that sum, even if the mythical nephew should claim every thing else!

And Elizabeth said her father bade her marry a true gentleman, and Donald had shown that he came nearer to that than the laird's son on the hill, or any one else she had ever seen!

The minister, and Elder Sandy, and Dame Elsie agreed with them both. They were sure that had the old man risen from that sick bed, he would not have failed to acknowledge the sterling qualities of the young man, and have eventually given him his child, with his blessing.

Thus Donald came into possession of Nissdale Farm and its chief treasure.

For the Companion.

A TRUE STORY.

The Boys who ate Toads; and what came of it.

By Una Locke.

Eighty years ago there resided in a brown house, on one of the pleasant highways that run parallel with the Connecticut River, in Massachusetts, a man named John Marsh. He was the father of five boys and eight girls; and there was not to be found in all the township, a man who better liked good cider-brandy.

This, I imagine, is saying a great deal. For within three miles of Mr. Marsh's farm were six distilleries, which devoured the produce of the rich grain land and ruddy orchards, like never-satisfied giants, disgorging in return a fiery beverage which made sane men mad and wise men fools. But in those days every body, except a few far-sighted, sad-hearted women, drank gin, or brandy, or New England rum, or whiskey, according to his or her taste. So John Marsh was quite in the fashion.

With the daughters of this family of thirteen, this story will have nothing to do. There is enough matter, however, for five volumes of Sunday school books in the histories of the five boys. These were the boys who ate the toads.

Now "toads," you must know, was the name given to the piece of biscuit or cracker, saturated with the sugar and rum from the bottom of the glass after their father had drank the most of the contents of the tumbler. These "toads" were given them when they were mere babies, in petticoats.

At five or six years, they could take tolerably strong and large potations, and the taste was fully developed, before they were men. So, to my thinking, it was not strange that the oldest son died in early manhood of an internal cancer. The youngest, and fifth son, lived to be an old man, a good-for-nothing fungus on society. But I am not going to write his history; neither that of the fourth son; who, before he had reached the meridian of life, took his way along a little brook at the bottom of a glen, not far from his father's house, and followed it to the river, into which he walked in the stupor of drunkenness, and from which was carried a lifeless body to his young wife and two little children.

The second son was named John, for his father. He was eccentric to a proverb, but was bright and shrewd, good-hearted and industrious. He might have made a *man*, but rum and tobacco, the household gods, beguiled his heart and muddled his brain.

John was, however, when young, far more akin in mental character to his mother than his father. Poor "Aunt Hannah," as the neighbors called her, had a hard life. She was an excellent housekeeper and mother, but a more discouraging husband never fell to the lot of woman.

The sisters-in-law called her "tonguey." If she had been as much so as Zantippe, who could greatly wonder? Among her sayings that have been preserved in old memories in the rustic village, was one respecting this husband.

"It requires," said Aunt Hannah, "the patience and patience of Job, the meekness and meekness of Moses, to get along with John."

I have no doubt it did.

John learned the trade of brick-making, and when he was of age, he went to Charlestown, Mass., to work at his business. Here he would have done well, had it not been for his nightly visits to the bar-room. This did not greatly injure his character as a good workman. But one evening he became uncommonly elated. An offhand, genial stranger, who had at once made himself at home in the bar-room, insisted on treating the loungers there to all the liquors they could drink—and declared his intention of having a jolly time. The man kept them in a roar of laughter with his songs and stories, and a merrier evening never was known in that bar-room, nor in the whole experience of John Marsh, Jr.

The night wore off. The morning came, and John, stiff and headachey, picked himself up from under the table and looked about him.

"O—yes—morning—brickyard—must be getting to work."

After yawning, and stretching, and turning his heavy head like the sluggard in Watts' song, he looked about for his old hat, and saw the genial stranger of the night before. John thought the man looked at him very much as a green-eyed cat looks at a caged bird. But then it might be imagination, because he had taken a little too much, and could not see quite straight. Presently John half staggered towards the door. The genial man followed him.

"I shall be all right enough in an hour," said John, touched by his attention. "I'm one can bear considerable."

"Where are you going?" asked the attentive stranger.

"Over to the brickyard. You see I work at brick-making," said John, confidentially.

"You'll not be allowed to leave this house," said the man, gruffly.

"O, but see here. I've got to go. The boss expects me," exclaimed John, in a pacific way.

"But I tell you you can't go. You've 'listed. You're under military orders now."

"You're crazy, man. I never thought of going for a soger. I haint 'listed."

"I tell you, you have. And here's your name in your own hand on my book, and the bounty-money is in your pocket."

So it was. John knew his handwriting, and he was obliged to yield.

A more crest-fallen, sorrowful man never was seen in that bar-room. What? Tender-hearted John, who was nobody's enemy but his own, a soldier? He hadn't any thing against Great Britain. His uncles, in the time of the war of the Revolution, wiped out the family part of the old grudge, and this silly "eighteen-twelve war," he knew and cared nothing about. Besides, he had enlisted for the navy, and this was far less to his taste.

He covered his face with his hands, and sat down, dejected beyond comfort. The recruiting officer took him to the navy yard, and there the hardships of his life began. He was eccentric, as I said, and was not, probably, understood. Or else the lawlessness of his nature did not at once submit itself to authority.

Whichever way it was, he fell into disgrace, and was sentenced to be flogged, in a few days after he had put on "United States' uniform."

Flogged! The wild Indian of the woods could not more revolt from the idea! As they brought him out of the building where the recruits were housed, to take him on board ship, he broke away from his guard and sprang upon a low shed near by. From that he climbed to a higher building, thence to another, flying like an insane person, along steep and dangerous roofs, until he could go no further.

His pursuers were eager as hounds. He could see them as they followed him. What could he do? He had reached the end of the building. He could not retrace his steps without capture.

There was no time for hesitation. Shutting his eyes and holding his breath, he made a leap from the roof of the two-story house, on which he was standing. He landed in a garden. A huge, fierce dog did not approve of so sudden an intrusion, and John thought, for a moment, he should be torn in pieces, but dashing at a high fence, he fortunately grasped the edge, and drew himself quickly up and over it.

Running again, unhurt by the leap as well as by the dog, he ascended Bunker Hill and hid behind a stone which was formerly standing where the monument now is. The men who sought him were off the track.

Getting breath for a few minutes in that place he started again and took shelter in a wood.

The hunt commenced there in good earnest, but John found a decayed tree in the trunk of which he hid, and was not discovered. Here he remained all night.

Cramped and stiff, he crawled from his hiding-place, in the early morning, and went cautiously to a small house, about half a mile beyond. A motherly looking woman was just opening the door.

"I beg of you, good woman, to hide me," said John, piteously.

"What is the matter? You've run away," she made reply to her own question, as she looked at his military dress.

"Yes. You see, ma'am, they were going to flog me for little or nothing. Could you help me? I've been in a hollow tree all night. They'll be after me before long," he said, plaintively, with such an air of fright as touched the heart of the woman.

"You see I'm from the country. I didn't want to 'list, but they took advantage of me when I was tipsy."

"You can hide under the barn. I sha'n't hinder you. And when I come out to milk the cows you'll find some breakfast left there for you," said the woman, kindly. "I'll bring you some coffee after the men of the neighborhood get out of the way to their work. But you can't have any grog. See what it has done for you already!"

So John hid under the barn. Here he remained until the excitement of the search was a little abated, and then, being supplied with some old clothes by the woman, he went, by stealthy marches, to the State of Vermont.

In all the principal places through which he passed, he saw, or might have seen, posted, large placards, headed, "$1,000 Reward," under which heading was a description of himself. But there were then no steam-horses or telegraphs in New England, and Vermont was a long way off from Boston. It was still a resort for fugitives from justice.

So John went some distance into the State and let himself to a farmer. The place suited him very well, but he was not at ease. By day and by night he was in terror lest the officers of law should find him. He knew the penalty of his offence was death. If he saw a man whom he did not know coming along the distant highway, he would run and skulk in the woods until the traveller had passed by. While he was at his meals, or while he was at his work, wherever he was his ears and eyes were wakeful, vigilant sentinels, ever suspicious and restless. He knew the search for him was not yet abandoned.

One long, dreamy forenoon, John was hoeing corn in the field, with his face, as was his custom, towards the main road.

"Coh! coh! coh!" shouted nervously a sentinel crow, not far away. This attracted his attention, and sure enough, an officer of justice was running across the field to take him.

John threw down his hoe and ran. This time he did not stop till he reached Canada.

There he was undisturbed for some weeks, or perhaps months, but as he was in danger of being forced into the British army to fight against his own country, he again crossed the line, and visited a cousin named Sam Sterling, in New York State.

"Why, John! how are you? How came you here?"

"See here, Sam, I must change my name, and I think I'll call myself Obed Cleaver, for I've run away from the navy. You'll let me stay and work for you, won't you? And be sure to call me Obed. Them pursuers are after me like hounds."

And the poor man trembled from head to foot.

"O don't be frightened. You shall work on my farm, and nobody will know your story. But why not say *John* Cleaver? Then I can call you 'John,' just as I used in the old days, when you lived under the hill."

John worked awhile for his cousin. But soldiers from both armies sometimes entered that border town. The reward for bringing John to

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the proper officers was still open to the public, and the poor fellow could not rest day or night, for fear he should be arrested.

His brother Roswell, next in age to John, soon joined him and declared his purpose to enlist in the army.

"You'd better enlist with me, John, for you see if you are in the army you won't be in the navy, and the hunt's up."

"It's a great deal better to be on land," said John, "and I'm just about tired of my life."

So the two enrolled themselves in the army and remained there until peace was declared and the troops disbanded.

But after John was honorably discharged and went back to his early home by the river, the old terror came upon him again. He fancied that he could be arrested and shot as a deserter. He still had his occasional fits of drunkenness, and no wonder he was nervous.

He was hired for farm labor by his old acquaintances, who had not lost their senses and their land through drink, and so he lived for years, rushing like a startled deer for the woods, at the slightest alarm.

I remember to have seen often in my childhood this John Marsh. I remember sitting once upon his lap and listening to the story of one "John Cleaver," who deserted from the navy yard, but of the details of the story I have retained only the memory of the leap from the roof among the green cucumber and melon vines, and the attack of the fierce dog. All that I have related here has since been told me by those who knew both him and his history.

My memory is more tenacious in another direction. The particular flavor of the strong tobacco-odor which permeated his person, and which made it not quite agreeable to be near him, comes back to me when I think of him as though I saw him yesterday, instead of forty years ago. He was tender and gentle to little children, he was kind to every living creature. My heart pities him, thinking how much he suffered for so many years.

But I pity still more the lads who in our day are learning to like the poison of "the toad." The tough English constitution of the last century has given place to one more sensitive and delicate, and a horror worse than that which pursued John Marsh will come to these lads while they are yet young men.

ALONE.

Many a human wretch who has lived deservedly unknown has become notorious at his death by the exposure of a monstrous habit or folly that shut him out from his family and his race. One of our exchanges thus tells of a man of this sort, the chief wonder of whose history seems to be that he boarded at a hotel. It reminds us of "the beggar on horseback." If he had lived longer, he would naturally have grown meaner and boarded himself, with his million of money.

"Some time since, in a little bed-room in the highest story of Taylor's Hotel, in Jersey City, the lifeless body of one of the oldest boarders in the house was found sitting bolt upright in a chair before the table.

"For five or six years this old man, dressed in the roughest garments, had been gliding silently from his garret to the dining-room, and back again to his retirement. What his occupation was no one knew or seemed to care.

"Only one person was ever admitted to his room. This was the chambermaid, who was permitted by the aged hermit to arrange his room while he was at dinner.

"When questioned, the girl replied always that there was nothing remarkable in the room, except a remarkable absence of any thing to make it comfortable. A few old coats, coarse shirts and patched boots there were, and two trunks, old and patched.

"There was one singular circumstance connected with the hermit's life. Though meanly clad, he was among the promptest in paying his bills. He took little food, eating but one meal a day, silently and without conversation. Friends he had none, for during the six years of his abode in the house no one came to see him.

"It was known by the proprietor, however, that he had a sister living at Groton, Conn. His name—Lyman Allyn—was known to none but the proprietor and bookkeeper. What were his antecedents, no one could ascertain.

"When he was found dead in the chair the servants were ordered to lay him out, and watch by the corpse until his friends, if he had any, could be called,—a sister, a brother-in-law and two nephews.

"They stated that he was born in Connecticut, in 1797, and had many years ago been a commission merchant, in which business he amassed a large fortune. What had become of it they did not know.

"They soon learned where he kept a part of it, however, for upon unlocking one of the trunks, a pile of bonds and stocks, gold and currency were found tumbled carelessly in. An examination showed that there was property in the room worth over six hundred thousand dollars, besides securities for vast sums elsewhere. A will was found among other papers, dated fifteen years ago, bequeathing the entire property to his sister and her children.

"The evidences of the old man's meanness were plentiful in the narrow room, and the sight of the ragged garments in which he clothed himself brought tears to the eyes of his sister. The miser died as he lived—alone; a bachelor, with no kindred near him—wedded to stocks and bonds, and separated from them by death."

WHEN MARY WAS A LASSIE.

The maple trees are tinged with red,
The birch with golden yellow;
And high above the orchard wall
Hang apples rich and mellow,
And that's the way, through yonder lane
That looks so still and grassy—
The way I took one Sunday eve,
When Mary was a lassie.

You'd hardly think that patient face,
That looks so thin and faded,
Was once the very sweetest one,
That bonnet ever shaded;
But when I went through yonder lane,
That looks so still and grassy,
Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair,
When Mary was a lassie.

But many a tender sorrow,
And many a patient care,
Have made these furrows on the face,
That used to be so fair.
Four times in yonder churchyard,
Through the lane so still and grassy,
We've borne and laid away our dead,
Since Mary was a lassie.

And so you see I've grown to love
The wrinkles more than roses;
Earth's winter flowers are sweeter far
Than all spring's dewy posies;
They'll carry us through yonder lane,
That looks so still and grassy,
Adown the lane I used to go
When Mary was a lassie.

For the Companion.

ON THE PLAINS.

In the year 1851, when "everybody" was going to California, or talking of going, a small party from Wisconsin started to cross the great plains for that golden land.

The route was a dangerous one, owing to tribes of hostile Indians who infested the country in greater numbers than now.

It required about three months of slow, tedious marching, to go from the States to the Pacific coast, the emigrant being obliged to "rough it," day and night, in every kind of peril and discomfort. Men wishing to make the journey, banded themselves together into companies for mutual protection, just as they form caravans for traversing the great deserts of the East.

Our Wisconsin party numbered only thirteen men; but they were well equipped with arms and provisions, and nearly all of them were mounted on good horses.

Their baggage was carried in large, covered ox wagons. It was a very tiresome mode of travelling, and if it had not been for an occasional spice of excitement, the monotony would have been intolerable to active, wide-awake young men, such as these were. But the sight of a herd of buffaloes, or an old Indian encampment, or a few grazing antelopes, enlivened the journey, now and then, and gave the gold hunters an opportunity to try their skill at hunting game.

In this party—one of the earliest of the California-bound adventurers—there were some queer characters. One fellow in particular deserves description.

His name was Dreggins. He was a luckless vagabond, having a remarkable faculty for getting himself and everybody with him into trouble. His departure from the States was probably for reasons such as have induced a good many like him to "leave their country for their country's good." The fellow was a hard case in every sense of the word. Hard in his looks, hard in his actions, and hard in his talk; a lawless, reckless rowdy, of precisely the sort that supplied California in the primitive days of its settlement with its gamblers, murderers and thieves. The rest of the party, rough as they were themselves, became tired of him before they were fifty miles from home.

Dreggins was the best mounted man in the company. He carried the most expensive weapons, too, and it was believed he would not be over-scrupulous in the use of them. On the whole his associates came to look upon him as the Jonah of the trip, and expected he would make them serious trouble before they got through with him.

For the first four weeks of the journey the party met only friendly Indians, and proceeded without serious adventure. Dreggins' ill manners, however, caused them a good deal of annoyance and some alarm. He behaved himself outrageously towards the savages. He abused and insulted them, and several times so nearly provoked a fight that the most strenuous efforts of the other emigrants hardly sufficed to keep the peace. They warned him repeatedly of the danger of such conduct, but he treated their cautions with contemptuous laughter.

As the train entered the territory of the more savage tribes of Indians, Dreggins was an increasing source of uneasiness to his fellow-travellers.

One day they were crossing a stretch of open prairie between two strips of timber, when out of the woods they had just left suddenly appeared a band of about twenty mounted Comanches, who gallopped up to them, making signs of peace. Friendly as their approach was, however, it could be seen that these new savages were of a sort not to be trifled with.

"Hold on to yourself, Dreggins," said several of the emigrants, as the two parties met.

Most of the Indians rode small prairie ponies, but two or three had fine horses that had evidently been stolen from the whites. One, especially, had a spirited bay horse not of the Indian breed.

Dreggins, before any one knew what he was going to do, stepped up to the rider of this animal, and by signs ordered him to dismount. The savage of course refused.

"Off with you, you red hound!" thundered Dreggins.

And without waiting for further preliminaries, he laid hold of the horse's bridle. Quick as thought his other hand had griped the Indian's arm to enforce his impudent order. He was a fellow of immensely powerful muscle, and a single jerk dragged the astonished savage from the horse and laid him sprawling on the ground.

Enraged at the affront, in a minute the Indians had surrounded the thirteen travellers, and plainly showed their determination to revenge themselves. The situation was now threatening in the extreme. All the red-skins were heavily armed, having not only the primitive bow, and arrow, and tomahawk, but quite as formidable an array of rifles as the pale-faces could show, while their superior numbers placed the little company completely at their mercy.

Resistance was certain death. Help from outside was not to be thought of for a moment. The party were thoroughly frightened. Even the bully himself who had caused all the mischief lost his brag, and "wilted," perceptibly, when he saw the turn matters had taken. If he counted on scaring the Indians by his rough treatment of the rider of the bay horse, he showed himself as much of a fool, as a coward.

What was to be done? Parley and apology *might* avail something. At any rate these seemed to be the only resource left. But the Indians were greatly incensed. They scowled, and grunted, and jabbered, and brandished their weapons. They rode excitedly round the travellers, pointing at the offender with gestures of violent and savage meaning. They wanted that man. Ugh! Big rowdy had insulted them, and he should pay for it. They would take him along. There was a heap good scalp on his head. Ugh!

To say that the perplexed emigrants were tempted to give up their troublesome comrade would hardly be confessing too much. But to surrender a fellow being into the hands of bloody barbarians was against the code of humanity, and accordingly palavering was resorted to.

They made the Indians understand, as well as they could, by signs, that they did not approve of Dreggins' conduct. They bound his hands, to indicate that they meant to punish him themselves. They presented beads, trinkets, pipes and tobacco, and even some of their pistols to the savages, to appease and bribe them from their threatened vengeance, and finally, after two hours of careful diplomacy, they succeeded in persuading them to relinquish their demands and go away.

You may be assured the travellers were relieved when the Indians disappeared in the timber. How long the red-skins would leave them alone none could tell. The party had yet to pass through the woods, and the vindictive savages might pounce upon them at any moment and make a cruel reprisal.

Dreggins was told plainly what he must expect if the worst came. They would give him up if the Indians again demanded him. A dozen lives could not be sacrificed to save his.

The rest of that day's march was full of intense anxiety, especially to Dreggins. All the way he continued taciturn and gloomy, every now and then nervously turning his head, as if he saw death on his track and already felt the Indians' scalping-knives in his hair.

Under other circumstances it would have been ludicrous to see how it tamed the great braggart to have his personal safety reduced to a single chance.

The day and night passed at last without mishap. Dreggins behaved himself quite decently for some time after his lesson on the prairie. He was evidently ashamed of his performance there, and bore the reflections and raillery of his companions in silence. But his meekness gradually wore off, as the danger grew less, and he returned to his old character, keeping his company "in hot water" to the end of the journey.

You may be sure, though, that he did not again attempt the exploit of pulling a wild Indian off his horse. G. F. A.

For the Companion.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE ACQUAINTANCE.

In my boyhood I was an enthusiastic lover of natural history. All my spare moments were spent in hunting the woods for animals, or chasing butterflies. Often I would sit, for an hour at a time, watching toads feed on ants, or a spider repair its nest after I had torn part of it down.

Butterflies were my favorites, and I contrived a plan to procure the pretty insects without the trouble of chasing them. Every year I collected caterpillars, and fed them till they made cocoons. When they "came out" I had the butterflies uninjured, which was not always the case when I caught them with my hands. In a small room, which I called my "Natural History Room," I placed my stuffed animals, birdsnests, eggs, insects, &c., classifying them as well as I was able.

One day during a school vacation—a day I shall always remember—I started for a tramp, with my gun on my shoulder, and my pistol in my pocket, intending to sleep out over night.

I had been gone from home some time, and had already caught several rare specimens of insects, when my eye fell on a bird of plumage so brilliant that I was charmed at once, and resolved to secure it. I followed it cautiously, as it flitted from tree to tree, but soon found that it was no easy matter to get a sure aim at the timid creature. A long and wearisome chase that bird led me, and I began to believe I should lose it at last, when fortunately I got within shooting distance, and brought it down.

When the excitement was over, and I had the bird in my hands, I felt too tired to move, and threw myself on the bank of a small stream to rest. After eating a lunch, still feeling weary, I amused myself with watching a spider that I saw near me in his web. Catching a large horse-fly that lit on my knee, I flung it into the web, and waited while the nimble spider darted round and round it, spinning his coils over the victim, and gradually silencing its hum.

I grew drowsy as I watched, and in a few minutes fell asleep over the spider and the fly. I do not know how long I slept, but remember dreaming that a bear was carrying me off, and that I woke in a fright.

I had reason to be frightened, and that sudden waking was certainly providential. To my horror, I saw within a few feet of me a huge rattlesnake, with head raised, ready to spring at me! I felt the blood curdle in my veins. What could I do? To lie still was certain death. If I moved I was sure the serpent would dart upon me. I thought of my pistol, but it was not loaded. Desperately I determined to make one attempt for safety. If that failed, I believed that I must die. Grasping the pistol firmly by the muzzle and raising it slowly above my head, I hurled it with all my force at the snake, springing up at the same instant, and jumping behind a tree.

All this passed, probably, in half a minute from the time I woke, though it seemed to me at least a quarter of an hour.

I now gathered courage. Peeping from my hiding-place, I saw my enemy in the same spot, writhing his grizzly body as if wounded. Apparently the pistol had hit him in the head. He was still dangerous, however. My battle was not over, by any means. I had not learned then the habits of rattlesnakes as I knew them afterwards, or I might have run away, as these creatures never *pursue* a victim.

Crouching close to the tree as my only shelter, I watched the snake's movements. He coiled himself again for an attack. Without taking my eyes from him, I managed to cut a stick, and, as the tree was a very large pine, the trunk completely concealing my body, I concluded to try a stratagem.

Hanging my hat on the end of the stick, I held it just in sight from behind the body of the tree. Quick as lightning, the snake sprang at it, struck it with his fangs, and knocked it to the ground. Taking advantage of his momentary

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confusion, I then dealt him three or four furious blows with my stick, and hastily retreated to the spot where I had laid my gun, about ten feet away. Once with my gun in my hand, my confidence returned. The snake, however, was now evidently disabled. He could not curl himself for another spring if he tried. He could only roll and wriggle on the ground.

As I watched the creature, the instinct of the naturalist got the better of my boyish heart. I could stuff his skin! With this resolution, I approached cautiously, gun in one hand, stick in the other. It was hard to overcome my horror and disgust at the deadly serpent, but a few sharp blows of the stick rendered him harmless, and the fight was over. The reptile's tail had eight rattles in it.

When the peril was past, I was trembling from head to foot. The terror and violent exertion of the encounter had overstrained my nerves. A mist came before my eyes, and I was so weak that I actually swooned. I soon recovered, however.

I camped out that night, as I had intended, but you may be sure it was nowhere near the scene of my adventure. I still have the skin of the snake, and the old pistol that I threw at him.

C. H. H.

For the Companion.

DIGGINGS.

Digging the earth is useful in many ways. Besides the products of our fields and gardens that come to us in this way, the diggings for gold in California and Australia will come into every body's mind. Knowledge also has been dug up by the spade. Many whole cities, which in ancient times were large and populous, were afterwards covered with earth and ashes, and thus kept for centuries to be spaded up at last in our times.

We have thus learned more about the way in which the ancients lived, than people did who were alive much nearer their times. Old men often remember more of their childhood than of more recent events, so the world, as it gets hoary with age, is recalling its earlier days.

The cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, and they were preserved to us by the same means. Since Pompeii was dug out, we can go into its houses, and even into one dining-room where the guests, or rather their skeletons, are still reclining at their feast, with various dishes before them and remnants of food.

A baker's oven has been disclosed, with loaves in it, of the same form as are still found in the neighborhood of Vesuvius. Looking-glasses, ladies' ornaments, domestic utensils, all are found just as they were used eighteen hundred years ago.

As all the people did not escape from the city, but were caught by the showers of ashes and pumice stone which the volcano cast upon them, we also know just how they looked. The hollows formed by their bodies in the hardened stone have been filled with plaster of Paris, and perfect groups have been thus obtained. In one case a girl was found with her skirts thrown over her head to protect her from the fearful rain. In another case a lady appears to have died in convulsions.

In Egypt the diggings have brought to light not only temples and mummies, but objects which tell us how the Egyptians lived and amused themselves. Dolls, very neatly made, with checkers and dice, show that they knew how to play as well as to work. Their jewelry, bracelets and necklaces of gold display their taste in ornament, and their hair shows that they were not without barbers, even in their barbarous times.

One of the greatest diggings is that of Nineveh, and its stone pictures, achieved by Mr. Layard (whose name we have heard wrongly pronounced *Lie hard*). We are thus enabled to see the same mighty bulls which Jonah saw, and even the smallest shirt-studs, buttons and pins, once worn by Assyrian beaux and belles.

The last exploit of the spade is one of its best. It is the discovery of the ancient British city of Uriconium, in the county of Shropshire, England.

This city was three miles in length, on the old Roman road from London to Chester. The streets were found to have been paved with pebbles, as they are still in that part of England.

A tunnel was run into a large Roman sweating-bath, with its stores of wood and coal, and ash-heap. Here, too, the crouching skeleton of an old man was found, with a wooden box containing copper coins. Other skeletons were near by, one of them that of a baby, which had evidently been flung down in terror.

Private dwelling-houses have been entered, which were paved with mosaic tiles, and shops, representing the different trades. There are indications that cock-fighting was a favorite amusement of the people, and they had patent medicines. An eye-salve was found, with the name of the proprietor, "Tiberius Claudius, the physician for all complaints of the eyes."

The people of Uriconium were thus greatly civilized, but in this way, also, probably became weak and luxurious, and fell an easy prey to the Picts, (the painted, not picked, men of the North,) who, as we know from history, destroyed their city.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

A Three Dollar Picture for One New Subscriber.

We make a special offer of Prang's amusing and attractive chromo—THE DOCTOR. The size of the Picture is eight and one-half by eleven inches. It is beautifully colored, and represents a boy trying to give medicine to his favorite cat. She evidently appreciates his good intentions, and his absorbed and anxious face, makes a very amusing effect, in contrast with his patient's woe-begone expression.

The whole picture is well drawn, and will make a very pleasing ornament for sitting-room or chamber. Its retail price is three dollars, and it gives us pleasure to be able to offer so good and costly a Premium, for so small a return. Almost every one of our friends can get *one* new name—and we have no doubt they will improve the opportunity to secure so fine a gift. Postage eight cents.

A ROUNDHEAD'S GRAVE.

More than two hundred years ago, when the king of England, Charles I., was at war with his Puritan subjects, the forces who fought for the throne were called "Cavaliers," and those who fought for the Commonwealth were called "Roundheads." The name was given them from their peculiar way of cropping their hair.

At last, the Roundheads became so powerful that, in 1648, they were able to overawe the Parliament, arraign the king, and cut off his head. Of the sixty or seventy men who condemned the king to death, were three, named Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell, who, after the fall of the Commonwealth and the restoration of the royal family, fled to America. Even here they were obliged to live in concealment, for the vengeance of the Royalists at the "regicides," as they were called, knew no bounds.

The word "regicide" is not properly applied to the men who sentenced Charles I., since they only tried and condemned him in a public court. A regicide is one who *murders* a king, secretly or openly,—*a king-assassin*, like Ravaillac, of France, and Ankarstrom, the Swede.

Goffe and Whalley lodged awhile with a Mr. Russell, of Hadley, Mass., and once, during a sudden skirmish of the settlers with the Indians, at the meeting-house, in which the former were like to be worsted, Goffe appeared on the scene, with his long, white hair and ancient dress, and so encouraged the whites by his dauntless voice and manner, that he completely turned the tide of battle.

Vanishing as suddenly as he had come, the settlers inquired in vain for him when they returned from routing the Indians, and, in their wonder, firmly believed the old Roundhead soldier was an angel of God sent to deliver them.

Col. Dixwell hid himself near New Haven, and a place at West Rock, known as "Judge's Cave," is often visited now by excursionists, curious to look where a man lurked who sentenced his king to die.

Gloomy in the extreme must have been his life in that cold cave, supported by the stealthy cup and crust which pitying Puritans more or less regularly brought him. But the same stern and inflexible will which had characterized him when he followed the invincible Cromwell, and when he sat in judgment on a royal head at the palace of St. James, doubtless sustained him in his age and exile.

After a few lonely years, death removed the grim Roundhead beyond the vengeance of men, and friendly hands buried him at New Haven, in the centre of the City Green. A few years ago, a descendant of Col. Dixwell, a merchant in Boston, obtained leave to take up the remains and place them under a marble monument. The grave was opened, and the skull and many of the bones found entire.

"It was thrilling," says one who was present, "to see thus unveiled, after a rest of near two hundred years, the head of a man who had borne such a conspicuous part in the great revoulution that dethroned Charles I., and placed the renowned Cromwell over the British Empire."

The head was a remarkable one. Its shape, and indications of the warlike and destructive traits, made it an intensely interesting study when connected with the history of its owner, and the part he played in the stormy Long-Parliament times. Hon. James F. Babcock, who took it to Surgeon Knight for measurement, says, "His head was nearly as round as a bullet, and he was energetic enough to be a prominent leader in the Revolution, and destructive enough to cast his vote for the beheading of his king."

Bearing in its very form such peculiar witness to its name and story, we may justly suppose that skull would cause the few who saw it uncoffined to remember vividly all their lives the Roundhead's grave.

TO THE GIRLS.

We heard it said the other day, that girls were many of them, hypocrites. It was a harsh statement. Is it true? Perhaps so, in a degree. Let us see.

I have been visiting where there are several girls, Emma, Lizzie, Netty and Kate. They all made me their confidant, and I am not now going to abuse their trust. But I may tell you some things that I saw while at their pleasant home.

Uncle Silas, as the saying goes, "makes it *his* home there." He is not the most agreeable uncle in the world, I admit that. Indeed, there is an old man I know, black as ebony itself, an old, wrinkled, stooping, sunshiny negro, with a laugh as mellow as ripe grapes, and a voice as sweet as music, whom I can't help liking a great deal more than this white, rich Uncle Silas, who has found out the art of being disagreeable.

Now, every one of these fair young girls will cringe and fawn about Uncle Silas. Is it because he is rich? I sometimes ask myself. And yet, strange to say, each of these girls *hates* Uncle Silas. I know this, for they have told me so.

If I accuse them of doubledealing, they "come down" upon me with exclamation points by the dozen: "One *must* not be rude!" "You wouldn't ask us to tell him how we feel!"

"No; but one needn't get under a surly man's feet for the sake of a favor, I take it."

Kate came into the room, the other day, with a new bonnet.

"Isn't it horrid?" she cried.

"On the contrary, very pretty," said I.

Then she put it on, spending more time over the ribbons and the flowers than she has spent on better things for years, I dare to say.

"O, I look like a fright!" was the next exclamation; "now don't I?"

If she wanted to get a compliment from me in that way, she was disappointed.

"I *have* seen bonnets more becoming," said I; at which she was taken all aback. She blushed, looked nervous, trifled with the strings, and, in a minute, with a changed and subdued voice, queried,—

"Is it really so *very* unbecoming?"

"What do you think?" I asked her.

"Why—I—I don't know. Pink always did become me. But—somehow—well, it's bought."

"So you will have to put up with it! Well, dear, it *is* becoming, but I thought I would let you see what a little hypocrite you are!"

"O, aunty!" and she kissed me, laughing; but I am afraid she is not cured.

One day Emma was jesting with Lizzie about a young gentleman—a *very* young gentleman not yet out of school.

"Hold your tongue, Emma!" said Lizzie, almost angrily; "you know I can't bear him!"

"But you took a very pretty book as a present from him," said I.

"Of course; I'll take a present of that kind from anybody," she said.

Now, I happen to know better than that. Lizzie is very select in her likes and dislikes, and I am sure she is quite pleased with John's attentions. Why, then, should she not say so?

Depend upon it, this habit of disguising one's sentiments is a deplorable one for the young.

I would not have girls coarse or blunt. Neither would I have them always tell their thoughts and feelings; but I would have them truthful in all they do say. If John happens to be agreeable to them, and they really do enjoy his society, —as why should they not, if he is an honorable young man—let them not disguise the fact, and tell positive falsehoods about it.

Why should they underrate certain things which they know are valuable, or sneer at others which they are sure are beautiful? Kate need not say that, really, her bonnet is *very* becoming, but it would not be egotistical for her to declare herself suited. She should not fish for a compliment by decrying it.

Depend upon it that to cultivate frankness, delicacy and truthfulness, will make you not only interesting in the eyes of your friends, but also in the sight of Him who is your Father in heaven.

WHAT PARIS IS EATING.

The French are notorious for spicing and seasoning their cooking so highly that no one can tell what kind of meat is in it. This fashion seems to have proved quite a useful one now that they are forced to eat any thing they can get.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from besieged Paris, says, "There is no knowing what you can eat until you try. I hope I shall not utterly horrify your readers, if I confess to having this morning eaten at one of the best restaurants in Paris—rat. Two months ago I should have been appalled at the bare idea of perpetrating such an atrocity.

"But, first, one's principles receive a dangerous shock in eating horse; then you meet friends, ordinarily decent, respectable people, who tell you that they have been eating cat, and that you have yourself already been served in the same way if you have ever, at no matter what restaurant, ordered rabbit. So when this morning I met a friend just about breakfast time, who asked me to go with him to Hall's, as he had there ordered rats, instead of at once running away, I agreed to go and just look at them.

"They looked very good, served up with gravy and toast, and my friend pronounced them "excellent;" and so I did eat, or rather taste, and am obliged to confess that I should have no objection to repeat the experiment to-morrow. The flesh was white and very delicate, like young rabbit, but with more flavor."

It is an amusing fact, that although the Parisians are forced to the use of such food, the restaurant keepers hesitate to give the real name of the animal cooked—but write "Ragout of Game," or "Game Sauce," instead of stewed rat.

ENGLISH COLONIAL COMMERCE.

Some English statesmen talk occasionally of the great burden to the revenue in supporting the governments of the Colonies. They think it would involve no loss to England to cut off the Colonies from the mother land, and leave them to shift for themselves.

But England would shrink into a third-rate power if deprived of the wealth flowing from commerce with the Colonies. The cost of the government is trivial, compared with the revenue they yield. They repay every outlay a hundred fold.

The growth of the commerce is rapid and gigantic, and no one can foretell what will be its limits. In 1851, India and the Colonies consumed twenty millions worth of British goods, or one-fourth of all the exports. In 1866, the amount had increased three fold, and out of £188,000,000 of exports, £61,000,000 went to the Colonies. In 1858, the Colonies did as much business as the United States, France, Germany, Turkey and Belgium united.

Nor is the growth of importations from the Colonies less remarkable. In 1851, out of £142,000,000, imported in produce and merchandise, £20,000,000 were colonial shipments. In the course of fifteen years, therefore, the proportion of colonial imports has increased from one-seventh to one-fourth.

England cannot spare such valuable fountains of business and wealth.

RISE AND FALL OF NAPOLEON.

No one in our century has passed through stranger fortunes than Louis Napoleon. An exile and wanderer, a conspirator and revolutionist, laughed at as half insane, an emperor, at the head of European powers, a prisoner and dethroned monarch, his fate has been one of great contrasts. *Harper's Magazine* says:

At the beginning of 1861, France was the first nation in Europe, and Napoleon III. was the first man in France.

The success that had waited on the French arms in the Russian war and in the Italian war had atoned for the disasters of 1812–15. The hegemony of Europe had passed to France after the defeat of Russia; and though the emperor's Italian policy had by no means pleased his subjects, it had done much to raise him in the estimation of the world at large; and France had the benefit of his action, and of the use to which he had put her means.

Had he died at that time he would have had a high place in history as a great and successful sovereign, who, like Augustus, had obtained power by bad means, but had used it so well as to make men overlook its origin. Whether he had meant to create the Italian kingdom might be a point for dispute; but it would have been clear that that kingdom never could have existed but for his action.

Nor was it a light thing that he had freed Eu-

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rope from that odious Russian supremacy which had weighed upon its mind for forty years, and the continuance of which would have been incompatible with the independence of any European nation. Unfortunately for his fame, he did not die, but lived to add to the illustrations afforded by the history of his family, that "naught may endure but mutability;" and the change that came over his fortune was his own work, and can be placed to the account of no other man, nor charged upon the fickleness of the multitude.

He did nothing but blunder and fail for almost ten years; so that his fall, astounding as it was, was nothing but the effect of his errors. His first great mistake was his assumption of an attitude of hostility to the United States on the occurrence of the secession rebellion. Though the French emperor's interference in the affairs of Mexico was not caused by the secession war, it was occasioned by that event.

When the emperor had to withdraw his army from Mexico, rather than see it driven out of that country by an American army, and disgracefully to abandon the Archduke Maximilian to his fate, the French people were not moved to anger against the American people, but they saw that their emperor had brought disgrace upon their country, and he sank in their estimation.

He blundered again in 1868, when he proposed that a European Congress should be assembled, without having first ascertained that the proposition would be acceptable to all the great powers; and the rebuff he then received from England degraded him in the eyes of his subjects, and did not elevate him in the consideration of foreigners. But what injured him most was the manner in which he was managed and outwitted by Count Von Bismarck in the interest of Prussia.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Boston *Advertiser*, reciting some of the tales of "old Mr. Cook, of Red Hill, N. H.," gives this instance of the occasional sportiveness of great men:

"Mr. Cook told to us, almost with theatrical effect, a story of the *unbending* of Mr. Webster and Judge Story, on the way up. They came, he said, not far up the ascent, to a noble oak. Mr. Webster made obeisance to it, and asked leave of Judge Story to introduce *Capt. Oak* to him. Judge Story acknowledged the compliment, and in return, coming soon to a splendid birch tree, begged leave to introduce Mr. Webster to *Madame Birch*. Mr. Webster thanked the judge for the offer, but remarked that he might save himself the trouble, as he had had an early introduction to her in his school-boy days."

The same correspondent calls our attention to the following impromptu lines, said to have been written by Mr. Webster in the album of a lady of Boston, who had requested him to write his name under that of Lafayette, whose autograph she had obtained on his then recent visit to this country. I give them as from a recollection of more than thirty years:

"Dear lady,—I a little fear
'Tis dangerous to be writing here;
His hand, who bade our Eagle fly,
Trust his young wings and mount the sky—
Who bade across the Atlantic tide
New thunders sweep, new navies ride—
Has traced, in lines of trembling age,
His autograph upon this page.
Higher than that Eagle soars—
Louder than that thunder roars—
His name will o'er the world be sounding,
And o'er the waves of time rebounding;
While thousands as obscure as I
Cling to *his* skirts, he still will fly,
And spring to immortality.
If by his name I write my own,
'Twill take me where I am not known;
The cold salute will meet my ear,
'Pray, stranger, how did *you* come here?' "

Webster was as modest as he was sportive, if these lines are a true token.

SINGULAR TRACES OF A LOST SHIP AND CREW.

Nothing is more painfully interesting than the mystery of a number of our fellow-beings suddenly dropped out of sight in the waste of the great world, unless it be the mystery of their partial discovery afterwards. A writer in *Work and Play* says:

Two or three years ago, a ship sailing between San Francisco and China discovered an island which, up to that time, was unknown.

There is nothing remarkable about the finding of an island in the Pacific; that great ocean has never been thoroughly explored, and every year or two a ship-master reports the existence of an island not laid down in any of the charts. But with the discovery of the island referred to there was another discovery that unravelled a mystery of more than fifty years duration.

In the year 1816, the ship *Canton*, belonging to the East India Company, sailed from Sitka, in Russian America, on her return to China. She never reached her destination, and nothing was ever known of her fate. It was supposed that she had foundered at sea; and, after months of weary waiting, the owners of the *Canton* and the friends of those who sailed in her, abandoned hope and gave up the ship and crew as lost.

But the island told the fate of the *Canton*. It is true there were no inhabitants on the land, and there was no letter or other message for such as might chance to reach the spot. But on the shore was the wreck of the ship, greatly injured and half bedded in the sand. Many of her timbers were broken, and there were indications that some of them had been removed to the shore for building another and smaller vessel, in which the crew had probably sailed away.

On the shore, above the high-water mark, lay the hatch of the *Canton*, with a palm-tree growing through it. The tree had attained a height and size altogether too great to permit the removal of the hatch, and the probabilities were that the seed was planted and the tree began its growth long after the loss of the ship.

The spot where the crew had camped and lived was easily traced, and the indications were that none of them had lost their lives at the time of the wreck. They had built a small vessel and sailed away.

The fate of the *Canton* was ascertained after a lapse of fifty years, but the fate of her crew, after their departure from the island where they were wrecked, is still a mystery.

EFFECTS OF A LOTTERY.

Every body who takes a ticket in a lottery parts with something in his own character and self-respect which he would have done better to keep. Instances like the following show that the victims of lotteries part with some of their personal safety, too:

Speaking of some of the evil consequences of the Mercantile Library Lottery scheme, recently drawn in San Francisco, the *Daily Call*, of that city, says:

"Yesterday we chronicled the suicide of a young man, who, like a hundred thousand others, had fondly believed that he was bound to win a fortune in the Mercantile Library lottery, and was disappointed, but, unlike a great majority of the victims, had not the courage to bear his disappointment.

"To-day we have to tell the public of the arrest of another victim who had gone insane, and, sadder yet, of an attempt by a young woman known to occupy an honorable position in the community, to obtain by forgery what fortune in the turning of the lottery wheel denied her, a prize. The ticket on which she attempted to draw the money had been rather skilfully altered by pasting one number over another on each coupon, to make it appear like the ticket which actually drew the coin, and remarks made by her, before and after the presentation of the ticket, left no doubt in the minds of those present as to her having a guilty knowledge of the fraud.

"These are among the legitimate results of the fell mania for obtaining sudden wealth without labor, evoked by the pestilential lottery scheme."

CURED BY GETTING LOST.

Cases have occurred of one misfortune curing another. A sudden, accidental change in the condition of the body and nerves has much to do, sometimes, with the turning of a severe sickness. The following, from the Springfield (Ill.) *Register*, testifies to the singular restoration of an insane lady by such a cause:

During the third week in August, she, in company with a number of other patients, was in the grounds of the asylum, taking air and exercise, and when the others returned to the house, she was missing. Search was immediately made, but without success; and, though the officers of the institution and her now doubly-afflicted family spared no pains to find her, she was as completely lost as if the ground had swallowed her up.

Six weeks passed, and, as suddenly as she had disappeared, she reappeared one rainy evening, after dark, at the doors of the asylum, and was immediately taken in.

The astonishment created by her appearance, alone and in the night, was doubled when she was found to be perfectly sane, and in complete bodily health. Her story was soon told.

She could remember nothing, except that she found herself the day before in the woods, alone, with her clothing in tatters, and herself ravenously hungry. She made for the nearest road, and, by inquiring her way, and walking all night and all next day, arrived at the asylum safely. It being quite apparent that she required no further treatment, she was at once returned to her family.

It has since been learned that the young lady wandered away into the woods, and subsisted upon such berries as she could find, and that she occasionally went to a neighboring farmhouse, where the family kindly gave her bread. It seems strange that the family did not deem it necessary to report the fact of a strange girl wandering in the woods, in order that she might be cared for, and we have no idea why they did not do so.

The physician of the asylum is of the opinion that the exposure and change of diet are the direct causes of the restoration of the young lady to health of body and mind.

SOMETHING ABOUT FIGS.

Figs are so often mentioned in the Bible that they seem like a sacred fruit. They grow as finely in Charleston, S. C., as they do in the Holy Land, and a writer from that city to the *Advocate and Guardian* gives these interesting facts respecting them:

I have seen two varieties. One is called the sugar fig, the other the black fig. The sugar fig resembles our sugar pears, both in shape and color, but is rather smaller. The black fig is about the color of the egg-plant, and is larger than the sugar fig. The fig will grow till it bursts open, somewhat like a chestnut-burr; then they are the best; they have to be eaten then, as soon as, or the same day, they are picked, or they will spoil by turning sour.

If you pick them as soon as they are soft you can keep them a few days, with care. The black fig keeps the best. Figs are unlike apples and pears in this respect, that if they are picked before they are ripe, they never will become eatable, but will wither away. They seem to need the life of the parent plant to ripen them. There is a sticky fluid or sap about the fruit when first picked from the tree, that is very unpleasant to the hands.

When the fruit stem is broken, a large drop of sap falls that looks like cream; this sap is considered poisonous. The leaves are shaped a little like the oak, but nearly as broad as they are long. They are very strong even when dry, not crumbling as easily as most leaves do.

To pick the figs, a metal ring about four inches across the upper edge, cut into the shape of leaves, and made sharp, is used; the lower edge of the ring is pierced with holes, and a bag sewed to it; a tube is fastened to one side of the ring, into which a pole can be fastened. By means of the pole, the ring is raised to the fruit, the sharp edge cuts the stem, and the fig falls into the bag. When the bag is full it is lowered and emptied, and the process again repeated. The figs that fall of themselves are called untimely or imperfect figs, and are worthless.

A JOKE THAT PROVED NO JOKE.

"They who dance must pay the piper" is the common rule in fun. An anecdote in an Indiana paper shows that they who carry the dancing too far, may have to pay for a different instrument:

A number of young men, residents of Daviess county, returning home from a dance just before daylight, a short time ago, thought it might be funny to make those persons whom they might meet dance a little for their amusement. Accordingly they issued orders to two wayfarers, and saw them executed, to their great delight.

Just before daylight they met a horseman and told him of the rule they had made, and refused to listen, when he politely declined. The stranger dismounted with apparent great reluctance, and tied his horse to the fence.

"Now, boys," said he, "I want to furnish my own music," and drawing a large revolver, pointed it at the head of one of the disciples of Terpsichore.

"Now, you rascals," said the traveller, "dance!"

The boys looked at each other, and then commenced. Heel and toe, double shuffle, break down, hornpipe, and every other variety of Terpsichorean art known to the rustic jokers was performed for about half an hour, when the grim equestrian mounted his horse and rode off, leaving the young jokers tired and covered with perspiration, dust and humiliation, as they deserved

MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES OF OUR ANCESTORS.

It may be of interest to know how they arranged marriages in England a hundred years ago. An old paper has the following description bearing upon the subject:

"Married, in 1760, Mr. William Donkin, a considerable farmer of Great Tosson, near Rothbury, in the county of Cumberland, to Miss Eleanor Shotten, an agreeable young gentlewoman, of the same place.

"The entertainment on the occasion was very grand, there being no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 44 quarters of veal, 20 quarters of mutton and a great quantity of beef, 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens, etc., which was concluded with eight half ankers (a "half-anker" was five gallons. Think of 40 gallons of brandy at a wedding) of brandy made into punch, 12 dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and 90 bushels of malt made into beer. The company consisted of 550 ladies and gentlemen, who concluded with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order and unanimity."

This was not so very different from the old-fashioned Yankee weddings, only we believe there was *not quite* so much "heavy drink" on hand.

FELL THROUGH THE BOTTOM.

The man in this incident who "knew how to keep a hotel," certainly had a droll way of making the best of things. The good-natured wit he showed in turning off the joke on his old coach ought to have been a stroke of luck for him:

Two years ago, during a great rivalry between two hotels in Massachusetts, both houses running free coaches, one of the proprietors had put every available vehicle on the road, among which was one in a most dilapidated condition, threatening dissolution with every bounce. This coach was driven to the depot, and having secured two passengers, the driver drove in triumph to the hotel, which he approached with a grand flourish of the whip and air of the greatest triumph. Calling upon a waiter to open the coach door to help out the passengers, the coach was found to be empty!

"Where are they?" said the proprietor, as he looked in with a glance of consternation.

"They dropped through the bottom, up here about a mile," said a little fellow who just then drove up, and old Wattles, of the Horseshoe, picked 'em up and carried 'em home."

"Did he?" said the rival landlord; "well, well, I had 'em first, any way—there's some consolation in that; the other house has to be content with my leavings."

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

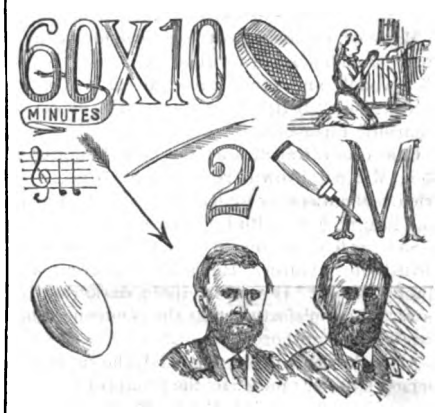
I am composed of 27 letters. My 2, 6, 11, 19, 27 was an ancient woman. My 5, 22, 24, 13, 8 was an ancient city. My 9, 18, 16, 1, 26 was an ancient grain. My 12, 3, 23, 10, 14 was used in vineyards. My 16, 17, 18, 25, 7 was an ancient man. My 20, 21, 4, 10, 11 was was used in offerings. My 27, 3, 15, 10, 22 was an article of food. My whole is part of a proverb in the Bible. ISOLA.

2.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a short and familiar name
You give to an islander well known to fame,
And if you *reverse* it you mention the place
Where sometimes that islander's found in disgrace.
I'm sorry to say that all I have left
Is caused by my first when of reason bereft;
In fact, I am told that when out of employment
He looks on it quite as his natural enjoyment;
I wish I could add that my *whole* is a name
That all of his countrymen justly could claim.
H. E. A.

3.



WILLY WISP.

4.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in butter, but not in milk,
My *second* is in thread, but not in silk;
My *third* is in orange, but not in cherry,
My *fourth* is in joyful, but not in merry;
My *fifth* is in March, but not in June,
My *sixth* is in music, but not in tune;
My *seventh* is in silver, but not in gold,
My *eighth* is in young, but not in old.
My whole is a boy's name. M. A. B. C.

5.

Complete, to all things I apply;
Curtailed, to every time;
Again, I'm part of every day,
In every land and clime.

Reverse me now, then you will find,
That I am still the same;
And also show, when read aright,
A Scripture female name. J. M.

6.

A BUNCH OF WILD FLOWERS.

A color and a sounding metal.
A fop and a ferocious beast.
Domestic animals and part of the face.
A country provision and a breakfast utensil.
A sly animal and a part of dress.
A sweet substance, and what every mother ought to do for her child.
A neat person and a flower.
Sugar and a thorn. M. P. B.

7.

My *first* is of a beautiful hue,
The sweetest of all Flora's flowers;
It bears both the rain and the dew,
And is seen in the long summer hours.

And now I proceed to my *second*,
Since now with my *first* I have dealt;
'Tis a name that a woman doth claim;
With four letters alone it is spelt.

My *whole* is an evergreen shrub,
In the spring time its blossoms are seen;
Three different kinds, you all know.—
The "silver-striped," "gold-striped," and "green."
H. K. A.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Near, Ear.
2. Sunday School Union.
3. One intent on doing well may not earn a living at first; earnest labor will conquer at last.
4. Snowball.
5. A-ban-don.
6. Sever, Alonzo, Mug, Unite, Ear, Lass.—SAMUEL ROGERS.
7. Link.

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THE BOOTBLACK.

Here y'are——? Black your boots, boss,
Do it for jest five cents;
Shine 'em up in a minute.
That is 'f nothin' prevents.

Set your foot right on there, sir;
The mornin's kinder cold—
Sorter rough on a feller
When his coat's a gettin' old.

Well, yes—call it coat, sir,
Though 'taint much more'n a tear;
Can't get myself another—
Aint got the stamps to spare.

Make as much as most on 'em—
That's *so;* but then, yer see,
They've only got one to do for;
There's two on us, Jack and me.

Him? Why—that little feller,
With a double-up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin'
Sunnin' hisself—that's Jack.

Used to be round sellin' papers,
The cars there was his lay,
But he got shoved off the platform,
Under the wheels, one day;

Yes, the conductor did it—
Gave him a reg'lar throw—
He didn't care if he killed him;
Some on 'em is just so.

He's never been all right since, sir,
Sorter quiet and queer—
Him and me go together,
He's what they call cashier.

Trouble—I guess not much, sir.
Sometimes when biz gets slack,
I don't know how I'd stand it
If 'twasn't for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him,
He says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir,
If some day we git up there.

All done now—how's that, sir?
Shine like a pair of lamps.
Mornin'!—give it to Jack, sir,
He looks after the stamps.

New York Evening Mail.

For the Companion.

THE BEST FRIEND.

Many of the readers of the *Companion* have read "Judah's Lion," "Judea Capta," "Helen Fleetwood" and other works of Mrs. Tonna, bearing on their title-pages the *nom de plume* of Charlotte Elizabeth.

Charlotte Elizabeth was the only daughter of Rev. Michael Brown, rector of St. Giles, Norwich. She was very fond of books in childhood, and injured her health by intense study.

She was first married to Capt. George Phelan, a British naval officer. He became insolvent, and finally insane. It was in these dark days of poverty and misfortune that she commenced her career as an authoress.

After the death of her husband, she supported herself and her mother by the profits of her pen. She at length married Mr. L. H. G. Tonna, a gentleman of refined taste, who sympathized with her literary pursuits.

Charlotte Elizabeth was a great sufferer in her last illness, which was long and protracted, but her death was triumphant. When it was approaching, she said, with much feeling, "The love of Jesus sustains me." Finding herself fainting, she exclaimed, "Flesh and heart fail me, but Jesus does not."

Her biographer thus describes the closing scene:

"Once again her eyes brightened; her husband was leaning over her, and throwing her arm round his neck, and pressing his lips to hers, she exclaimed, with intense emphasis, 'I love you!'

"All thought that these were her last words; but it soon became evident that she was gathering her remaining strength for a last effort, and then, with death in every look and tone, gasping between each word, but with a loud, clear, distinct voice, she uttered these words:

"'Tell them,' naming some dear Jewish friends,—'tell them that Jesus is the Messiah; and tell'——, her hand had forgotten its cunning; her tongue was cleaving to the roof of her mouth; but Charlotte Elizabeth had not forgotten Jerusalem. Her breathings grew fainter and fainter; she fell asleep in Jesus."

The inscription she ordered to be placed on her tomb closed with a passage of Scripture, in harmony with her life and works: "LOOKING UNTO JESUS." H. B.

HOW LONG WILL IT BE TILL THEN?

A school teacher relates, in the New York *Observer*, a "case of conscience" in a little boy, showing how guilt forces its own confession, when made sensible of the Divine presence:

"Somebody has my knife, teacher; I left it on my desk," said little Harry Bell.

So I tried to find Harry's knife for him. I asked Frank, and Willie, and John, and ever so many little boys, if they had seen the lost knife. They all shook their heads; no one had seen it. I had reason to believe that the knife had not lost itself; and I feared it had got into some little boy's pocket where it did not belong.

But how should I get it out? I could not see into their pockets, and I could not search them; so I told the boys that God knew where the knife was hidden, and He was then looking into every little boy's pocket.

Still no one brought the missing knife. I told them of a day that was coming when all naughty deeds would be punished, and lost things be found; when God and all the people in the world would know who did all the wicked things; then, if not before, we should know who took the knife.

A little boy, who was standing near me, crept up closer, and, pulling at my sleeve, said, with an almost frightened look, "*Do you know how long it will be till then?*"

"Till when, Johnnie?" I said.

"Why, till that day when God will tell every body who stole the knife. Will it be a great while?"

"I don't know, John; but why?"

"'Cause—'cause," said Johnnie, "I took it; and I wish I hadn't. I don't want God to punish me and tell everybody I was so wicked."

STEADYING HER FATHER'S HAND.

A daughter can leave no more beautiful record in the world than to have been the means of her father's reformation. In the touching instance below, the deed was little, but it meant as much as many a stronger succor from older hands:

In a quiet rural town in New Jersey, there once lived a notorious drunkard, who was in the habit of whipping his poor wife whenever any thing happened to rile his temper. He was so deeply sunk in the mire of intemperance that he was not ashamed to threaten openly to "lick Sally," his wife.

One evening, Mr. George W. Reed, an eloquent champion of temperance, invited the unhappy drunkard to attend a meeting he had called, and listen to a lecture on temperance. The drunken man, accompanied by his daughter Celina, attended the meeting, and threatened to "lick Sally" when he reached home, if the speaker offended him

The house was crowded, and at the close of the service the gray-haired old drunkard was seen pushing his way to the door. All who knew him supposed he was hastening home to whip his wife; but judge their surprise when they saw him take the black bottle from his pocket, and throw it into the street.

Having put the devil behind him, he returned, and forced his way to the desk, where the secretary was taking names, and attempted to sign the pledge, but his hand shook so badly he failed to do so. In this extremity his little daughter came forward, and seizing her father's hand, steadied it for him while he signed his pledge.

That night, while Mr. Reed, who was the guest of a gentleman near the school-house where the meeting was held, was resting himself, and chatting about the meeting, a rap was heard at the door, and the next moment little Celina stepped in with a radiant face, and asked Mr. Reed and his host to walk down the hill and witness what was going on at her father's house.

A few steps brought them to the window, and there they saw the old man and his wife "Sall" on their knees. The latter was praying to Heaven for strength to be given to her husband, that he might be able to withstand temptation, and keep the pledge. The prayer was answered.

He never after that assaulted his wife, he kept the pledge, he met with a change of heart; and four years afterward he died the death of a Christian, with a cheerful hope of a blissful immortality.—*Temperance Banner.*

"REMIND ME OF THE KING."

The eye of the great King is always on us, and yet we think little about it. The following illustrative anecdote may make us more thoughtful:

La Fontaine, chaplain of the Prussian army, once preached a very earnest and eloquent sermon on the sin and folly of yielding to a hasty temper. The next day he was accosted by a major of the regiment with the words,—

"Well, sir! I think you made use of the prerogatives of your office, to give me some very sharp hits, yesterday."

"I certainly thought of you while I was preparing the sermon," was the answer, "but I had no intention of being either personal or sharp."

"Well, it is of no use," said the major, "I have a hasty temper, and I cannot control it. It is impossible."

And still adhering to this opinion, after some farther conversation he went away.

The next Sabbath La Fontaine preached upon self-deception, and the vain excuses which men are wont to make.

"Why," said he, "a man will declare that it is impossible for him to control his temper, when he very well knows that were the same provocation to happen in the presence of his sovereign, he not only could but would control himself entirely. And yet he dares to say that the continual presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords, imposes upon him neither restraint nor fear!"

The next day his friend, the major, again accosted him.

"You were right yesterday, chaplain," he said, humbly. "Hereafter, whenever you see me in danger of failing, remind me of the King!"

PERSEVERANCE.

When Carlyle had completed his first volume of "The French Revolution," he loaned it to a literary friend to peruse. The manuscript was left in the parlor, and when the owner called for it, to send to his clamorous printer, what was his consternation on finding that the maid, in her ignorance, had used it to light the fires!

Almost in despair, the author yet had determination enough to sit down at once and begin to collect the facts, ideas and expressions from memory, for he had no draft left. The first composition had been a great pleasure, the second was intense pain. But he persevered and finished the volume.

The story of Newton's loss of all his papers by fire caused by a little dog, and how he rewrote them, is familiar to all, as is also, perhaps, the fact that Audubon, the great naturalist, replaced by years of patient labor his notes and drawings that had been ruined by rats.

THE OPEN DOOR.

"Too late, too late!" I sobbed, "the door is shut!"
When turning from the ways of sin at last.
Pardon and peace through Christ's dear blood I sought:
But even while my bitter tears fell fast,
Back swung the portal on its noiseless hinge,
And One from whose white garment's sacred hem,
The soft light shimmered like a silver fringe,
Bent down to me these blessed words to speak:
"The door of heaven is never shut to them
Who with repentant heart an entrance seek;
Love holds the key, Love spreads the generous board,
For high and low, the greatest and the least,
With loving hand the plenteous wine is poured,
And Love Himself shall lead them to the feast"

INJUSTICE TO A POOR GIRL.

The ancient severity of English law was horrible, that would hang a woman for stealing a handkerchief; but to prosecute a poor girl because she is poor, *on suspicion* of stealing twenty-five cents worth of silk snarl, is as mean as it is wicked. The New York *Herald* says:

A couple of weeks ago Elizabeth Graweller, a young German girl, about sixteen years of age, of pleasing manners and address and very respectable, though working for her living, was employed by Mr. M. L. Sacks, fringe and trimming manufacturer, of 260 Canal Street, at a salary of seven dollars and a half per week.

She had worked for the firm some time before, and had always proved herself competent and faithful. But some days ago, in winding or preparing the moss silk, some of it snarled. To prevent delay, she took it off and put it in her pocket, intending, when she should be less busied, to undo it.

At noon of the same day she was going to a restaurant in the neighborhood to get some lunch. On the stairs of the factory she thought of the silk, and putting her hand in her pocket, drew it out, as if in doubt whether to return and lay it aside or take it with her.

As she did not sit in the restaurant to eat, but brought her lunch back to the workroom, she concluded to take the silk along also. This was unfortunate for her.

One of her fellow workwomen noticed her movements, and, expecting favor or promotion, reported the facts, giving them at the same time the color of theft.

Mr. Sacks, Jr., followed Elizabeth, and before she could leave the house, searched her, and finding the snarled silk on her person, he sent for an officer and had her locked up in the Tombs. He went to his comfortable home and forgot all about the poor girl, and did not care what became of her.

Her parents were in agony that evening and the next day, which was the Sabbath, at the prolonged absence of their daughter.

Early on Monday morning Mr. Graweller sped him to the factory in Canal Street, and there learned that his daughter had been sent to prison for petty larceny. The silk was of the supposed value of twenty-five cents.

The old man could not speak English, but he had to hire an interpreter and to run about from one place to another to get his daughter released. She remained locked up one whole week, and her father lost that week's work and also spent fifty dollars in money, and finally procured the girl's release by paying Justice Hogan ten dollars.

A MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.

An item has been going the rounds of the papers about an elephant that got loose in the streets one night and froze to death. The following is a full description of the big beast's adventure, as given in the St. Louis *Republican* for Dec. 21st:

At about half-past three o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Edward S. Bradley, a citizen of East St. Louis, was awakened by his wife, with the intelligence that burglars were trying to get into the house. The upper portion of the dwelling, which is a two-story house, is used for sleeping apartments, while one of the lower rooms is used by an old lady named Flynn.

Mr. Bradley arose, and grasping a huge cavalry sword, stationed himself at the window. While he was waiting a sudden crash was heard from below, as if the whole side of the house had been jammed in, and at the same time the old lady was heard to scream piercingly.

According to the story, the window and the bureau near it were suddenly dashed into the middle of the room. Her husband is a night watchman, and she thought he must have been out drunk and was attempting to get in through the window. She sprang from her bed and seized what she supposed to be the retreating leg of a man.

It felt queerly, she thought, and was drawn outward with violence, and the old lady having advanced to the shattered window, saw, to her horror, the towering bulk of an enormous elephant. Unable to overcome the shock, she fell, almost insensible, to the floor.

At this stage of affairs Mr. Bradley, with his drawn sabre, started to the rescue. The stairs leading below are on the outside of the house, and as he descended he encountered the elephant, who appeared determined to ascend the steps.

A few blows of the steel blade on the trunk cowed the huge brute, and he commenced a retreat. He backed out of the yard, and took a northwardly course until he arrived at a saloon owned by Mr. Charles Schaffner, at which place he stopped, took a general observation of the surroundings, then making a desperate charge, he shivered a large door to atoms.

This last affair was the close of his damage. He wandered off through the silent streets, and at daylight was found near the south-western depot, dead, having, it is said, died from the effects of the cold.

The elephant belonged to a menagerie, and was left at dark by the keeper, as was supposed, securely locked in. During the night, however, he broke the chain which fastened his leg, tore down the door and started on his voyage of death.

MEANT TO HAVE OUT HIS NAP.

Good-humored submission is the best thing when it is too late to be brave. The following incident is an illustration:

A Bavarian captain, quartered upon one of the citizens of Orleans, had had a long and fatiguing day of duty, and, upon going to bed, he ordered his soldier-servant not to awake him upon any pretence whatever.

The next morning, early, the soldier heard the drums of the retiring regiments, but, obedient to order, he remained impassive, and allowed his master to sleep on.

Presently the French bugles were heard, and the owner of the house went into the officer's room and shook him.

"Captain," he said, "yesterday you were my guest, but this morning the French have recaptured the town, and you are my prisoner!"

"Eh, really?" asked the Bavarian, yawning so that the bed creaked.

"Yes, really, captain."

"And there is no hope of resistance?"

"None whatever."

"Fritz," the officer said to his servant, who stood by, looking on impassively, give our swords to monsieur; we are prisoners."

So saying, the captain turned round in bed to finish his interrupted slumbers.

"HADN'T WE BETTER TRY IT AGAIN?"

A man and woman in Kentucky, who had been married forty years, wearied of the matrimonial harness, and the wife brought suit for a divorce upon the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment. The affidavits had all been made out in due form and filed in the court, and she had called at the office of her attorney that day for the purpose of urging him to push the suit. While seated in the office her husband came in. He sat and looked at his wife some time, and then said,—

"Old woman, we lived together for a long time."

She replied, "Yes, we did."

The husband said, "Don't you think we had better try it again?"

The wife replied, "Yes, if you will treat me right."

The old man rose up, lifted his hands to heaven, and, with a voice tremulous with emotion, repeated his vows to cherish, love, honor and protect until death the wife of his youth, and then folded her to his bosom, and they wept together for joy.

Even the flinty-hearted attorney, who saw a good case with big fees fading forever from his sight, was moved to tears. The old gentleman then paid the fees and costs, and the attorney was authorized to withdraw the pending suit, and the old people left the office hand in hand, as happy as young robins.

STRANGE FEAT OF A SPIDER.

Spiders are accomplished gallows-builders, and here is an instance in which one of them gibbetted a snake. The *Christian Radical* (Pittsburgh) says:

A few days ago a snake was found suspended in a spider's web under a shelf in the store of Messrs. Johnson & Brauner, at Mossey Creek. On inspection it was clearly ascertained that the snake, about a foot in length, and still alive, had been literally captured by a spider about the size of a common house fly.

The spider had spun his web tightly around the neck of the snake, and drawn him clear from the floor, making him a close prisoner. The snake was taken, while yet in the coils of the spider, to a photographer.

After the photograph was taken the web was removed from the snake, whereupon he struck at all around, evidently showing a desire to revenge himself for the terrible indignity put upon him by so insignificant a creature as a spider not much larger than a grain of wheat.

A NEW EATABLE.

Almost every year adds something to our list of good things to eat, already so bountifully provided by Nature.

Along the Sierra Nevada, close to the line of snow, a plant grows, of sizes varying from an inch to two inches in thickness, and height to the dimensions of the largest cabbages. It is known as the snow cactus, and depends for moisture upon the melted snow. It has been recently proposed to treat the plant as a table vegetable, and it is said that, boiled and served as asparagus, this cactus is found equally succulent and satisfactory.

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THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are not so much better by people than I?

"My coat shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true;
But if I were half as much mischief to do,
Indeed, they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing,
They own you are handsome; but there is one thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

"My coat is homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm an humble and innocent bee."

From this little story let people beware;
Beauty, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, if they're ever so fair!

For the Companion.

MANLY JACK STONE.

I wrote you a letter last week. The Editor put over it the title, "Johnnie and I," and told me he wanted me to write again. I will do it.

I'm Jack Stone, you know, that's got a grandpa and a dog Johnnie; but that don't make me proud.

I want to be manly, because grandpa says boys should be, and he ought to know, he's lived so long. He says boys never ought to cry, so when I run a splinter into my finger, I don't cry when they try to get it out.

I had a tooth out, the other day. It was not pleasant, but I didn't cry. I was manly. It hurt. A man had a long iron in his hand, and told me to let him see the tooth. He said I must be quiet, and it wouldn't hurt me. I told him I guessed it would. I had two out before. One a dentist took out, and the other I pulled with a string. Dentists ought not to tell stories, because it's not right.

Dr. Thomas comes to see me when I'm sick. He don't tell the truth. He says his medicine is real nice. It isn't. It tastes like rusty nails. He ought to go to Sunday school.

I love nails, but not to eat. They are handy when you want to make a wagon. I like wagons first rate. I mean toy wagons, that my dog Johnnie can draw. Horse wagons do very well.

Horses are manly. They don't cry when you drive nails in their feet to fasten their shoes on. They don't seem to mind it.

I shouldn't like to be a horse. They can't slide, or skate, or snowball. They have to work real hard, and sometimes cruel men beat them, and they have to stand up to go to sleep, and have only hay and oats to eat.

I don't think hay is half so good to eat as meat and pie. I found a nail in the mince-pie yesterday. Mother says it came out of the flour-barrel. It almost broke my tooth.

I was going to say a word about being manly, but I forgot it.

Some boys think it is manly to smoke cigars and drink. I don't. I am never going to think so.

Peter Cole is manly. He helps blind men to cross the streets. Sometimes the boys laugh at him. He don't care. He tells them he knows he's right, and he's going to do what's right. Isn't he manly?

I guess grandpa used to be manly once, because his eyes sparkle when I ask him if he ever saved anybody's life. That's one of his stories he tells me.

There was a fire in his house once, and they thought everybody had got out. They heard somebody cry. Grandpa got a ladder, and took a child out of the window. It was my own mother. She was little then.

I used to play with matches until grandpa told me that story. Now I'm afraid to. We might get burned up. I saw a barn burn once. It looked nice to see the fire, but the barn cost money. It belonged to a widow. The men built her a new one. I guess that's what grandpa would call being manly.

I like to read little story papers very well. One time Johnnie got one, and gnawed it all up. I didn't beat Johnnie. I wanted to, but he didn't know any better, so I forgave him. It isn't right to beat people or dogs, when they don't know any better.

Johnnie saved my life once. I fell into the water, and he jumped in and bit my clothes. He didn't bite *me*, but I wouldn't be living now if he hadn't bit my clothes. That showed how much he loved me.

We've been friends ever since, and if Johnnie should go dead, I should cry. I should forget to be manly then, but it would be right. Tommy Lane says it's foolish to cry for a dog when he's dead, but I couldn't help crying for Johnnie. I wonder if Tommy's dog was to save his life, and then die, if Tommy wouldn't cry.

Last Fourth of July Tommy tied some fire-crackers to his dog's tail, and then burned them. They went snap, snap!

The dog ran very fast. It was not pleasant to see him. Tommy was cruel. I untied the crackers, and then I got some water and put it on the dog?

Grandpa says I was manly. Was I?

Some boys love to stone cats, and steal birds-nests. They call it fun. They don't think it funny if they have their toys taken from them, grandma would say.

That's a sort of sermon, but I'm not a minister. I made believe I was, once, just to please Kittie West. She had a doll make believe die, and I had to preach a funeral sermon. I guess it was a real solemn one, because Kittie laughed a great deal. We sang a hymn. I made it up. We made up a tune for it, too. Here's the hymn:

Little Nell is gone and dead;
She died of a very sore broken head.
Nell's name had ought to be Poll,
And then I could find a rhyme for doll.

Kittie was tired of having funeral, so we played marrying Nell to the rag baby. It was childish, but Kittie is very little, and I have to be childish sometimes, to please her.

She says I shall always be her friend, ever since I tied a rag round her finger when she cut it with a knife. Little girls are easily satisfied.

I should think she'd be sorry she was a girl, because she can't climb fences or wade in the snow. O! I've stubbed my toe! I sha'n't cry. I'm getting to be manly real fast. Don't you think so?

JACK STONE.

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For the Companion.

THE DEMON STAR.

The ancients seem to have had more lively imaginations than we moderns have. They discovered figures in the heavens, which we find some difficulty in deciphering.

For instance: they found what may be called the Andromedary story written in the stars. They saw Andromeda chained to a rock, and a whale or sea-monster coming up to devour her, while Perseus, on his flying steed Pegasus, is hastening forward to slay the monster. This hero bears in his hand the head of the gorgon Medusa, which was fabled to turn all who beheld it into stone. The head is represented by a very bright star, which the Arabs called *Al Ghoul*, or The Demon, and which still goes by the name of Algol.

This is indeed a remarkable star. Like the revolving light of a lighthouse, it is sometimes greatly diminished in brightness. For about three hours and a half its light is seen to lessen till it is reduced from the second to the fourth magnitude of stars.

This is a very curious circumstance. What can be the cause of it?

We know of only one way in which this singular change can be accounted for. Some object must come between us and the star and intercept part of its light. No such object can, however, be seen. It must then be a dark body at too great a distance from us to be detected. There is no doubt that Algol, like our great Sol, has at least one planet, which passes across its face and veils for a time the petrifying brightness of the Demon.

Another remarkable circumstance is, that this planet's year is not quite three days, one-tenth part of the time being taken up in merely crossing the disc of Algol.

The star and its satellite are not, however, as we might suppose, comparatively near together. They are probably much farther off from each other than we are from our sun. Nor are they smaller than we are, and like little people, very spry in their movements. If Algol were no larger than our solar centre, he would, doubtless, at his distance, be invisible to the naked eye. It has been calculated that his face is eight times broader than the sun's, and his bulk five hundred times greater. He is in fact quite a monster, and it is natural that he should have a giant to attend upon him. Supposing that the demon is forty-nine millions of miles across, the planet is forty-one millions, and their distance apart is two hundred and eighty millions of miles!

How is it, then, that the giant is able to dance round the monster in such a short time as three days?

It is because, though immense in size, it is exceedingly light in weight. It is like a heap of cotton before it is squeezed into a bale. It is most likely more unsubstantial than Algol, and this is regarded as only about one-fourth as dense as the sun.

We may, therefore, keep our self-respect, for if we are smaller, we are more solid and far more dignified in our movements than these large bodies, which, like some great people, are very distant.

Another curious fact about them is that though large, they are probably comparatively young. For, contrary to all ordinary ideas, celestial bodies grow smaller as they grow older. When they first come into being they seem to be immense masses of the thinnest film and vapor. As they cool down with age they become thicker in substance, and the same amount of matter is compressed into a smaller space, so that they are reduced in size.

It is said that our sun is gradually growing less, and that we also are gradually getting nearer to it. The same has been observed of the Demon and its giant planet. Perhaps when they are as old as we, they will pack themselves more tightly, and no longer deserve their present title.

SIGNS IN THE HAND.

It is said

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

The old science (?) of *palmistry*, once so much in vogue, is now of little use save to amuse social companies of young people. An exchange says:

A little work on "Modern Palmistry" brings together a large amount of amusing gossip, but we cannot say how much you must believe of it.

If the palm of the hand be long, and the fingers well proportioned, &c., not soft, but rather hard, it denotes the person to be ingenious, changeable, and given to theft and vice.

If the hands be hollow, solid and well-knit in the joints, it predicts long life, but if over thwarted, then it denotes short life.

Observe the finger of Mercury—that is the little finger; if the end of it exceeds the joint of the finger, such a man will rule in his house, and his wife will be pleasing and obedient to him; but if it be short, and does not reach the joint, he will have a shrew, and she will be boss.

Broad nails show the person to be bashful and fearful, but of a gentle nature.

Narrow nails denote the person to be inclined to mischief and to do injury to his neighbors.

Long nails show a person to be good-natured, but distrustful, and loving reconciliation rather than differences.

Oblique nails signify deceit and want of courage.

Little round nails denote obstinacy, anger and hatred.

If they are crooked at the extremity, they show pride and fierceness.

Round nails show a choleric person, yet soon reconciled; honesty, a lover of secret science.

Fleshy nails denote the person to be mild in temper, idle and lazy.

Pale and black nails show the person to be very deceitful to his neighbor, and subject to many diseases.

Red and marked nails signify choleric and martial nature, and as many little marks as there are speak so many evil desires.

Perhaps you will claim that this is not all "nonsense," after all. It is safe to say, at least, that mental qualities do sometimes report themselves outside in the formation of the body. For *moral qualities*, we should rather look at the face than the hands.

WHAT TOY-BALLOONS ARE FILLED WITH.

Many have the idea that the *flying* toy-balloons are inflated by the breath, the same as the whistle balloons. The old French peddler, near Union Square, (New York city,) can tell us better. *Scribner's Monthly* says:

He shows a red wooden chest full of the little rubber pouches.

"Come from Paris, blow him up, you see."

And he takes a pair of bellows and inflates the limp and dingy little sack into a glossy scarlet sphere, ties the mouth with a cotton thread, and lets it go.

"Fall on the ground, you see. Must put gas in him."

Water, sulphuric acid and strips of zinc are the materials used to make this gas. The balloons are filled one at a time, a long thread is wound around the mouth of each and securely ortened, and then they are anchored to the tafas with a tumbler, tied to the back of a chair, bleallowed to rise and bump themselves along the ceiling. Three score of these ruby globes, all floating gracefully in the air, lend a rose-colored and picturesque charm even to this forlorn little room and its shabby inmates. A thin coat of liquid isinglass is applied with a brush to keep the gas from slowly escaping, and when this dries the balloons are ready for the street.

A SINGLE POTATO.

The proverb, "Where there is a will there is a way," received a good illustration from the following fact, recorded by Dr. Phillips, District Secretary for Wales:

A young gentleman planted a single potato in his aunt's field at Vronheulog, near Bala, at the same time stating that the produce of that potato, at the end of four years, should be given to the Bible Society. It produced in that year thirteen, and these, in the following year, one peck. The peck was planted, and in due time it produced three hobbets, or seven and a half bushels. Next spring the produce of the preceding year was again planted, and in October the quantity raised was twenty-eight hobbets, or seventy bushels. The market value was £5 12s., which was sent towards the new Bible House *as the produce of a single potato in four years.*

A WITTY WEDDING.

Dean Swift, one of the drollest and most benevolent of men, was walking in the Phœnix Road, Dublin, when a thunder shower came on, and he took shelter under a tree where a party was sheltering also,—two young women and two young men. One of the young girls looked very sad, till, as the rain fell, her tears fell. The dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was their wedding day; they were on their way to the church, and now her white clothes were wet, and she couldn't go. "Never mind, I'll marry you," said the dean; and there and then married them, their witnesses being present; and to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. It was as follows:

"Under a tree, in stormy weather,
I married this man and woman together.
Let none but Him who rules the thunder
Sever this man and woman asunder."

JONATHAN SWIFT.

DANGEROUS PLAY.

Keep away from horses' heels! Even the best-mannered horses sometimes kick when surprised and pestered. A Western paper records the untimely fate of one poor little fellow from this cause:

A little son of Mrs. Wilcox, a widow lady residing in North Lawrence, Kansas, was out in the yard playing with several other children, and while there crawled into a stable where a wild Mustang pony was being kept, and, before he could be rescued, was kicked in the head and breast by the vicious animal, and instantly killed.

COOL.

The *Journal de Tours* reports the following instance of *sang froid* in the midst of danger at the battle of Orleans. A young mobile had asked his officer for a drink, and the latter was about to pour it into the cup which the private held in his hand, when a hostile bullet carried the cup out of his hand. The young soldier turned to the officer, and said, "Fortunately it was still empty." Then he took the canteen and drank from it as calmly as if nothing had happened.

Other situations, however, would require much more real courage. A soldier soon learns to reduce to rules the average chances of batle, and one rule is that no two bullets ever go exactly in the same track.

THE WRONG MAN.

A good man had been entertaining at dinner a clerical friend from some distance. The afternoon was cloudy and the friend was invited by the host to remain during the night, and had accepted the invitation.

They walked together for some time in the garden, and at dusk the man asked his visitor to step into the house, while he would give directions for his friend's carriage to be ready in the morning.

As the stranger entered the house the owner's wife mistook him for her husband in the twilight; and catching the Bible, which chanced to be on the hall table, she brought it down upon the stranger's shoulders, exclaiming, "Take that for asking that ugly wretch to stay all night!"

How the woman looked on discovering the blunder, is not related; but the visitor relinquished his intention of stopping for the night.

KEEP YOUR TOP COOL.

Artemus Ward once during a journey across the Plains offered a stage driver a drink of whiskey from his flask, which was refused in most decided terms. Said the driver,—

"I don't drink. I won't drink. And I don't like to see anybody else drink. I am of the opinion of those mountains—*keep your top cool.* They've got snow and I've got brains; that's all the difference."

There is a wealth of wisdom in the sententious remark, "Keep your top cool." The fountain of man's power and happiness is in his brain. Alcohol is a foe of the brain, and when it gets there, either benumbs it or perverts its action. Remember the stage driver's curt philosophy.

WAKED HIM UP.

Rev. J. H. K. was, several years since, pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church in Western New York. During his sermon, on a hot summer's Sunday morning, brother Austen, one of the official members of the church, fell fast asleep. Mr. K. suddenly paused, and called out,—

"Brother Austen, will you please to open the windows there a little? *Physicians say it is very unhealthy to sleep in a close room.*"

The brother was awakened, and complied.

EVERY day is a little life, our whole life is but a day repeated.—*Bishop Hall.*

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For the Companion.

HOW JUNE FOLLOWED ON INTO SUMMER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

Only a bit of candle, flickering down into the socket; that was all that lighted the room. There had been a fire on the hearth, but that had burned low, and only a moonbeam, struggling here and there through a rent in the window curtain, shared the darkness with the uncertain light of the candle.

But the two women, one of whom lay upon the bed, while the other stood by eagerly listening to her words, scarcely knew whether it burned or not, or whether the room were warm or cold, that frosty December night; and as for the child, at the other side, she had forgotten all these things in sleep. She was wandering in lands where they have no need of sun or moon, where all are warm and all can see.

"She's safe enough, isn't she?" whispered the sick woman to the other, who stood beside her; "she mustn't hear."

"But did ye no say I maun tell her?"

"Yes, yes, but she must not hear it from me. She shall not, I say! When I am gone, then tell her; but she shall not hate me while I live."

"There's sma' chance a heart like hers will turn sharply to any creature in her way. God forgi'e ye! Ye maun ha' been unco' wicked to the sightless bairn, to ha' fear o' that! Pray Heaven ye have na to account for those puir een!"

"Hush!" said the other. "No, I have loved the child, and been gentle with her always. The hardest heart that lives could not do less. But it was her mother that I hated; hated in her beauty and her wealth. I stole her child, but God knows I meant she should be found again some day. But it is easier to do a sin than to undo it, and I could not find a way."

"Now may Heaven have pity on your soul, that maun sae soon gi'e account for sic a sin! Could na the bitterest hate that e'er thirsted in an envious heart, be satisfied to see a mither looking into blue een like those, and hear her cry that God's sunshine made na light adown their depths?"

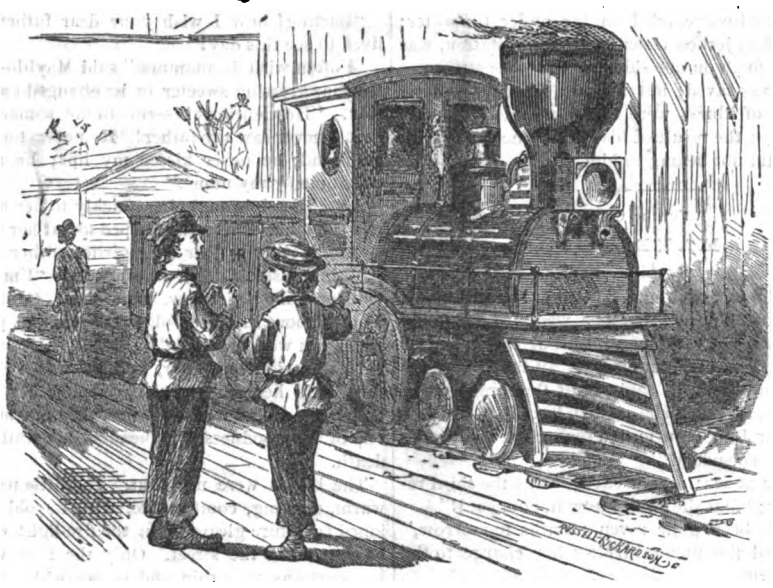
"Quick!" said the dying woman, "come nearer. There is no time to tell me of my sins nor my need, for I feel them like millstones around my neck. But I tell you the truth; and I will tell you all you need to know that you may find her home and give her back to those that loved her, if they are not dead already of broken hearts. Here are the little things she wore; here under this pillow. I have kept them safe. She will remember them. It is not so very long since she put them around her baby's neck. Only four years to-day, and her child was four years old! Four years! Or is it four days? What difference does it make? Neither is a long time. Ah, yes, I hear. She is calling! But that will do no good. I have heard that, every night for these four long years; but no one else has heard, or will hear. She need not call. No, no, four days is not a long time."

"She is going light in her mind," whispered old Elspeth McKerlough to herself; and she stooped lower over the pillow.

"The name, the name!" she whispered. "Tell me the name!"

"Lost! Lost! that is her name. Not found. She is not found yet, but she will be some day. I have called her June, for that was the month I took her from her home. But tell them her name is Lost. That is a pretty name. They will know her by it. No, no, she need not call! No one hears but me!"

The candle does not even flicker any more. The ashes were cold and gray on the hearth, and still Elspeth bent close over the bed and listened, vainly hoping that she might catch some word that should give her a stronger clue by which to trace the way home for the little one. But there were only the same words dreamily repeated:



THE RUNAWAY.

"Lost! Lost! That is a pretty name. No, no, she need not call!"

And when the moon had passed quite beyond the window, and a faint gleam of morning crept in over the little bed at the other side of the room, even these had ceased.

"Now may the gude Lord pity us!" said Elspeth, "that she could na ha' lived to tell us the name! It's a' gane, now, and His ain hand maun e'en show us the way alane."

She took the little package that had been entrusted to her, close to the window, and examined the trinkets carefully, but shook her head as she found nothing to give any light. Then she stepped to the little bed, and looked tenderly down at the fair face that lay there; golden curls straying over the pillow, and even in sleep a smile of strange sweetness and beauty.

"I maun e'en shelter the lammie, now," said Elspeth; there's nane else, till Heaven be pleased to guide her to her ain mither's arms ance mair. I will bide at hame with her the day, but after that what can the puir thing do? She canna gae to the mill wi' me, and she canna bide alane. Weel, weel, the gude Lord will show us."

That evening they sat in Elspeth's room, Elspeth and June talking quietly, as the twilight gathered.

It was not even twilight to the motherless child. The brightest day was always night to her "blue een," as Elspeth called them. But the good Husbandman, who knows that His tender plants cannot live without the light, had poured such wealth of sunshine down into her little heart, as kept it always warm and bright, and flooded up into her face in smiles that made every one who saw it, love her for their sake.

Elspeth had told her the unfinished story that had been whispered to her as the candle flickered out the night before. No one had a right to keep it from the bairn, she said. Had she not the heart and the sense of a little woman, now? And was it not her right to know that she had a mother, loving her and praying for her, somewhere on God's fair earth?

June had listened at first with a childish awe, and these recollections,—faded into dim shadows during the four years that had made half her life,—had brightened again, and she clasped her little hands tightly, as if to prevent them slipping from her as they had before.

"I shall find her again some day. She will find me! Don't you believe that, Elspeth?"

"Believe it, bairn? I am as sure as that the blessed sun will rise the morrow. There is One that remembers the lost, and hears the prayer o' the stricken. Ye have only to slip your wee sma' hand into His, and bide His time. Ye canna see the way, but it's a' plain as noonday before Him."

"Never mind, Elspeth," said June, with a bright smile. "I'm used to following in the dark. We shall find the way."

"So you will, lammie. But it's old Elspeth who canna see her way, just now. I canna see wha will look out for my bairnie, and make the day pass while I'm gane to the mill to earn the morsel that we twa shall need."

June laughed her merry little laugh.

"Why, I am going with you, Elspeth. Do you think I want to stay here alone all day long?"

"No, truly, sweetheart; but the toiling, clattering mill is no the place for a bit bairn like yoursel', that Heaven has na pleased should see the black, noisy iron mouths and fingers that would open to draw her in if she came too near, nor the busy folk that would almost trample her down under their hurrying feet."

"But I should be doing my own work. Do you think I could let you work for both of us? I am sure there is something I could learn to do."

"With those puir een? Na, na, sweet lammie! It's no the will o' Heaven. Ye could na do in sic a place."

"I know there is something," repeated June, quietly. "Think, Elspie."

Elspeth looked earnestly down at the child for a moment, and then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, exclaimed,—

"I doubt the babe kenned best, after a'. Come, come awa'! The folks are just noo emptying out o' the great noisy barrack,—the overseer will be free. We'll see if there is na a place for my bairn."

She took June's hand in her own, and strode away toward the mill, trying, though with doubtful success, to measure her steps to the pace of the sightless child.

They reached the gates of the yard just as the emptying was complete. Two or three of the last to pass out gazed curiously upon the tall, strongly-built woman, who pressed in at this unaccustomed hour, wearing a look so determined as to be almost hard, and yet leading, most tenderly, the sunny-haired child who walked at her side with so strange a calm upon her face.

Without deigning more than a word of recognition, Elspeth passed on toward the offices, and met the overseer of her room.

"Here, sir," she said, stopping suddenly in his path so that he had no way but to listen, "I want a word wi' ye, though it's past hours. I want ye would get this bit bairn a place in the mill to-morrow, and a place near me, beside."

The overseer glanced at the child, and then looked in Elspeth's face in surprise.

"She is too young," he said; "you know that as well as I."

"I do," said Elspeth, "and mair than that, the brightest sunshine does na show her ane step she takes afore anither, nor ane morsel that her dainty fingers may reach out to touch."

He gave another quick, pitying look downward toward the child, and then turned to Elspeth as if he thought her beside herself.

"Ye need na say ane word," she persisted. "Stan' ye there by yoursel', lammie, for just twa minutes;" and drawing the overseer aside, she whispered to him the story she had heard the night before.

"Now dinna fash yoursel' to think whether there's aught she can do," she went on, "only come wi' me to the room, and I'll show ye the very place. The girl that has it wants to go higher, and it's easy eno' for ye to ha' it a' settled for me, if ye will." Z. A. R.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

THE RUNAWAY.

Every boy now-a-days is as familiar with the locomotive as he is with a common cart. It runs through nearly every village; and the shriek of the iron horse is heard far away by those who may not live near its track.

But this familiarity was wanting to the two boys of whom I am going to speak. They lived in a remote part of the country, very far away from any line of railroad; and though they had often heard of the wonderful invention, yet it was as strange to them as those events and things of fairy land of which they had also read.

When, therefore, Joe and Peter Hensley were invited to spend a few days with their aunt, in the village of Weston, their delight was unbounded. They would have to drive there in their father's carriage, but on reaching the town they knew that they would be able to see with their own eyes, and touch with their own hands, this wonderful machine.

It was an inland town. The railroad passed by it at the distance of about half a mile away. On the arrival of the boys at evening, they could with difficulty be prevented from setting out at once to the station-house; but as it was too late, they waited impatiently till the next day, when they hurried off immediately after breakfast.

The train had come in, and the freight cars had been switched off upon a side track, while the locomotive was in an open shed, which served as an engine-house, and was hissing and steaming, and making the gurgling uproar common to all locomotives when at rest. The express train was expected in about half an hour, when the locomotive would take the freight train onward.

Joe and Peter wandered about, looking curiously at every thing. They looked at the car wheels and the iron rails, so as to see how they ran,—for this question had been a long, vexed one with them; and finally they went into the engine-house. This formed the climax of their sight-seeing; for there at last, full before them, arrayed in tremendous strength and power, they saw the wonderful locomotive.

The engineer had taken advantage of the period of waiting, to go to his breakfast, so that the boys examined the mighty machine without hindrance, and gave free expression to the wonder that filled their minds. They looked with awe upon the vast size of the engine, and with bewilderment upon the complicated mass of machinery beneath. The coals were glowing in the furnace, and the steam was issuing from crevices and openings. They looked with wonder upon the polished cylinders and piston rods, and longed to see the great structure in motion, so that they might watch the play of those iron arms, and see the revolution of the giant wheels.

At first they stood at a very respectful distance; but gradually they drew nearer, until at length they ventured to touch the wheels. Then growing bolder, Joe, who was the older boy, said,—

"Peter, I wonder what's up there in that covered place."

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"Why, I suppose," said Peter, "that's the place where the man stands that drives it."

"Well," said Joe, "I'd like to look in there, and see what sort of a place it is; wouldn't you?"

"Yes; but it wouldn't do."

"Why not?"

"The man mightn't like it."

"O, he wouldn't care,—besides, he's away."

"We might get into trouble."

"O no," said Joe, positively, "I don't see why. I don't see what harm there'd be in just getting in there, and I think I will."

"No, Joe, don't," said Peter, anxiously.

"Nonsense, Peter, what's the use of being afraid?" said Joe; and before Peter could say another word, he was up and inside the engineer's cab.

His exclamations and his calls to Peter to come up, roused the curiosity of the latter; and seeing that Joe had already made the experiment without danger, he thought that he would do so too. So he climbed in, and looked timidly around. He saw the little apartment with its two seats, and the windows, and besides this he saw some iron and brass handles, and a thing that looked like a clock, only it didn't seem to tell the time of day; and then he felt like going down again.

"Wait, Peter," said Joe; "look at this. I wonder what this handle's for."

"Don't touch it, Joe; don't! don't!" cried Peter, arresting Joe's outstretched hand.

"Pooh!" said Joe, who had veered round from the timidity of ignorance to that contempt of danger which is bred by familiarity. "Pooh! There's no harm;" and with these words, with a vague idea of "showing off," he caught what he called the handle, and gave it a somewhat vigorous twist and pull.

To his surprise the handle moved, and at the same time there was a noise of steam and a slight movement among the machinery. With an exclamation of terror, Peter started back, and leaped out of the engine to the ground, and screamed for Joe to follow him.

But Joe, though quite as much terrified, was still not so free to follow. He felt that he had done some mischief, and in spite of his terror, he was eager to remedy it; so he endeavored to do this by replacing the "handle" to its former position.

This he sought to do, but without the success that he desired. The locomotive gave one or two short, angry "coughs," that usually announce a start, and to Joe's bewilderment and indescribable horror, it moved forward. He still, however, tried to remedy the mischief; but the evil which had been caused by his ignorance could not be helped by that ignorance; and the huge machine moved on faster.

In a frenzy of fear Joe started back. He found himself already out of the engine-house, and moving along the track. He looked wildly around. Close by the track he saw Peter running, with his face as pale as a sheet, screaming, and shrieking. He saw men running from a distance. He felt a wild longing to jump out, but he was paralyzed by terror.

Yes, the locomotive was under way; and its short, sharp coughs grew sharper, and shorter, and quicker, and the mighty wheels made more rapid revolutions, and the motion grew faster and yet faster. Overcome with horror, Joe glared forth from his prison with staring eyes, and beheld the landscape on each side sweeping by with great rapidity.

All the world seemed to be moving past him as he crouched there, and clung to the seat, and stared forth. Now and then, close by the side of the road, he saw buildings which he supposed to be station houses; for there were platforms in front of them, and they bore names upon them. Here he saw men, some of whom were staring in wonder, and others gesticulating wildly at him.

But in the agony of that situation all these things seemed like so many dreams. He himself was passive and inert, and only stared, and listened, and waited, with awful expectation. Around him there rose a terrific din; the thunder of the mighty wheels, the ring of the iron rails, the rattle of the woodwork, and the rapid panting of the steam, as in swift succeeding rushes, it drove the piston to and fro. His heart was crushed in an anguish of fear, and his mind seemed to give way.

At last he roused himself. It was not by any effort of mind, or even of nerve and courage. He had no plan and no resolution. He was filled with sickening horror; yet in the midst of this, a certain instinct seemed to impel him, as it would impel the most timid animal, to seek escape.

He rose up, and clinging to every support, tried to leave the cab. With tottering steps, he made his way toward the tender, and crawled along to the farthest end, where he crouched on the top of the coal, and looked forward.

At last he came in sight of a broad river. Up and down its bosom vessels were sailing, and steamers were paddling. Along the banks he dashed, sometimes coming quite close to the water, at other times moving away.

On he went,—and still on,—and now there arose the white houses of a town. Through this his car rolled on, thundering down a long, wide street. Crowds were there, shrinking back, and looking at him with faces of horror. Past them all he went, and finally came close to the river bank once more. He saw here other cars, and locomotives, and other lines of rail. Workmen were standing still, and staring upon him. On he went, past the cars and the workmen, past station houses and engine houses.

Suddenly the locomotive bounded forward, and leaped, and tossed, and rattled; and then, passing down a declivity, buried itself in the river, and was carried on far under the water; while Joe, jerked violently from his station, was hurled forth on one side into the same stream.

Joe was saved; but a brain fever and a long period of illness were the result of his terrific journey; the result of his wicked meddling with what did not belong to him.

For the Companion.

MAYBLOSSOM.

By Alice Robbins.

A baby just ten hours old laid in Nurse Brown's capacious lap. Its tiny face, wrinkled and puckered, was not very beautiful—but it was a dear little morsel of humanity, for all that.

"Poor Marthy!" said one of the three women present, and then she sighed, heavily.

"Poor Joe!" murmured the second visitor, "to be took so sudden!"

"Lost at sea; no one saved," was the third rejoinder; "and she don't know it, poor soul!"

"He's been gone seven months to-morrow," ventured the nurse, turning her charge to the other arm.

"Ah, poor soul!" was the mournful chorus.

"It's well the little house is paid for; I wish my poor John had been as provident," said one of the speakers.

Every now and then somebody came, in good-hearted, country style, to ask after *Miss* Fisher, and went away sorrowful, not for the mother, for she was quite contented and happy; but because she did not dream of the sorrow in store for her.

Well, all in due time the blow fell. It was after the baby was three months' old that the poor woman learned that she was a widow. Her grief was terrible, for she had always been petted and tenderly cared for, first by her parents, and then by her husband. Without exactly knowing why, every body in town shared the opinion of those nearest and dearest, that Mrs. Fisher was not meant for the rougher cares of life.

Little Stella was born in May. Stella was the name her father had loved, because his sister, many years in heaven, had borne it. But poor Mrs. Fisher always called her "Mayblossom."

It took her many months to recover her natural elasticity of spirits, after the fiat had gone forth; indeed, she was never again as cheerful as she had been. It was the general verdict among the neighbors, that, but for Mayblossom, she would have died. I think, myself, she would, but the wonderfully growing love which that helpless creature brought into the world, sustained and cheered her.

And now, how to live!

In the first place she had two cows; in the next place, every body wanted help in sewing and in sundry things they had never needed it in before. For a long time the garden was tended in summer, and the cows were fed in winter, she scarcely knew how. Mysterious loads of wood met her vision, mornings, before the last had quite gone. Poor little woman! How often she wept over these kind deeds!

Hers had been a true heart-union, and the people thereabouts knew it. Her husband had been the pet and hero of the community from his childhood. There was not a villager but knew something good about him.

Mayblossom was taught to love his picture as soon as she could take an interest in such things. His dear letters were brought out on holidays, for her to kiss. The name of father was very music to her ears.

She grew up one of those sweet, unselfish children whose very faces attract the gaze like pure, bright stars. Year after year her gentle countenance took on some new beauty. Every body loved her. She was a little diligent thing, very solicitous to help her mother; gentle, forbearing, tender.

She was equally good at study and at work. Eyes brightened as Mayblossom entered the old battered school-house. The tiny children clung to her gown; the boys, some of them, great, half-grown cubs, reverenced and idolized her. Indeed, one of them went so far as to save his spending money for three months, a poor little pile it was, too, to buy her a pretty valentine.

At fifteen, Mayblossom retained her name, and the freshness and simplicity of the flowers that typified her nature. Nothing could ever look more beautiful than she, when, on examination day, she took the medal given for the highest attainments of scholarship, and not one envious heart dissented.

That evening her quiet mother talked of the past.

"I'm very proud of my Mayblossom," she said, softly.

"And I'm very fond of May blossoms, mother," laughed the girl, twirling her bright gold medal to see how the light struck yellow sparks out of it.

"Darling! how I wish your dear father had lived to see this day!"

"I often wish it, mamma," said Mayblossom, her face growing sweeter in its changed expression. "How curious it seems to me, sometimes, that I never saw my father! He never touched my hand; he never kissed my lips; he never called me by my name."

A stifled sob brought her quickly to her mother's side; her arms were clasped about her neck.

"Don't cry, my dear little girlie mother," she said, her kisses falling in showers. "I'm sure you look like a girl now, sometimes. Come, let us talk about it. How old were you and papa, when you were married?"

"I was eighteen, dear, and he was twenty-five," said her mother, softly wiping her eyes, and then, each in a low voice, they murmured on, of his goodness, his beauty, his untimely death.

The blinds were not shut. The little parlor, warm, glowing, comfortable, with its old-fashioned furniture gleaming in the fire-light, could be seen from the street. Only the thin, white lace curtains, very thin and snowy-white, intervened between them and outside darkness.

The mother and daughter sat very close together, (they always did,) eye beaming to eye and full of melting tenderness. Mayblossom was smiling, though large drops trembled on the long, dark lashes. Behind that curtain a face looked in on that sweetest of pictures, mother, child and home.

They did not see the eager, glittering eyes, the tall, muscular form, a little bowed; but what would it have signified if they had? They could not know that a homeless wanderer was feeding his hungry eyes and his craving soul as he looked and watched. They did not know how their sweetness and beauty set his heart to knocking with beats so strong and rapid that it seemed as though it would break.

And he—well, he was simply choking at the sight. He could not have spoken for worlds. Great tears not only hung on his lashes, but they rained down his bronzed cheeks. Yet, as he drew one or two long, convulsive sighs, there seemed something like rapture to break across his countenance. He put up his hand to dash away the tears; he grudged the briefest interference with his vision, and his hand shook like an old man's.

Still they did not see him. Lower, and lower, and lower he sank, his head bowed on the window-sill, his whole body trembling with the violence of his emotions.

O mother and child, God has a wonderful blessing in store for you. Sit there in the starlike radiance; tell pretty stories of love, and devotion, and heroism; let your hearts swell over the thought that father and husband was worthy of you. Picture—in silence—that terrible hour when, amid the heaving waters, the brave ship went down, and that brave soul went up. Through the mist in your eyes, see him preparing to meet death and thinking only of God and you. You will start, presently, at the knock upon the door, and go forward to meet some friend, some good neighbor.

"I guess it's Aunt Ruth," said Mayblossom, cheerily, springing from her seat. "I'll shut the blinds when she comes in."

She went to the door. A strange man asked for her mother.

"Will you walk in, sir?" she said.

He stood upon the threshold; he stumbled as he entered the room; his eyes were so full of tears. The woman looked up—stood up. There was something so—*so* familiar in his appearance! and yet——

If he had spoken, he was so changed, she might have still remained in ignorance for some time longer, but he could not speak. He just held out his arms—that was all. Only the love of her girlhood, the man, the husband she had mourned so long *knew how* to stretch out his arms in just that fashion. It had always been his first welcome.

O, with what a cry the poor wife flew towards him, fell, half-unconscious, upon that strong, manly bosom!

Faint with exceeding happiness, how could she tell the child that this was her father, saved; alive through those fourteen mournful years? She had no need. Her own heart had divined the truth, and she hung upon him with the wild cry, "Father,"—the first time she had ever known the meaning of that beautiful word.

Well, I haven't language to paint the scene that followed. It was worth years of suffering just to feel that one hour of the joy that made their hearts run over.

And the wonder-stories that followed. Fourteen years on solitary islands! But no matter, here was home, at last—and heaven was here, too.

ASLEEP IN THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Fast asleep in the old arm-chair,
With the Bible on her lap;
Parted the threads of silvery hair
Under her widow's cap.

Meekly folded the thin white hands,
Placid the beauteous brow;
Mother is roaming in far-off lands;
Angels are with her now.

Never a thought of toil or care
Troubles her quiet breast,
While she is sitting serenely there,
Taking her noontide rest.

Please my Maker, when I shall be
Weary of earth's dull strife,
I may fall asleep as peacefully,
Holding the Word of life!

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

A few years ago, an old schoolfellow of mine, whom I will call Jack Robinson, was invited to spend the Christmas holidays with another schoolfellow, called Charlie Daring. Daring's father was a doctor in Snughampton, a quiet and comfortable little country town, and, according to Robinson's account, a very pleasant town it was.

Daring's parents were capital sort of people, and he had a young brother and two grown-up sisters, who were sufficiently agreeable to make things go very pleasantly indeed for Robinson.

Near the town was an old building known as Whitesheets Castle. It could be seen for many a mile round, as it stood on a hill. Nobody knows exactly when the castle was built, but, as it had a keep which people said was Norman, one thing was known pretty certainly, it maintained its full glory up to the days of Queen Bess.

As every one visiting Snughampton was taken to see the castle, Daring visited it with Robinson one day; and, as his father was the family physician of Farmer Winthrop, who lived in a part of the castle which was made into a farm-house, and Charlie had often been with him there, he was pretty intimate with the Winthrops, and very popular at the farm-house.

Perhaps I should have said that Daring was one of the best fellows in our school, and a great favorite with everybody; he was about sixteen years old at the time of the adventure, and Robinson was about the same age.

After a walk of about two miles, they arrived at Whitesheets, and were told to go where they liked, but at 2, P. M., they would find dinner on the table.

Daring, well accustomed to the ins and outs of the place, was entrusted with the keys of that portion of the castle which was still kept in the same order (at least, so they said,) as when it was last used, about one hundred and fifty years since.

They entered the main portion of the castle from the farm-house, through a narrow passage, that led them to the chapel, a small and dimly-lighted apartment, with a chained Bible on the stand, or, more properly, "lectern." They passed from the chapel into the entrance-hall, from which the grand staircase went up, and terminated in a gallery running round three of its sides. Doors opened from this gallery into the surrounding apartments.

They went into several of these, which contained the identical fixtures which had been in use at least two hundred years since; one in particular was called Queen Elizabeth's bedroom. Every thing in it was just as it had been when it had the honor of being occupied by her majesty.

The bed was very large, hung with blue silk curtains; a large, oval plate of polished steel did duty for a looking-glass, a lead casemated window was on one side, with a splendid lookout over the park, and the sun just then shining out, the room looked quite cheerful and inviting.

On another side was a large, open fireplace, and the walls were hung round with some wonderful tapestry. After having spent more time

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in this than in other rooms, and remarking, as they went out, that "a fellow might sleep in a worse place than that," they were making their way back, when Jack observed that they had passed one room, on the ground floor, which they had not seen.

"O," said Daring, "that's what they call the ghost's room; old Mr. Winthrop never lets any one go in there." This, of course, whetted Robinson's desire to enter the room. After spending a short time longer in some of the old chambers, they locked the doors, and went into the farm-house, where they found dinner waiting.

The effect of good cheer so loosened their tongues that dinner was prolonged beyond its usual limits, and, in their merriment, they did not notice the gathering clouds, and the snow which was beginning to fall. A regular snow-storm set in, and Mr. Winthrop said they could not possibly go home across the common in such a storm, and now almost dark.

It did not take much to persuade them to stop for the night, so they consented.

Then rose the great question, where were they to sleep? All the Winthrops being at home, the house was full, but good Mrs. Winthrop was nevertheless making arrangements to stow them away, when, catching some sound of the difficulty, Robinson, in joke, suggested Queen Elizabeth's room, in the old part of the castle.

Daring caught at this in earnest, and Robinson, being made rather bold by his exhilaration at dinner, advocated it strongly; so, in the end, Mrs. Winthrop gave in, greatly against her own inclination.

A great fire was lighted in the old chimney, and every thing made to look as cheerful as it could, the Misses Winthrop themselves preparing the room; and when they left were very glad it was not their fate to occupy the chamber and bed said to have been occupied last by good Queen Bess.

At the tea-table, some one mentioned something about the ghost. The rest tried to turn the subject, but too late. Both Daring and Robinson would have the traditional story of some lord of the castle, who, after committing all sorts of crimes in his life, left orders that he should be buried, after he died, under his armor-room, in which hung, all round the walls, his different sets of harness.

He was killed while on a hunting expedition a long way from home. His children, who kept at a respectful distance from him while he was alive, preferred keeping all that was left of him at a distance after he was dead. The tradition said that his ghost was always about the castle, and would only be laid when his bones were brought there and buried, as he directed.

Daring and Robinson said they were not at all afraid of seeing him, as he would know that they had no power to bring his bones and bury them under the armor-room, as the castle was not theirs.

It did, however, just then cross Robinson's mind that it might have been quite as nice if they were going to sleep in the farm-house; but all this soon passed from his mind, amidst the fun of the evening.

After tea came blind-man's buff and forfeits in the big kitchen, and after supper more fun in the parlor, and then Daring and Robinson were escorted by the farmer to their room. The fire there was burning brightly, so the two sat down and discussed the day's adventures, until very nearly midnight.

Rousing up, Robinson thought the room looked less cheerful now the fire was low than when they entered. His mind going back to the wicked lord, he devoutly hoped he would be aware of their inability to comply with his wishes, and leave them alone. So, with a feeling that he would be safer between the sheets, he placed himself in that position with the utmost despatch, and felt himself to be as secure as sheets could make him.

Daring, meanwhile, was making a survey of the room, and, lifting up the tapestry, discovered no less than four doors opening out of it. He was not at all sure by which they had entered; but he saw that one opened into a long, dark passage, and another into a long and seemingly empty chamber.

While he was endeavoring to fasten these securely on the inside, he heard a door slam some distance off, as though down the passage. It might have been in the farm-house, so he said nothing. Robinson heard it, but less distinctly, and sought additional security from the sheets by drawing them over his head, and wishing heartily that he had not been so green as to suggest sleeping in Queen Elizabeth's room.

A second bang, louder than the first, and up bolted Robinson in the bed, while Daring coolly said,—

"What's that, Rob?"

Before there was time for an answer, there was a third bang, which convinced Robinson that there would be more safety in his trousers than between the sheets; so, in a very few moments, he found himself so far dressed; and having gathered a little courage from the defence which his trousers afforded him, he said,—

"I say, Daring!"

When Daring turned, Robinson appeared in such an awful fright, and was struggling in such an earnest manner to get into his clothes with the least possible delay, that Daring's gravity was altogether upset, and he doubled again with laughing.

"I don't see much to laugh at," said Robinson.

"That's because you can't see yourself," said Daring.

"But what can it be?"

"The old lord, I expect, Rob."

Just then the old clock over the chapel, which still was supposed to keep time, struck twelve. It seemed an unusually long time about it, and with each stroke poor Robinson gave a start, and when it had finished, his teeth were chattering in a perfectly audible way.

Daring was somewhat solemnized by the clock striking, but still amused at Robinson, who now shakily asked what was to be done.

"Let's open the door opposite the noise," said Daring.

"What for, Daring? He is sure to come in if you do?"

Daring looked as if he thought that this was probable himself, but said,—

"What else can we do? Will you get back into bed?"

"I'll be hanged first!" said Robinson.

"All right, then," replied Daring; "let's try the other thing!"

So, taking up the candle, he went to the door, with Robinson very close at his heels. He then drew back the tapestry, which fell behind them, shutting out all light of the fire, and opened the door, which they then found led to the gallery round the great hall; holding the candle over their heads, they peered all round, but saw nothing.

While they were still looking, a door exactly opposite opened, and a rush of wind, followed by the slamming of the door, blew out their light, but not before they both distinctly saw a white figure come out into the gallery.

Daring's pluck did not even yet fail him, but Robinson's knees, as well as his teeth, were shaking so that he could not stand without support.

"Do come back, Daring," he chattered.

"That'll do no good now," whispered Daring. "We're in for it! You go back for a candle!"

"I can't," said poor Jack.

"Come along, then, let's find out what it is. Whist! it's close to us!"

Daring had been groping his way, holding by the rail of the gallery. He stopped as he felt instinctively something moving before him; the movement also ceased. Robinson held tighter to Daring, which had the good effect of reassuring him for a minute.

They stood still; the only disturbance was poor Robinson's teeth, now in full rattle. Daring cautiously put out his hand in the darkness, and started back as it touched something cold, smooth and soft. Feeling now thoroughly roused, he boldly put out his hand, and grasped, he knew not what, and held it for a moment.

"Get a light!" he said, "I have it!"

In a perfect agony, Robinson could not move.

"What is it?" said he. "I don't know how to get a light."

Robinson mechanically groped his way back, till, by a clink in the door, he saw the light of the fire, and soon lighted the candle; but, fully convinced that it was the wicked lord, he dreaded to go back, and yet was afraid to remain by himself. This last motive sent him at once out into the gallery with the candle. He held it high, and, looking along, was transfixed to the spot with terror; for there stood Daring, holding by the arm a tall, white figure.

His eyes started, his lips parted; he could neither move nor speak. He was, however, soon roused from his torpor by Daring whispering to him to come along.

Almost unconsciously he obeyed. The light fell full on the figure of Miss Winthrop, in her night-dress, her eyes quite closed. She was fast asleep. It may be easily imagined that it was some moments before either of the boys recovered himself sufficiently to think what should be done. Daring was the first to speak.

"It won't do to awake her. We must try to lead her back as she is."

Going as softly as they could, they got back to the farm-house, and found their way to Mr. Winthrop's bedroom, whom they roused, and who came out, very much surprised. He took charge of Mary Winthrop, still asleep; and the boys went down to the parlor.

They neither of them felt disposed to return to the queen's chamber, but contented themselves with the sofa, though much sleep was not to be for them through the remainder of that eventful night.

Next morning, at breakfast, Miss Mary did not make her appearance; but the whole story came out, and it was not, it appeared, the first time that she had taken an unusual walk by night in her sleep; and, though they had much merriment over their fright and adventure, neither Robinson nor Daring ever forgot their Christmas visit to Whitesheets Castle, nor desired to sleep in antique chambers in ancient houses, the last occupant of which had been old Queen Bess.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

O, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign, a bearded king.

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life, all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said,—
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind;
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,—
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember all their gifts have fled
With these dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys,
I could not bear to leave them all,
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!"

The smiling angel dropped his pen,
"Why this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

O. W. HOLMES.

CAPTURED.

The stuff of which our revolutionary heroes were made often appears in the incidents of their boyhood and youth as plainly as in the exploits of their riper years. The following, from the *Young Folks' News*, gives us an interesting glimpse of the early life of the conqueror of Burgoyne:

"Maj.-Gen. Stark, when a youth, was a New Hampshire boy. From his earliest days he was strong and active, fearless and fond of adventure. He was quite young when he accompanied his elder brother and two other young men on a hunting expedition in the wilds of New Hampshire, where there were few settlers. The Indians roamed at will through the forests, and floated their canoes upon the streams without being questioned.

"One day the hunters had secured considerable game, and not having seen any savages, they began to feel quite safe from attack, when they suddenly came upon an Indian trail, and pursuing it, found there were ten Indians in their vicinity. Thinking that they may have been discovered, and that the savages were only waiting for a favorable moment to capture them, they set their wits to work to make good their escape.

"John was busy with one of the boats, of which they had two, putting in the traps and hiding provision where it would be dry, when suddenly an Indian sprang down the bank, with his tomahawk raised, and uttering a yell of triumph. John raised his gun, but it missed fire, and he was made a captive. They were soon joined by the other Indians, whom John put on the wrong scent, for they inquired where his companions were.

"He would have succeeded in misleading them entirely, if his friends, anxious at his long absence, had not fired signal guns, to hasten his return. Guided by this sound, the savages now put themselves on the right track. John's brother and one of the young men were out on the river, in a boat; the remaining one was on the bank.

"The latter they immediately seized, and directed John to hail the others and bring them to shore. But instead of obeying them, he shouted out as loudly as he could to his brother that he was in the hands of the savages, and they had better hasten as fast as possible to the opposite shore.

"The Indians now loaded their guns, and four of them fired, killing one of the men. John's brother was safe, and calling to him that the guns were all unloaded, he made all the haste he could, and escaped. But John's conduct so enraged the Indians that they fell on him, and beat him so cruelly that he could scarcely accompany them on the march.

"When they reached St. Francis the two captives were made to run the gauntlet. Poor Eastman got many blows, but John, seizing a club from one of the warriors, rushed through the narrow passage, dealing blows right and left with such effect that he cleared a path for himself, and gave a good deal more than he got.

"He was a captive among the Indians for three or four months. They could not help admiring him for his bravery, though he gave them a great deal of trouble.

"When ordered to hoe the corn he cut it down, and left the weeds standing, and at last deliberately threw the hoe in the river. This defiant nature, reckless of consequences, suited the Indians, and they made him a chief. Not long after this he was ransomed.

"John then served as lieutenant in the French war. Every day he showed great energy and bravery, and few men could stand such a strain on their physical powers as he.

"It was before the battle of Bennington, in the war of the Revolution, that he made the remark which has been handed down in history:

"'See, men! There are the red coats. Before night they are ours, or Molly Stark is a widow.'

"After the war was over, Gen. Stark retired into private life, and lived to the good age of ninety-four."

For the Companion.

MOLES ON WINGS.

I mean the bats; for these queer little animals are more like moles than any other species, though instead of boring little Hoosac tunnels in the ground and living in them, they are of an aspiring nature, and love to soar aloft, especially at "the witching hour of eve."

They are dusky both in their color and their habits, for it is in the dusk of evening that they are most lively; and they are then sometimes mistaken for large moths or small swallows, though their throats doubtless appear large swallows to the insects they devour. Their voice is like the creak of a door, but, being seldom heard except when the animal is in pain, it may be called a passive voice.

They are sometimes compared with the animal called a flying squirrel, but this has no real wings, only a fold of skin from its arm to its leg. They are quite different, not only in their flight, but their bite. The teeth of the squirrel are always growing to supply the wear and tear caused by their gnawing wood, &c. No squirrel needs a dentist, though we knew one Squire Hill who did. The bats have eye teeth like cats, dogs, monkeys and us; and their molars are so grooved that the upper and lower fit very closely, and enable them to crush an insect, however fine, still finer. There is no relation (as animals) between a cricket and a bat, though (as a game) cricket is impossible without one.

Bats, like moles, have pin-holes for eyes, but their seeing does not seem to depend on these. Even when blinded, they fly as easily as before. A room was once hung with little bells from the ceiling, very near together, and several bats, deprived of their eyes, were let loose in it. But though they flew about violently, not one bell was rung. Do they see with their eye teeth?

When, however, they take to walking, they are like sailors on land, or fish out of water. They shuffle along in the most awkward style, and though they fly erect, they now go on all fours, or, indeed, as if they were "all at sixes and sevens." Strangest of all, they hang themselves up to sleep by their hind claws, with their heads downwards, and in this giddy, topsy-turvy fashion, they spend the winter in one long nap. During this time (a nappy and perhaps unhappy time) they appear to be dead, and how they keep alive so long without food or drink is a mystery. But as their food is insects, they would hardly find any in winter, even were they ever so wide-awake.

It is said that a bat may be tamed to such a degree as not to bite one's fingers except by mistake, to take flies from the point of a pin, (one was known to devour sixty in a day) and, grandest result of education, to poke its food into its mouth with its tail.

These are the common bats; there are also nobles and brigands among them. The former are the so-called flying foxes, or *kalouss*, of the East Indian Islands. They are so fond of fruit, especially figs, that it is difficult to protect the gardens from their ravages. The natives, however, return their visits, going to their haunts by day, when they are blind and stupid, and killing hundreds of them at one time, the fattest of which they cook and eat with a relish.

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The brigands are the vampire bats of Brazil These were formerly said to fan the unwary traveller with their wings, while they sucked out his life-blood, so that he awoke no more. It is true that they do bite and draw blood, but no instance has ever been known of a fatal result to a man though their foul proceedings sometimes cause the death of a fowl, or even of a real jackass.

TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

From a Correspondent.

To illustrate the difference of travel in the United States and China, I propose to give your readers an account of a trip I made with a party of friends some time since. The party included two gentlemen, three ladies, two children and a number of Chinese attendants.

After due preparation of food, bedding, &c., we started, on the morning of the 16th December, for the city of Ku-cheng (old field), about one hundred miles north of Foo Chow. Our journey was sixty-six miles by boat up the Min River to Chui Kan (water mouth), thence in chairs thirty-three miles into the interior.

Our Boats.

We had two boats, one a sampan for the natives, while we occupied a nice new house boat, the *Min*, all freshly painted and furnished.

On this, our first day, we made good progress, weather, wind and tide being all that we could desire. We spent a cosey, pleasant day in our boat. The ladies and children at night occupied the large front cabin, and the gentlemen the back cabin.

Our little boat was almost every thing to be desired for such a trip. Every little nook and corner seemed to be employed for some convenience.

There was a toilet stand with large drawers, a pantry for dishes and a closet for stores. We have a crew of twelve men and a head-man, who, like all other China head-boatmen, was of course called "Sam." All of our crew—excepting "Sam" and the steersman—were Roman Catholics. It is wonderful how many of the boat people are of this faith.

Before tea a sampan came alongside, and we secured some fresh fish for supper. A gentleman of our party gracefully descended from his professional pinnacle to stew-pans and the cook's apron. He fried the fish, and from that time we voted him cook! We had with us a good supply of provisions, mostly cooked. Our bill of fare included roast beef and chickens, boiled salt beef, mince pies, big and little, sweet and Irish potatoes, and a variety of canned fruits and vegetables. The supply of Mandarin, or loose jacket oranges, we never allowed to fail. They were eaten at all times and in all places. You see we need not live on herbs and roots here among the Celestials.

On the River.

December, of which this is the first day, is here, the month for beautiful weather. There is no snow, and at Foo Chow, rarely any frost. But the air on the river was cool and bracing. The country on each side was very beautiful. The temples, always located in fine positions, looked pretty, but constantly reminded us that we are among an idolatrous people. The Banyan, Lengeng and Olive groves—arrayed in their thick, dark green foliage—are rarely nipped by frost.

Chui Kan (water mouth) was the terminus of our boat travel, and at this point we took mountain chairs for a two days' travel inland. No foreign lady had, I believe, been above Chui Kan, with the exception of a few of us, who, some years before, went up the rapids four miles beyond. This expedition to Ku-cheng was an experiment, so far as we ladies were concerned. We went inland among the mountains thirty-three miles. All along the road we should be great curiosities, but we feared no trouble, excepting in the city of Ku-cheng. The country people are almost always peaceable, but the city crowds we dreaded.

Incidents.

To prevent the wandering natives at Chui Kan from boarding our boat, we anchored out in the stream opposite the town. A walk on the pleasant bank opposite the town was proposed, and we were all glad of the change. So calling a sampan to the side of our boat, we were soon rowed ashore, where we had a delightful walk, the river being between us and the people on the other bank. A few enterprising natives called a sampan and rowed over, determined to have a look at us. Our sampan waited to row us back to our boat home.

Returning, our attention was attracted by a Chinaman some distance off. He acted in a crazy manner, standing on the edge of the bank, and moving one foot and arm back and forth with a peculiar motion. Another man held an umbrella over him, although there was neither rain nor sun. Quite a number of natives were watching him with great interest.

One of our boatmen said that the man was possessed of a god, which had just entered into him. He had been living in a little temple on the bank, and when the god took possession of him he ran down to the shore and went through his gymnastic performances. Just at this time a sampan was brought up and the god-possessed was put into it to be taken to his friends, where it was said, in due time, his tongue would be loosened, that he might deliver the message of the god.

A Ride in Chairs.

Our chair-bearers were promptly on hand the next morning. As we landed from the boat a crowd awaited us, hooting and yelling with delight. There were six chairs, each chair having two bearers, and holding one person. Besides these, we had four or five bearers for carrying bedding and provisions, so we formed quite a cavalcade, and a laughable one it was too.

Our chairs were bamboo mountain chairs, and we had been careful to have the oil-paper covers taken off, both for safety and convenience, as we wished to see the country, and the people wanted to see us. If we were in open chairs there would be no temptation for them to resort to violence in order to satisfy their curiosity.

When the sun was too hot we spread bed-quilts over the tops of the chairs, which of course added to their interesting appearance to foreign eyes.

Mountains and Scenery.

We soon left the Chui Kan crowd behind us, and found ourselves among the mountains on the banks of the Ku-cheng River, which is a turbulent stream all the way up to Ku-cheng. Its banks are often almost perpendicular. We often rode in a narrow path on the very edge of a bank a hundred feet high. One misstep of our bearers would have sent us over upon the rocks below and into the roaring stream that goes over them.

The scenery on either side of the river was very fine. I have not seen such autumn foliage since we left the United States. Here the frost touches up the landscape with brightest colors. The mountains towered up boldly, some bare and rugged, others in perpetual green, while others, again, presented a perfect patchwork surface of green, brown and gray, reminding me strongly of the patched appearance of my coolie's garments, an idea, I fancy, not often suggested by mountain scenery.

Natives.

Every two or three miles we passed through villages, in each of which our bearers put us down and regaled themselves with a smoke, thus giving the villagers an opportunity to inspect the foreigners.

Men, women and children crowded around and examined our clothing, asking many questions. They were delighted when we answered them in their own language.

The first question invariably was, "Have you bound feet?"

The women often attempted to push aside our dresses and see for themselves. I would not allow this, telling them it was not polite. I told them that in the "Flowery Flag Kingdom" we all had large feet, as the Heavenly Father gave them to us.

"What!" said they, "don't any of you have bound feet?"

I answered, "No! In our country girls go to school and read books, as well as the boys, and we must have large feet to walk. Moreover, we think it wrong to cripple our bodies."

Our gloves amused them greatly. Being assured that they were really not our hands "so black," we had to take them off and put them on again, which greatly delighted them.

This was repeated in each village. The people seemed to be very poor, but simple-minded and kind. They live here among the mountains, far removed from the busy outside world. We were treated by them with the greatest kindness. But for the literary and official classes we should have little trouble in China.

In Trouble.

Our bearers were all opium smokers, and in the latter part of the day felt longings for their drug. Mrs. L.'s coolies became angry because she carried little Georgie, thus adding to the weight of their burden. The truth was, she and the child were not so heavy as others of our party singly, and it was ridiculous to see her bearers go from chair to chair, lifting each and its occupant, to compare weights. They finally returned to their own chair contentedly; but their anger broke out anew and more violently, when Miss B. and I concluded to walk, for a change, and Mrs. L., carrying the baby, was unable to follow our example. They put down her chair two or three times, refusing to go on, and seemed determined to give us all the trouble they could.

Mr. L. told them to please themselves,—to carry or not carry, and finally they came to terms.

This day we rode fifty-five *li*, or twenty miles, making good time, and stopped for the night at a *pwong taing*—rice store, or inn—at Pwo to liang, or "Pu lo tiang," (stomach ache) as it is generally called by the natives. We called our inn "The Imperial."

It furnished us with two rooms, the larger one for the gentlemen, the smaller for the ladies.

They were provided with bedsteads, consisting of rough boards resting on wooden stools. As a special favor, *clean* straw was spread on the boards upon which we put our bedding.

The rooms were unplastered, the rough board sides and bare roofs with large cracks admitting the wind and cold. We soon had our bedding spread over the straw, and you may be assured that I appreciated it as I never did the softest feather bed at home.

I suppose my readers, whom the great steam king whirls over so many miles with so little fatigue, feel quite like laughing at the idea of one being exhausted by a ride of twenty miles in a day. But a twenty miles ride in a bamboo chair, on men's shoulders, is something to be *felt* and remembered!

MANNA IN THE NIGHT.

Silently it fell,
Whence, no man might tell,
Like good dreams from heaven
Unto mortals given;
Like a snowy flock
Of strange sea-birds alighting on a shore of rock;
Silent thus and bright
Fell the manna in the night.

Silent thus and bright,
In our starless night,
God's sweet mercy comes
All about our homes;
Whence, no man can see,
In a soft shower drifting, drifting ceaselessly,
Till the morning light
Falls the manna in the night.

Boston Times.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

"'Love is the fulfilling of the law;' he preached from that text, did he? Well, I don't know; if the good doctor didn't make it plain, you can't expect me to, but I can try. Shut the door, dear. How came it open?"

"Mother, there's a woman there," said blithe Anne Gray.

"Well, what does she want?"

"To beg, I suppose," said Anne. "Do send her off," she added, in a whisper; "she looks so dirty."

Mrs. Gray went to the door, knitting in hand. A miserable object indeed, stood there, clad in thin calico and a wretched shawl. The tears were freezing on her cheeks, and her lips, all blue with cold, seemed glued together.

"Come in," said Mrs. Gray, and carried her to the warmest corner of the comfortable kitchen. "There, sit down and get thawed out before you speak a word," she said.

Did you ever see a heart-broken woman hold her hands out to the fire? There is a touching gesture, a dumb, longing, pathetic cry in the very movement. The poor, thin hands! the misshapen, hard-worked hands! Mrs. Gray could not look at them for very pity, and as for Anne, she had her new red mittens in a trice, and made an expressive gesture to her mother.

"And now what is it you want?" asked Mrs. Gray, as the woman got gradually warmed.

"O dear," was the first quivering response; "it's so good to get before the fire! I've been going all the morning, from door to door, for you see, madam, I be suffering greatly. I was burnt out, ma'am, two nights ago, and I've lost every thing. My four poor children are almost naked, and I'm round begging, for the first time in my life, 'm; but what could I do?"

"Where did you live?" asked Mrs. Gray.

The woman told her, and the locality was unfamiliar. But every lineament of the poor creature was stamped with suffering.

"Why don't you go to some church society?"

"I don't belong to any church, ma'am," said the woman, "and I don't know where to go. I was doing right well before this trouble came; took in sewing and went out for day's work; but my home is gone; my little furniture is gone; my clothes and the children's. I borryed this old shawl to come out in."

Mrs. Gray poured out some tea and buttered some bread, and made the poor creature eat. Anne stayed there when the mother went up stairs, and the woman talked about her little children, and her good neighbor, who had given her a home for a fortnight, till she could look about her. Then Mrs. Gray came down stairs with a miscellaneous assortment. There were three pairs of outworn boots, still serviceable there was a little bundle of flannels that Anne had once worn, two or three small dresses, and a coat that made the poor woman's eyes sparkle.

"O, madam," she said, "how good and kind you are! First you asked me in by the fire, when the cold seemed eating into my very heart—I've stood in the hall in other places; then you gave me some good hot tea, and such bread and butter as I don't taste every day, and now you're giving me good warm, whole things for my poor little ones, that's almost naked. I'm sure God will bless you, I'm sure He will. May He keep every misfortune away from you."

She gathered up her treasures with trembling lips. Her heart was very full, and she could not speak as Anne silently presented her the good, warm, new mittens, her own work. But as she turned to leave the room, she gave one look back, at mother and daughter, in which a volume of gratitude seemed to be concentrated.

Anne shivered as she opened the hall-door.

"Poverty is an ugly thing," she said, coming back with a sorrowful face.

"But then, dear, we have done all we could. Now let us dismiss it from our minds; it can do no good to dwell upon it. By the way, what were we talking about?"

"Love is the fulfilling of the law—and the law is, that we should do unto our neighbor—I think I understand it, mother; somehow I have had my eyes open to-day. You love the poor and afflicted, don't you, mamma?"

"I hope I love all God's creatures, dear."

"Well, I think you have explained the text—at least in a certain sense."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Gray, smiling.

THE PAPER AGE.

Ovid, and Pindar, and the other old poets tel us about the Golden Age, and the Silver Age, and we also hear sometimes of the Iron Age and even the Stone Age. Whatever periods of the world these may represent, the present might, with a kind of comical propriety, be called the Paper Age, when shoddy gets into nearly all the arts, and so much of the new that meets us in modern life consists merely of the old put into hoppers and ground over.

It is asserted that the natives of the East find no less than three hundred and fifty uses for the palm-tree. We have done "not quite so bad as that" by paper yet, but we are in a fair way to match the Japanese seventy—to say nothing of the hundred or more varieties of paper *sold as* paper, for wrapping, writing, hangings, &c.

Paper handkerchiefs, paper umbrellas, paper overcoats, paper carpet-bags, paper boards and paper bricks are likely to become as popular here as in Jeddo, with the beginning already made. Our paper collars and cuffs are now as much of an institution as tea and coffee, almost.

We make paper "oil-cloth" for carpets, we make paper leather for shoe soles, we make paper strings, meal-bags, windmills, tops, whistles and trinket-boxes. A patent has even been taken for a process by which flexible paper may be made (without any rustle to it) for window-curtains, bed-chintz and ladies' skirts.

One enthusiastic writer thinks the day is not far off when we can all be "paper clad"—paper hat, paper shoes, paper coat, vest, trousers, etc., with paper pocket-books lined with Uncle Sam's good greenback paper money!

Verily, the man who "don't take the papers" is a miserable being enough, now, but in the full reign of the new fashion of dress, not to have one's papers will imply an extreme of naked destitution sad to contemplate. One must be poor indeed, though, not to be able to buy a suit when a garment costs but fifteen cents. He would hardly need any greenbacks in his paper trousers.

The country is not so very far from such a cheap wardrobe millennium. Shoddy is little else than paper made of woollen rags, instead of cotton and linen.

THE GREEN FLY.

Every one who has window plants knows what this is. A wretched little misery-on-wings, that sits on our tender rose buds and sucks the life out of them.

What shall be done with him? Destroy him, or lose our plants. To pick him off would be too much trouble. He must be suffocated by tobacco smoke. Not here in the parlor, but in the shed, or in some unimportant closet.

Get about a peck of tobacco stems, and after making a light blaze with a few chips on a shovel, scatter a few of the stems over it. Then wet the rest of the tobacco with water, and when the fire burns best set the damp tobacco over it. The dry stems will fire the wet ones, and a dense cloud of smoke will fill the room.

Sprinkle the plants freely, and set them on the

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floor by the tobacco. Shut the room up tight, and leave the bugs to their fate.

In about an hour open the doors and windows, and the smoke will escape. Shower the plants well in the kitchen sink, to wash away the dead insects, and then return them to their place in the sunny window.

Do this again in about three days, and no more flies will be seen for some time.

MR. SEWARD GOES TO SEE THE MIKADO.

For the first time in history the jealous and "sacred" privacy of the court of the Mikado of Japan has been opened to a foreigner. The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* gives an account of the scene and surroundings when Mr. Seward called, by invitation, upon his majesty and had a talk:

At the United States consulate, Mr. Seward and his party were met by a Japanese attendant, who was adorned for this momentous occasion, with decorations of startling construction, and they at once proceeded to the castle.

The greater part of the distance was traversed in a carriage, but on arriving at the interior wall the party alighted, and advanced on foot. It is a question if any foreign eye had ever witnessed the scene which presently opened before them.

The route to the audience-hall, passed circuitously through a garden or series of gardens, of the kind which may be seen in the estates of many wealthy Japanese, but which are here brought to a perfection which is probably equalled nowhere in the empire.

Miniature groves and mountains, temples and shrines, lakes and cascades, smiling lawns and mimic wildernesses, surrounded them on all sides, every detail of the artificial landscape being harmonized with such singular skill and taste as to completely conceal the ingenious artifices by which the delightful effect had been produced.

At every turn in the path, the visitors were met by members of the foreign office, or of the Mikado's household, who, after exchanging appropriate greetings, joined the party, which in time increased to the magnitude of a small procession.

At about ten o'clock refreshments were served in a summer house, after which all proceeded to the pavilion in which his majesty was waiting to receive the guest of the day.

The Mikado remained seated during the interview, but he was entirely unveiled by screen or curtain. Up to this time, even the foreign ambassadors had only been allowed to look upon a part of his person at a time—the lower extremities or the face being always concealed.

Instead of being surrounded by ostentatious emblems of power and supremacy, his only visible attendants were a single guard and the officer who supplied him with the manuscripts containing his share in the conversation.

FOOD FUEL FOR THE BODY.

Corn is sometimes burned on Western farms, as cheaper than wood or coal. It looks like a wicked waste of good food. But many forget that much of the food we eat is only fuel to warm the body. *Cassell's Household Gazette* says:

The question seems almost absurd, Why is food required? so familiar is the fact; and yet the answer to it involves one of the grandest chapters in the history of science.

In its simplest form it may be given in three words—it is fuel.

We require food frequently for just the same reason that a fire requires coals frequently, and a lamp oil,—because we are burning away. Strange as this may appear, it is a most certain fact.

The air that we breathe into our lungs contains oxygen, and this oxygen combines with or burns the muscles or other organs of our bodies just as it does the coals in a fire. The heat produced in a man's body in the course of a day is considerable in quantity, though not very intense in quality.

Taking the average, it is enough to raise five and a half gallons of water from freezing point to boiling point, and this is about the heat that would be given off during the burning of a pound of coals. All this heat comes from the slow wasting or burning of the substance of the body, so that it is evident that if we did not make up for this constant loss by eating food, our organs would soon be wasted away and consumed.

A moment's thought will show how closely this agrees with well-known facts. Why does an animal become so thin during the slow and painful process of starvation? Clearly because the slow fire in his body is not fed with the fuel of food.

AN INTELLIGENT PARROT.

There are differences among birds in brightness and capacity, as among boys and girls, and the parrot spoken of in the following article from the Detroit *Free Press*, must have been one of the most precocious kind:

The recent death of a somewhat noted parrot, of the gray African species, very much to the sorrow of his owner, a resident of Congress Street east, recalls some anecdotes of the bird that we have heard related by his owner.

The most striking peculiarity of this parrot was that he had no sing-song phrases to be constantly repeated, whether in or out of place, but his talking, both answers and questions, were *apropos* to the time.

As an illustration, he always recognized his master's step, and would instantly call out to him, "How do you do, old boy?" and being answered "Pretty well," his response was, "All right."

On seeing his owner putting on his hat and coat to leave the house, he was sure to call for his parting salute with "Good-by, old boy!" "Come and kiss me good-by!"

Identifying and always calling by name every member of the family without any mistakes is an instance that we have never heard related before of any of the bird species. If wanting his food, or to see his mistress, he would address the servants.

"Bridget, where's Mrs. H.?" If the reply was "Gone out," he would then call for any other member of the family that would answer his purpose, and always correctly by name, and when they were not present.

These are but a very small sample of his sayings and doings. His vocal, and especially his imitative powers, were equally well developed. He would whistle a part of the Silver Lake waltz as well as the human voice could render it. Laughing, crying and the perfect imitation of other birds and animals, and peculiar voices of all kinds seemed to be his favorite pastime.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

A Three Dollar Picture for One New Subscriber.

We make a special offer of Prang's amusing and attractive chromo—THE DOCTOR. The size of the Picture is eight and one-half by eleven inches. It is beautifully colored, and represents a boy trying to give medicine to his favorite cat. She evidently appreciates his good intentions, and his absorbed and anxious face, makes a very amusing effect, in contrast with his patient's woe-begone expression.

The whole picture is well drawn, and will make a very pleasing ornament for sitting-room or chamber. Its retail price is three dollars, and it gives us pleasure to be able to offer so good and costly a Premium, for so small a return. Almost every one of our friends can get *one* new name—and we have no doubt they will improve the opportunity to secure so fine a gift. Postage eight cents.

SLEEPING WITH OPEN WINDOWS.

The Italians find it hard to understand the free and easy ways of American travellers, and a dignified commissary in Venice was quite shocked at the barbarous custom of sleeping with open windows. Mr. Howells, an American consul in that city, brought a complaint of burglary to the official, and was thus received:

After an exchange of diplomatic courtesies, the commissary took my statement of the affair down in writing, pertinent to which were my father's name, place and business, with a full and satisfactory personal history of myself down to the period of the attempted burglary. This, I said, occurred one morning about daylight, when I saw the head of the burglar peering above the window-sill, and the hand of the burglar extended to prey upon my wardrobe.

"Excuse me, Signor Console," interrupted the commissary, "how could you see him?"

"Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent me. The window was open."

"The window was open!" gasped the commissary. "Do you mean that you sleep with your windows open?"

"Most certainly!"

"Pardon!" said the commissary, suspiciously. "Do *all* Americans sleep with their windows open?"

"I may venture to say that they all do, in summer," I answered; "at least, it's the general custom."

Such a thing as this indulgence in fresh air seemed altogether foreign to the commissary's experience; and but for my official dignity, I am sure that I should have been effectually browbeaten by him. As it was, he threw himself back in his arm-chair and stared at me fixedly for some moments. Then he recovered himself with another "*perdoni!*" and, turning to his clerk, said, "Write down that, *according to the American custom*, they were sleeping with their windows open." But I know that the commissary, for all his politeness, considered this habit a relic of the times when we Americans all dwelt in wigwams; and I supposed it paralyzed his energies in the effort to bring the burglars to justice, for I have never heard any thing of them from that day to this.

MEXICAN SHEEP DOGS.

The boy who explained a "sheepish" man's looks by declaring that he "associated with sheeps" when he was little, uttered a good deal of philosophy. It will be news to many that dogs are trained for the shepherd's trade by being nursed like lambs—though we have no evidence that they get any sheepishness by their education, other than the right kind:

The Mexican sheep dogs, like those of South America, are from the Spanish stock. Their faithfulness is due chiefly to their education, which is somewhat peculiar. The young dog is early separated from its mother, taken to the flock and given to a ewe, which henceforth, as long as it needs milk diet, stands in the place of a mother. Not only the stepmother, but all the flock will soon become accustomed to the sight of the little fellow, and from this time he is a brother to the lambs, and grows up with them for the service of the sheep.

And a devoted servant he is, too, showing a warmth of attachment like that of a human being. Only one fault is laid to his charge by the shepherds; when young, he is too fond of playing with the sheep and lambs, and in his sport he sometimes keeps them on the gallop till their strength is gone, for so great is his power over them they cannot do otherwise than obey him.

These dogs, when grown, will kill a wolf with ease, and woe be to the vagrant cur that comes near the fold, for he is sure to be seen by the faithful guard, who rarely permits him to escape alive.

IN HIS DEN.

The fact here recorded, however, could not require the courage displayed by the old Continental hero, Gen. Putnam, since the bear was dozy, and showed no fight, whereas the wolf was awake and furious:

On the 15th inst., as two men named Gordon and Clough, residents of Woodstock, were gathering spruce gum back of Loon Mountain, in Lincoln, Gordon discovered, in a large cave in the mountain, a bear just turned in for a winter's nap.

As they had no weapons for offensive or defensive warfare, they left him to his dreams, and returned home. The next day, armed with revolver and ropes, they returned, and found the bear quietly sleeping.

Clough, revolver in hand, and a rope about his body, entered the cave, and, finding Bruin's pillow, shot the bear, and was then drawn out. Hearing nothing within, he in a short time entered again, drawing out with him a black bear of the largest size, fat as a porker.

They had to cut him in quarters, and were three days in getting him home. The length of the animal was nearly five feet from nose to root of tail, and the height three feet five inches. The estimated weight was upwards of three hundred pounds.—*Manchester Mirror.*

BRAVE BOY.

The city of Lyons witnessed in 1825 a striking instance of bravery and humanity in a boy of fourteen. There was a soldier on the bridge across the Rhone, who appeared to be in a state of great agitation. Suddenly he stopped and remained motionless for some time, looking over the parapet of the bridge into the water, and presently threw himself into the river.

A lad named Vigoreaux, who saw the affair, said to his younger brother who was with him, "Come, let us save him," and immediately they plunged into the river and succeeded in dragging the unhappy soldier to the bank, but not without much risk and difficulty.

"There," said Vigoreaux to his brother, in high glee, "I knew we could save him if we tried."

A crowd of people gathered around them, and collected a good sum of money to reward the boys for their bravery, who received the recompense with much indifference; but the interest of the scene was greatly increased when the boys were seen to give the money they had received to the soldier, and a shout of applause saluted their ears.

It was ascertained that the soldier sought death in a fit of despair, because he had lost in gambling the money he had received to pay his expenses to a distant place, besides other money entrusted to him by a comrade.

"SHIPPING A GIRL."

In certain localities of Yankee-land to "ship" a hired hand is equivalent to send away, as we hear the phrase "He acted so bad I *shipped* him." In the Provinces it is exactly the other way.

The seafaring habits of the people of St. John, N. B., are reflected in their speech. Servant girls and servant men are said to "ship" when they hire for a month or for six months. A fine, stout lass will ring at your hall door and inquire whether you want to "ship a girl;" and when a young couple are engaged, they are said to be "shipped." A congregation will talk of "shipping" a clergyman. The master of the house, whatever his calling, is invariably called the "skipper." Even the parsons are "skippers" of the church, and at their homes are inquired for under this familiar title. The best society is called "merchantable"—that being the term for fish of the first quality; while the lowest stratum is "scruff" or "dun."

DIDN'T MEND IT MUCH.

At a public dinner a man, while relating something to the company about two Chinese women, exclaimed, in a loud tone,—

"I declare they were the ugliest women I have seen anywhere."

There happening to be two maiden ladies present of no remarkable beauty, the speaker, who was a little misty, began to think he had made a mess of it, and that they would imagine he was alluding to them; so, to put matters straight, as he thought, he added, "the present company excepted." Roars of laughter ensued, and in a few minutes both speaker and ladies had vanished.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

CHARADE.

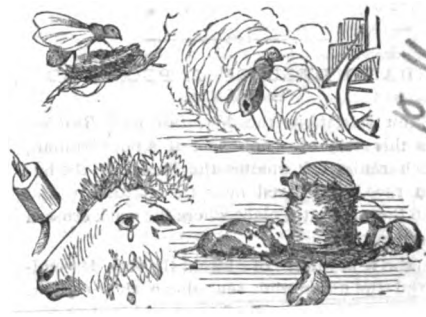
My *first* is one-tenth of my *third*;
My *second's* a pronoun quite small;
United, a girl's name they form;
A pretty name—known to us all. HAUTBOY.

2.

CHARADE BY PORSON, A CELEBRATED GREEK SCHOLAR.

My *first*, though the best and most faithful of friends,
You ungenerously name with the wretch you despise;
My *second*—I speak it with grief—comprehends
All the good, and the great, and the just, and the wise;
Of my *whole* I have little or nothing to say,
Except that it marks the departure of day.

3.



WILLY WISP.

4.

I consist of 13 letters. As 11, 12, 9 was going towards 7, 12, 9, 5 one evening. 7, 5 met a 9, 8, 13 who had only one 8, 6, 9. Seeing 11, 7, 8, 11 he was very 10, 12, 12, 6. he gave him 10, 8, 6, 11 of 8 loaf which 7, 5 had in his hand. My whole is a town in England. W. H.

5.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in fat, but not in lean,
My *second* is in saw, but not in seen;
My *third* is in loud, also in low,
My *fourth* is in leave, but not in go;
My *fifth* is in strong, but not in weak,
My *sixth* is in proud, but not in meek;
My *seventh* is in first, but not in last,
My *eighth* is in gone, but not in past;
My *ninth* is in light, but not in dark,
My *tenth* is in hear, also in hark;
My *eleventh* is in gain, but not in loss,
My *twelfth* is in snatch, but not in toss;
My *thirteenth* is in rare, but not in thin,
My *fourteenth* is in shaft, but not in pin;
My whole is a spectacle, said to be
Extremely sublime and glorious to see.
EVAN ERIC.

6.

First that which belongs to us all,
Then a son of the first king Saul;
Then something intended to hide;
Then take a dark fluid beside;
And now a Scotch river provide,
The first letter of each, in its place as above,
Give the name of a king whose writings we love.
UNCLE STEPHEN.

7.

My *whole* stood out in a level field,
And boasted of but one eye,
Around its feet my *first* was daubed,
To keep it both strong and dry.
If my *first* reversed should come along,
And attack the garnered grain,
He doubtless would revel in luxury,
Whilst the farmer groaned with pain.
And the more the farmer's motto had been
My *second*, and nothing more,
The bitterer grief would fill his heart,
At the thought of diminished store.
But ah! the farmer takes his gun,
And to ease his anguished soul
He places the fatal bullet in,
And aims at my innocent *whole*.
One moment more and the smoke has cleared,
And with an exultant cry
He rushes up to my *whole*, and lo!
He has shot it right in the eye.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. A soft answer turneth away wrath.
2. Pat-riot.
3. Our extensive prairies are open to all emigrants.
4. Benjamin.
5. Every.
6. Blue-bell, Dandy-lion, Cow-slip, Butter-cup, Fox-glove, Honey-suckle, Prim-rose, Sweet-briar.
7. Rosemary.

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For the Companion.

SEEK CHRIST YOUNG,

That you "may rejoice and be glad all your days."

A good old clergyman was accustomed to preach, from time to time, in the obscure parish of Agherton, Ireland. A little boy used to follow him whenever he made his appearance in the place, hoping to please God by walking in the footprints of the messenger of truth. One day the good man noticed the boy walking behind him. He turned, and, with a pleasant countenance, said,—

"Well, child, God hath declared, 'I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.'"

The little boy received the message as a treasure, for he was seeking the Lord.

"Early," he said, "that means early in the morning. I will rise early every morning, and pray."

And he rose early each morning, and prayed. He thought upon the subject again.

"*Early*. That means in youth. Others *may* find him, but the young who seek him SHALL find Him, the Bible says. I will spend my youth in seeking Him."

Years afterwards, in the decline of his useful life, he wrote in the album of a friend, in Liverpool:

"I have enjoyed the spring of life;
I have endured the toils of its summer;
I have culled the fruits of its autumn;
I am now passing through the rigors of its winter;
And am neither forsaken by God
Nor abandoned by man!
I see at no great distance the dawn of a new day,
The first of a spring that shall be eternal!
It is advancing to meet me!
I run to embrace it!
Welcome, welcome, eternal spring!
Hallelujah!"

That boy was Adam Clarke.

GRAND DEED OF A POOR OLD WOMAN.

Elihu Burrit, in the *Mechanic and Builder*, tells this story of a noble act of a poor woman, which ranks her among the heroes of the human race. She lived near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at a place where the track crossed a deep gorge:

In the wild month of March, the rain descended and the mountains sent down their rolling, [illegible] of melted snow and ice into this gorge near the old woman's hut.

The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side.

It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood, and the darkness was deep and howling with the storm.

In another half hour the express train would be due. What could she do to warn it against the awful destruction it was approaching?

She had hardly a whole tallow candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain.

Not a moment was to be lost; and her thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cords of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, side pieces and head piece. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled all their household furniture upon the line a few rods before the black, awful chasm, gurgling with the roaring flood.

The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well-dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, swaying, blooming light a long way up the track. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane, and she could not revive it with green, wet wood.

The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on brakes soon enough. Awful thought!

She tore her red flannel gown from her in a moment, and tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the track, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung round her head a blazing chair post a little before.

The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great red eyes of the engine burst upon her as it came round a curve. Like as a huge, sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that filled all the wild heights and ravines around.

The train was at full speed; but the brakemen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the decaying fire. It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged, and into a death and destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal.

They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine; the engine driver and the brakemen came and knelt down by him; all the passengers came and knelt down by them; and there, in the expiring light of the burnt-out pile, in the rain and the wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a line the kneelers and prayers sent up into the dark heavens such a midnight voice of thanksgiving as seldom, if ever, ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret. And the woman was not forgotten.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

For the Companion.

THE LITTLE BOY DEAD.

An Original Poem for Declamation.

By Hezekiah Butterworth.

I.

O light was the heart of Duke William,
The minstrels all playing for glee,
His fleet, dancing light on the Channel,
And Normandy sunk in the sea.
Above him, the sky of September,
Below him, the waters at west,
And snowy sails breaking around him
The light of the opaline rest.
His ship dropping lightly her pennons,
Their gonfanons waving, the crew;
His ensign, the Normandy Lions,
Rolled out from the mast in the blue.
"Do ye see," said the duke to the nobles,
"Yon glimmering island afar?
Have ye heard that its forests are fairer
Than those of old Normandy are?—
Then on to yon isle of the ocean!
And win it with spear and with bow!
And loud in the forests, the hunter
The Normandy bugle shall blow!

II.

O hard was the battle that followed!—
In the silence of night ere it came
The Normans knelt down in the darkness,
And prayed by the torches aflame.
They sang the great war-song of Norland
When morning uplifted its light,
And the Normandy Lions, victorious,
Waved over dead Harold at night.

III.

Then rose the conqueror's palace
On Winchester's circle of hills,
Where the stag bounded over the woodlands,
And bright water-courses, and rills.
But all the great forest was broken
By hamlets and cottages rude,
And the ivy-clad fane of the Saxon
Uplifted its cross in the wood.
Then the conqueror said:

"In the cottage
The rabbit a burrow shall make;
The deer shall bound over the village
As free as the bird on the lake;
The stag, in the silence of summer,
Shall cool in the brooks of the wild,
The birds the ripe berries shall gather,
Unstirred by the feet of a child,
And Richard, my darling boy, Richard,
So noble, so brave and so fair,
Will love the wild chase in the forest,
And lead the young noblemen there."

He touched the red torch to the hamlet,
He touched the red torch to the fane,
The peasants went forth from the forest
To never behold it again!
O then there were weeping and wailing!
O then there was wringing of hands!
There was blood in the desolate rivers,
There was smoke in the desolate lands!
There were little feet, sore and aweary,
There were little hearts, throbbing with pain;
For children went forth from the forest
To never behold it again.

IV.

Prince Richard was loving and noble,
Prince Richard was winsome and fair;
On his cheek there were dimples of beauty,
On his neck, golden tresses of hair.
He loved the cool shades of the forest,
And led the young noblemen there—
The conqueror's pride was Prince Richard,
The boy was so winsome and fair.

V.

'Twas night, at the ending of summer,
'Twas night, and the forest was still,
Save when the wild horn of the hunter
Rung out from the cliff and the hill.
The prince and his nobles had feasted,
When morning illumined the east,
And dashed to the heart of the forest,
Right merrily, after the feast.
'Twas night, the great moon was ascending,
Illuming the tops of the wood,
The noblemen found in a thicket
A hunter, bedabbled with blood.
They bore the young form to King William,
The blood on the forehead so fair,
The blood on the dimples of beauty,
The blood on the tresses of hair.
He wiped the red stains from the forehead,
He lifted the curls from the face,
He folded the boy to his bosom,
In a last and impassioned embrace.
Then under the tapestries purple,
And under the lamps of gold.
He laid the light form, and his sorrow
In the silence of midnight he told:

"The fallow deer bounds through the woodland free,
The nest of the heron is safe in the tree,
But here, in the hall of my palace, I see
My little boy dead.

"And thou to the sunlight wilt never return
When the dew of the summer time jewels the fern,
And low on the forest the harvest moons burn,
My little boy dead.

"I think of old Normandy, sunny and fair,
Her crown I had destined to place on thy hair,
When I should be aged and weary of care,
My little boy dead.

"O, bright was my way o'er the slumbering sea,
The gonfanons waving! The minstrels for glee,
Played sweet 'neath the Lions of Normandy three,*
My little boy dead.

"And bright was the evening, the moon it was round,
The dead and the dying lay thick on the ground,
When I stood by the side of young Harold discrowned,
My little boy dead.

"But what is a sceptre, and what is a crown,
And what is a kingdom of ancient renown,
When the heart is despoiled, and the tears trickle down!
My little boy dead.

"I place my hard hand on thy beautiful hair,
I play with thy fingers so slender and fair,
And thou art gone forth to the shadowy air,
My little boy dead.

"No loving smile breaks o'er thy features compressed,
No loving heart beats in thy motionless breast,
Silence and rest, silence and rest,
My little boy dead.

"The shades of the forest are pleasant no more,
Let the children return to the hamlets of yore;
I would give the bright crown of the land to restore
My little boy dead.

* The "Three Norman Lions," the ensign of William the Conqueror.

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH.

Mr. P. went to Dr. Dio Lewis for a prescription, saying that he was in a very bad way. Here is the talk they had together, as the doctor reports it in his book "About People's Stomachs:"

"Doctor," said Mr. P., "if you will excuse a street vulgarity, I am 'played out.' I can't digest, I can't work, I have lost my courage, I fear I must stop."

"Tell me about your diet."

"If you will excuse me, I know that is all right. I have studied the subject, and I know my food is all right."

"How about your exercise?"

"I have a little gymnasium in my store, and exercise an hour or two every day. I sometimes tire myself out with these exercises."

"How about your sleep?"

"Why, doctor, I go to bed every night with the chickens. At any rate, I am always in bed by nine o'clock, and I rise by six o'clock in the morning, take a bath, a plain breakfast, and go to my counting-room. Once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon I exercise in my gymnasium half an hour or so, but I am getting worse all the time. Isn't it curious? My wife thinks I must have a cancer in the stomach. Nothing seems to help me. I live the most physiological life, but my digestion grows worse and worse."

"About your counting-room; is that light? is it sunny?"

"No, that is one nuisance we have in our store The store is every way pleasant, only that the counting-room is so dark we have to use gas all the time."

"That's it, Mr. P.; that explains your cancer."

"Of course, you don't mean that; but I suppose it would be better if the counting-room was sunny."

"Why, Mr. P., no plant or animal can digest in the dark.

"Have you never noticed that the only grapes that become perfectly ripe and sweet, that the only peaches that take on those beautiful red cheeks, and offer that luscious sweetness, are those that are on the outside, entirely uncovered by the leaves and perfectly exposed to the sun? God's laws are the same in the animal world.

"Don't you see a good many pale girls in your store, girls with a bloodless, half-baked sort of face, whose walking, whose voice, whose whole expression is devoid of spirit and force? Those girls are in the green state. Look at their lips and cheeks; they are not half ripe. Send them out in the country, let them throw away their parasols, put on their little jockey hats, and live out in the sunshine three months, and I would give more for one of them in any work requiring soul and spirit than for a dozen of those pale things that live in the shade. A pale woman! She makes a very good ghost, but not much of a woman."—*Talks about People's Stomachs.*

TECUMSEH AND THE EARTHQUAKE.

During the years from 1812 to 1815 several remarkable earthquakes shook the region of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. Meantime Tecumseh, the famous Shawnee chieftain, was "on the war path," and his name became curiously connected with one of the great convulsions:

The earthquake of 1815 gave Tecumseh the reputation of a prophet among the Indians of Alabama. A few months previous to this event, he was on his mission to the Southern Indians to unite all the tribes of the South with those of the North in his grand scheme of exterminating the whole white race.

On his return from Florida, Tecumseh went among the Creeks in Alabama, urging them to unite with the Seminoles. Arriving at a Creek town on Tallapoosa River, he made his way to the lodge of the chief, called the Big Warrior. He explained his object, delivered his war talk, presented a bundle of sticks, gave a piece of wampum and a hatchet—all of which the Big Warrior took.

Then Tecumseh, reading the intentions and spirit of the Big Warrior, looked him in the eye, and pointing his finger toward his face, said,—

"Your blood is white; you have taken my talk, but you do not mean to fight. I know the reason; you do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me; you shall know; I leave directly, and shall go straight to Detroit. When I arrive there I will stamp on the ground with my foot, and shake down every house in Tuckhabatchee."

So saying he turned and left the Big Warrior in utter amazement at both his manner and his threat, and pursued his journey.

The Indians were struck no less with his conduct than was the Big Warrior, and began to dread the arrival of the day when the threatened calamity should befall them. They met often and talked over the matter, and counted the days carefully to know the time when Tecumseh would reach Detroit.

The morning they had fixed upon as the period of his arrival at last came. A mighty rumbling was heard—the Indians all ran out of their houses and the earth began to shake; when at last, sure enough, every house in Tuckhabatchee was shaken down.

The explanation was in every mouth, "Tecumseh has gone to Detroit!" The effect was electrical. The message he had delivered to the Big Warrior was justified, and many of the Indians took their rifles and prepared for the war.

The reader will not be surprised to learn the earthquake had produced this; but he doubtless will be that it should happen on the very day that Tecumseh arrived in Detroit.

STORY OF THE GOLD DISCOVERER.

The strange instances of what seems unjust destiny furnished in the history of Columbus dying in prison, and Col. Drake, the coal-oil discoverer, dying in the poor-house, have many parallels among living men, reduced to penury after having found, by genius or accident, what has influenced the fate of a nation:

James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, in giving a history of that discovery, said, "I was nearly certain that there was gold in the country long before I found it, and so just kept a good lookout for indications. I was working in the saw-mill at Coloma, and went out on the morning of that day (Jan. 19, 1848), closed the fore-bay gate to shut off the water, and then walked down to the trail race to see what sand and gravel had been removed during the night.

"I always did this, as I thought there might be minerals in the mountains, and knew if there were, some of them would be washed down by the water. I looked at the gravel and sand for a few moments and saw something glittering in a crevice of granite a half a foot under water, and stooped down to pick it up.

"It was heavier than any thing I had ever seen before, and I knew it must be either mica, or sulphuret of copper, or gold. It was too heavy for mica, and I remembered that sulphuret of copper was too brittle, so I placed the specimen on a stone and hammered away at it; but instead of breaking it only bent, and then I was nearly certain it must be gold.

"I didn't say any thing about it that day, for fear the men would laugh at me, but just looked around and picked up about four ounces of it. When I showed it to Sutter he wouldn't believe it was gold until he tested it with nitric acid, and I think that's all I have to say, except that I have been pretty hardly used, which is neither here nor there."

AT CHURCH IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The following is a description of the usual scene at a New York city church, during the days of the early Dutch settlers:

The ladies appeared in short, colored petticoats and waist jackets, with little coat-tails behind (paniers (?)) and wore colored hose, high-heeled shoes and no hats or bonnets.

The men appeared in their broad doublets and trunk-hose,* and took their places in the galleries, while the women sat below.

After the ringing of the bell, the sexton and his deputies formed a procession, and marched in with the cushions of the burgomasters, who had pews set apart for their especial use. The dominie was perched in a high, circular pulpit, with an immense sounding-board impending above his head He wore a gown of black silk, with flowing sleeves, and was altogether imposing in his personal appearance.

The clerk stood below, and read a chapter from Scripture, or chanted the Apostolic Creed. It was his duty, too, when any public notice was to be given, to hand it up to the dominie on a long pole, and also to watch the hour-glass during the sermon, and as soon as its sands were run out to give three raps with his cane to intimate that the time was up.

This cut short the parson's discourse, and the deacons went around carrying poles with little black bags at the end to collect alms.

*A kind of large breeches.

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THE NEW BOOK.

Ah! here is a truly nice present!
A book full of pictures and tales;
How pretty and graceful this drawing!
A ship, with her rigging and sails.

Here's a man who seems wounded and ill,
Two merry boys running a race,
A little girl put in the corner,
With downcast and cross-looking face,

"True courage," or, "who is the coward?"
"The midshipman's first trip to sea."
"How little Kate nursed her sick mother."
"The rose bud, the wind and the bee."

"The life of old Jack, the tame monkey,"
I think that seems full of great fun;
And still there are more illustrations,
With stories to every one.

I know you are longing to hear them,
But then I have so much to do,
That I must away to my business,
And cannot stay longer with you.

I wish you'd make haste with your learning,
And not be dependent on me,
To find out and tell you the meaning
Of each pretty picture you see.

When once you can read all these pages,
And not, like a baby, just look,
You'll gain a large store of amusement,
And really enjoy your nice book.

For the Companion.

CAPTAIN SNARLY.

His real name is Wilfred Henry Alton. But he doesn't get called by it very often.

When he is good, and pleasant, and sweet, his mamma and grandma call him Birdie, or Sunbeam.

But when he is naughty he is called Capt. Snarly. And this name suits him very well at such times.

One morning he came down stairs looking like the picture. Indeed, the picture doesn't look quite so cross as Wilfred did, and he had more wrinkles in his forehead.

Just as soon as his mamma looked at him, she knew it was Capt. Snarly. But she smiled, and said, "Good-morning, dear. How do you do, this bright day?"

Wilfred put his finger in his mouth.

"I dess I've dot a headache," he said.

"Have you? I'm very sorry," said mamma. "Where does it ache?"

"Way round beback of it!" snarled the captain.

"I guess you slept too long," said his mother. "You will feel better when you are washed and dressed, and have your hair combed."

So she brought his striped stockings, and the little slippers with rosettes, and a new plaid frock, which she had finished only yesterday.

But O, how he snarled and fussed all the time she was dressing him!

And when she was combing his hair, he cried loud enough to be heard in the next house, and the lady there said, "I guess Mrs. Alton has got Capt. Snarly over to her house."

When his mother had made him look nice and neat, she said, "Now come and have your breakfast."

But this naughty little boy growled, "I don't fink I tan eat any thing 'cept a piece of mince pie."

"I haven't any mince pie in the house," said his mother, "and you know I never let you eat it for breakfast. Here is some nice bread and milk in your little china bowl, and the cookies grandma sent you."

"If I tan't have some mince pie, I tan't eat any thing," said Capt. Snarly.

"Very well," said mamma. So she put the things away and sat down to her sewing.

Wilfred pulled his little rocking-chair near the fire and sat a long time scowling at the stove.

Presently he began to kick it with his foot. He knew his mother disliked the noise, but he didn't care. She did not ask him to stop, and after a while he was tired of it himself.

He was very unhappy, and he began to be a little bit ashamed of himself. Besides, he was getting hungry. He wished his mother would speak to him, but she didn't. She was sewing on a little coat and singing to herself.

Wilfred knew the little coat was for him. Usually he liked to hear his mother sing, but now he wished she wouldn't look so happy when he was so miserable. The more he thought about it the worse he felt. He began to cry softly, but his mother took no notice.

Pretty soon he said, "O dear, I wish I tould have the nose-bleed, or somefin, so somebody'd care."

"People don't care much for Capt. Snarly, any way," said his mother. "I should like to hurt him myself, so he would stay away and let me keep my own little boy all the time."

"Should you prick his nose with your needle?" asked Wilfred.

"Yes, or I could whip him. I think it would be better to whip him."

Wilfred thought it over. He and Capt. Snarly had a little fight all by themselves, by the stove. In a little while his mother felt two soft arms around her neck, and two sweet kisses on her cheek.

"Why, here's my little rose bud again!" said she, looking down at the bright little face close to her own.

"Capt. Snarly's gone," said Wilfred, "and he isn't ever'n ever coming back again."

"I hope not," said his mother.

Then Wilfred had his breakfast, and he was so hungry he never once thought of mince pie.

Afterwards he sat down by his mother's feet and she talked to him a long time about his naughty temper. Wilfred promised to try hard to be a good boy. And he is keeping his word.

The last time I saw his mother, she said she hadn't seen Capt. Snarly for so long she had almost forgotten him.

WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was.

He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

"Now," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day, I must teach you to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be threescore and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; bnt if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure.

"When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen years old, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never, since then, have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think I have even looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

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For the Companion.

THE DEW.

Whence comes the dew? This is a question which has puzzled many a wise head. The ancients thought that it dropped from the stars. Perhaps they imagined that the stars, being baby suns, were in the habit of crying, especially in the night, and their tears then fell in countless numbers to the earth.

But Baptista Porta, (a name we naturally associate with *drops*) discovered that when a plant is covered with a bell-glass in cold weather, the dew is more abundant on the inside than on the outside of the glass. He also noticed that on some opaque substances, the dew was on the *under* not the *upper* surface. Hence arose the theory that the earth, having toiled all day like a great engine, lets off her steam at night.

Muschenbrock (Mush-in-breeches, another odd name!) concluded that this could not be the true explanation, for the appearance of dew may be noticed even in a close room.

This observation must have been made on a washing-day. When clothes are being boiled, there is always, at least in cold weather, much dew on the kitchen windows, as well as much "ado" in the rest of the house. This Dutchman did not, however, succeed in explaining how the work of the dew was done.

It is an old saying that truth lies in a well. In reference to the dew, the truth came from Wells, a London physician, who was the first duly to investigate the dew. He exposed little bundles of wool, each weighing ten grains, by night, and in the morning found how much moisture they had collected, by again weighing them.

He observed, as Aristotle had done centuries before, that there is little dew on cloudy nights, but even when the sky is clear, there is not always the same amount. Strange to say, if he hid the stars, the wool took in less moisture. He covered over one piece with a little roof of pasteboard, and it gained only two grains in weight, while another piece outside gained sixteen.

By the aid of his thermometer, he discovered that the bit of pasteboard produced this singular result by keeping in the heat. Then, with one gigantic bound, he leaped from this little roof to the sky, and arrived at the true conclusion, that the clouds act as a sort of overcoat, which keeps the earth warm, and thus hinders the formation of dew.

Some substances lose their heat much sooner than others, and these are especially liable to be copiously bedewed. Glass is a substance of this sort, and hence astronomers used to be much troubled by the clouding over of their telescopes. This is now remedied by a dew-cap, a cylinder of tin or card projecting beyond the glass and preventing its heat from flying off too quickly. It is on the same principle that gardeners cover over their greenhouses with matting, on frosty nights. Even this flimsy addition interferes greatly with the radiation of the heat from the glass.

It was formerly thought that moonshine was injurious to the eyesight, (especially of lovers) as on moonlit nights the eyes are apt to suffer particularly, and have even become blind. It is not the moon, however, which causes this, but the absence of clouds. The eyeballs get rid of their heat too rapidly; they suffer too sudden a chill, and sometimes are not only bedewed, but permanently bedimmed. So prudent folks wear a broad-brimmed hat, when, like the frost, they go out on a clear, cold night.

There is no dew on the tops of mountains. The scriptural dew on Mt. Hermon must have been on the sides, not the summit of the mountain. The air, as it is cooled, descends and gives place to warmer air, which is lighter. Thus an object is prevented from reducing the temperature of the air so low as to cause its moisture to be condensed.

For the same reason there is no dew in windy weather. Fresh air is continually supplying the place of that which has been cooled. The sun's heat during the day fills the air with vapor, and thus stores itself up for the use of the plants by night, when it is given forth again in the form of dew, if the cold renders it necessary. Thus is a wonderful process in the circulation of moisture continually going on, as described by a German poet:

"O thou kind companion! deign
By our side still to remain,
Said the flowers to a brook—in vain.
For the dancing stream replied:
I must hasten, far and wide,
The parched meadows I must lave,
And plunge into old ocean's wave;
But again from the heavenly blue
I will ere long return—as dew."

VARIETY.

HUGE PALACE.

One has very imperfect ideas of the extent of some of the royal palaces of Europe. The *Rural New Yorker* gives a few details of the Escurial, of Spain, which are startling:

The Escurial is the palace of the kings of Spain, one of the largest and most magnificent in the world. It was commenced by Philip II., in the year 1562, and the first cost of its erection was 6,000,000 of ducats. It forms a vast square of polished stone, paved with marble. It may give some notion of the surprising grandeur of this palace to observe that, according to the computation of Francisco de los Santes, it would take more than four days to go through all the rooms and apartments, the length of the way being reckoned thirty-three Spanish leagues, which is above one hundred and twenty English miles. There are fourteen thousand doors, and eleven thousand windows belonging to the edifice.

THE HORN-BOOK.

In the eighteenth, and even at the beginning of the present century, children learned the alphabet and the first lessons in reading from a horn-book. It was not what we should call a book, as it had only one page; this was printed on white paper, which was laid upon a thin piece of oak, and covered with a thin sheet of horn, secured in its place by eight tacks driven through a border or mounting of brass, the object of the horn being to keep the page unsoiled. The first line on the page was called the "cross-row," "so named," said Dr. Johnson, "because a cross is placed at the beginning, to show that the end of learning is piety."

The Poet Cowper thus describes the horn-book of his time:

"Neatly secured from being soiled or torn,
Beneath a pane of thin, translucent horn,
A book (to please us at a tender age
'Tis called a book, though but a single page,)
Presents the prayer the Saviour deigned to teach,
Which children use, and parsons when they preach."

CARED FOR BY A CAT.

This might make a foundation for a story like "Babes in the Wood."

The New York *Herald* tells of a little girl in Thirty-Fifth Street who followed a favorite cat into her nursery of little ones beneath an adjoining building, and was for thirteen hours lost to her parents. At the end of that time the feeble cries of the child were heard, and she was extricated from the hole into which she had crawled. She was quite exhausted, and over her the cat was standing guard, purring and occasionally lashing her tail against her sides as a group of bright-eyed rats peered forth near by or scampered past in the distance.

INSECTS' MUSCLES.

The power of some insects' muscles is enormous:

The flea, for example, will leap two hundred times its own height. "A beetle (*Geotrapes stercorarius*) is able to sustain and escape from beneath the pressure of from twenty to thirty ounces—a prodigious weight for an insect weighing less than that number of grains. The stag-beetle (*Lucanus cervus*), says Mr. Stephens, has "gnawed a hole an inch in diameter through the side of an iron canister in which it was confined," and from which it escaped.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT TO A CARELESS MAN.

People are so often warned against the hasty leaping upon cars, drawbridges and ferry-boats in motion that there is no excuse for such rashness. The following is another sad case of death from foolish risk in this way:

A man who resided in Greenbush, named Alexander Rose, about fifty years of age, was instantly killed on the Hudson River Bridge. He was employed at the West Albany car-shop, as a bolt cutter, and was crossing the bridge on his way home when the accident occurred. On arriving at the draw he found it open, and was compelled to wait until it closed, before he could pass over. As the draw was swinging round, and while it was still a few feet from closing, in his eager desire to get home, he attempted to spring on it, but, miscalculating the distance, he fell down on the masonry on which the draw rests. As it swung into place, Rose was killed instantly.

PITIFUL FATE OF TWO CHILDREN.

Minnesota papers tell a sad story of a little girl and boy who wandered away from the house of their father, in Morrison county, in that State, and were subsequently found dead by the Indians. The boy lay on his back, having apparently died without much suffering. The girl had taken her rings from her ears, and wrapping them with a lock of her hair in a small piece of cloth, had put the parcel in her pocket, and then lain down and died from cold, hunger and exposure.

DEAR FUN.

Some young boys, living in Hollis Township, Ill., went into a coal mine, the other day, with a lighted candle. Discovering a keg of gunpowder and anticipating sport, they laid a train of powder from the entrance of the shaft to the keg, touched it off and were blown entirely out of the mine by the explosion. Their hair was burned off, their faces and hands scorched to a crisp, and they were otherwise horribly and frightfully mutilated. If the injuries are not fatal they are crippled for life.

DEAD MEN'S TESTIMONY.

The author of a recent work on India defends the climate of that country, which, he says, is principally dangerous to persons who do not take proper care of themselves; and, in illustration of this fact, he quotes the remark of the Irish gentleman in reference to Europeans in India: "They eat and drink, they drink and they eat, and then they die, and then they write home to say that the climate has killed them."

WHEN may a ship be said to be in love? When she's attached to a buoy; or when she's making up to a man-of-war.

ONE of the hours each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years.

THE only liberty cap—says a clever and witty author—is the night-cap. In it men visit, one-third of their lives, the only land where they are free and equal.

THE CONDUCTOR of a down east railroad was recently tendered the following instead of a ticket: "Mester Husbend,—Please pay my brother free if you can pass him for nothing. I'll be pay you when I'll be there. M—— L." The conductor's name was Osborn.

A LITTLE BOY, who had never been in the country before, wrote to his mamma in town to the effect that "the cows often act very badly about being milked; sometimes, when you are almost through they will kick the milk over, and you have to go to work and milk them right over again!"

A VISITOR at a school in Michigan saw the flag of our country arranged on the wall of the school-room, nearly one-half of which was covered. He thought to improve the occasion in a patriotic way, and with that purpose asked one of the pupils what the flag was there for. "To cover up the dirt," was the prompt reply.

PAUL CONNERS went to sleep during service in St. Stephen's church, Boston, and was locked in at the close of the exercise. When he awoke he tried to get out by a window, fell, broke his shoulder, and now reposes in the city hospital. Paul got off better than Eutychus, or than Eutychus would have done but for the miracle.

THE following dispatch recently passed through a telegraph office: "I lent you, one year ago to-night, four dollars and eighty-seven cents. If you have not had it long enough, please keep it one year longer." To his delicate hint this answer was returned: "Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let her run another year."

SNOOKS' mother and old Mrs. Stubbs were talking about little babies, and the nursery lines about "putting him in a pint pot," &c.

"Why," said Mrs. Snooks, "when I was a baby they put me in a coffee-pot and put the lid on."

"And did you live?" was the astonishing inquiry of Mrs. Stubbs.

"They tell me I did," was the astonishing reply.

"Well, did you ever!" and Mrs. Stubbs fell to knitting like one possessed.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

HOW JUNE FOLLOWED ON INTO SUMMER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

Never did a prouder and a happier "hand" enter the mill than Elspeth McKerlough, as she came the next morning, leading June by the hand. Her earnestness, the evening before, was not to be resisted, and indeed, the blind child, standing silently by, with that strange sweetness in her face, pleaded quite as strongly.

So the overseer, who valued Elspeth's steady, faithful work, and remembered a pair of blue eyes that had watched from the nursery window many a night for his return, but now slept in a little churchyard away from the noise and bustle of the town, had removed all difficulties at the office, and arranged that the coveted place should be hers.

Elspeth would gladly have worked the harder and saved the more closely, that she might have enough for the two; but her good sense was as strong as her determination, and she knew that June would be happier to be busy with the rest, than in any way she could provide for her at home. And it could not be for long.

"The gude Lord," she said, "would soon show her the way out o' this dull, clatterin' place into the sunshine o' her ain mither's love once mair. That she kenned as well as though a voice from His blessed heaven had spoken the same in her ear."

So there sat the golden-haired June, upon her little stool, with all the quiet dignity of a queen upon her throne, her slender fingers taking up daintily, one after another, the buttons that were to be finished by the working of the life-like little power under her command.

Deftly she dropped each one, plain and imperfect, into the mouth open to receive it, and with one quick turn of the machinery it was stamped into firmness, and almost at the same instant dropped, printed with a clear-cut, handsome design, into a receptacle below.

Elspeth watched her anxiously for a few days, but the little hands were always moving steadily and without danger, and when hours were over, and she walked home at Elspeth's side, the smile was as bright, and the low laugh as merry and clear as ever before.

So it came to be a settled thing that she was there. The other workers in the busy room watched her at first with silent wonder, but the roughest of them, after a few days, learned to say some tender or admiring word as they glanced toward her seat.

Somehow—they could not have told how—the room seemed lighter and sunnier for seeing her there, as much as for the flowers that bloomed in long boxes on the window-sills. And the overseer, scarcely aware of it himself, was always sure to stop, as he passed by, and say some kind, cheery, word sometimes thinking of the blue eyes lost from his nursery window, and sometimes of the tearful ones that had so long looked in vain for June to come home.

The pride and pet of the room she surely was; and to all visitors passing through, some one was sure to whisper the wonder that the swift moving little fingers were guided only by the sense of touch.

And so the days and weeks passed on, and the golden hair, and the quick-answering smile, still lighted up the mill room, where the endless, relentless jarring of noise and movement, and the monotony of work, made need enough of some bright spot toward which the workers might turn their eyes now and then, and gather up refreshment.

At last, when the winter had gone by, and the spring had passed into the first day of June's beautiful namesake month, and Elspeth began to feel that the child looked pale, and ought to be out in the free sunshine, but always checked her trouble by reproving herself sharply, and asking "wha kenned best, hersel' or the gude Lord, the help o' the mitherless?" a party sauntered into the room, escorted by the superintendent himself.

RHYMING HARRY.

They had made the tour of the whole mill, that warm summer morning, and now at this last room their interest began to flag, and they looked carelessly at what was to be seen, beginning to think of their carriages, and their homeward drive to their hotel.

"Perhaps you will not care to see this room more thoroughly," said the superintendent, "the machinery is all simple, and much of it resembling what you saw in an adjoining one. The people will not think you have paid your compliments properly, however, if you do not cast at least one admiring glance upon that child yonder. Would you believe she does not see an object that she touches with those quick fingers?"

The lady standing nearest him laid her hand, with a quick gesture, upon her husband's arm.

"Blind! You surely do not mean that? So young and so fair a face! And how should such a child be here? Why, even if she had all the blessings of our own children, she ought to be out under the free sky for years to come."

"Well, I don't know," said the superintendent, "eye-sight and free air do seem to belong to children, it is true; but in this case Heaven has denied the one, and her own choice gives up the other. She doesn't seem to pine under it."

"O, Edward," said the lady, "do let us go and speak to the child."

They crossed the floor and stood beside June's stool. The noise of the machinery never prevented her quick ear from distinguishing every footstep that came near, and if it had been the overseer, or one of the mill hands, they would have met her face turned to meet them with a sunny greeting; but when a strange step approached, the little figure was in a moment so wrapped about with a reserve, and dignity, and close attention to her work, that scarcely ever did any one venture to ask one of the questions which they felt upon their lips.

The sweet Mrs. Tynsdale had come near to June with her heart full of pity and tender words; and her husband, with quick memories of the many eyes it had been his life-work to examine and to cure, meant to get leave to look at June's, and ask how it all came about; but they both went back to the superintendent without having said a word.

"That should not be a hopeless case," said the gentleman. "What has been done for those eyes?"

"That I can hardly tell you. The child is a sort of stray, I believe, adopted by one of the hands. We always took the blindness to be a thing beyond our reach. Perhaps we have been wrong. Perhaps we have taken too much for granted."

The deep tolling of the mill bell cut their conversation short, and the party left the room hastily, to avoid the rush of the operatives. The superintendent bowed them to their carriages, and amid merry discussions of their morning's entertainment, they drove away.

Mrs. Tynsdale had [illegible] with her husband alone until late that evening. Then he found her sitting by the window of their room, looking earnestly out into the night.

"Not asleep yet?" he asked. "I thought you would be very tired, we have put so much into one day."

She rose up and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Edward, I can't lose sight of that child's face for one moment. It is the sweetest face I ever saw, and haunts me with its very sweetness, and with the thought that those blind eyes, that would not let us get a glimpse of them this morning, are really looking to us for help. You did not see her face so well as I, but to me it was wonderful. And to think there is no one to ascertain whether sunlight could not be brought into that little life! Edward, I cannot go away with the rest to-morrow! I must see that child again; you must see her."

"Just what I thought my wife would say, and as usual, she says exactly what is in my own heart. We will stay; only get your rest now, and leave the cares of your sweet charity till morning."

Great was the astonishment of the rest of the travelling party, when the morning came, to find they were to leave the Tynsdales behind. "A real mystery," the ladies declared; "they only hoped it would prove one of the charming incidents of their trip," and so, with bows and smiles, and the fluttering of many bright ribbons, they drove away.

The superintendent was hardly less surprised when Dr. Tynsdale made his appearance once more at the mill, introducing himself and his errand in a way that seemed equally satisfactory.

"Dr. Tynsdale, of Berkeley Hospital!" he exclaimed. "Your reputation has preceded you sir, by many years. And you wish to see our little stamper, with the hope that something may be done for her. Really, I should be rejoiced if it might prove so, but I know very little of the case. The overseer of the room has more acquaintance with the circumstances. I will introduce you to him."

"Well, sir," said the overseer, when they found him, "all I can tell you of the child is the account given me by this Scotch woman who now has the care of her. She tells me she found her in the hands of a dying woman who had kidnapped her some years before, and who gave no clue by which her origin could be traced. She is one of the best hands, and extremely fond of the child, as, indeed, are we all, for that matter, and it would come a little heavy to the whole room to part with her. But if there is any hope of getting back her sight, we'll give her up without a word; and if it's to be a question of expense, sir, I could take a collection in this room in five minutes, that would meet the heaviest charges for any such matter."

"There will be no expense," said Dr. Tynsdale. "If I undertake to do any thing for her it will be my own pleasure. I should like to speak to this woman who has her in charge, and get leave to see the child at her home. There is no opportunity here."

Elspeth listened to him with fixed eyes, and scarcely drawing her breath. Then she covered her face with her hands, while her strong frame shook with great sobs. Then she looked earnestly up again at Dr. Tynsdale.

"I knew it would come!" she said; "I kenned weel eno', that she would gae fra me some day; but I thought it was to her mither I should gi'e her up. I could gi'e her up to her and never shed a tear. But God forgi'e me, that I should feel aught but joy in my heart wi' the hope that the smile o' His ain heaven may fall down once mair into those een! Come when ye will, sir, and tak the child, if ye will; it's part o' the gude Lord's own devisin' to hear our prayers, I ken weel enough; but He only knows what a shadow will fall on those she leaves behind, when He leads her steps out into the light." Z. A. R.

[Concluded [illegible]

For the Companion.

RHYMING HARRY.

A little party of friends were enjoying themselves, not long since, at a parsonage in Western New York. It was in a country parish, and the house was outside the village, in a rather lonely place. The hills were covered with snow and the sleigh bells sounded clear and musical in the sharp winter air.

While the young folks were chatting and laughing within they were startled by a tremendous thumping upon the front door. Half-a-dozen of them sprang up at once, somewhat startled, and a young man opened the door, while others hung back till they should see who was there.

"Hollo, friends!" cried a strange looking youth, as he pressed his way into the parlor.

"Give me a chair before the fire,
And heap your wood up higher and higher."

he cried. The more timid of the girls slipped out of the room and peeped in at the door. The stranger was tall and thin, had dark, clear eyes, and hollow cheeks, on either of which glowed a bright red spot His hair was long enough for the wandering Jew. He was comfortably clothed, but seemed nearly perished by being out in the cold.

"Where have you come from, friend?" asked one of the young men.

"I came from out-doors; don't you know?
Where all the cold winds wildly blow."

"And what's your name?"

"My name is 'Hungry,' and I'm faint;
I came for food to this good saint."

"Why," cried the minister, coming in, "I do believe we've got a poet here!"

"Yes, sir! Whene'er my head is worse,
I always speak my mind in verse."

"What ails your head, poor fellow?" asked the minister.

"Within my head's a full-sized girl,
Keeping it always in a whirl!"

The little company could not help laughing at this, and one of them asked, "How could a girl get into your head?"

"By ear or eye-gate, I can't tell;
I only know she's there, too well!"

"Does she stay there?" asked a young man.

"Yes; when the clouds are full of rain,
She stamps about upon my brain;
And when the sun is in the sky,
She flutters there like a big fly.

T. M. Hosford Oct70

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And when the moon is full and clear,
She jumps and rages like a bear!"

"What's her name?"

"On *earth*, her name was Em'ly Hall;
In *here*, she has no name at all!"

"Did you let her get into your head, or did she go in against your will?"

"It was a curse that put her there;
I did in anger boldly swear,
That I would hide her safely, where
To seek her none would ever dare.
Quick as I spoke the awful word,
A roaring and a rush I heard;
And then a thumping, dull and dead;
And she was hidden in my head!"

Here the mistress of the house came for him to go out to supper; and you may be sure the company followed them.

When in the dining-room, he looked about and inquired for a spittoon, when the lady said, "I haven't one. Nobody here smokes, or chews, or spits."

Her strange guest sprang up and started off, exclaiming, in a loud voice,—

"If you can't provide me a spittoon,
I'll make for the door as swift as a coon."

When he was seated again, he applied himself to his supper like a half-starved man, stopping now and then to make a remark in rhyme. At length he pushed back his chair from the table, exclaiming, "Now I'm ready to supply poetry at your call. Fetch on your subjects. Give me the names of the ladies, and I'll rhyme them for you!"

"Adeline!" cried one of the young men.

"Bless you, sweet Lady Adeline!
I only wish your heart was mine!"

was the ready response. "Well, you can't find a rhyme for this lady's name, Elizabeth," said another.

"I guess it won't take all my breath
To find a rhyme for 'Elizabeth!'"

he cried, with a scornful laugh.

"Julia," called out another; when the poet of the evening, glancing at the fair girl who owned that name, replied,—

"When you meet a bright-eyed Julia,
Then look out; she's sure to fool yer."

And so he went on till every guest's name had been rhymed. Then he rose up, and taking the tall kerosene lamp in his hand, made for the stairs, saying, as he went,—

"I will betake myself to bed!"

The lady of the house thought he was making for the nursery and called out to him,—

"O, you can't stay here all night. I have no room for you."

"Then, like the Sinless, I must lay
With stalled ox, in bed of hay,"

he said, in a mournful tone.

"No, no, poor fellow," cried the minister. "You shall have a warm bed and good care till I find out who you belong to."

"Blessed the merciful shall be,
For they God's mercy soon shall see,"

said the poor, demented fellow, putting his arm tenderly round the minister's neck, and added,

"Then shall He say, dear saint, to thee,
'*That night* a bed was spread for ME.'"

A solemn silence fell on the little company, and any one of them would have given up his bed that the poor fellow might rest. Two of the young men remained all night sitting by the parlor fire, lest he might become wild and require care. When the sun was up, the minister went to the village to inquire about him, and found two men at the tavern very anxious to learn where he was. And this was the story they told of the poor harmless wanderer:

He had been a student in a college, from a rural district, where he had seen little company, and came thence unsophisticated and impressible. He had applied himself very closely to his books, and neglected both his exercise and his sleep, in his zeal for translating Latin verses. While his mind was thus crowded, and his health somewhat impaired, there appeared in the place a gay girl as a visitor. Her black eyes and rosy cheeks, with her merry ways, perfectly charmed the poor fellow. He called on her, took her to ride, gave her presents, and neglected his studies until he was called to account for his delinquencies.

After the heartless girl had trifled with him, and had all the fun she wanted with his poor heart, she told him she was to be married very soon, and invited him to the gay wedding in the city.

The mortification and disappointment were too much for him, and after many sleepless nights his mind became unsettled, he threatened to kill the young man who was to marry Emily Hall, and vowed that he would hide the young girl where nobody but himself could find her. Before the gay wedding came off the cruel girl was told that all the hopes which hung around that young man were crushed through her heartless coquetry, and that he was a wreck! On the day of the wedding his heart-broken parents carried their only son to an insane asylum.

There he had been for a year, dur ng which time he would never allow his hair cut, lest in doing it the barber might wound Emily Hall, who was in such close quarters within!

He had now become quiet, and seemed quite sane, except on that one point,—that girl was still hidden in his head! On the morning of the day he appeared at the parsonage, he had walked off from the asylum, got on to the cars, and then wandered to this quiet place. When the men who came in search of him, appeared at the parsonage, he seemed rejoiced to see them, and said,—

"I wandered forth and lost my my track,
But you, kind friends, will take me back."

When he parted with those who had so kindly entertained him, he kissed both the minister and his wife, and said,—

"As ye have truly dealt with me,
So God, the Lord, shall deal with thee."

This was sad work to have been performed by one to whom God had given so much of happiness; and perhaps remorse came as a skeleton to her feasts, though none saw it but herself.

J. D. C.

For the Companion.

KEEPING BOARDERS.

Nina Dow had always been of the opinion that keeping boarders must be a very nice occupation, though her mother was not inclined to accept her views.

Mr. Dow had been the doctor in Littleton, but when Nina was only seventeen, he died. For a few years the little money that he left supported the mother and daughter, but at the end of the third year their funds ran low.

Mrs. Dow grew anxious; Nina's spirits rose.

"Now I can do something," she thought; "I've always wanted to."

"Mamma," she said, one day, "you are almost as hopeless as death, and look as glum as a funeral, now-a-days. We own the house, and I don't think there's any occasion to worry. Before our money is quite gone, we can decide upon something."

"Yes, but what?" was the reply. "I've turned over every thing in my mind. We have a good machine, and might take in plain sewing."

"Horrors! mother," interrupted Nina; "how awfully commonplace!"

"If it is commonplace, we could get enough to do to insure us an honorable support, and remain at home. I know what your wishes are, but I do think, my dear, you would regret it."

"What! taking boarders? Why, how can you think so meanly of it? I'm sure you would not have so very much to do. We could get more servants, and then we could have delightful company all the time."

"How do you know the company would be delightful?" queried the mother.

"I am sure it would be. Of course boarders would sit in the parlor a great deal; they would certainly like music, and chatting, and singing, and we should have more or less amusement going on all the time. That would delight me. I'm tired of this humdrum life."

"Boarders might be hard to get," said Mrs. Dow, half yielding to her daughter's persuasion; "that is, the kind we should want."

"Not at all. There's Mrs. Mallony, at the Fisher House! She declares she is thoroughly tired of hotel life, and would give any thing to find a quiet, first-class, home-like boarding-house, and ours would be just that. And Mrs. Martin says her cousin has been looking round for some time. I'll take all the care off your shoulders, dear," she added. "I'll attend to all applications and order the marketing. I'm only too anxious to do something. It won't take long to get ready, and we can put an advertisement in the Littleton *Herald*."

"We'll see about it," said Mrs. Dow; and her daughter considered it as good as done. Nina at once went thoughtfully about the house, looking it all over. She had never seen so many flaws in the furniture and rooms as she did in that single hour. Her mother and herself had two of the best rooms in the house, and it had never occurred to her that they must be given up. But as one apartment after another underwent her scrutiny, she almost decided that the house must first be put in thorough repair.

But Mrs. Dow vetoed that. The cost could not be far from five hundred dollars, she said, and she was not prepared to spend so large a sum in mere alterations. Nina was, therefore, forced to be content with the house in its present condition.

The first person who applied, after the advertisement had been published, was Mrs. Mallony, who had been so uneasy at the Fisher House. The fact is, Mrs. Mallony was very exacting, and a hard person to please, and the accommodations of a hotel made a serious drain upon her purse. She came at once to "the doctor's house," as the mansion still continued to be called, and Nina, with not a little inward quaking, met her in the parlor.

A little, fussy, showy woman, deplorably faded, she never appeared to much advantage in the daylight. She talked so fast that Nina said yes, and no, without consideration.

"Isn't forty dollars a month a little too high?" queried Mrs. Malony. Heretofore she had paid sixty for very limited privileges.

"We cannot possibly offer board for less," was the reply. Finally, Mrs. Mallony went up to look at the rooms. This one was too small, the other too dark; the next too high up, and still the next too far back.

The door of Mrs. Dow's stood slightly ajar. "O, this room will suit me exactly," said Mrs. Mallony, briskly, pushing the door wider.

"But that is my mother's room," Nina responded, almost resenting the rudeness.

Mrs. Mallony said nothing, but gave her a look that expressed what she would fain have said.

"What! you reduced to the necessity of keeping boarders, and retain the best apartments in the house? Preposterous!"

"Since I have seen that room, I couldn't think of the others," said Mrs. Mallony, who had all at once become disagreeable in Nina's eyes. "I will make you an offer of forty-five dollars for it. I am not particularly anxious to change my location, (O, Mrs. Mallony!) but I liked your advertisement, and thought I would come and look."

"Just as you please," said Nina, rising an inch in her shoes, and speaking with new dignity; "my mother cannot part with her room."

Mrs. Mallony went away, and Nina rushed to her mother with the information that she was the most unpleasant old woman she had ever seen in her life, and that she was glad she would not come.

The close of the day, however, changed her decision. Six mothers of families, three pompous old gentlemen, five simpering young bachelors, and two or three people, whom Nina declared, with tears in her eyes, came for the express purpose of taking an inventory of the furniture, wore out even her fresh young patience; and the second day began to be as hateful as the first had been. Some of her callers entertained her with the faults, general and particular, of the boarding-places where they were already.

"You'd never believe, my dear, the execrable quality of the tea they put on the table, and sometimes the butter is quite strong. Then they give us *hash!*" and up went the nose, already inclined in that direction naturally, and the whole face reflected the quality of the tea and the flavor of the butter in its rankest estate.

Another declared that they really put bread on the table a day old, and still another that they had no finger-bowls; and she absolutely could *not* eat without finger-bowls.

Nina said but little, but home did not feel exactly like home since this inroad upon their time and its sacredness. Still, she kept her own counsel. She would not confess that she was mistaken, or that her opinions had undergone any change. Mrs. Mallony came back, and after some talk Mrs. Dow agreed to give up her room, and within a week that lady, with a young married couple, and two old bachelors, formed the household, that, in prospect, had once looked so agreeable to Nina Dow.

And now came real troubles, which her proud spirit could little brook. Mrs. Mallony took advantage of their inexperience, and made herself selfishly comfortable at their expense. If the fire went low in winter, Mrs. Mallony's bell went high. She presumed to tell Mrs. Dow what she liked, at such and such seasons, and feasted luxuriously while finding fault with some omission that was the veriest trifle in itself. She presumed upon the extra five dollars, in fact, and made Nina earn it. She was exclusive, and never went in the parlor, whereas the two old bachelors made it their headquarters, and banged away at the expensive piano, until Nina became distracted with nervousness.

The young married people were inoffensive enough, but they were no company for any persons but themselves.

Mrs. Dow and Nina grew thin. They paid their bills, but were sometimes straightened for money, and sometimes the cook would leave.

Nina could often have cried, when she laughed. Every thing seemed to go contrary, just to thwart her. Finally, the duties and crosses being unbearable, the Dows gave warning to their boarders and let the house, wiser and sadder people than before.

Fortunately, Nina fell in with disinterested friends, who found her a light and profitable business. She was consoled some time afterward by hearing a friend say that *her* friend's *friend* had heard from Mrs. Mallony that the Dows *almost starved her to death!*

Not a great while afterwards they went to live in "the doctor's" house, again; and if you want to see the human countenance do its worst in the way of horror and disgust, say boarding-house, to Nina Dow.

For the Companion.

ANT SELDEN'S WASHING-DAY.

Don't fancy now that I'm going to tell you about some good old *Aunt* Selden. I know how to spell, and I assure you the hero of my story did not have a single letter more in *the name he went by*, than I have just written in my title.

He was one of the original "odd fellows," I suspect, for he lived alone, without so much as dog or cat for company, in a small log-house of his own making, away in one of the loneliest hillside lots of ancient Pemmacut.

I cannot tell you how his face looked. He never showed it. His dress was a miscellaneous collection of leathery-looking patches, which he had worn so long, both night and day, that they had become greased together into one patch, as if cemented and rolled in a rubber mill.

His hair had never been acquainted with comb or shears. On his face was a shabby length of untended red beard, and on his head he wore an old felt hat as shapeless and greasy as his clothes.

Ant's business was any thing he could get—and so was his food. Kind people often brought him out a good dinner, where he stopped for a job of work. Few ever invited him into their houses. His habits of life had made him like the forbidden animals in Leviticus—in one respect. Nobody ever worked with him, unless they could manage to keep on the windward side of him all the time.

What drove the fellow to his lonesome, filthy way of living was the subject of much guessing, but the true solution of the mystery remained untold—nor was it of much importance. Wandering about in his ill-smelling rags, with his fearfully filthy face and hands, and bunking like a bear, at night, in his still more filthy kennel of a house, the shiftless fellow provoked a kind of indignant compassion in all good people.

One summer, when the Fourth of July was drawing near, the boys and girls of Pemmacut planned a picnic at Beaver Brook. This was a place of pleasant water and woodland, where good fish abounded, and wild strawberries in a neighboring clearing were plentiful enough to keep young lips and fingers busy half the day.

Now it happened that Ant Selden's cabin stood only about a quarter of a mile from this proposed resort, and the lively young folks, as was natural, brought in his name quite often in their talk about the merry-making, cracking many a joke over the unwashed hermit.

Finally, it was decided that the party should make Selden a visit, and surprise him with some characteristic present. And a plan was fixed upon, which, as a practical charity, deserved a gold medal from the Humane Society.

Just at daylight on the morning of the Fourth, when the holiday guns and bells were dinning their loudest in the distant village, a well-loaded wagon stopped a few rods from Ant Selden's cabin. Five tall, stout young fellows, disguised as Indians, jumped out of it.

The last of them, before he alighted, carefully lowered a large kettle to his companions. In scarcely more time than it takes to tell it, the quick hands of the mysterious party had mounted the kettle on forked stakes, filled it with water from a spring near by, and built a rousing fire under it! Then four of them went to the cabin, leaving the fifth to feed the fire. Inside, "dirty Selden" slept soundly among his rags—too far from bells and guns to be disturbed by them. There was no difficulty in opening the bungling door. What a hole for a human being to be in! Half stifled with the villanous odors, the young "Indians" uttered an instinctive and simultaneous "ugh!"

"Hurry!" muttered one of them. "There's too many of us here to live long."

And forthwith Ant was vigorously shaken up on his bunk. He started, horror stricken, to find himself confronted by four powerful savages, who glared and grinned at him in all the hideousness of paint and feathers.

At once they siezed him by his four limbs and bore him struggling into the open air.

They could not stop for explanations. They had come sufficiently strong-handed to make explanations unnecessary. A terribly peremptory proceeding, no doubt poor Selden thought—if he thought at all.

They carried him towards the big fire. Ant

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howled with fright, and begged to be let alone. But he might as well have appealed to the town clock to stop the sunrise.

In an incredibly short space of time he found himself stripped of his filthy clothing. A pail of cool water douched over him took the noise out of him pretty effectually, and did more to make him tractable than threats.

Then came the exercise—and never in all his life had the poor fellow been put through such a course of torments. A pair of great shears flashed over his head and face, and some less than a pound of his hair was gone. In a minute a coat of soap suds was given him, and then half-a-dozen hands did vigorous scrubbing with floor brushes to remove the dirt.

The volunteer scouring committee made thorough work of "dirty Selden." They lathered, sponged, scraped, polished him; they rinsed him with warm water and cold, and at last mopped him off with nice clean towels.

All this was done so rapidly and so strenuously that Ant found hardly a place to put in a protest. Whenever he began to kick or complain, there came the sharp, short reminder, "Be still, and you won't be hurt," and Ant would submit again.

What could an objective case, governed by five active verbs, do better than to submit?

Satisfied, finally, with the results of their experiment in hydropathy, the young operators set him on his feet, and speedily introduced him into a complete suit of clean clothes. By this time Ant comprehended the situation too well to make any more resistance.

Nobody would have known him as he stood up for the first time *clean*. He didn't know himself.

However, his new friends had not yet done with him. They unloaded the wagon, made him get into it, and one of their number officiating as driver, promptly conducted him away to the village to receive the finishing touches at professional hands.

Meanwhile, the four who stayed behind, after enjoying a hearty laugh at the success, so far, of their soap-and-water campaign, fell to work with renewed energy to carry out the rest of their plan.

Another kettle was hung. When two fires had been put briskly burning to heat water, a third was kindled to consume the ruins of Ant's old pig-sty existence.

His cast-off rags went into it first, of course. Then followed the sacking of the cabin, with long sticks and a rusty pair of tongs.

Rags out of the broken window; rags out of the old thatch, mouldy and infested; rags out of cracks round the chimney, worse infested; rags out of chinks in the wall, worse still; rags of unknown uses in corners, worst of all and full of crawling horrors. Ancient hay and straw, on which the filthiest man in town had slept for many a year, with tatters of skins and bedding, all promptly found their way out of doors, amid shouts of mingled glee and loathing, and were flung into the fire.

Next came forth two greasy stools, a greasy chair, a few greasy almanacs, books and papers, a greasy old gun, a greasy tobacco-box, with some pestilent looking pipes, half-a-dozen greasy brown tin pans and cups, an iron pot and frying pan crusted with grease like an old paint kettle, and a rickety little stove, that appeared to have had the small pox first, and the measles afterwards.

All the iron ware went into the fire with the rags. Pipes and tobacco box went the same way. The tin and wooden ware quickly received a coating of strong soft soap, and was set aside to soak. The old gun was scoured, cleaned out, fired in honor of the day and of the purification of its owner, and then covered with a wash of turpentine. A hoe and a broom were now produced, and the two bravest youngsters of the company undertook to exterminate the litter, dust and spider webs from the hut. They succeeded tolerably well after an active fight of half an hour, whereupon the others, with a pan of brimstone ready, took possession, and stopping every hole as tightly as possible, lit a lamp under the pan to smoke out the rest of the vermin.

That done, our four reformers closed and corked the door. Leaving the empty cabin to steep a season in sulphuric acid gas, they took from their ample load some lime and a large tub, and soon set cooking a plentiful quantity of whitewash.

Then, after washing themselves, they sat down, laughing, to lunch, on the grass.

Ant Selden and his "Indian" attendant made good time to the village, and rattled through the main street to the barber's shop. Jocose cries and volleys of fire-crackers saluted them. But nobody knew Ant. The respectable looking gentleman, with a good hat, was a stranger to all Pemmacut.

Stopping at the striped pole, they found the barber standing, expectant. He had received his orders the night before, and was ready to perform his part in the adventure to the best of his ability.

"Why, Ant, is this *you?*" roared the honest man, his face in a broad grin, as he welcomed the newly-scoured hermit and seated him in the big shaving-chair.

Ant was rather taciturn, but it was plain to see that he did not feel very miserable. The rubbing and the ride in the morning air had stirred his blood cheerily, and he was a new man already, in spite of himself.

So, when the shampooing, and clipping, and shaving were over, and he stood up again in fragrant consciousness of bay water and a clean skin, and looked in the great glass, and for the first time since he could remember, *found his own face!* his expression of puzzled delight was laughable to behold. He actually broke into a broad grin.

"There, Ant, you're a handsome man, now," said the barber, as he took leave of him at the door. "Hope you'll call on me as often as once a week."

And Ant and his amused guide mounted the wagon seat again.

A jovial old farmer, who lived at the other end of the village, had been let into the secret of the cleaning scrape, and had readily engaged to find something to keep Selden busy all day with him.

To his house the two now went, and were greeted on their arrival with another hearty peal of laughter.

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted the old farmer. "Ant, to be sure! I'd go through the mill myself to come out as new as that. Upon my word, you're a finer looking young fellow than any of us."

The driver here bowed low with his Indian cap, and in a tone of mock admonition, as if to put the farmer on his manners, introduced "Mr. Selden," at which the old man burst into a roar of laughter again.

"See here, you madcap," cried he, "if you've been and passed off another man on me for Ant Selden, I'll never forgive you. Hang me if I should know this fellow from the man in the moon."

"*All right*, sir," replied the youngster, as he drove away.

Higher and higher, and warmer and warmer climbed the sun of the "glorious Fourth." Seven o'clock came, and the pioneer party at the old hut had finished their breakfast, and sat, divested of their Indian fixings, talking and waiting.

Hurrah! All eyes looked down the hillside, and there was their tall comrade, clad now in his proper garb, returning with a two horse team from the village and a load of twelve merry boys and girls. Behind him came a single wagon and six more riders merrier than the first.

Cheer upon cheer rang through the air, as the whole party now came together, with waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and then as their eyes fell on the steaming kettles and other preparations, and the full drollery of their errand burst upon them, their hurrahs broke in peals of mirth, and all voices joined in an unrestrained chorus of laughter.

In a trice the wagons were unloaded, and a dozen or more mops and brushes were pulled from under the seats and added to the other apparatus already on the ground. The door and window of the cabin were now opened, and the fumes of sulphur allowed to pass out, while the girls got ready for work. Pails of hot water were brought, and very soon thirteen fun-loving, resolute young misses attacked the floor and walls of the old hut, and their vigorous efforts ere long told wonderfully on the inside appearance of the oily, smoky, sooty den.

Faugh! To think of all that accumulation of twenty years' nastiness! If the job had not been undertaken as a freak of holiday fun, it would have been penance for those girls to attempt the clearing of such a house. But they wens at it with a will, and declared they never enjoyed any thing better. There was a spice of sauciness in thus invading poor Ant's premises, that seemed just the thing for Independence.

At last the scouring was done, and then for ten minutes there was work in earnest for all the boys to fetch the rinsing water. Pail after pail was swashed through the dingy dwelling. The oldest and wisest youth of the company declared it was like Hercules turning the river Alpheus through the Augean stables.

A course of mops and drying cloths succeeded, after which the girls pronounced the house ready for the whitewashers, and half the males of the party accordingly armed themselves with brushes, and proceeded to coat the walls and chimney with clean, sweet-smelling lime.

Nor did our jovial and enterprising young friends quit the spot till they had put every thing in its place, indoors and out, and left dirty Ant's premises as tidy and smooth as a Quaker dairy. A small mattress and some decent bedclothes, a white window curtain, a little table, a good lamp, and some new books and papers were added to the poor fellow's "furniture," and the "Selden Health Committee" resolved themselves into a picnic party again.

They were in higher spirits than ever when they took their departure, I assure you, for all knew that a good act had been done. So, after a pleasant afternoon spent in fishing and strawberrying at Beaver Brook, with a five o'clock dinner in the grove, they rode back to the village a good deal better satisfied with their Fourth of July than if they had wasted their time and money in holloing and burning gunpowder.

As for Ant, who had never cared any thing about holidays, this particular one, rendered bright and memorable by his first experience of cleanliness, passed so quickly with him, and its work went off so easily, that at sundown he felt as fresh as a rested boy, and fully equal to working all night.

His appetite was wonderful, too, and there was something so wholesome and human-like in being allowed to eat at a good table with decent people, and feeling that he was not offensive to anybody, that he fairly made up his mind not to harbor any ill will against the young fellows who had overhauled him so in the morning, even if he should ever find out who they were.

When he went home that evening, it was in Farmer Didbin's wagon, and with the genial old gentleman himself for company, besides a double day's wages in his pocket. But to see the honest soul's pleased confusion and awkward wonderment when he entered his little log house, and saw the cheerful alterations made there, was a treat worth a longer ride than the farmer took for it. The old farmer was never weary of describing the scene—and none knew how to do it better than he.

If the young folks of the Pemmacut picnic party deserved the credit of *un*making poor, dirty Ant, it was Farmer Didbin who *made* "Mr. Selden." So kindly and prudently did the good old man talk to him and deal by him, that he could not but see that it was well worth his while to preserve cleanly habits, and seek the society of good and cleanly people.

Instead of falling back into his bear's life again, Ant from this time showed an ambition to appear respectable, and keep his house and garden neat and attractive. After awhile he built additions, and bought stock, and, as true as you live, at last he married an humble but tidy and good-hearted woman, who made his home always bright and wholesome, and his heart glad.

There is a certain gloom supposed to pertain to "washing days," but I think you will agree with me in saying that the first white spot in the calendar of Ant Selden's life was that Fourth of July washing day.

LOST OVERBOARD.

It is long ago, and I was but a youngster at the time, when my memory received the first indelible impression—the first of those few deep marks which, no matter what follows, endure to the end.

After a long East Indian voyage, prosecuted with almost uniform prosperity and success—as if to make the dread incident I am about to narrate all the more terrible and impressive—the good ship *Centurion* safely neared the cruel Bay of Biscay.

Here a strong south-west gale arose, and gradually, sail by sail, the snowy wings of our vessel were reluctantly reduced, until at dusk the same evening we took in the first reef.

"We're goin' t' have a dirty night of it," said old Jack Lamb, oracularly, as I went forward after the reef had been taken in and the ropes had been coiled up.

It was the second "dog-watch," from six to eight P. M., and all the crew were lounging about on deck, doing as they pleased, until eight bells should strike (eight o'clock), when the first watch of the night would be set. All hands seemed slightly depressed. A tacit consent was unanimously accorded to Jack's prophecy of a "dirty night."

I could not help noticing that one Fred Howard, who was making his first voyage, sat cowering under the lee of the bulwarks, in a way very different from his usual brisk and gay manner. He was one of the youngsters in my watch, and going to his side, I sat down by him upon the deck; finding, however, that it was impossible to rally him from his unwonted melancholy, and feeling surprised to see how pale he looked, and how frequently he seemed to shudder, in a way very different from a shiver from the cold, I left him to his own thoughts, and at eight bells turned in, thinking no more of the matter.

Just before midnight (when we, the watch below, would have been called on deck to take our regular turn of duty,) I was rudely and harshly aroused by the hoarse shouting of the boatswain's mate,—

"All hands, ahoy! All hands reef topsails, ahoy! Star' bowlines, ahoy! Turn out there, below! Bear a hand; bear a hand, my hearties!" with many other startling nautical adjurations, far more forcible than elegant.

Upon reaching the deck we at once received orders to furl the fore and mizen topsails, spanker and foretopmast-staysail, and close reef the maintopsail, in order to lay the ship to.

The wind had suddenly increased to a perfect hurricane, and the brave old *Centurion* was plunging through and over the great dark masses of black, inky-looking water, at the rate of at least eleven or twelve knots an hour. It was evident that, for safety, we had not a moment to lose in shortening sail. Indeed, from the stern, anxious look upon the captain's face, I knew that we were in some danger.

The two best helmsmen in the ship were at the wheel, and until sail was reduced, it took all their care and skill to keep us from broaching-to, in which case, broadside on to the heavy seas, we should have had our decks swept, and been in a critical situation.

We had a strong crew, so the fore and mizen topsails were clewed and furled together; then up we ran to reef the maintopsail. All went well until we were laying down from aloft after this last operation. I was within a few feet of the deck, in the weather main-shrouds, when a heavy sea broke on board just below me, and the next moment I heard the appalling cry,—

"A man overboard! A man overboard!"

Getting down on deck as fast as I could, I ran aft on the poop, in response to the second mate's prompt order,—

"Lay aft to the quarter-boat, men. Bear a hand! bear a hand!"

I was just in time to see the white, upturned, imploring face of my poor messmate, Fred Howard, as a great wave swept him past to leeward under our stern; his hair all wet and tangled, and the agony, the terrible expression on his wan features lighted up by the ghastly flicker of the sparkling white sea-foam breaking from the crests of the waves.

Already, without a word, brave old Jack Lamb had sprung into the frail little cutter on the starboard davits, and taken his station ready to unhook the after tackle; an equally gallant young foretopman being as quickly at the fore one; whilst other hands were taking hold of the falls, ready to lower away; and several daring men stood hanging to the mizen-chains, prepared to take their place in the boat. Poor Fred was the darling of the crew, and it was quite unnecessary to call for volunteers.

"Let me go, sir. Let me try to save him," I heard the second mate say to the captain, imploringly. "The cutter's a good sea-boat, and the men are willing."

"No, Mr. Laurie, no!" cried our gray-headed, weather-beaten old commander, and I saw great tears in his usually stern, hard eyes.

The poor boy's mother was a dear friend of his, and had entrusted him, her only son, to his care, so I knew how bitterly the refusal must have grieved him to the heart.

"Impossible — utterly impossible! No boat could live a moment in this heavy cross-sea. The finest lifeboat in the world would be useless. With that cockle-shell I should only be sacrificing many lives if I permitted you to go."

Then, turning to the anxious, sorrowful crew, he cried,—

"Come out of the boat, men. Make fast the falls. The cutter would be swamped instantly. Quick, now, quick! Throw the life-buoy overboard with a line bent on; it is the only chance to save the poor boy."

In a moment this order was obeyed; but, alas! poor Fred was already out of sight astern. Slowly and reluctantly the brave seamen left the boat, but confidence in their captain's proved ability, and very little reflection, must have told them how vain would have been their efforts.

And so, in an instant, without the slightest warning, a life had been snatched from our midst—a young soul had been gathered to its Maker! The poor boy had been but a few feet below me in the rigging, and the sudden dash of sea must have washed him overboard. One faint and agonized cry—an imploring cry for help where no help could be given—one fleeting glimpse of that fair young face, pale and ghastly in the agony of death, was the last we ever heard or saw of our poor shipmate.

The gale subsided, but it was days ere a smile was seen or the sound of merriment was heard. We knew, too, how a heart at home would bleed

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and break; how our lost shipmate's poor mother, watchful, sleepless and anxious when the winds whistled only too rudely round her quiet little cottage, would suffer inexpressible agony when, instead of the longed-for darling sailor-boy, came the cruel story of his death.

THE POETS WHO "LISPED IN NUMBERS."

Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," remarks that Cowley, Milton and Pope "lisped in numbers."

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that not only these, but that nearly all of the classical English poets gave evidence of their inspiration at a very early age. The Attic bees swarmed about their cradles as around Pindar's, of old.

Abraham Cowley, an affected but once admired writer of verse, begun his literary life at the age of ten, producing a poem with the high-sounding title of "The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe." At the age of twelve he wrote a poem under a title as ambitious,—"Constantia and Philetus." At fifteen, he published a volume of poetry which he dedicated to the Bishop of Lincoln. The child-wonder blazed for a time, "the comet of a season." Only bookworms read his poetry now. Even Pope, long, long ago, wrote:

"Who now reads Cowley? . . .
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art.
But still I love the language of his heart."

Perhaps some reader of the *Companion* may like to know how well Cowley could write in his boyhood, and would like to take the scent of his "Early Blossoms," that still delight those who wander back to the literary fields of the past. The following noble lines were written by him when he was about fifteen years of age:

"Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he who runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,—
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say, each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to day."

Milton wrote elegant Latin poetry in childhood, and he became so enamored of classical lore, that at the age of twelve, he was accustomed to pore over his books until midnight.

Pope used to say that he could not remember the time when he did not "make verses." He composed his fine "Ode on Solitude," at the age of twelve, and he produced very skilful translations in boyhood.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, according to Boswell, gave evidence of genius in childhood. When he was four years of age, his pent-up inspirations blazed forth in the following stanza on a certain defunct duckling, the eleventh of a brood:

"Here lies good Master Duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on.
If he had lived, 'twould been good luck,
For then we'd had an odd one."

The Attic bees evidently "swarmed about his mouth," and, we are sorry to add, "*attic*" bees swarmed about the good doctor during the greater portion of his life.

Byron wrote some charming lyrics in his boyhood, unfolding, with wonderful skill, the tender and susceptible feelings of youth. Shelley was a poet by nature—a dreamy, solitary child. His leisure was devoted to his books, to abstractions and flights of fancy, and, at such hours, he became unconscious of outward scenes and circumstances, and seemed, to live alone in an ideal world of his own. We are told that it was often difficult to break the spell of the young poet's waking dreams, and that when the spell was broken, and the airy fabric in his imagination dissolved, his eyes would flash, his lips quiver, and his voice tremble, and that he would utter expressions that seemed like the language of invisible spheres of beauty and song.

The early genius of Chatterton resembled Shelley's. He used to wander in childhood among the vaulted tom's and storied marbles in the grand old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, on the Avon, and dream of the past as it never existed, and of the future as it never would be. He devoted his pocket money to books, and at the age of eleven he had read some seventy volumes of notable works, principally of theology and history. He used to spend his holidays alone, locked in his room, indulging in poetic reverie, and breathing out his glowing thoughts in sweetly flowing rhythms and musical rhymes.

But both Shelley and Chatterton had unhealthy minds, both became infidels, and both gave evidence of insanity. Shelley perished miserably at an early age, and Chatterton put a period to his life at the age of seventeen.

We can find little worthy of imitation in the youthful habits of these valueless poets. It is not dreaming, but manly action that ennobles young minds and makes them a blessing to the world.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a playless dreamer in boyhood, and before he arrived at the age of fifteen, he had read through all of the volumes in a London circulating library, and had acquired a very extensive knowledge of the works of the ancient classical poets. Charles Lamb speaks of him as "the inspired charity boy, to whom the casual passer through the cloisters listened, entranced with admiration, as he unfolded, in deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Gamblichus or Plotinus, or recited the Greek of Homer or Pindar."

Cowper wrote well at an early age, and Robert Southey wrote many poems before he was fourteen, which he destroyed.

Dr. Watts commenced the study of Latin at the age of four, and he composed poetry at a tender age, for which his father gave him a whipping. He tells us that he wrote verses from the age of fifteen to fifty.

Bishop Heber, the author of the well known missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," and of the Christmas carol, "Hail the blest morn when the Great Mediator," translated *Phædrus* at the age of seven, which is by far the most wonderful example of precocity that we ever met in the life of any author.

Among American poets, Bryant is the most noticeable for early attainments. He wrote poetry for the local papers at the age of ten. At the age of fourteen he collected and published a volume of poems, and at the age of nineteen he produced "Thanatopsis," perhaps the most finished and enduring composition of his pen.

Longfellow wrote some very fine poems in his early years, among them "The Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," and "Sunrise on the Hills." Edward Everett entered the university at the age of thirteen, and, while an undergraduate, conducted a literary periodical, for which he prepared some contributions of remarkable finish and beauty.

Wonderful as are these data, they are equalled by instances of precocity in the lives of English female writers. At some other date we will tell you something of these charming poet children.

THE AMERICAN CENTENARY.

Though it is more than five years to the time of the occurrence of the Hundredth Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, measures have been commenced for the proper observance of the day. A bill has passed the United States House of Representatives, to hold an International Exhibition on the Fourth of July, 1876, at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, it will be recollected, was the scene of some of the most important of the civil events of the American Revolution, at the head of which must ever stand the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, on the Fourth of July, 1776. At that time it was the greatest place in British North America, and, with the exception of a few cities in Spanish America, it was the greatest on the American continent. Mexico and Lima, and perhaps the Havana, were, we believe, the only larger towns a century ago, and Philadelphia has left them all far behind.

New York, which now leads all our cities, was not of so much importance as Philadelphia in those days. Besides, the latter was then the most central of all our cities. Both Southern men and Northern men could reach it easier than any other large town—but it was a long journey for Boston men to make, and also for Charleston men. But they got there, and they did a great work after they got there.

During a great part of the Revolution, Philadelphia was in fact, though not in terms, the capital of the new nation. The English took it, after the defeat of our army at the battle of Brandywine, in September, 1777. They held it till June, 1778, when they were forced to return to New York, because they were afraid the Comte d'Estaign's fleet, from France, would block them in by sea, while Washington's army would assail them by land, and so they would be in great danger of destruction. Indeed, had not the French fleet been delayed by adverse winds, they would have been caught in a trap, and Yorktown would have been anticipated at Philadelphia by more than three years.

During the greater part of the administrations of President Washington and of President John Adams, Philadelphia was the capital of the United States under the present system of government. It should have so remained. The creation of Washington as the capital was unfortunate. It helped lead to secession, and doubled the difficulties of the civil war. The fact that Washington is our capital caused, at the least, the death of two hundred thousand men, and added millions of dollars to our national debt.

As Philadelphia had the good fortune to be the birthplace of the nation, and to be closely concerned with the great movements of our early history, we think Congress has done well in seeking to promote the celebration there of the Hundredth Anniversary of the leading event of our history, which is also one of the greatest events of all history. But it should do more than it has done. It should make handsome appropriations to pay the cost of a celebration that shall be worthy of the event, of the place, and of the nation.

Five years and five months in which to prepare for the International Exhibition do not afford more than time enough for adequate preparation, considering how much is to be done, and how large and how various must be the labor involved. Philadelphia will do justice to the country, to the occasion and to herself, beyond doubt,—but it will require years of work to prevent failure; and she does not mean to fail.

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

Along the aisle where prayer was made,
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close-veiled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk and laid thereon
A scroll, which bore these words alone:
Pray for me!

Back from the place of worshipping
She glided like a guilty thing;
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
Pray for me!

Back to the night from whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul,—
Pray for me!

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within:
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid.
Pray for us!

Pass on! The type of all thou art.
Sad witness to the common heart!
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Dumbly imploring, as as we go,—
Pray for us!

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads
Our want perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain.
And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:
Pray for us!

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know.
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine.
Pray for us!

J. G. WHITTIER.

AMERICAN TERRITORY AND AMERICAN TERRITORIES.

The word territory has more than one meaning for Americans, besides the general meaning that it has for all who use the English tongue.

The word *territory* is from the Latin *territorium*, which is from *terra*, that is, earth. Terra, or Tellus, the same with Ops and Rhea, was the classic personification of the earth,—Mother Earth, as we call her, who at last kindly receives us all into her benevolent bosom.

With slight variations the word belongs to all languages, or they have its equivalent. But it is used variously in our language, there being, to apply a French form of speech, territory and territory.

For example, there is the territory of Boston. Such territory means all the land that lies within the bounds, or belongs to the jurisdiction of the city of Boston. The city of Roxbury, a few years since, formed the territory of Roxbury,—but when Roxbury was annexed to Boston, that place became part of the territory of Boston, in the generally used sense of the word, which signifies the land possessions of the community spoken of or alluded to.

Apply this to the American nation, and we have the entire country to which we belong, and which belongs to us. The American territory—or the territory of the United States—stretches from the Atlantic Ocean on the east, to the Pacific Ocean on the west; and it embraces every acre and every inch of land over which we hold sway,—whether it be included in a State, or form part of a *Territory*,—whether it lies in Maine, or in Alaska.

Another meaning of the word relates to the distant possessions of a country. Thus, Algeria is French territory in Northern Africa. The islands of Cuba and Porto Rico make Spanish territory in America; and the Philippine Islands form yet more remote Spanish territory.

All these islands are territories of Spain, just as Australia is English territory,—and just as San Domingo would become territory of the United States, should President Grant carry out his plan to acquire that country. Spanish territory means Old Spain, or the country of the Spaniards; but Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines are territories of Spain, or Spanish territories.

But there is a third American use of the word, which we believe to be local, (that is, it belongs to "the American lan- guage," as the late Czar Nicholas used to call it,) and we know it is not in common use elsewhere. Indeed, it could have originated nowhere else, as it is one of the many outgrowths of our political modes of life.

We allude to the use of the word in connection with some specific, definite and universally recognized community; as, Washington Territory, or the Territory of Washington; Wyoming Territory, or the Territory of Wyoming; Utah Territory, or the Territory of Utah.

These American territories have grown out of our system, and are results of American ideas and practices,—the idea and practice in this instance being, that a country that is necessarily dependent should be as little dependent as possible; and that while thus dependent it should be steadily training for independence. The American Territory is the dependent child,—the American State is the independent man; but the child even is *free*.

That the word *Territory* is thus used is accidental, for it was originally used here in the old sense, and convenience dictated the additional meaning of the word, as applied to a particular community in this country.

In our second paper we shall endeavor to explain what sort of a community is an American Territory.

A ROBBERY.

The spring of the year 186- was remarkable at Rome for the great number of robberies committed by the natives upon unsuspecting travellers. No place of resort had proved more favorable to the robbers than that most noble of all the ruined monuments of ancient time—the world-famed Colosseum.

Parties visiting it by day and by night, were relieved of their purses, watches and other ornaments, by the quick-witted, light-fingered Italians, who looked upon all foreigners as their fair game.

My friend, Mr. Antony Cox, had not been left in ignorance of the danger of robbers, but he did not choose on that account to forego the pleasure of a visit to the Colosseum by moonlight.

He determined, however, to keep a sharp lookout when he should arrive at the ruins, and also to resist any attempt to rob him. This, he thought, would be easy enough, as on that night the moon was only just past her full.

At ten o'clock P. M. he found himself there in full enjoyment of the wonderful scene. The bright moonlight striking the old stone walls, illuminated the greater part of the building, and threw a melancholy pallor on the faces of the people assembled there.

Mr. Cox had been standing leaning against the interior wall, near the entrance of the arena, when he was rudely jostled by a man dressed as a priest, who, after almost tumbling over him, hurried on without apology.

Cox instinctively clapped his hand upon his waistcoat pocket. Watch and chain were both gone! To dart after the supposed priest and to collar him was the work of an instant.

"*Rendez-moi ma montre,*" (he could speak no Italian), "or it will be the worse for you."

"*Non parlo Inglese,*" said the priest, affecting entire innocence, and apparently in great fear.

My friend was furious. "Give me back my watch!" pointing to his pocket, and shaking the priest violently all the while.

Whereupon, from beneath his cloak, the miserable ruffian produced watch and chain.

Mr. Cox inflicted a final shake, pocketed the watch, buttoned his coat tightly over it, and hurried away from the Colosseum with greatly ruffled feelings, and making many good resolutions never again to expose himself to be prasticed upon by such a nation of thieves.

He gained his hotel without further adventure, took his key from the porter, ran up innumerable stairs to his bedooom, unlocked his door—Goodness! What lay conspicuous on his dressing-table? A watch and chain! Whose watch and chain? Can it be? Yes! Surely no other! *His own!*

Then *what* or *whose* has he got now in his pocket? That priest's. Out with it. Look at it. He *has* robbed the priest.

The man, in fear of his life, has given him up his own property. He is probably at this moment lodging an information against him. The police are, perhaps, on his track! To rob a priest in this priest-governed city! "Twelve thousand monks and priests in Rome alone," rings in his ears. This fact had been casually mentioned at the *table d'hote* that very evening.

What shall he do! Shall he try to escape at

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once from Rome? But there are his things to be packed, his hotel bill to settle, his passport to be vised.

No, he will be brave; he will go to the police, restore the watch, tell his story, and trust to Providence.

He confides his grief to the master of the hotel, who is a good-natured Frenchman, speaking every language under the sun indifferently well. He promises his help, goes with him to the authorities, and enables him to make a satisfactory apology for his unintentional raid on a member of the church. Mr. Cox was fortunately forgiven, and thankfully left the world-renowned city, as soon as he could pack his trunk.

STRANGE STORY.

The following, as a curiosity of narrative, shows how much romance there may be in reality, and as a practical curiosity, testifies how much more a working *woman* can earn in America than a working *man* can in France. The extract is from Hamerton's book, "The Unknown River." He says:

"I was greatly astonished at the little hamlet, to hear a man of saddened aspect speak of Boston.

"'What Boston?' I asked, wondering how he should know of any Boston unless there were such a place quite near to him in France.

"'It is of Boston in the United States of America that I am speaking, sir,' answered the man of the sad countenance, astonishing me more and more, for what French peasant knows that the United States exist, or the Atlantic Ocean either? So then he told me his tale, and I repeat it here for the reader:

"It is simple and short enough. He and his wife were very poor indeed, almost destitute, and so, though they loved each other much, she went out as a nurse in Paris. There she entered the service of some rich Americans, who, when they returned to their own country, offered her terms so tempting that she crossed the Atlantic.

"Year after year she sent her earnings to her husband, and year after year he laid by the hard-won gold, until there was enough of it to buy the cottage he lived in, and a little field or two, enough to keep them in independence all their lives.

"He took me into the cottage, and showed me his wife's portrait (blessings on photography, that enables a poor man to have a portrait of the absent or the dead) and kissed it tenderly in my presence, and said how hard the long separation was, and how he looked for her return.

"As he said this the tears ran down his cheeks, and he showed me the bright, good walnut furniture in the cottage, and the fields by the riverside, and said that all this comfort was her doing, all this wealth her winning. She had learned to write on purpose that she might write to him, and month after month her kindly letters came, cheering him under the trial of her long absence.

"It was four years since she had left the cottage, and for these four lonely years the father had been like a widower, and the children had grown around him. And now the months went even more and more slowly, as it seemed, when he wanted them to go faster, for this very autumn she was to sail and come to enjoy the peace she had created. May the ship that brings her paddle prosperously across the wide Atlantic, and the good woman find her way in safety to her own cottage, and to the loyal heart that yearns and waits for her so wearily:

"'Fair stands her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water sweetly glides;
It sees itself from thatch to base,
Dream in the sliding tides.'"

PROUD OF HIS INDIAN BLOOD.

The peculiarities of the celebrated John Randolph, of Roan ke, have been the theme of many a sparkling anecdote. Prof. Parsons, of Reading, Pa., in a letter to the *Northern Christian Advocate*, says of him:

There is no doubt but that he was descended from Pocahontas. He was proud of this. No stranger could be in his company one hour and remain ignorant of it. He was sure to bring it in in conversation some way. He felt that Powhattan was lord of all Virginia, and when he died he left his legal rights to his daughter, and when she died they descended to him, and he was king of the whole land.

There was a "screw loose" somewhere in his mental composition. So long ago as when the first steamboat was put upon the Hudson, there was not business enough o keep it employed every day, so frequently it would take excursion parties up the river. On one occasion quite a large party were on board, among them Randolph and a Mr. Schuyler, who was a very modest, shy man, respected by all. While the boat was going on its way, Randolph started up, went a few paces from a party of ladies, and shouted out,—

"Mr Schuyler! Mr. Schuyler! will you do me the favor to come here?"

Mr. Schuyler left the party and approached him.

"Mr. Schuyler, look here"—placing his hand on his ear. "What do you see?"

"Nothing," replied Schuyler.

"Look at that ear—what do you see?"

"Simply an ear."

"Don't you see Pocahontas there?"

In order for Schuyler to get away, he finally said, "I think I do see a little of it."

Mr. Schuyler related this to Parsons. It is believed that the aboriginal descendants of the country left a peculiar mark upon the lobe of the ear, which always marked such persons.

SPECIAL OFFERS.

A Three Dollar Picture for One New subscriber.

We make a special offer of Prang's amusing and attractive chromo—THE DOCTOR. The size of the Picture is eight and one-half by eleven inches. It is beautifully colored, and represents a boy trying to give medicine to his favorite cat. She evidently appreciates his good intentions, and his absorbed and anxious face, makes a very amusing effect, in contrast with his patient's woe-begone expression.

The whole picture is well drawn, and will make a very pleasing ornament for sitting-room or chamber. Its retail price is three dollars, and it gives us pleasure to be able to offer so good and costly a Premium, for so small a return. Almost every one of our friends can get *one* new name—and we have no doubt they will improve the opportunity to secure so fine a gift. Postage eight cents.

A Photograph Album for One New Subscriber.

This is a very neat album. It will hold FIFTY PICTURES—has gilt-edged leaves and a gilt clasp, and is well made. Its size is 5 1-2 by 4 1-2 inches, and its retail price in the stores is $1 00. This is a pretty and a generous Premium, and will amply pay for the time spent in securing one new name. Postage ten cents.

THE CHINESE IN NORTH ADAMS.

It will not be hard work to make Chinese emigrants good American citizens, if they all do as well as the colony of shoemakers in North Adams. A correspondent of *Appletons' Journal* says:

This brings me to say that one of the most surprising things about the Chinese colony in North Adams is the little stress laid upon the observance of heathenism, which we had been led to suppose would be adhered to to the last. There has been no appearance of idolatry except that a few weeks ago the Chinese foreman announced to the manufacturer that seven of the boys would like to quit work the next day, it being the full of the moon, and a day of worship.

But the majority on the other side carried the day for work, and Charlie made some pithy remarks to the faithful few which deserve to be recorded.

"Boys," said he, "you no swear, no steal, tell no lies, be good; all much better than worship the moon."

Meanwhile, a goodly number of the Chinese attend, every Sunday, the services of the Methodist and Baptist churches; special classes of them have been formed in the Sunday schools, and every Sunday at dusk the whole company is taught by volunteer instruction from the different religious societies.

I do not learn that any of the pupils have made special advances toward any particular sect.

They have made good use of their time in acquiring the English language, committing to memory, with surprising speed, the mottoes and texts upon placards hung up in their room for their instruction by the Sunday school people, spending money for school books, and learning to read the language as fast or faster than they learn to speak it.

They strive to learn the tongue in its purity, and disdain "pigeon English." In the one great principle of charity they seem qualified to set an example rather than to follow one. They have combined to support one of their comrades who is incurably sick, and confined to his bunk. They have given lavishly to beggars asking alms beneath their windows.

"You mustn't let the boys give away all their money," said somebody to Charlie, in the way of caution.

"That no loss," he replied. "No good refuse to give poor people. We do not suffer by that." And more surprising than all was the conduct of the "heathen Chinee," when a contribution-box for foreign missions, designed expressly for the children's pennies, was passed around the Sunday school. He placidly dropped in a dollar, and thrifty Berkshire holds up its hands in amazement.

DEATH OF A NOBLE BOY.

The following may remind our readers of Mrs. Hemans' poem on the "Death of Prince William," of England, who was drowned while returning in a boat for his sister after he had escaped from a wreck:

Two boys, Willie and Allie Merriam, went skating at Fulton, Oswego Co., on Saturday, and broke through the ice. Their comrades fastened their tippets together, and threw one end so that Willie could reach it, and he was hauled out upon the ice. Just then came a cry from his brother, who had already sunk twice, "O, boys, do not let me drown." Willie gave one glance, and with the words, "I cannot let my brother perish," plunged in to the rescue, and both sunk to rise no more alive. The bodies of the two brothers were found, clasped in each other's arms.

COULDN'T REMEMBER HIS QUESTION.

Don Piatt, the popular magazinist, alluding to a recent ride on the railroad, rather disrespectfully describes one of those fidgetty, weak-minded old people who sometimes try severely the good temper of the most courteous conductors on the cars:

A venerable old fellow, endowed by a mysterious Providence with human activity, caught the conductor by the coat tail, and wanted to know if the train stopped for dinner at Chillicothe.

"Yes, sir, we dine at Chillicothe," shouted the conductor in the deaf ear of the old gent. One would suppose that this was enough, but the good old fellow wanted more information, and the next time the conductor passed he grabbed him again.

"Young man," he cried, working his nose and chin, "you said just now that we stopped at Chillicothe for dinner; now I want to ask you a question."

"Well, sir, what is it?"

"You see I have not been on a railroad for a long time—and you see I have lost all my teeth since then—and I want to ask you a question."

"Well, sir, what is it?"

"Dear me, dear me, I believe I have forgotten it—you see that my memory is very bad—I can't recollect the smallest thing; why, I can't recollect the names of my children; dear me, dear me, what was it?"

"Sort of dinner you'll get?"

"No, it wasn't that."

"Any thing about the down train?"

"No, no, I don't care a straw for any train but this train, you see"—

The whistle called the conductor away. Half an hour after the man captured again the patient conductor.

"I say, young man, I remember that question."

"Yes, indeed; what is it?"

"How long do we stay for dinner?"

The last I saw of the old gentleman the patient conductor was helping him into the bosom of his loving family at a way station.

Doubtless he found time to eat dinner then, and we hope the poor old man didn't "have to let the hoe-cake be," because he "hadn't no teeth for to eat" it."

PLEASANT MUSICAL ITEMS.

Parepa has been shipped—not in the "Bluenose" sense or in the Yankee sense—but in a way purely complimentary:

Madame Parepa was recently surprised and naturally gratified by the receipt of the following note, subscribed by a firm of ship-brokers in New York: "*Dear Madam*,—We have been called upon to give a name to a vessel, and not having time to obtain your consent, have taken the liberty of calling her the '*Parepa*'—trusting that the name so honored and beloved in America may be to the *Parepa* a token of the success which it represents."

The great Norwegian magician has "hung up his fiddle and his bow," and gone to writing their obituary—if we may judge from the title of his work. An exchange says:

Ole Bull is not at present giving concerts, his time being absorbed in writing a book, which he is to entitle, "The Soul of the Violin." It is said to contain ideas as fantastic and charming as are many of his musical efforts.

And the "Swedish lark" is still making friends. Who can wonder, for this is the beautiful way she does it:

Christina Nilsson gave a concert in an Illinois village, on Christmas day, devoting the proceeds to the erection of a church for the uses of a colony of her countrymen. The Swedes were too poor to buy tickets, and she gave them a special concert afterward. The people crowded around her at its close, and greeted her in her native tongue. She knelt on the plain board floor and kissed all the children, and greeted, among others, a Swedish woman who came forward with a tremble on her lips, for she had been a playmate of Christina twenty years ago, in Smoland, where they bore fagots together from the wood.

KING MONGKUT'S FAREWELL.

The King of Siam treated a lady, who was his children's "English governess," rather shabbily during the four years of her residence at his court, but when, after six months of refusal to grant her leave of absence to recruit her broken health, he at last gave his consent, he paid her the following awkward tribute:

Mam! you much beloved by our common people, and all inhabitants of palace and royal children. Every one is in affliction of your departure; and even that opium-eating secretary, P'hra Aleck is very low down in his heart because you will go. It shall be because you must be a good and true lady. I am often angry on you, and lose my temper, though I have large respect for you. But, nevertheless, you ought to know you are difficult woman, and more difficult than generality. But you will forget and come back to my service; for I have more confidence on you every day. Good-by.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

I am composed of 19 letters.. My 8, 19, 6, 11, 12 is a tree; my 1, 17, 3, 15, 10 is an animal; my 18, 14, 5, 7, 9 we learn to do at school; my 12, 13, 2, 4, 16 is a part of the body; my whole is the name of a popular writer.

ANNIE.

2.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in cat, but not in mouse,
My *second* is in church, but not in house;
My *third* is in tear, but not in peel,
My *fourth* is in rob, but not in steal:
My *fifth* is in wise, but not in fool,
My *sixth* is in thread, but not in spool.
My *whole* is a country far away. VULCAN.

3.

HAUTEO.

4.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a method of speech I condemn,
Its actions few calmly can stand;
I'm fixed aboard ships, both astern and astem,
And I also encompass dry land,

My *second* is seen in the ship's onward course,
In the passage from country to town;
Or the method by which we our actions enforce,
And I turn either upwards or down.

My *whole* is in every land to be seen,
Subserving all stations and ranks;
Worked sometimes by horses, by wind, or by steam,
Though put out I play terrible pranks.

G. M. M.

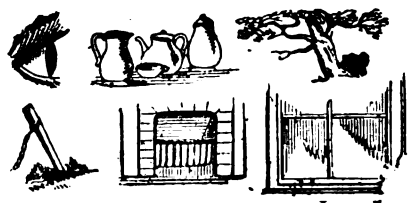
5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My *initials* and *finals* are two fruits.

1. A fruit.
2. A girl's name.
3. Belonging to a nose.
4. A beheaded bark.
5. An Arabian.
6. Head.
7. A clergyman.
8. A laugh.
9. All,

6.



JOLIN I

7.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Money.
2. A name.
3. Frozen rain.
4. A bird of prey.

8.

If a hungry boy goes home from school,
His head well crammed with many a rule,
My *first* will afford him a pleasant sight,
And make his mouth water with real delight.
If he finds my *whole* has a very nice taste,
He will eat me entirely, and leave none to waste;
But if like brick should turn out my *second*,
The warmth of his anger's not easily reckoned.

UNCLE STEPHEN.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Mill-i-cent. 2. Cur-few.
3. "Be honest, be industrious, be duteous, be virtuous. [Bee on nest, bee in dust rears, bead ewe tears, beaver chewers.]
4. Wolverhampton.
5. Falls of Niagara.
6. Duty, Abinadab, Veil, Ink, Dee. DAVID.
7. Target.

AN UNFORTUNATE EDITOR.—An Arkansas editor, who is either very fond of a joke, or has had a sad experience of the responsibilities of his position, lately issued "the paper" without editorial matter, but with a paragraph at the head of the column in which he declared that the wives of his subscribers had so occupied his attention in calling to show their babies, that he had had no time to attend to any thing else.

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FROZEN.

We make the following extract from the thrilling piece composed by the poet, Mr. Young Eastman, some years ago, on an actual occurrence in Vermont during a terribly cold snow storm:

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of the fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill;
And the Norther, see! on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow;
He shouts on the plains, Ho-ho! ho-ho!
And howls with a savage trill.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air!
Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair.
He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls;
He lifts his head and moans and howls;
Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet,—
Pray what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,
But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod with might and main
A path for his horse and sleigh.
But colder still the cold winds blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow.
But the snow was deep and the tugs were tight;
His hands were numb and had lost their might;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
For a while he strives with a wistful cry,
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er—
'Tis the hour of midnight, past,
The old trees writhe and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast.
The silent moon, with her peaceful light,
Looks down on the hills with snow all white,
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead, by the hidden log,
Are they who came from the town—
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown;
In the white snow desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head and his reins in his hand,
The dog, with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare, half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she floundered down.

CAPT. GIRDLER AND HIS KEDGE.

The main facts of the following most interesting story were published in the *Youth's Companion*, in Boston, for April 20, 1848, and the names, dates of clearance, etc., were furnished from the records of the Boston Custom House, and, of course, may be relied on as correct.

As an authentic narrative of a remarkable providence, the story deserves republishing, even apart from its attractions as a thrilling record of adventure:

"About fifty years ago, there lived in Marblehead, Mass., a God fearing sea-captain, named Richard Girdler, who sought to make his vessel a place of prayer, and who trusted in God amid the perils of the mighty deep.

"One night he was called upon to take charge of the brig *Farnsworth*, which was laden and lying in the stream, all ready for voyage.

"Having arranged matters with the owners, Capt. Girdler went on board the brig next morning, and found every thing ready, with one exception. In his opinion, before starting on so long a voyage, the vessel needed another hawser and a *kedge*, a small anchor, not intended for security from storm, but used in calm weather, to steady the vessel, or by carrying it off to a distance in a boat, to 'warp' or move a ship to another position when wind and tide do not serve. He laid the matter before the owners, and received orders to procure a kedge, and go back to Marblehead and obtain a suitable hawser for it.

"The kedge was easily found, but he could not get such a hawser as he wanted in all Marblehead, and there was no ropewalk there long enough to 'lay' or twist one, and the weather was too rainy to do it out of doors. But he would not go without his hawser, and was finally obliged to have it laid in two glats, or pieces, of sixty fathoms each, which, when joined together, made a strong hawser of one hundred and twenty fathoms, or seven hundred and twenty feet in length.

"Thus provided, the *Farnsworth* cleared from the port of Boston for Liberia, Oct. 8, 1826, and sailed on her destined voyage. During the passage, the service of God was not forgotten; family worship was regularly maintained when the weather would permit; and all who could be spared from duty were invited to attend; though two of the crew, who were Roman Catholics, would not accept the invitation.

"About the first of December, 1826, the *Farnsworth* reached the Bay of Gibraltar, and came to anchor, and remained there some days, with hundreds of other vessels that were moored in the bay. On the sixth of the month a heavy gale burst upon them with tremendous power, and at eleven o'clock it blew a perfect hurricane. The *Farnsworth* parted her small bower, and began to drift with the hurricane; soon her best bower followed, and away went the brig before the wind.

"What now could be done? No skill could avail, no human arm could save them.

"Shrinking from their awful doom, they raised their cries to God, and besought the captain to pray with them. On the very verge of destruction, they all kneeled upon the deck, while above the voice of deep calling unto deep, arose the captain's cry to Him that was mighty to save. And he was heard. He who once slept in the hinder part of the vessel, and awoke to save His disciples from the yawning waves, had a care for this ship, where His Word was trusted and His name adored; and when they arose from their knees, they found, to their amazement, that their ship, which had been driven from her moorings when held by three anchors, was now heading towards the wind, and riding securely, held only by her little kedge—the smallest of the whole!

"On examination afterwards it was found that the fluke of the instrument *had caught through the ring of a huge old sunken anchor*, probably lost from some vessel during the bombardment of Gibraltar by a Spanish fleet in 1782, forty-four years before!

"God knew all about it, and He knew just when to shift the wind to bring the kedge where the old anchor was, and to deliver them from death by the very means that seemed to portend a more swift destruction.

"He would not suffer Capt. Girdler to go to sea without his kedge. A large anchor would not answer; it must be a little kedge, just large enough to steady a vessel while lying in the stream, and *small enough* so that the fluke of it would enter the ring of that old Spanish anchor; and it must be fastened to a new cable, strong enough to hold the brig.

"God hears prayer; and those sailors thought so; for the two who had refused to join in worship at the family altar now refused no more, being convinced that God had heard and answered Capt. Girdler's prayers."—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

A VIRGINIAN "LOVER'S LEAP."

Hardly a famous historic glen or wild scene of traditionary romance exists in the country but has a "lover's leap" in it. An interesting legend connects itself with one of these poetic jumping-off places in the Old Dominion—a "chimney-shaped rock" rising over a frightful gorge known as "the Tunnel." We give the story in the language of a writer in the *Virginia Tourist:*

In 179–, what is now called Rye Cove, a small settlement near the Natural Tunnel, hemmed in by the mountains, was occupied by a fierce Indian tribe, probably the Wyandots.

Masoa, the daughter of the chief, was enamored of a young warrior of her tribe, and their trysting-place was on the wild heights that overhang the subterranean passage of the mountain. Here it was her custom to gather flowers and to meet her lover, in the inspiration of the beautiful and solitary scene.

But the old chief had other designs for his daughter; he had promised her in marriage to the chief of a neighboring tribe, and, scrupulous as is the Indian in such affairs, he was relentless to the entreaties of his daughter, and angry when he discovered that her affections had been engaged by another.

Masoa told her lover, in the accustomed place of their meeting, of the fate that had been determined for her. He advised, as the only means of averting their disappointment, that on the day appointed for the neighboring chief to claim his bride, Masoa should escape, ascend the sharp, high rock, and there, with her lover, proclaim him as her choice to her father and to the party who would probably pursue her. The two were to threaten to cast themselves from the rock if compassion was not had on their love and the maiden released by her father from his hateful compact. It was hoped that the prospect of a self-immolation so awful, so instant and so dreadful, might touch the heart of the old chief, and save Masoa and her lover.

The day came for the celebration of the marriage which the father had designed; the neighboring chief who was to bear away the prize, attended with numerous followers.

It was an occasion of barbaric splendor, to which all were invited; but Masoa was missing. Search was made. Her romantic habit of visiting the wild scene on the mountain was known, and it is said that a little brother, who had frequently accompanied her there, now innocently directed the party of pursuers.

These, to the number of several hundred, had searched through the cavernous recesses of the Tunnel.

Assembled in the amphitheatre below, which we have described, closely mingled in the ardor of pursuit, an appalling sight fell on their uplifted eyes—Masoa and her lover on the high stem of rock, his strong arm uplifted above the screen of woods in clear relief against the sky, and embracing it the affrighted but unshrinking maiden, who had ascended with him the awful altar of immolation.

She had commenced to speak to the spectators below, and she was yet speaking loudly and vehemently, in the last eager hope of reconciliation with her father and of safety for her lover, when an arrow whizzed through the air. It had been strung by the jealous and disappointed chief below.

A stream of blood gushed from the breast of the warrior—that breast from which she had separated herself but a little space to rise to the proclamation of her love; she was seen to clasp him in her arms, to look long and tenderly on his face, as if inquiring of the death that passed over and sealed it; and then, embracing him more tightly and uttering a wild, long shriek, she leaped down into the air, falling, a mangled corpse, on the rocks below, and bearing in her not yet loosened arms the dead body of her lover.

The scene is not yet ended; another death completes it. Even while Masoa leaped, her brother, exasperated, in the quick agony of his revenge has stridden behind the assassin chief and with one blow killed him. All three of the dead bodies are said to have fallen nearly together.

Such is "The Story of Masoa,"—characteristic of the Indian nature.

POOR, WITH $8,000,000 A YEAR.

True riches do not consist in mere money, nor real poverty always in the want of it. Shakespeare makes one of his kings say, with great truth and force:

"We've nothing we can call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

. . . . . .

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood with solemn reverence.

. . . . . .

I live with bread like you, feel wants, taste grief,
Need friends"——

In a less serious strain an American writer, with small respect for royalty, relieves his mind concerning monarchs, whose abundance of money seems to increase their want:

It is wonderful how some poor people live. For example, the Czar of Russia gets only $8,250,000 per annum, or $25,000 per day. The Emperor of Austria gets only $4,000,000 per annum or $10,000 per day, and has to support himself and a small family on this pittance. King William of Prussia, manages to keep up an appearence on $5,000,000 a year or $14,000 per day; but is, of course, forced to economize. Victor Emanuel, of impoverished Italy, is kept down on the miserable pittance of $2,400,000 per annum, or a little less than $7,000 per day. Were it not that the climate of Italy is warm, enabling him to wear cotton clothes, he would have to call on the Pope for some of that dignitary's old coats.

And then there is Queen Victoria, who is actually compelled to play Queen, on $2,200,000 per annum. If her family expenses had not been cut down by the marriage of several of her daughters, what would become of her?

Truly, it is wonderful how all these poor crowned heads manage to keep body and soul together.

ST. PAUL HAD TO MAKE A WORD.

Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, remarking on the extent to which a nation's character can be judged from its language, and picturing the evident moral degradation of people who, like the Chinese, have no settled word for God, and like some of the South Sea Islanders, know no term for "holiness, faith, veneration, conscience, truth, justice, love, mercy," and the like, says:

"Even the Greek, with all its wealth of words, had, as Wesley long ago observed, no term for the Christian virtue of humility, until the Apostle to the Gentiles framed one for it, and for this the moral poverty of the classic speech compelled him to resort to the root conveying the idea not of self-abasement in the consciousness of utter unworthiness in the sight of a pure and holy God, but of positive debasement, meanness and miserableness of spirit." The word thus alluded to by Mr. Marsh is, I find, used four times by St. Paul—viz., Acts 20: 19, where it is rendered "humility of mind:" Phil. 2: 3, where it is given as "lowliness of mind;" Eph. 4: 2, where it is translated "lowliness," and Col. 3: 12, where it is translated "humbleness of mind."

Tapeinophrosyne is the word, and from the way it looks here in Roman letters you must think that St. Paul had to go far to make it.

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

While many brilliant women are exercising the feminine gift of talking about the rights of their sex, a sturdy emigrant has been doing far better, and getting a recognition of her rights by the government. An exchange tells the story:

A few weeks ago a young Welsh woman, Miss Owen Evans, applied at the office of the Clerk of the United States District Court in Helena, Montana, and declared her desire to take the necessary steps to become a citizen of the United States. When the clerk recovered from his astonishment, he studied the naturalization laws, and then announced to her that she had as full a right to become a citizen of the United States as if she were a man.

She received her certificate, and then she did what no advocate of woman's rights has been smart enough to do, or recommend other women to do. She called upon the clerk to make out her declaratory statement under the pre-emption law of 160 acres of land in Deer Lodge Valley, the description of which she furnished. The statement was made out and forwarded, and now stands on the records of the land office at Helena, as No. 1,000. This girl is building a house on the farm thus cheaply acquired, and is fencing it, and has on it already a considerable stock of horned and other cattle.

A FRENCH ROMANCE.

The French are famous for romantic stories of women in high life, and Louise Muhlbach gives the following report of the early life of the wife of Count Benedetti, who was the French minister at the Prussian court at the beginning of the war:

A very rich Greek merchant, resident in Alexandria, had two black wives, whom he loved dearly, and for whose service he provided a large retinue of beautiful girls. One of his wives one day chanced to see a charming white girl, and was so pleased with her that she coaxed her husband into buying her.

The beautiful slave became a confidential servant and companion to her negro mistresses, and conducted herself toward them in such a sagacious manner that she became indispensable to them. She sang to them, and gossipped, and frolicked so gracefully that *ennui* was banished completely. She won their affections, and through them also the affection of her master, the venerable Greek merchant.

But the black wives suddenly fell sick one day, and before nightfall they were both dead. Their disease was known to nobody, and they were hastily buried. The beautiful young slave, who had not left their side for a moment during the few hours of their illness, seemed inconsolable. She did her best, however, to assuage the grief of the ancient merchant, and in this way so endeared herself to him that he adopted her as his child and heir, since he was too old to marry her.

In course of time the venerable sage rejoined his swarthy wives in the other world, and the fortunate nymph came into possession of his millions. At this stage of her existence Count Benedetti, who was then only a penniless *attache* to the French consulate in Alexandria, offered her his hand and heart, and having married her, with the aid of her wealth cut for himself a road to fame. In this way she who was once a slave to slaves, became a star in the circles of the French world of fashion.

NOBLE.

There are many brave-hearted men whose names are never known to fame, but whose quiet heroism is more worthy of mention than scores of more public deeds of daring which readily win praise and renown. Sometimes instances of self-sacrifice in private soldiers come to light which are truly noble.

During the siege of Metz the supply of chloroform in the hands of the medical officers became very limited. After one of the sorties a soldier was brought to the hospital with his hand smashed by a shell. Examination showed that some of the shattered bones must be removed. The soldier asked to be made insensible during the operation.

"I have been suffering terribly for the last two hours," said he, "and I do not believe that I could support any further pain."

The surgeon was silent. It was a very painful operation, but the chloroform was almost gone. Noticing that the surgeon did not reply, after a short pause the soldier inquired,—

"Is the stuff that makes one sleep getting short?"

"Terribly short," the surgeon said; "it has nearly come to an end."

The wounded man was silent for a minute or two; then he said,—

"Very well, M. le Docteur, then I will do without it; some of those who have worse wounds than I have, will want it more; only be quick about it."

So saying, he stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth, and held out his hand for the operation to be performed. This quiet resignation of what would have alleviated his own torture for the benefit of others was true heroism.

WOULDN'T BE DRIVEN.

The art of making people *not* do what we want to have them, comes nearly to perfection in the habit of harsh speaking. How much better a courteous *request* is than any attempt to *drive*, is seen in examples like these:

I once heard a wife say, "I was not intending to go to Mrs. Smith's party to-night, but John said I should not go a step, and now I'll go, if I die for it!"

And little Tommy Johnson evinced the same spirit when he said, "I'd just as lief give Jim Sykes my whistle as not, for it's a cracked old thing, and all the whistle is out of it; but Jim said if I didn't give it to him he'd whip me; and now I'll burn it! see if I don't!"

If you ever want to influence any person, try kindness. Hearts may be softened by love, but never by a spirit of hatred and unkindness. And if you should succeed in convincing a man against his will, ten to one he will hold to the same opinion still.

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THE BLIND BOY.

What can the blind boy do?
The boy who cannot see?
His eyes are very blue,
But very sad to me.
His little face is fair,
But on his baby brow
There is a look of care,
That makes me sorrow now.

What can the blind boy do?
How can we make him glad?
His pleasures are so few,
His life must be so sad.
The never-ceasing joys
That shine for you and me
Are not the poor blind boy's—
The boy who cannot see.

He cannot see the sun,
Or flowers peeping out,
Or watch the kitten run,
Or robin hop about.
He cannot join the race,
Or climb to get a nest,
Or even see the face
Of those he loves the best!

What are his eyes made for?
Useless through all these years!
Are they for nothing? or
Only for shedding tears?
Poor eyes that may not see,
Tears cannot make more dim;
How sorry he must be!
How can we comfort him?

Good Words for the Young.

For the Companion.

PATSIE'S FEVER.

Patsie had seemed as well as usual in the morning, and had been stringing buttons and sewing patchwork as busily and happily as possible; but before dinner time her eyes grew heavy, her cheeks were hot, and she wanted to lie down on the lounge and be covered with auntie's shawl.

Then her head began to throb, her eyes burned, her hands "felt sore," and she ached all over. Soon she fell asleep, but her breathing was hard and quick, and when she wakened she felt no better.

Auntie watched her anxiously for some time, then she said,—

"I must put you to bed and send for the doctor."

"No, I don't want to go to bed yet, it isn't my bedtime," cried Patsie, "and I'm not sleepy *at all*."

"You need not go to sleep, dear," said auntie. "but bed is the best place for little girls that are sick, and I will sit and read to you."

So Patsie submitted to be carried up stairs, but she did not like having her feet soaked in hot water, and she rebelled against having the doctor.

"I don't want to take any medinson," said she, earnestly, "so the doctor needn't come." And when, by-and-by, he did come, and took one of her hot hands in his, she clapped the other over her mouth, to make sure that he should not give her medicine.

"Whew!' said the doctor, as he felt her pulse, for her heart was pumping the blood through her body about twice as fast as it ought.

He wanted to look at her tongue, too, but her hand was still close over her mouth, and she began to cry, so he contented himself with what auntie could tell him about the little tongue that could wag so fast when it wished.

Then he sat down and wrote a prescription, and measured out two little powders, giving auntie directions about them both.

"Now give me a kiss, and I'll go," said he, stooping over the flushed face that lay on the pillow.

That seemed such an easy way to get rid of him that Patsie took away her hand and held up her lips very willingly.

Presently came the medicine the doctor had ordered.

Now if you think Patsie made any fuss about taking it, you are very much mistaken.

She did not cry, nor hide her head in the pillow; much less did she need to be held by main force, and have the medicine poured down her throat. No, indeed! but when auntie brought it to her she raised her head, opened her mouth and swallowed the dose like the best little girl in the world.

"Why, it is nice!" said she, refusing the water auntie offered her after it. "It tastes just like yellow sweetened water."

For two days and nights the fever turn lasted, and all the while Patsie was as good as a kitten, not once fretting, nor forgetting to say "please," and "thank you."

One morning, before daylight, she said,—

"Auntie, I'm hungry."

"What should you like to eat, dear?"

"Well, I guess some *meat baked*!"

"I don't think there is any in the house," answered auntie, laughing.

"O yes, I'm *shore* there is. It's been here a *number of years!*"

"We shall have to wait and see if the doctor is willing," said auntie, giving Patsie a few grapes instead of baked meat.

When breakfast time came Patsie was delighted to see a little tray brought in; and when she saw what was on it she was so pleased she could hardly eat a mouthful.

There was a tiny blue cup and saucer for her tea, a slice of toast on a little blue plate, a wee blue sugar bowl and cream jug, and the cunningest teapot she ever saw, that came all the way from China, and had the queerest little men, and women, and bright flowers painted all over it.

"I s'pose the doctor wouldn't mind if I did have this pretty china," said she. "I guess he'd be willin', don't you think so?"

When the doctor came that day, and found Patsie so much better, he thought there was no more need of himself or his medicine, so he bade her good-by, and went away again.

That night when it came auntie's bedtime, she found it was snowing.

"Please let me see," begged Patsie, who was not so sound asleep as she ought to have been.

Auntie lifted her up, and let her see the pure white drift on the piazza roof.

"O!" exclaimed Patsie, "now I'm better, and I can go out to-morrow and make snowballs, can t I?"

"I rather think not," was auntie's reply.

M. T. C.

WONDERFUL PRESENCE OF MIND IN A CHILD.

"Didn't think" has lost a life sometimes, as certainly would have been the case had it been in the way here, instead of the prompt wisdom of this little Cleveland boy. The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says:

Yesterday forenoon an accident happened to a little girl which would undoubtedly have proved fatal but for the remarkable presence of mind exhibited by a four years old boy. The circumstances of the case are these:

A little daughter of James Mellen, aged two years, went from her home, on Wood Street, to the next house, to play with a little boy. The two children were alone in the yard, drawing about a small cart. The girl was pulling the cart and walking backward, when she came to a cistern, which was uncovered, and fell in. The cistern is eight feet deep and had about five feet of water in it.

The little boy saw her fall, and running to the edge of the cistern threw himself on his face, his chin resting on the curb, and stretched his hands toward the water. As the girl rose to the surface she threw up her arms, and the little hero caught her two wrists and held them tightly, screaming loudly for his "mamma."

The mother at first paid no attention to him, but as he continued to shout, she went to him and saved the girl from drowning. So tightly had the boy held on that the imprint of his fingers and finger nails were very distinct upon the little girl's wrist, and she had so struggled in the water that his chin was much bruised against the cistern curb, but still he held on, and his efforts saved the child's life.

THE BOY AND THE CHIPMONK.

The following pretty story, told in *Merry's Museum*, gives a fine example of the power of gentleness:

One day when returning from the meadow, I saw a small striped squirrel on the wall. The men had just been talking about the little creatures, telling how full of curiosity they were, how they would pop their heads out of their hiding-place at the slightest unusual noise, and how a person might approach quite near to them by gently tapping on a fence or a wall with a stone.

Here was a good opportunity to try the experiment. I picked up two small stones, and then very carefully approached the squirrel, who seemed to be waiting to see what I would do.

When I had taken a few steps towards him, he darted down into the wall with a chip-r-r, as if o say, "No, you don't!"

I took two or three steps more towards the place where he had been sitting, stood perfectly still for say three minutes, and then began to tap the stones together, very gently and slowly.

In a short time up came the little head out of the wall. I stopped tapping, and very carefully took a step or two more towards the little fellow, as before. I had now got within six feet of him, when down he went again into the wall and out of sight.

Immediately, and without noise, I went close to the wall, and lay down on the bank, with my face not two feet from the place where the squirrel had been sitting. I laid several kernels of corn upon the rock, temptingly, and waited as much as ten minutes.

After a while I took one of the stones and gave three or four gentle taps upon the wall. No reply. In a moment or two I repeated the noise. Presently I heard a scratching in the wall, and soon up came the little head not two feet from me. I wanted to scream with delight, but I did not move an eyelid. There we were, the squirrel and myself, looking into each other's face for at least half a minute. I could see the little fellow's hurried breathing distinctly.

Once he gave a single chip-r-r, and braced his feet firmly on the rock, as if ready to vanish if I should offer any warlike menace. But I kept perfectly still. And, after another good long stare, the squirrel coolly gathered up the corn I had put down, and, with a farewell chip-r-r, he ran into the wall.

Of course I was delighted with my experiment. You may be sure that I tried it the next day, and with equal success. Only it seemed to me that the little animal showed less fear. Within a week I could plainly see that he was growing tame. I always fed him at the same place, and about the same time of day, taking good care that the dog was not visible, and no one about but myself.

Not to make my story too long, it will suffice to say that in less than a month Tommy, as I called my squirrel, would actually take corn from my hand. But it was not corn all the time, for the food I gave him was varied occasionally. Before the autumn leaves fell the little creature would go all over my person for his food, and even down into the great pockets of my frock. I never attempted to catch him, being sufficiently interested in taming him without a desire to make him my prisoner.

Shall I go on with my story? It had a sad ending, but I suppose you want to hear the whole.

One day in June—it was just a year since I had made Tommy's acquaintance—I missed my little hackee as I returned from the meadow. I thought little of his absence then. As day after day went by, however, and still no signs of my squirrel, I began to feel nervous. A fortnight had passed away, when, as I was standing beside the wall, wondering what had become of my pet, when Tommy, one of the village boys, with a gun on his shoulder, passed along the lane towards the highway. He spoke civilly to me, and I replied, casually asking whether he had found any game.

"Well, no," was his answer; "the squirrels are pretty scarce now. I was up this way a fortnight ago, and bagged a lot of chippers."

In an instant I suspected the fate of my squirrel. A strange sensation came over me, and I actually had to lean against the wall for support. I don't think the boy ever knew how much pain he had caused me. He soon continued on towards the village. As for me, I sat down upon the ground and had a good hearty cry.

From that time I could never shoot squirrels or destroy birdsnests "just for the fun of the thing." The incident taught me, as I hope it will teach you, my dear young readers, the power of kindness, which brings even the brute creation to our feet, and makes them obedient to our will.

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Always give the name of the Post-Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Letters to publishers should be addressed to PERRY MASON & CO., Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

WHAT A BORE!

Walking up Broadway in one of the hottest of last summer's hot days, at the corner of Warren Street, arose a most unaccountable but altogether delightful breeze. Roasted newsboys stood still for a moment, and lifted the remnants of what were once hats and caps, to enjoy it. Perspiring men and parboiled women paused and drew long breaths of enjoyment, and one old gentleman, whose light straw hat suddenly swept upward, borne by a stronger gust than usual, gazed after it placidly, but made no movement of pursuit.

"What is it?" I asked; and the doctor answered, "Come and see."

Down we went into a basement, where we faced at once the greatest blower ever yet seen on this continent. Not, however, a New York politician, as you may have supposed, but a rotary blower, the use of which you shall soon learn.

For this paddle-box affair, with its prettily frescoed wood-work, means that the days of dusty horse cars and rumbling omnibusses are almost at an end, and that the millennium of horses may begin in our own time. This blower, or *æolor*, is the motive power, which will some day send you in less than a minute from the Battery to the Central Park, and the tunnel through which you will be shot, twelve feet under ground, is already several hundred feet in length.

Originally, the intention was simply to blow packages and mail matter through a pneumatic tube, and the Legislature gave the right to construct such a tube. Once at work, the projectors of the scheme discovered it would cost little more to make it a passenger tube and blow people as well as packages, and another application has been made to Legislature for permission to increase the size of the tunnel.

But now you will want, as I did, to see how the boring was done. An entrance having been made from the surface in Warren Street, deep enough to escape sewers, gas and water pipes, an enormous cylinder was introduced, open at both ends, and at the front end an arrangement of shelves, to receive the earth bored out, and keep it from too rapidly filling up the shield. At the rear end were arranged eighteen hydraulic rams, all connected with a single water pump. From the rear of the shield, and passing completely around it, extends a band or hoop of sheet steel, two feet wide, and an eighth of an inch thick, called the "hood."

Inside this hood is built a section of the brick work of the tunnel, and when sixteen inches in length are laid, the pump is put in motion, and the rams push the cylinder with great force into the earth, which, pressing between the shelves, falls to the bottom of the shield and is taken away in barrows and cars. When it has gone on sixteen inches, the motion is stopped and a new section of brick-work made, which in turn is pushed forward into place, and in this way, nearly eight feet a day can be tunnelled and bricked.

Having seen the end of the tunnel, you can better understand the beginning, and are ready now to go back, as we did, and look into the depot, directly under the sidewalk of Warren Street, and reached by a long hall, which is entered in turn by a flight of steps from Broadway. The depot office, a large room forty-five feet long and twelve feet wide, comes first, and is completed and fitted up in every way like a first-class business man's office. Then comes the main saloon, one hundred and twenty feet by fourteen; pictures on the walls, a fountain, and flowers, a grand piano and expensive clock. At the east end of the room, a few steps descend to the railway-platform, by which stands the pneumatic passenger car. This is circular, of course, with floor of oiled wood, and handsomely upholstered seats for twenty persons. The car is lighted by oxy-hydrogen gas, and the waiting-rooms in the same way.

Taking your seat, and the doors at both ends being closed, the engineer or conductor touches a telegraph wire on the wall of the tunnel, and in a moment the car is in motion, but so gently that you hardly believe it, till, opening the door, the conductor calls, "Murray Street!" and in another moment you are back to the original starting point at Warren Street. And what has done it? Neither steam nor horses, but air alone. Two powerful steam engines force air into the *æolor* or blower, which is made to take the place of the old-fashioned leather bellows, and which sends or can send a perfect tornado of air through the tunnel. This blast of air, graduated at will, pushes the car forward at a rate of from two to sixty miles an hour. The car is so arranged that by pressing a brake a signal is telegraphed to the operator in the engine room, who, by shifting a valve, changes the current from a blowing in to a suction one, which draws out as fast as it before sent in. So you can ride back and forth, growing more and more delighted with the clean, dry, quiet tunnel, and the pure, fresh air of the car. A deep, rumbling noise from the wagons and carts overhead is the only reminder of the outward world. Snow and dust, heat and cold find no kingdom here. Warm in summer and cool in winter, the tunnel is and will be as even in temperature as the Mammoth Cave, and the weary man or woman who spends hours daily in getting to and from business, may, when that joyful day of a completed underground railroad comes, allow five minutes for going five miles, and sleep in peace till seven in the dark winter mornings, or ride and walk in the bright summer ones.

So the world goes on, doing more and more wonderful things every day, and who knows but that before you *Youth's Companion* readers are old men and women, you and I together may go down to the rooms of the "Boston, New York and Liverpool Transit Company," and in a twinkling find ourselves in England? Who knows?

HELEN C. WEEKS.

VARIETY.

CURIOUS REQUEST.

The Rev. Thomas S. Savage, one of the first missionaries to Africa, says: "The dogs of West Africa have so little hair that they are said to go naked, like their heathen masters. They have no bark, but instead make a low, suppressed, disagreeable noise, something like that of a deaf and dumb person trying to speak. On opening our new station at Fishtown, I took with me a fine Newfoundland dog, large and shaggy, having a roar rather than a bark, which made him a terror to all the people of the native town. This roar the natives called 'dog's English.'

"One morning, early, a prominent head-man came to the mission house, pulling along by the neck a poor African cur, and standing off some distance, cried out: '*Deyo! deyo!* (doctor! doctor!) I bring my dog to learn English.'

"'What,' said the astonished missionary; 'do you think I came hear to teach your dogs English?'

"'No, no,' quickly replied the man, 'not you—you no fit to do dat;' then pointing to my dog, 'Him do dat. Him *sabby* (knows) English. Him talk him strong (bark aloud)—no tief come here steal now. 'S'pose I leave my dog here, him soon *sabby* English too; den no tief come steal my place too.'

"To gratify the man in his simplicity, I told my dog Leo to open his school and do what he could for the benighted cur."—*Methodist.*

AN UNSOUND LOG.

The Bangor *Whig* learns that a farmer in Patten was out in the woods one day last week, and commenced cutting an old pine log to see if it was sound. He found that it was not sound, but he heard a sound inside, and had hardly time to get to the end of the log before he saw an old she bear coming out. He gave her a blow with his axe, and was pulling her out when he was surprised to see two large cubs just back of their mother. He drew the old one from the log and was dispatching the cubs, when out jumped another old bear, which, before the man could finish the cubs, made good his escape. The farmer gets fifteen dollars bounty besides the skins and meat of the bears.

BOILED AND SCRAMBLED EGGS.

During the winter of 1869, a drummer visiting Wilmington, N. C., stopped at one of the first-class hotels. At the breakfast table he gave an elaborate order to the waiter, and included in it "two soft-boiled eggs."

Sambo went off to the kitchen, but soon returned, and asked,—

"Mass' Boss, did you want dem eggs scrambled?"

"No," said the drummer, "I want them soft-boiled."

"All right, sar," and off he trotted again.

In a few moments he loomed in again, and remarked, in a most persuasive tone, "Mass' Boss, you better have dem eggs scrambled."

"What do you mean?" roared Harry.

"Well," said Sambo, "Mass' Boss, I'll tell you; dem eggs aint very fresh, and they'll look better scrambled."

QUARRELSOME YOUNG PEOPLE.

See the young trees in stormy weather,
How they knock their heads together!
But when deeper in the ground,
Higher too, their heads are found;
And when storms break o'er the land
They take each other by the hand,
And so secure and nobly stand,

SURPRISED.

A Western editor, on entering his office, and seeing his apprentice boy cutting some queer capers, called out to him, "Jim, what are you doing down on the floor?"

"Why, sir, I have had a shock."

"A shock! What kind of a shock?"

"Why," said the lad, gasping, "one of your subscribers came in during your absence—said he owed for two years' subscription—paid it—and also paid another year in advance."

Of course the *Youth's Companion* subscribers never forget to pay. The strange thing in their case would be that they ever should forget.

LIGHTNING IN LEATHER.

Friction will produce electric sparks from almost any hard substance:

The electricity generated by rapidly moving belt is immense. The one leading from the fly wheel of the large engine that drives the works in Batterson's building, corner of High and Asylum Streets, develops electricity enough to ignite a gas light situated at least six feet from the belt. By presenting the knuckles of the closed hand to the belt and the point of the finger to the burner, the gas will be instantly ignited.—*Hartford Post.*

A BIG TAVERN.

The Grand Central Hotel, the largest in New York city, occupies a whole square, fronting on Broadway. It is eight stories high, contains six hundred and thirty rooms, and will accommodate fifteen hundred guests. Its carpetings would cover the space of seven acres, and the steam-pipes in the building, if placed in a straight line, would reach nearly thirty miles.

COULDN'T FIND THE PLACE.

Harper's Bazar represents a city gentleman scrutinizing a map of Europe very closely through his eye-glasses and replying to an inquiring friend, that he can't find "Anarchy in France," the town he has heard so much about lately. This rivals the quandary of the old commercial gentleman who hunted the map in vain for "Great Jeopardy," a part of the Mediterranean, because he had heard that one of his vessels was in it.

A WESTERN writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling *tho* is "though," *ate*, "eight," and *bo*, "beaux," the proper way of spelling potatatoes is *poughteighteaux*.

"WHICH side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness.

"On either side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the right; if ye go the other way, it's on the left."

A CELEBRATED Irish advocate was walking one day with a friend who was extremely punctilious in his conversation; hearing a person near him say curosity for curiosity, he exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!"

"Not so bad," replied the lawyer; "he has only *knocked an i out!*"

A LETTER with the following address was recently received at the post-office in Nashua. The postmaster was at a loss to know whether it was intended for one of the Chinese embassy or one of the Russian singers;

"Thomas Whockeridemoffleschaupunponsky, care of Beret Hollisksdatter, Lardes, Nashua, N. H."

A LITTLE four-year-old had been intently watching the process of corn-popping on a stormy day in the beginning of winter; happening to turn to the window, she observed for the first time the falling snow. Amazed and delighted, she ran to her father and exclaimed, "O papa, do look at the funny rain! it's all popped out white!" Can any older head describe snow more graphically?

"A SLIGHT COLD," COUGHS.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "SLIGHT COLD" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give sure and almost immediate relief. "The Troches" have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

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So says Capt. Joseph George, of Manchester, N. H., in a long certificate, dated April 26, 1870. Ex-Gov. Smyth, Ex-Member of Congress Morrison, and Geo. W. Riddle testify that they know Capt. George to be an honest, square man, whose word they believe.

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At this writing, August 20, 1870, it has been less than eight months before the public, and the sale has been enormous for a new article. Wherever a dozen goes many more soon follow. It recommends itself—one bottle often selling a gross.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

AN HOUR IN A TELEGRAPHIC STATION.

"I can't say I'm sorry you have come, Julia, for I am delighted to see you; but, unfortunately, we are all going out to spend the day, even the baby and nurse; and you must be tired!"

So said Aunt Norton, as she came out of the bedroom on the first landing, at five o'clock in the morning. The servants were taking in my trunk, not very good-naturedly, I fear, and I was standing in the hall, wrapped in my thick travelling shawl.

"I didn't mean to come so early, aunty, but there was some delay yesterday; we were due at nine, last evening. Still I thought I had better come right here, and"——

"Of course you had," said Aunt Norton; "here is your room all waiting, and the sticks laid in the stove, ready for kindling. There," and she applied a lighted match, "now take off your things and make yourself comfortable. You had better go to bed and have a right good nap, (my aunt was a Southerner by birth) and you shall have your breakfast whenever or wherever you please. And now I think of it, you would be very welcome to go with us; my friend would consider you a fortunate addition to her little company, I am sure."

"I couldn't go among strangers, to-day, I am sure," I said.

"But can you make yourself contented, all alone?"

"I am used to being alone," was my reply, "besides, I shall rest better."

And so I did. The sun had long been risen when I waked from the little "nap" my aunt had suggested. The clock on the mantel was striking ten in a musical voice. I had enjoyed a sweet, refreshing sleep, free from dreams.

Looking down from my window after dressing, delighted at thought of the many pleasant things I should see in the great city, I saw a carriage at the door, and presently my aunt and her daughters entered it. A maid stood on the walk with shawls, and my aunt, talking with her, commending me to her care, perhaps, looked up at where I stood, nodded and smiled, and presently they all drove off.

Then came a light tap at the door; the same maid had come to tell me that breakfast was ready, so I followed her down the stairs and into the hall, where every thing spoke of ease and elegance. My uncle was one of the directors of a telegraph line, and had become wealthy since his marriage.

It seemed like being transported into paradise, to leave our little dingy cottage, where mother and I lived on my small salary as a school teacher, for this beautiful home, fine with pictures, adorned with statuary, perfumed with flowers.

I sat at a little table, adorned with an exquisite silver tea service, and how I did enjoy the thin toast, whose bright, crisp, yellow surface contrasted so beautifully with the delicate linen napkin upon which it laid! I am afraid I felt a little, just a little covetous, as I glanced at the handsome paintings of fruit, and game, and landscape, and thought of my one poor little cherished chromo, at home, one of Prang's most delicious pictures, at least to me: "Wild Flowers."

However, I instantly smothered the feeling, and began to enjoy myself. Breakfast over, I ascended to the great double parlors, into whose rich carpets my feet sank with every pressure, and where lounges and chairs seemed almost too good to be used. It took me hours to examine the pictures, the delightful groups with which Rogers has enriched the world, the splendidly-bound books, and great albums full of strange faces, each one with a part of its life's history written upon it.

Then I threw open the superb piano, and every rich note thrilled me as I played. A passionate love of music is my one gift, and God has given me power to express myself through

AN HOUR IN A TELEGRAPHIC STATION.

it. After that I made love to a great cage full of canary birds, and then thought I would wander over the house.

As I passed along the hall, I mistook a door, thinking that it led into the conservatory, when all at once I stood on the threshold of a large, busy office, and there was my uncle, hat in hand. I shrank back confused at strange sounds and faces, but he came forward cordially, and drew me within.

"Were you ever in a telegraph office before?" he asked.

"Never in my life."

"Perhaps you would like to see how we send messages."

I hesitated. Dislike to see strange faces is one of my foolish peculiarities.

"You remember Joe Fiske, I suppose," said my uncle.

I did remember him. For one short term he had been the oldest and best of my scholars.

"He is working here."

"O, I should be so delighted to see him!" I said; and forthwith I was taken to a queer looking stand, overlaid with a great deal of brass, and there stood Joe, grown taller by a head since I had seen him, two years before. My uncle left me seated by him and talking of old times.

"By the way," he said, "it was your name that got me this situation. "I've been going to write you a dozen times, but I never happened to. You see when I was examined, your uncle stood by, and hearing me say that I came from Springtown, he asked me if I went to school there, and then I spoke of you.

"She is my niece," he said, and from that moment I saw in his eyes that I should get the situation. It was rather doubtful, before; there were more than twenty applicants. So you see blood *is* thicker than water."

"I am very glad my name helped you, *if it did*," I said.

"O, but it did; I am sure of it."

"Here is a message;" and instantly turning from me, he began to work. I sat by, all curiosity. In less time than I can write it, the work was done, and message after message came pouring in, while I watched, intensely interested, and admiring the gravity and business-like manner of my former pupil, who was two years older than myself.

At last there came a lull.

"Are you always so busy?" I asked.

"O, this is nothing," was his reply; "sometimes we are so crowded that we have to put on extra hands."

"And do you throw these messages away?"

"Generally, after we have done with them."

"Is there any law against reading some of them?"

"No, indeed, but you would find many quite unintelligible, I assure you;" and he placed a handful of papers near me. I seized them with avidity. The first one read as follows:

"Catherine at home safe. Seventeen to-day. C. B. gone for good."

This set me to speculating. Was Catherine a young lady, just through her school term? and was she celebrating her seventeenth birthday? Who was C. B.? and were they glad or sorry he had gone for good? It might have been some lover of Catherine, who was not altogether agreeable to other parties. Or Catherine might be an old lady, and the author of the dispatch signifying her or his own age. What a labyrinth of perplexities these things lead one into!

The next dispatch was worse. Of course my former pupil folded down the address of each.

"X L *in transitu*. Caliph on the rampage. Go over to S X and see if the housekeeping is kept straight."

Joe laughed at my look of perplexity. "It is as plain as A B C to the receiver, I suppose. Oddest thing I ever sent; fictitious names, too, probably," he added. I have not been able to dream out the meaning of that, except that I think S X means Essex, and X L excel, but that wouldn't make any sense. I soon had another in my hand. Ah, how sorrowful!

"Little Lilly is gone; died this morning. Come on immediately."

Poor, sad heart! I could not keep the tears out of my eyes. Perhaps it was a baby Lilly. Then again:

"John is out of danger. God be thanked." The next one read thus:

"Buy it all up, every scrap, wherever you find it. No matter what price. Further particulars in writing."

"Speculation," said Joe, as I laid it aside.

"What do you suppose it is?"

"Something that everybody needs, no doubt; something that will make one man rich at the expense of thousands who are poor. I hope he'll fail."

I echoed the hope. Work came in, and Joe turned to his instrument, while I kept on reading. Suddenly I felt that his eye was upon me. I glanced up. There was a strange expression on his intelligent face.

"Perhaps you've got one for me," I said, laughing nervously, but most certainly not dreaming what his answer would be.

"I have."

I held out my hand. My heart beat hurriedly.

I had received messages before, but this one was from *home*. There were only these words:

"An accident. Mrs. Wilson hurt. You had better return."

For a moment I was faint with fear and the suddenness of the shock. Joe brought me a glass of water, and when I could stand, half led me to the door.

"I shall go without baggage," I said, and then I crept dizzily through the beautiful halls and up into my wide, tastefully-furnished chamber. If for one moment I had disparaged my own little home, where beamed a mother's gentle smile, where shone a mother's sweet face, this, surely, was punishment greater than I deserved. I searched my little register of railroad time, and found that the cars started in thirty minutes. More utterly-wretched than I had ever felt in my life, I was putting on my wraps, when my name was called two or three times, and hasty footsteps sounded on the stairs. Then a quick, loud knock, and there stood the trim maid, with a bright face, and Joe behind her, flourishing a bit of paper.

"Take off your hat, Miss Wilson. Here is a second dispatch. It was another person, and some friend of yours, getting the wrong name, telegraphed."

The paper fluttered in my hands, and I was left alone; but can any one understand the weight of gratitude that fell upon my heart? None but Him to whom I poured it out, then, and many times after.

For the Companion.

HOW JUNE FOLLOWED ON INTO SUMMER.

In Three Chapters.—Chap. III.

"Not to-night, of course, Edward," said Mrs. Tynsdale; "you will not think of the hospital before to-morrow."

"Not if you are willing to take the care," said Dr. Tynsdale. "The child has had changes enough for one twenty-four hours. I can't call it excitement, for nothing seems to produce that effect with her. I'm half inclined to think that if our own eyes should be opened to as new a vision as I hope to give to hers, we should find some unseen guardians commissioned to keep that strange calm in her face. Not even that quick smile of hers seems to disturb it. It is the most wonderful thing I ever saw in a child. Whatever happens or does not happen, she seems to be quietly waiting for something that she feels is sure to come."

"Edward, why should we send her there at all? The same feeling that was in my heart that night at the hotel haunts me still. The child seems given to us for some purpose. Cannot every thing be done as well for her here, and let me cherish her through it all? She has trusted herself to us, but it must hurt her to go away again into that great room of strangers."

Dr. Tynsdale walked once or twice across the floor. "Perhaps so," he said; "perhaps she would do as well here. But it will be a great care for you."

"I shall not feel it; I shall not know it. It will be only a joy. And I could never rest if I sent her away."

So the room into which June was taken that night was to be her own, at least for weeks. Every thing in it was of the daintiest and the best, and Mrs. Tynsdale led her from one article of furniture to another, letting her touch each one—the bed, with its delicate linen, the soft carpet, the lounge under the window, and the different chairs, and the little toilet articles, that she might feel at home, and move more freely in her new quarters.

June did not speak a word until they had almost finished; then, as she laid her hand upon the marble of the bureau, she stretched out both with a sudden tremulous movement, and crying,

"Mamma! mamma!" burst into tears.

"What is it, my child, what is it?" asked Mrs. Tynsdale, drawing her into her arms.

"They are like hers, they are like hers!" cried June, again; "they are like mamma's! I did not know it before, but I remember now!"

"My sweet child. But you surely will not

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grieve for that! You will not grieve that you remember?" and she held the blind child more closely, till the sobs began to lessen.

It was but a moment, and then June raised her face with her own smile.

"No, I will grieve for nothing so long as I can stay with you and love you. After that I shall go on. Elspeth says so. She said you were sent to lead me, but she did not know whether you were the one to take me all the way home or not. If you are not, there will be some one else, she says, but I wish I were going all the way with you."

Mrs. Tynsdale sat by the little bed until the calm, and the smile, and sleep had all come back to June. Then she stole softly away and found her husband.

"Only slumbering," she said, as she told him of June's sudden outcry; "only slumbering, after all, those memories that seemed to be quite dead! Who knows how many more may awaken like flowers and the songs of birds, that sleep through the darkness, but wake when the sun touches them again."

"Well, I hope we shall have whole floods of sunlight to pour over them before long, and then we'll see what will happen."

"O, Edward! are you so sure? And how soon?"

"I think we had better give her a few days to rest, and get a home feeling. We want to avoid all excitement at the time, and for some little while afterward, with the utmost care."

So the operation was delayed for several days; but even before the end of that time, June was moving easily about the house, knowing the voice of every one, and returning smiles and pleasant words to each. The servants gazed after her in admiration, the children contested each other's claims upon her, and the old nurse declared that the best eyes that ever came from Dr. Tynsdale's hands could never shed so much light about a house as fell from that golden hair, and that sweet, quiet little face.

At last the doctor said he was ready, and the first resident surgeon of the asylum was ready to assist him.

Ready! and for what! A few skilful touches with the most delicate of instruments, such as only he and a few others knew how to give, and where a mistake, an accident, the variation of a hair's breadth by the trembling of a hand, might destroy every thing; the holding of the breath by those who looked on, a few low-spoken, courageous words from the surgeon—then bandages, darkness, stillness, waiting.

And then? O, what then? Was all that world which, so far, had only reached June by way of those quick ears, those dainty fingers and that sensitive little heart, to lie open in all its beauty and its nearness before "those blue een" as well? Was she to see what she had only touched before? Was she to look into the faces of those she had only loved in the darkness? Was her little soul to be filled with all the fairness of form, and color, and substance with which God's world is filled to overflowing, and which would meet so full an answer in its own pure depths—or not?

"Shall you be too much disappointed, my child? Will it seem too hard if you do not see at last?" asked Mrs. Tynsdale, as she sat beside the little bed, counting the slow hours as they helped away, one after another, the days that must be got over before the bandages came off, and they should know."

June thought a moment, and then shook her head. "No, I think not," she answered, slowly. "I should be sorry, though I don't know very well what you mean by seeing, but we could find the way home just as well, God and I. He can see, even through the darkest way, Elspeth says."

And so the days passed on. Weeks or months they seemed to Mrs. Tynsdale, but June would only smile and say, "You know I am so used to waiting."

The slowest day comes at last, and so did the one Dr. Tynsdale had fixed for the removal of the bandage. With a beating heart, and her own gentle fingers, Mrs. Tynsdale took them away. Then slowly and carefully the faintest ray of light was thrown into the room; then a little more; and still a little more, until at last a sort of twilight had been made. A wide, wondering look crept into "those eyes" as June fixed them, first upon the doctor, and then upon the surgeon who had assisted him. Then she turned them slowly to Mrs. Tynsdale and gazed earnestly at her for one moment; then stretched both hands toward her, crying out, as she had done before, "Mamma! mamma!"

"Yes, darling, I will be, I shall be," said Mrs. Tynsdale, drawing her into her arms in terror, lest tears should flow as they did before. It was the doctor's first moment of real anxiety, and it was excessive.

"There, there!" he said, hastily, "that will do. We have done enough for to-day. Now these bandages once more, my child, for a little while, and a little sleep, and then we will find our way out still further into this new world."

Darkness once more, and a few drops of powerful anodyne, and June slept quietly, holding Mrs. Tynsdale's hand still tightly clasped in hers.

At that very hour there were other critical cases waiting for their crises in the hospital; there were little patients lying on their cots in the sick ward, and bright, gay ones reading or singing over such work as they could find to do; there were young physicians studying carefully what they might see, attendants quietly fulfilling their duties, and, as happened not unfrequently, visitors passing through the wards; not a large party, only a lady dressed in closst mourning, and leaning upon the arm of her husband. A heavy veil concealed her face while they talked with the attendant who escorted them, but it was drawn aside as they passed through the rows of cots, or by the groups of children gathered elsewhere. Then the grieved face and sad, searching eyes were fixed eagerly upon each one, only to turn away, more sadly, if possible, towards the next.

"Not here! not here!" she said, bitterly, as they came to the last cot, the very one where June would have lain had she not been sheltered at home with her new-found friends, and where lay a child still younger, one with hair and eyes black as the night.

"O, why did I feel so sure it would be here? I have looked so many times, and in so many places before, but never with that strange feeling that it would be this time at last!

"Not here!" she said again, as she turned one more lingering look down the room and into the black eyes on the little bed. "But you will ask, husband, you will ask?"

The gentleman looked pityingly down into her face. Men can grieve as well as women, but only in their own measure. When they see a woman's grief, as they do sometimes, they can only wonder and pity.

He turned to the attendant with the question he had put to so many others before, and which seemed to him so hopeless.

"These children come in from all directions and in all ways, I presume. Have you ever known of one being here who was supposed to have been abducted from her parents?"

"No, sir," said the attendant. "I have been here for five years past, and should have known of any such case, I think, had it been in the institution."

So the veil was drawn once more across the grieved face, and they passed out at the door. In the vestibule they met Dr. Tynsdale coming in, just as another physician passed out.

"Ah! doctor," said the under physician, "what is the news from your little June?"

"Sunshine!" said Dr. Tynsdale, and with a bow to the lady, and a glowing face, he went gayly up the steps.

"June!" said the lady, with a shudder under the veil. "The name of that terrible month."

And once more June had lost her mother! Once more, and so near, so near!

A month passed on, and there were no longer bandages, or stillness, or twilight for June; only the sunshine that the doctor had promised, and broader and fuller every day. Then there was a letter to Elspeth, asking if she must have June again, and an answer such as only Elspeth could write, enclosing the trinkets that might prove so much some day, and saying they might keep June so long as "the gude Lord willed," though it left a dull winter enough in old Elspeth's heart; but that they need not think to have the child long; their house was only a halting place provided on the journey.

Another month and another, until six had passed, and June's new world grew wider and richer every day; and never so rich as when, as was often the case, she sat for hours together in one of the wards, looking earnestly and thoughtfully around among the patients, sometimes closing her own eyes and moving about without them, as she used to do; then opening them suddenly upon people and things. Then she would always go softly down to the side of some child trying to busy itself with a piece of work, and help it on, or talk cheerily as it plodded its own dark little way.

One day came visitors again; the same sad face, the same hungering eyes, the same gentleman leading and looking down upon them.

"I could not be satisfied," she whispered to him, as they went on. "I could not be satisfied. It seems so strangely sure that it is here! You will be patient, I know."

Up and down the room moved the eyes again; they glanced at June, who, half turned away, was fitting a piece of work; but they did not try for a closer look. It was plain she could follow all the delicate tracery of the work without her touch.

They went into another room, then up another flight of stairs; then back once more into June's room. June looked up as they came near, then down again upon the work.

"No, no," said the grieved voice close behind her; "not here, not even here! O, where? O, where? Ah! why did I feel so sure?"

The tones fell upon June's quick ear. She started, and a tremor ran over her frame. She listened again. "Not here, not even here!" The work fell from her fingers and she turned toward the face behind her.

Once more the hands were stretched out, once more the cry broke forth, "Mamma! mamma!"

They had found the way home for June; God and she.

DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd; this world is broad enough
  For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide—
  The realm of thought is free;
Of all earth's places you are right
  To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
  To crowd some other man.

Don't crowd, proud miss; your dainty silk
  Will glisten none the less,
Because it comes in contact with
  A beggar's tattered dress.
This lovely world was never made
  For you and me alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
  The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your hearts
  By fostering all that's bad,
But give to every virtue room—
  The best that may be had;
Be each day's record such an one,
  That you may well be proud;
Give each his right—give each his room,
  And never try to crowd.

For the Companion.

KATHLEEN'S STORY.

"Faith, ma'am, and ye might be making a heroine of a worse than meself, if my name is Kathleen McLaughlin."

"I can't deny but you are pretty enough for a genuine sensation story, Kathleen; but a heroine must have had an experience, you know; something strange and unheard of; and you are so plump, and merry, and youthful, there is no use in your pretending that you have ever suffered much."

"Ah, ma'am," (here Kathleen raised her hands and eyes, in a truly tragical manner.) "if sufferin's is all ye want, there's that in what I could tell ye of me own, that 'ud bate the world."

"It must be confessed you have worn your trials easily," I said, looking admiringly at the rounded, bright, rosy-cheeked creature before me.

"Indade, ma'am, Ameriky is a counthrie to cure the sorest heart. Good luck to her, and all that's in her."

"Thank you, Kathleen. If you think you can keep on with the chamber-work while you are talking, I would like to know how it happened that the world went so hard with you in the old country."

"It's tired enough you would be with the sorrows of the likes of me. It's no use to be botherin' yer fine head with it, at all. But you see, ma'am, there was a large family of us—thirteen children—and the mother dead, while we were wee bits of things, and me father a hard workin', honest man, wid only a strip o' land and a cabin 'twixt us all and the cowld!

"Sure, and that were bad enough, any way; but Thaddy, the oldest boy, was bruised under a fallen tree, and a cripple he was all his life, so there was nothin' fur it but sister nixt him must take his place in the field, and look afther the cow, while me father earned the little he could at the woollen factory nixt to the town. It were three full mile for the poor man to walk, and he to be at the gate before siven o' the mornin' in winter and six in the summer. And a sorry tramp it were for him at night, ye may be sure, an' he bein' so tired he could hardly stand on his two feet!

"Me sister Mary—and she were the oldest—was a mother to us all, and to the day of her death the world went asy wid us; but she faded like a leaf, she did, ma'am, and it were of a broken heart she died!"

Here Kathleen dropped her duster, and covering her face with her hands, commenced to rock back and forth in a most pitiable manner.

"You see, ma'am," wiping her eyes with her apron, "Mary was betrothed to the finest lad in all the counthrie—an illegint boy, with plenty of land, and cattle, and pigs, and every thing heart could wish.

"And thin it was so fond of Thaddy he were! Faith, and ye know, ma'am, few lads would care to have a poor cripple like Thaddy to be a burden to them. But he could niver tire o' poor Thaddy's company, and he made him a chair, (for he was that handy) in which the poor boy could trundle himself all over the fields!

"Ah, such a lad as he were! It's no wonder Mary set her heart upon him! But his mither would not hear to the weddin', for she wanted him to marry a lass who had lands, and cows, and pigs like his own—and so, when he could get no satisfaction of his life, what does the poor b'y do but start for Ameriky in the very next ship, and leave it all to his mither, sayin' when he'd made a thrifle beforehand he'd send for Mary and make her his lawful wife.

"Well, the ship he was sailin' in went down, off to the sea, and niver a word was heard from him afther.

"His mother fretted her heart away, and when she died would have given the cows and pigs to poor Mary, but she said the curse of the lost lad was on them, and niver a bit would she let me father take them home.

"As for Mary, she laid by every penny to have masses said for her poor lad's soul, and it was well nigh starved we all were. But she died in the spring, and Thaddy couldn't live after that, and so he died, too! O hone! O hone!" exclaimed the weeping Kathleen.

"My next sister, Bridget, was the handsomest lass out of Dublin; but it were a temper she had of her own. So when Mary was gone, she was not afeared of any one, and she soon fell into bad ways.

"She was betrothed to a neighbor's lad who worshipped the very ground under the feet of her, and he would have been a credit to us all; but she run away with a bad fellow from Dublin, and became the black sheep in the flock! So her lad took to drinkin', to drown his sorrow. But it was but a little time when he died, and the last words on his lips were, that Bridget should be sent for to wake him! Well, when she came and stood by the poor laddie, the fresh blood poured out of his mouth as if he had been alive."

"But he was alive, Kathleen, was he not?"

"Alive, did ye say? Not at all. When a person is dead, if the one that has been the cause of his death should stand by the coffin, the heart's blood just leaps within 'em, and so their guilt is shown!"

"You think it was a kind of miracle, then?"

"Faith, and it was that. And I've seen it meself, more than once, as I saw it then!"

"Now, Kathleen, if you ever see any such thing happen again, you may be sure the person is not dead, and that the proper way to do, is to try and restore the body to life, and send for a physician at once. There was no miracle about it."

"And wasn't the priest himself there, to be sure? It's just a way to punish the murtherer, and no more."

"But when the blood streamed forth what did your sister Bridget do?"

"And faith, what could she do, but to faint, and fall down dead intirely? Sure, and every body thought she had gone after the poor laddie; but the breath came to her again, though she'd better have died, for the man she married was a sot and a thafe, and used to bate her ivery day of her life. You know the law in the old counthrie does not allow a woman to lave her husband, let him bate her as he will."

"It's a bad law then, Kathleen. Does he beat her now?"

"Indade he does not, (triumphantly.) She's dead!"

"I hope her husband did not kill her!"

"Ye may hope that, ma'am; but he did, and he was hanged for it as well," (more triumphantly.)

"Horrible!"

"Ye may say so; but we had that satisfaction out of him. I walked eliven miles to see him hung, and I'd walk it tin times over to see him hung again!"

"That will do, Kathleen. It's very wrong to feel so."

"Wait till ye have a sister bate to death by a brute of a husband, and thin"——

"So your family was reduced to ten—a large family still. You were the youngest, perhaps?"

"No, ma'am, there were two younger than meself. There were three boys next to Bridget; but they wouldn't stay at home, and I don't know where one of them is now. They may be dead, too, for aught I know."

"I think I have heard you speak of a Margaret?"

"Yes, ma'am. Margaret was next to the boys. Me father took her wid him to work in the factories, and the overseer took a fancy to her and married her. She's a grand lady, and rides in a coach, she does."

"It was pleasant for her to be able to do something for her family, I have no doubt?"

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Kathleen seized the duster and renewed her labor, vigorously.

"It's little good one gets from their relations. I never found but one friend in the world—and that's money."

"It is not always possible to support those we love best, Kathleen."

"Margaret could do enough for them as she liked," blurted out Bridget, "but I wasn't one of them!"

"Which of you did she like best?"

"O, she could make a gintleman of Pat, and a lady of Lucy! Faith, and it's two servants apace they can have any day, if they like! Pat is the bookkeeper of her husband's mill, and Lucy rides to school like the lady she is."

"It was generous in her to adopt two. You must bear in mind there was a large family of you!"

"And that's true enough; but yo see it isn't pleasant to be the one lift out in the could!" cried Kathleen, with a shrug.

"You must try to educate yourself, Kathleen. You know that in our free country an industrious girl like yourself may, by perseverance, qualify herself to fill the most enviable positions. Perhaps you will put them all to the blush yet."

Kathleen laughed, glancing toward the mirror, and laughing again as she caught the blush and sparkle it reflected.

"You have not told me how it happened that you came to America yourself, Kathleen, and if you are to be my heroine, it is time you began."

"No more I haven't, ma'am," with a tremendous flourish of the duster toward an incipient cobweb.

"I wouldn't like to have you say a word about it, but the truth is, I followed Michael."

"And who is Michael?"

"La! now," with a blush and simper, and another glance at the mirror, "just as if you never had noticed the nice-looking lad that comes on Thursdys!"

"O! I am to understand you are engaged, then! and that it will be our misfortune to lose you by-and-by."

Another searching sweep of the feather duster.

"You see, ma'am, me poor father died pretty soon after Lucy married, and this was how it happened. He had been to Dublin, to the county fair, and he was set upon by the fairies, coming home, and they were the death of him!"

"I never heard of any one being set upon by fairies. I do not understand."

"No? My great grandfader died the same way! It's me father that used to tell the story. He was coming home from a fair, too, and the fairies just took him up on a shovel and thin they'd toss him off, and he was so broken and bruised he died next day!"

"And they tossed your father up and down in the same way?"

"In just the same way, ma'am! I see him meself when they brought him in. His clothes were all muddy and torn, and his hat all smashed in. Och! 'Twas like he'd been just pounded to death."

"Isn't it possible that he was led to drink a little too much at the fair, and what he took to be the tossings up and down from the shovel, were his own pitchings and staggerings? I should have more faith in my version than yours."

"O, no, ma'am. Niver a sup had passed his lips that day. Me father was a decent man."

"That may be; but accidents will happen, and a little liquor would the more readily intoxicate him; or he might have been drugged and waylaid."

"No, no; 'twas the fairies, ma'am. We found the very shovel they used; and then they killed me grandfader in the same way."

"We are not superstitious in this country. You could not make the young people who will read this story, believe such nonsense. They will all say that both the men were intoxicated or sick."

"It's not for me to help that, ma'am," replied Kathleen, in an offended tone. It's me sister Lucy's got that same shovel now, and there's me father's muddy clothes and hat! And it's meself has seen the fairy mont in me own counthrie, where they dance at midnight."

"That's superstition, Kathleen. You should not believe such absurd things. But after your father died you found Michael?"

"Yes'm; he's the only brother of the laddie that was to marry me sister Mary. An illegant b'y, that any lass may be proud of! He came home from Ameriky to look after the land, and cows, and pigs that his mother had left, and—that's how it happened!"

"Michael is worth some property, it seems?"

"He sold the land, and cows, and pigs, and that's how he raised money enough to get us all out to Ameriky. He took out Peter, and Kate, and meself, and his two aunts—but then we'll get along."

Here Kathleen waltzed out of the room, and I heard her voice warbling, "St. Patrick was a gintlemin," all the way down the stairs and after she reached the basement.

The next evening Kathleen did not hide her patchwork, as it had been her custom to do, but slyly spread it out for me to admire. There was a pure white ground of fine cambric, and a great flaming red eagle in the centre, standing upon a twig of green calico, with green stars around its head.

Two weeks later Kathleen stood before me in a dress of the stiffest book muslin, dotted all over with pink bows, and a wreath of pink and white flowers, which she had coaxed the children into making for her, unaware of the approaching nuptials.

"If you please, ma'am, my month is up tonight, and I'm to be married."

Taken by surprise, I made short work of wedding presents, but managed to meet Kathleen's expectations.

The next day I received a bit of cake wrapped up in a newspaper, and suppose Kathleen has ceased to regard herself as a heroine!

"THE SILLY YOUNG RABBIT"

is the title of some affecting stanzas intended as a lesson to foolish young people:

There was a young rabbit
Who had a bad habit—
Sometimes he would do what his mother forbid,
And one frosty day
His mother did say,
"My child, you must stay in the burrow close hid,
For I hear the dread sounds
Of huntsmen and hounds,
Who are searching around for rabbits like you.
Should they see but your head
They would soon shoot you dead,
And the dogs would be off with you quicker than boo!"

But poor, foolish being,
When no one was seeing,
Looking out from his burrow to take a short play,
He hopped o'er the ground
With many a bound,
And looked around proudly, as if he would say,
Do I fear a man?
Now catch me who can!
So this young rabbit ran to a fine apple tree,
Where gnawing the bark,
He thought not to hark
The coming of hunters, so careless was he.
Now as rabbits are good,
When roasted or stewed,
A man came along hunting rabbits for dinner;
He saw little Bun,
Then raised his big gun—
And there he lay, dead, the foolish young sinner.

For the Companion.

HOW THE FORT WAS SAVED.

In 1789, shortly after the inauguration of President Washington, a large force of British and Indians crossed the Des Plaines River in the north and attacked Fort Wheeling. This was a government outpost, in what is now the State of Illinois. The fort was commanded by Col. Zane. Their approach was so stealthy, and their onset so sudden, that the defenders of the fort had scarcely a minute for preparation. Indeed, the bulk of the ammunition was stored in a block-house at seventy or eighty yards distance outside, and at the time of the assault the *commander himself was in the block-house* with a few men, busy with some directions about the magazine.

Taking them thus at a disadvantage, the enemy expected an easy victory, and rushed up to storm the fort, but a younger brother of the colonel, Silas Zane, took command, and speedily organized so vigorous a defence that the assailants were beaten back at every point.

Again and again they rallied and came on with fresh ferocity, but as often the well-directed vollies from the fort repulsed them with serious slaughter.

From morning till evening, all through the night, and most of the next day the fight continued, with occasional intermissions. The garrison were in excellent spirits. Many of them were veterans, and while the losses were all on one side they knew that victory could not long be doubtful.

But the assurance had one drawback. If the powder failed, they would be in imminent peril.

Towards evening of the second day there remained but two or three cartridges to each soldier! What was to be done?

During the whole fight signals had been passed between the block-house and the fort, and Col. Zane, knowing the condition of his men, felt an anxiety even more intense than their own.

Some one must risk life to give the soldiers powder. Who should it be?

Every moment the need grew more imminent, for there were signs that the assailing force meant to try the walls again, at least as soon as night should come. Had they known of the scarcity of ammunition in the fort, and that the real strength and dependence of the garrison lay in the block-house, they would most likely have turned all their efforts at first to the capture of the latter.

Col. Zane had so skilfully managed his little party inside the block-house, as to give the idea of quite a formidable force.

But now the condition of the garrison became desperate. Some of the soldiers in the fort had fired their last round! They dared not cease firing entirely, but they must obtain powder immediately or be at the mercy of the Indians.

"Who will go?" said Silas Zane.

The men looked at one another, and their hearts beat hard. It was one of those junctures such as have often determined the fate of a nation.

To run fourteen or fifteen rods through the enemy's fire was like Winklemann rushing on the spears. It was almost certain death; but the sacrifice might save the fort.

At last one young man stood forward and declared himself ready to run the fearful chance. He expected to be killed, he said, but he had no family and could afford to die if the good of his country demanded it. All he hoped was that he might survive his mortal wound long enough to perform his errand. If he could get back to the fort with the needed supplies he would ask no more.

Immediately a comrade of the young hero offered himself in his place, declaring that he could be better spared, as he had not only no family, but few relatives in the world, and all of them independent of him.

Upon this another soldier claimed the perilous service, saying that he had no kindred, except the most distant. There wasn't a soul that would mourn him or miss him, and as he had never been worth but little any way, it was likely he might do more good by a single act that day, costing him his life, than he would if he should live twenty years.

And now the spirit of sacrifice became contagious. Another and another volunteered, till half-a-dozen brave fellows demanded the place of danger. Then there was a friendly strife among them who should be the victim. The six burghers of ancient Calais contended with hardly a nobler determination for the privilege of being first to die for the peace of their native city.

The scene was a touching one. But there was no time for emotion. Action was wanted now.

"Let's go together!" shouted one.

But here Silas Zane interfered. "We can't spare but one of you," said the officer. You must"——

Before he had time to say more, Betsy Zane, the sister of the commander of the fort, appeared and quietly announced her intention to go for the powder herself.

The men, astonished at the intrepid proposal from a girl, for a moment looked at her in silence. When they saw she was really in earnest they would not hear of it, and grew vehement in their protestations. But she cut them short, saying, with much spirit,—

"Your place is here. I am only a woman, and if I should fall, I should hardly be missed from the defence. Stand by your guns, and let me do your errands."

Her brother then tried to dissuade her, representing that a man could run much faster than she, and that since the success of the enterprise depended mainly on the rapidity of the messenger, she ought not to think herself the proper person to attempt it.

Betsy, however, resolutely refused to change her purpose, and made her preparations immediately. Dropping off such parts of her clothing as would impede her speed, she fastened the rest as closely and firmly as possible, and cautiously made her way through the fortress-gate.

A thought that possibly the enemy might not fire upon a woman was now in the minds of the soldiers, and half convinced them of the wisdom of Betsy's heroic undertaking. Silas, however, had little hope that her sex would be any protection, for the Indians made no distinctions in their victims, and the whites among the besiegers could be little better trusted for showing gallantry or humanity. Only his secret admiration of his sister's daring, together with what seemed to be the exigencies of the case, prevented him from detaining her.

Col. Zane, at his post in the block-house, had been made acquainted by signals with what was going on, and stood ready to let in a messenger, as soon as one should succeed in coming over from the fort.

Once fairly outside, Betsy ran like a deer across the parade-ground to the block-house.

Sure enough, the soldiers were right in their conjectures, for not a gun was fired at the young heroine during the passage.

The Indians, when they saw her bound forth, only laughed, and hallooed, "Squaw, squaw, squaw!"

As soon as she had been let into the block-house by her brother, the colonel, and made known to him her mission, he took a table-cloth, and fastening it round her waist, to make a sort of sack, poured into it a keg of gunpowder.

Now came the trial indeed. It was not to be expected that the enemy would see her going back so usefully laden without doing their utmost to stop her.

The moment she sprang outside they opened a furious volley upon her. Neither British nor red men showed any scruples about shooting a woman then. But Providence shielded the courageous maiden, and the leaden storm whistled harmlessly by, only one or two balls touching even her dress.

She reached the fort in safety, and was hailed as the deliverer of the garrison, as it certainly proved, for the enemy, growing disheartened, and having sustained heavy losses, soon drew off and went in quest of easier victories.

Betsy Zane lived sixty years after this brilliant deed at Fort Wheeling. She married a Mr. Clark, and settled in St. Clairsville, Ohio.

The name of Zane is perpetuated in the Zanesvilles of several of the Western States, and certainly Betsy Zane Clark deserved to have a town called after her in toto. It would be no longer than "Culpepper Court House." WALES.

For the Companion.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

A long, low dwelling, with a chimney at each end, and a piazza in front, supported by columns unnecessarily massive for the weight they bear—that is Mr. Brett's house.

Across one extremity of the piazza a hammock is suspended, in which a young girl with a white dress and cherry ribbons, is lazily swinging to and fro, giving an occasional impetus to her aerial couch, by means of a string fastened to one of the columns.

That is Maggie, Mr. Brett's daughter.

She has no pretence of book or work, but is amusing herself by watching the antics of a boy and dog—both black—who seem to be doing their best to reverse the order of nature, for while the dog is essaying to stand on his hind legs, the boy is gambolling on all fours. Now and then both turn somerset and roll over and over together, till Maggie can hardly tell which is boy and which is dog. In fact, there isn't much difference, for they are equally the property of Mr. Brett, and are morally and intellectually about on a level. As to freedom and the rights of man, the one has as many aspirations as the other in that direction.

Probably Gumbo, the boy, has capabilities which Ajax, the dog, has not, but as I do not intend to develop them in this sketch, they are nothing to us.

Gumbo's special mission in life up to the time of his first introduction to us, had been to wait on and amuse Miss Maggie, and as she had nothing in the world for him to do but to pick up her handkerchief, keep off the flies, and run of errands, he was necessarily idle a good deal of the time.

Of course Satan was very much pleased at this, and immediately set about finding some mischief for those idle hands to do.

How he succeeded, anybody on the Brett place might have told you, for a more mischievous little imp than Gumbo, never was seen. To say nothing of the endless practical jokes of which he was guilty, he delighted in being the bearer of wonderful news—sometimes having a foundation in truth, sometimes not; to him this was wholly immaterial.

Once he was seen racing across the lawn, waving his hat, and shouting! "Fire fire!" at the top of his voice.

"Whar?' "Whar?" cried Tom, Dick and Harry, throwing down their shovels and hoes, and hastening to the rescue.

"Why, in de furnace, to be sure. Yah, yah, yah," answered Gumbo, at the same moment gliding nimbly up a tree, to elude the vengeance of his fellow-servants.

At another time he appeared in the corn-field, and, seemingly overcome with grief and terror, announced that "young Mass Wallie was in the crick."

All ran to the water's edge, full speed, only to find their young master enjoying a bath with two or three of his companions.

On one occasion, when Mrs. Brett was recovering from a low fever, he nearly caused a relapse by informing her that Mr. Ashmead's niggers had all surrected, and were spected dis way every minute;" a fiction founded on the

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fact that he had that morning heard his master remark that "Mr. Ashmead was always having trouble with his servants. He should expect an insurrection if he had such discontented people about him."

But at last an event occurred on the Brett place, of sufficient magnitude to satisfy even Gumbo's craving for the marvellous. What it was, I forbear to say, preferring that you should learn it, as the absent master did, from Gumbo himself, he being the chosen messenger, not from any peculiar fitness for that office, but rather because of his uselessness at home.

"Mount Blackfoot and ride like the wind," said Mrs. Brett. And then remembering the boy's taste for communicating startling intelligence, she added, "Don't tell him the worst at once; break it to him gently."

Some twenty minutes afterwards, Mr. Brett, who was riding leisurely homeward, was astonished and alarmed to see Gumbo gallopping toward him in a breakneck fashion, at the same time shouting and gesticulating wildly.

The first words he distinguished were,—

"Dreffle news. O massa, dreffle news. Missus, she sent me to tell you."

Here Gumbo paused, partly from breathlessness, and partly because it occurred to him that his mistress had bidden him "break it gently."

"Come, out with it. Nobody dead, I hope.

"O no, massa; nobody dead, tank de Lord."

"Amen to that," said Mr. Brett. "And nobody sick, either."

"No, sah. Dey was all hale and hearty when I comed away."

"What *was* it, then? Are you going to tell me or not?"

"O yes, massa; but missus told me to break it jontly."

"She did, hey?" said Mr. Brett, beginning to think that this was one of Gumbo's tricks. "Well, out with it now. I reckon I'm sufficiently prepared."

"Wal, sah, de old gray goose, she done lay six eggs."

"Surely your mistress didn't send you off post haste to tell me that," said Mr. Brett, laughing heartily.

"And a weasel, he came and sucked 'em all."

"And you killed the weasel, I hope."

"Jes so, massa. I runned to de house, and got de ole flint-lock; but jes 's I touched him off, the weasel, he kite roun' de corner."

"If any thing would shoot round a corner, the old flint-lock would," observed Mr. Brett.

"No trouble 'bout dat," said Gumbo, as if shooting round corners were an every day experience; "but jes 's I got my finger on de trigger, what should I see but Miss Maggie's cat right afore de muzzle."

"Well, well, if you shot Miss Maggie's cat, you and she must settle it," said Mr. Brett.

"But I didn't, sah. Golly! wouldn't Miss Maggie ha' been opstroperlous if dis chile 'd shot ole Clapperclaws? But seein' de cat, I aim a leetle higher."

"And shot the weasel, I trust," remarked Mr. Brett, beginning to weary of this long story.

"I s'pect I did, sah, but I didn't stop to see; for de banging ob de gun scart de colt, and he break him halter, and went rampaging out o' de yard. Den I sot up a yell."

"I'll warrant you did."

"I did *so*. And all hands went tearin' after him colt, cos you see he was makin' for de crick."

"You don't mean to say the colt was drowned, you little black rascal? Why, I was offered five hundred dollars for him, not three days ago."

"O no, he wasn't drownded. Pomp catched him, and he comed back like a lamb; but by dat time de smoke were a bustin' out o' de stable nuff to stifle a feller."

"The smoke!" exclaimed Mr. Brett.

"Yes, massa. You know you jes say de ole flint-lock 'd shoot round a corner; and so he did, slap into a hay-mow."

"But they saved the stable?" said Mr. Brett, smothering his wrath till he should learn the extent of the damage.

"Wal, not zactly. You see Mass Wallie he done come out, an' he say let de stable go, and save de quarters, cos ef *dey* cotched, de *house* would go, sure."

"So they kept the fire from the negro quarters?"

"'Deed no, sah," dey was blazin' away right smart when I comed off."

"You young villain!" cried Mr. Brett, raising his riding-whip. "Tell me the truth, this instant. Has the house gone, too?"

"No, sah," said Gumbo, dodging the blow; "and missus, she say ef you ride like ole Nick, may be you get dere in time to save it."

Then Mr. Brett put spurs to his horse, and dashed wildly through the woods which lay between him and his home. Precisely as he entered his own grounds, the roof of the stable fell in, but the house was still standing, the fire having been checked by the complete demolition of the negro quarters.

As to Gumbo, who was at the bottom of all this trouble, Mr. Brett vowed in his wrath that he would sell him into Georgia, but relented on the intercession of his daughter. He, however, gave orders that he should be flogged within an inch of his life. There was one difficulty in the way of the execution of this sentence, and a serious one. Gumbo was nowhere to be found.

Time passed away and nothing was seen or heard of him, and his master had given him up for lost, when one morning he chanced to look out the window, and beheld him standing on his head in the middle of the lawn.

Had he fallen head-foremost out of the sky? It seemed so, and no one knew to the contrary—unless Miss Maggie did!

Certain it is that Mr. Brett had quite recovered his good nature, and the flogging was not again referred to.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rose in the road of life,
If we would but stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it,
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

For the Companion.

THE CLOCK-REEL.

By Sophie May.

Dear, sweet Grandmother Silverthorn sat one day in "the white winter of her years," taking observations among the stars. That is to say, she was mending an old bed-quilt which had yellow calico stars on a blue ground. As she rocked gently back and forth, sewing as she rocked, Fanny rushed in with an eager question.

"Grandma, what is that thing up in the attic, that has a face and hands?"

"A face and hands? Some kind of a rag baby, I suppose."

"No, grandma. I mean fingers. Two fingers. It goes whirling round and round, and then clicks like a clock."

"O, you mean my old clock-reel, Frances. Your great grandfather gave that to me when I was your age, ten years old. I used to spin cotton then. I could spin like a spider."

"Why, grandma, did you spin it into spools?"

"O no, dear, only into yarn. Your great grandmother carded it first into rolls, and then I 'roped it' and spun it."

"On a wheel, grandma?"

Mrs. Silverthorn laughed merrily.

"Little did I think in those days I should ever hear a grandchild asking such foolish questions! Spin it on a wheel? To be sure I did! What other way is there, my child?"

"O, yes'm, I know, with a spindle-thing at the other end. Did you like to do it, grandma? I don't believe you got much time to play."

"Well, yes, I liked it as well as any other work; rather better, for I had a knack at spinning. And as for play, people didn't think in those da s it made much difference whether children played or not. Yes," added the good lady, with a far-away look in her eyes, "children had to take the time just when they could catch it. But I earned the time once to go a visiting, and that clock-reel always"——

"O grandma, you're beginning to tell a story! Now that's splendid. I only want to ask one question, that's all. Where were you going visiting?"

"To see Betsey Turner, a black-eyed little girl, about my age."

"Did her hair curl?"

"Not at all. It was done up with a goose-quill. Children wore their hair long in those days."

"Long? O my! Any feathers on it?"

"On the quill? No, indeed, it was as smooth as a tooth-pick."

"I don't want to interrupt; but where did she live, grandma?"

"Betsey? O, she lived in the town where I did, and we went to school together, and set the world by each other."

"Then, grandma, if she lived in the same town, I shouldn't think 'twas much of a visit!"

"Yes; but she had moved away twenty-five miles, and I hadn't seen her for six months."

"And did you love her, s'pose, grandma, as much as I love Abby Tilton?"

"Certainly, I did," replied grandma, with sparkling eyes. "I have often said I don't believe any of my children or grandchildren ever had such feelings as I had! I used to say that name over to myself, 'Betsey Turner, Bet-sey Tur-ner,' and O, how good it did sound!"

"Abby Tilton! Ab-by Til-ton," repeated Fanny, under her breath; "that sounds the best!"

"But Betsey had a singular disposition. If I did any thing that didn't suit her, sometimes she would say, 'Now, Thankful, I sha'n't speak to you for a whole week!' It was awful, for I knew she wouldn't. It almost broke my heart."

"How could she, and you so good and pleasant?"

"O, I was naughty enough, Frances, but my temper was quick and quick over. I couldn't hold out. I used to cry and beseech Betsey to speak; but all she would do was just to shake her head."

"What a little hateful thing!" said Fanny; but rather faintly, for she had enjoyed torturing Abby in the same way. "How could you love her, grandma?"

"That was just what her sister Ruth used to say, 'Thankful, how can you care any thing about Betsey when she treats you so?' But you see she was good when she was good; and somehow there was a charm about her for me.

"Well, that spring I grieved so much over Betsey's moving off that mother said, 'Thankful, if you will spin a "stent" of four skeins of cotton warp every day for three weeks, you shall go with Solomon and Mary to see Betsey Turner.'

"Now it was a hard job for a small girl like me to spin four skeins a day; but you can't think how pleased I was with the idea! I could hardly go to sleep the first night for thinking about it. My sister Melinda was weaving a web of cotton and linen for us girls some gowns, and it was the cotton for the warp that I was going to spin."

"Well, there, grandma, I didn't know you ever spun a dress! How did it look?"

"It looked pretty well. It was in square checks of blue and copperas color—copperas is a dull yellow. But we made our gowns different from yours. They were low in the neck, with shoulder-straps, and only two or three inches long under the arm."

"Did you do all your stints, grandma?"

"Yes, every one, but my little arms used to ache, and I didn't have much time to play. But that was no matter, for I was happy enough thinking how pleased Betsey would be to see me. Every time I thought of her it was as sweet as taking the breath of a whole bed of roses."

"What did you wear on your head, grandma?"

"O, you want to get me started off, I see! Let me think; I wore a blue jockey. It was a hat, something like yours, only made of blue cambric, over something stiff they called millinet."

"What kind of a thing did you ride in?"

"A chaise, just like old Mrs. Fletcher's."

"And what was the first word Betsey said when you got there?"

"I don't remember; but I know she ran out to the chaise, and screamed and clapped her hands. And she looked so good to me! Why, Frances, I would have spun five hundred skeins of cotton, and doubled and twisted it, rather than missed the chance of seeing her."

"That isn't all the story, is it, grandma? What kind of a time did you have with Betsey?"

"Well, we wandered about all over the farm, and fed the lambs and played housekeeping, just as happy as a pair of pigeons, till all of a sudden, out in the field, I said something that made Betsey angry, and then she tossed her head just as she used to at school, and said,—

"'There now, Thankful Patten, I won't speak to you again as long as you stay at my house.'

"She didn't stop to reflect how hard I had worked for the chance of getting there, or she couldn't have been so cruel. But Betsey had got into such a habit of tormenting me that the words came out before she thought."

"What had you done to her, grandma?"

"I don't remember, now; some simple thing. But there I was, ever so far away from home, and no Betsey to speak to. My visit that I had 'lotted' on, was all spoiled, and I didn't want to stay another minute."

"But you had to. O dear! How long?"

"Yes, I had to stay a day or two, till Solomon was ready to go. Mary and Ruth had a nice time. They were great friends. Ruth was a beautiful girl; she never had temper-fits."

Fanny blushed a little and hesitated, as she asked,—

"How did Betsey treat you next time, grandma?"

"Alas, my child, I never saw her again. She kissed me when I went away, and there were tears in her eyes. I said 'Good-by, Betsey,' and looked at her through the dingy little chaise-window, till she faded into a speck. And that was the last I ever saw of her. That was the time father gave me that clock-reel to pay for my miserable visit. I never look at it without thinking of Betsey Turner.

"After that we moved away into this State, and just as Betsey was growing old enough to go into company, her health failed and she died of consumption. Ruth wrote my sister Mary that she changed very much after she was sick. She could never forgive herself for spoiling my visit. She said,—

"'Tell Thankful to meet me in heaven; I sha'n't have any sulky fits there!"

There was a long pause. Grandma rocked and patched the yellow stars, and no one spoke till little Toddle came in and said,—

"Why, grandma, your eyes are a sprinkling down tears; but you're a laughin' all over your face."

"Yes," replied grandma, softly, "I am thinking how glad I shall be to go and see Betsey."

AMERICAN TERRITORIES.

"What is a Territory, according to the American meaning of the word?"

The best answer is, that a Territory belonging to the American nation is an infant State,—for it is to the nation what a child is to a mother.

In the second clause of the third section of the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States, it is provided that "the Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." It has been legally decided that "the term *territory*, in this clause, is merely descriptive of one kind of property, and is equivalent to the term *lands*."

But it has also been decided that "this clause applies only to territory [or lands] within the chartered limits of some one of the States, when they were colonies of Great Britain;" and "it does not apply to territory [or lands] acquired by the present federal government, by treaty, or conquest from a foreign nation."

This country cannot, constitutionally, acquire territory to be held as a colony, to be governed at its will and pleasure. But it may acquire territory which, at the time, has not a population that fits it to become a State, and may govern it as a Territory until it has a population which, in the judgment of Congress, entitles it to be admitted as a State of the Union.

"During the time it remains a Territory, Congress may legislate over it, within the scope of its constitutional powers, in relation to citizens of the United States,—and may establish a territorial government,—and the form of this local government must be regulated by the discretion of Congress,—but with powers not exceeding those which Congress itself, by the Constitution, is authorized to exercise over citizens of the United States, in respect to their rights of persons or rights of property."

When Congress creates a Territory out of lands belonging to the United States, that Territory has a Legislature, which the people elect. The executive is appointed by the national government.

The Territory is entitled to send a delegate to the United States House of Representatives. He is chosen by the voters of the Territory; and the people of the Territory decide who shall be such voters,—decide through their Legislature. Thus, in the Territory of Wyoming women are allowed to vote.

The delegate of a Territory can take part in the debates and discussions of the House of Representatives,—but he has no vote there.

When a Territory is desirous of becoming a State, measures are taken to hold a Convention, which forms a Constitution,—and, if that Constitution is rightly made, and the circumstances of the Territory are such as to warrant admission in other respects, Congress seldom refuses the Territory's request for a change into a State. It is formally admitted into the Union, and takes rank with the other States.

Occasionally, admission is denied. For instance, the Territory of Colorado applied for admission some years since, but in vain, because it was thought its population was not large enough to warrant the change asked for. Colorado is now an applicant for admission, and may be more successful this time.

Congress, like children, sometimes acts rather capriciously. Territories have been converted into States that should not have been thus served, as they were neither sufficiently populated nor sufficiently wealthy to take rank as full members of the Union. A Territory ought to have as many inhabitants as go to make up a congressional district in a State, before being admitted into the Union; but this rule, which is dictated by justice, is not always observed.

IF ONE LESSON WON'T DO, ANOTHER WILL.—"Mother," said Henry, "I can't make Mary put her figures as I tell her."

"Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply."

"But she won't let me tell her how to put the figures, and she does not know how to do it herself," said Henry, very pettishly.

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"Well, my dear, if Mary won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try to teach her one in *patience*. This is harder to teach and harder to learn than any lesson in figures; and perhaps when you have learned this, the other will be easier to both of you."

Henry hung his head, for he felt that it was a shame for any little boy to be fretted by such a little thing, or, indeed, by any thing; and he began to think that perhaps *he* deserved to be blamed as much as Mary.

Children very often complain of their playmates, or of brothers and sisters, when they are very much at fault themselves. A fretful, impatient child makes himself and all about him very unhappy. Will you all try to learn a lesson of patience?

"A fretful temper will divide,
The closest knot that can be tied."

A NEW EMPIRE.

On the 19th day of January, 1871, a new empire came into existence—one that is likely to have a great place in the world, not only soon, but long after every human being now living shall have passed from earth.

On that day, the sovereign heretofore known as King of Prussia, by the style and title of William I., was proclaimed Emperor of Germany. His style and title as Emperor are not given, but we suppose they will be the same as those by which he has heretofore been known, with the change of the word King for that of Emperor, and the word Prussia to that of Germany. When Victor Emanuel II., King of Sardinia, became King of Italy, he made no change in his style and title save in the word Sardinia.

The place at which King William was proclaimed Emperor—thus perfecting the work of making the new empire—adds interest to the great act itself. Versailles is that place,—and Versailles, though it has been neglected by the Bonapartean sovereigns of France, was the chief seat of the Bourbon sovereigns of that country from the time that Louis XIV. called it into existence, some two hundred years ago.

The Germans say that the Bourbon Kings were the very especial enemies of their country, meddling improperly in its affairs, and preventing it from becoming a nation. It matters not whether they are right or wrong in this belief, so long as they firmly hold it. The belief certainly gives point to the circumstance that the unity of Germany has been completed and proclaimed in the very town, and from the very palace, of the greatest of the Bourbon Kings of France, whom they say was the greatest of their enemies,—so great, that they declare that the present war is, on their part, waged against his ideas and actions.

The new Emperor, in announcing his acceptance of the Imperial Crown, says that he has revived the old German Empire. It is difficult to believe that he believes this. He ought to know that dead empires are never revived. Were it possible to revive them, he would not be willing to restore the old German Empire. Why? Because in that empire the Emperor had hardly any power, and the new Emperor is very fond of power. He is really a despot, both in his nature and by practice, and not inclined to yield to any outside influence. He is a military monarch, and rules by the sword.

The new empire he has created will be as strong as the old Empire of Germany was weak. It will be one of the most thorough-going of military monarchies, and not improbably it will be a conquering State. If the past of Germany has done so much, in less than five years, against Austria and France, it may be expected that united Germany will be able to do whatever it may be pleased to do with the rest of Europe in the course of the next five-and-twenty years.

The newly-created empire consists of all Germany except what belongs to the House of Austria. It consists of Prussia, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Hanover, Saxony, the Hesses, Baden, and all those countries, large and small, that made up the North German Confederation which was created after the war of 1866. It includes also the countries of Southern Germany, and that part of Poland which Prussia holds, and which, according to those principles that have triumphed in the unification of Germany, ought to be given up. But Germany is more likely to take ten countries than to give up one.

The population of the new empire amounts to more than thirty-eight million souls. This will be increased to more than forty millions, by taking Alsace and Lorraine from France,—and perhaps more French territory.

Austria owns some of the finest parts of Germany, and it is believed that the new empire will take possession of them at no distant day. That done, the German Empire would consist of about fifty million people,—and so would be almost as populous as both France and Italy united, and far more populous than Great Britain and Ireland. So colossal a nation, animated by recollections of recent great victories, could do any thing it pleased in Europe.

It is possible that the new empire will take possession of Holland and Belgium, and also of much of Denmark, in order to create a naval force. There are great times at hand, with, perhaps, greater wars to be waged than ever.

SPECIAL OFFERS.

A Three Dollar Picture for One New Subscriber.

We make a special offer of Prang's amusing and attractive chromo—THE DOCTOR. The size of the Picture is eight and one-half by eleven inches. It is beautifully colored, and represents a boy trying to give medicine to his favorite cat. She evidently appreciates his good intentions, and his absorbed and anxious face, makes a very amusing effect, in contrast with his patient's woe-begone expression.

The whole picture is well drawn, and will make a very pleasing ornament for sitting-room or chamber. Its retail price is three dollars, and it gives us pleasure to be able to offer so good and costly a Premium, for so small a return. Almost every one of our friends can get *one* new name—and we have no doubt they will improve the opportunity to secure so fine a gift. Postage eight cents.

A Photograph Album for One New Subscriber.

This is a very neat album. It will hold FIFTY PICTURES—has gilt-edged leaves and a gilt clasp, and is well made. Its size is 5 1-2 by 4 1-2 inches, and its retail price in the stores is $1 00. This is a pretty and a generous Premium, and will amply pay for the time spent in securing one new name. Postage ten cents.

EUROPE AS IT IS.

Some shrewd and humorous writer sends to an exchange paper the following verses on the present state of Europe. They give a clear idea of what the Great Powers are doing there, and ought to make us thankful for the peace and quiet which reigns in our own land:

Russia covets,
Turkey fears;
Austria ponders,
Italia cheers.

Belgium—Holland,
Wait in dread;
Denmark's palsied,
Spain is dead.

France lies bleeding,
Prussia soars;
Britannia shuts her eyes
And snores.

HOLMES, AGASSIZ AND EMERSON.

It is pleasant, occasionally, to hear our countrymen described by a foreigner,—if they are worth describing,—and we have several that are. Mr. MacRae, a recent Scotch traveller in America, describes Oliver Wendell Holmes as "a plain, little, dapper man; his short hair brushed down like a boy's, but turning gray now; a powerful jaw, and a thick, strong under lip, that gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness." Prof. Agassiz is "big, massive, genial looking; the rich, healthy color on his broad face still telling of the Old World from which he came—a man who, but for his dark, keen eyes, would look more like a jovial English squire than a devotee of science." Emerson "has the queerest New England face, with thin features, prominent hatchet nose, and a childlike sweetness and simplicity arching the face, and drawing deep curves down the cheek."

CORN IN THE MOUTH.

Here is a hint at one of the almost numberless valuable uses to which you can put your mouth—especially in hot weather; and we hope you will never use it for worse purposes. Instead of drinking much water when at work in the field, or in the sun, hold a few *kernels of corn* under your tongue, or in the side of your cheek, and they will allay thirst. As the old farmers say, "they keep you from bein' dry." One of the most important parts of the human body is the mouth, and the saliva which collects there as a kind of safety fluid, is sometimes exhausted during severe perspiration. The corn prevents this exhaustion, and keeps the tongue and throat moist. Try it. At least never "corn" yourselves with any thing worse than Indian kernels, or put any thing less cleanly into your mouth to chew.

AN AFFLICTED HUSBAND.

A Dutchman lost his wife, and made all haste to get another, "For cos it is not goot for a mans to cook his own dinnersh ven de vorld is more as full of vomans." In less than two weeks time he married again, but the woman happened to be a pleasure-loving lady, and began teasing him at once to take her to the theatre.

Yacob was astounded at her request, and cried out, "You vant me to go to de teatre, ha? No, I vill not! Vot my goot neighbors tink of me if dey see me in de teatre only two veek after my dear goot vife die? Is you got no feelin's for dem as is loss dere best friends? Ach, mine poor goot wife! vhy most you go die?"

CURIOUS RHYMES.

There are some inventive geniuses who are never at loss for a rhyme. A poetical philosopher once remarked that there was no possible rhyme for the word Timbuctoo, on which a gifted child of the muses, who may have recorded the adage of Napoleon, that *impossible* is the adjective of fools, made the following flight from Parnassus:

"I went a hunting on a time,
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I shot but one buck all that day,
And that was a *thin buck too*."

One would hardly suppose that there could be found a rhyme for porringer. But a poetical expert, in 1641, on the occasion of the marriage of Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles I., with the Prince of Orange, thus volunteered his laureateship:

"What is the rhyme for porringer?
The king he had a daughter fair,
And gave the Prince of *Orange her*."

That rhymester ought to have had a pension.

A SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE.

A man who died in New York was taken to Connecticut to be buried, and the minister of the very rural parish was asked to officiate at the funeral. Feeling that it was expected that he should make a eulogy, and yet wishing to take care of his conscience, he said,—

"It will, doubtless, be expected that I give the man who lies before us awaiting burial, a glowing character; but I am obliged to inform the audience that I cannot do this, as I was a total stranger to the corpse, though I have been introduced to the widow!"

"ALL OUT."

Tom Moore, the poet, and Curran, the orator, once attended a party at which the following story was told:

"Is your master in?" asked a gentleman of a servant, calling at the door of the residence of a distinguished citizen.

"No, sir, he is out."

"Is your mistress in?"

"No, sir, she is out."

"Then I will come in and sit down by your fire."

"And faith, sir, *that* is out too."

The gentleman left.

WAHT MEN DO IN A "BROWN STUDY."

A Scotch professor walked into the middle of a horse pond while pondering on Final Cause. Ben Franklin punched down the fire in his pipe with the finger of a young lady sitting at his side, and severely burned the lily white poker. A gentleman in Troy received a letter in the dark, used the letter to light his lamp, and then looked about for it to read. Pere Gratry, one day, in Paris, thinking he had left his watch at home, took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go back after it. Neander, the church historian, once went to his lecture in his night-cap, and sometimes walked in the gutter.

CURIOUS RIDDLES.

They had some inventive riddle-makers in old times. For example:

"Thirty white horses on a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still."

One of the Smiths, Horace, perhaps, wrote the following: "Use me well, I am everybody; scratch my back, I am nobody."

As our readers may not find a ready solution to either, we give the answers. First, teeth; second, a mirror.

A QUEER GRAVE.

Flies often find a grave in the sweets they sip, and drunkards and gluttons of a higher species frequently make their luxuries the means of their death. The following loses nothing as a lesson by being fact rather than fable:

The California *Scientific Press* says, "A farmer's wife, in Contra Costa, cut open a turnip and found a gopher (a kind of chipmunk) dead in its centre. The little fellow had eaten its way into the turnip, which had taken new life and closed the hole, or else he laid in its way and it grew around him—one of the two—the farmer's wife says. At all events, that gopher won't 'go for any more turnips.'"

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

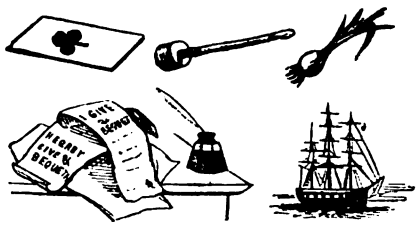
1.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in weep, but not in cry,
My *second* is in cake, but not in pie;
My *third* is in slip, but not in fall,
My *fourth* is in high, but not in tall;
My *fifth* is in mice, but not in rats,
My *sixth* is in kitten, but not in cat;
My *seventh* is in grass, but not in leaf,
My *eighth* is in mirth, but not in grief.
My *ninth* is in more, but not in less,
My *tenth* is in no, but not in yes.
My whole is a great city of the United States.

ALICE M. PLUMER.

2.



LUCIUS GOSS.

3.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 9, 8, 6 is what we often are.
My 13, 12, 11, 14 is a kind of cloth.
My 1, 3, 2, 4 is something warm for the head.
My 7, 5, 4 is something useful for the tired.
My 14, 10, 18, 13 is a token of affection.
My whole is a reptile.

J. H. S.

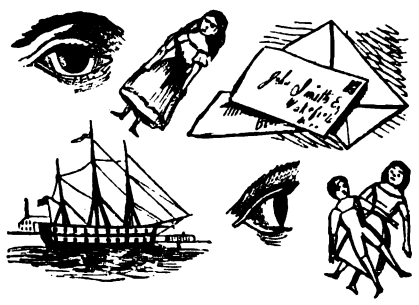
4.

CHARADE.

My *first's* a negation decisive and short—
A word very small, but of mighty import;
The hardest, the easiest word to proclaim,
The cleverest scholar in Boston could name.
My *second*, well, every person has it,
Though sometimes they find it a hard thing to fit.
I'm a great multitude, yet only one,
Of law and divinity I am the sum.
I'm fluid, I'm solid, I'm base, and I'm good,
I'm hard, and I'm soft, I'm metal, I'm wood;
I belong to the stars, and am always sky-high;
Though tied to the earth, yet with birds I can fly.
I swim with each fish, with the animals play,
But to goblins and ghosts I have nothing to say.
For rappers of spirits, a rap I don't care,
I look with contempt on such creatures of air.
And yet my *whole* is the wickedest sprite
That ever played tricks in the day-time or night:
For if all that's said of the genii be true,
There's nothing so bad that the rascal won't do.
Talk of kittens and cats, of monkeys and daws,
Of magpies, and other outrageous outlaws,
As makers of mischief or doers of wrong,
They're "muffs" when compared with the theme of my song;
But if any longer I let my tongue wag,
The cat will be out of my riddling bag.

G. M. MURPHY.

5.



WILLIE WISP.

6.

WORD SQUARE.

1. To deaden.
2. To tune.
3. One.
4. Used in fishing.

HAUTBOY.

7.

My *first* is a color.
My *second* is a fruit.
My *whole* is found in August.

M. E. A. O.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Harriet Beecher Stowe. 2. Arabia.
3. "A paltry sum, a regal gift
To any person poor would be."
4. Railway.
5. Pear, Ida, Nostrils, Elp, Arab, Pate, Pastor, Laughter, Every. PINEAPPLE—RASPBERRY.
6. Idle folks take great pains.
7. Cash, Anna, Snow, Hawk.
8. Pie-crust.

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MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the rotous baby
  Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew at the threshold,
  And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger lily,
  With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jewelled chalice,
  The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
  High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
  The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
  Were never a moment still!
Snatching at shine and shadow
  That danced on the lattice-sill!

His eyes were wide as blue-bells—
  His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
  Peeped out from his snowy gown?
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture,
  That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
  We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! In a darkened chamber,
  With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
  We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled,
  And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
  In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
  White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
  With the light of heaven thereon—
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
  Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
  That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
  With ribbons as white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
  That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
  We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
  Our little one had grown!

Hearth and Home.

For the Companion.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

Before the discovery of gold in California, some twenty years ago, the country was peopled principally by Spaniards and Indians. The latter are now very few, but in many parts of the State Spaniards are still numerous. They are a gambling, drinking people, and any village occupied mainly by them is generally the scene of habitual quarrelling, and fighting, and frequent murders.

It was in a village of this kind, not far from San Francisco, that a Mr. Martin lived, with his four young children, the oldest but sixteen years of age. The mother died about six months before Mr. Martin moved into the village. Their new home was a poor little brown house of four rooms, and to the orphans it seemed lonesome and gloomy enough.

Their father had been appointed teacher in the town, and regretted the necessity which compelled him to live where the Sabbath was desecrated by horse-racing and gaming, and where drunkenness, profanity and crime, made every street disagreeable and dangerous.

When Mr. Martin and his family had lived in S. nearly a year, it seemed as if the wickedness of the place had reached its height. Seven persons were murdered within a short time, and who the perpetrators of the deeds were, no one could discover.

These outrages made every well disposed person afraid to carry money with him, and great uneasiness and anxiety was felt.

Mr. Martin was sometimes obliged to visit San Francisco on business, remaining there two or three days. The children always dreaded these departures, for they lived out of the village, a mile and a half from neighbors.

One day, just after Mr. Martin had been to San Francisco for his monthly salary, and had safely returned, he received a letter asking him to go at once to a town seven or eight miles distant, to see a friend who was said to be dangerously ill. He at once complied with the request, leaving the children alone, and telling them not to expect his return until the next morning.

Towards night the rain began to fall, and the wind blew fiercely, shaking the doors and windows, and filling the hearts of the little ones with a vague sense of coming ill. Lucy, the eldest, did not try to conceal her fears, as she usually had done, but sat by the stove in the kitchen, talking with Willie about robbers and murderers, and becoming every minute more frightened than before.

"Do you know where father put his money when he went away?" asked Willie.

"Yes," said Lucy. "It is where no one would ever find it, under the carpet by the lounge; but if robbers should come, they'd shoot us if we didn't tell. Father said there was a man rode behind him when he came home to-day, who was in the express office when he got his money, and I'm afraid he watched him, and will come here to-night, because father's gone."

"O dear!" said little Mary, half crying, "I wish father wouldn't go off and leave us alone."

"I's seepy," said baby Harry. And Lucy took the little boy on her lap and began to undress him. She was just in the act of taking him into the bed-room, when a loud knock on the kitchen door caused every heart to thrill with terror.

Their first thought was to fly at once through the other outside door, but this they knew it would be impossible to do on such a dreadful night, with their little brother to carry.

"We must open the door," said Lucy, "and we must not act as though we were afraid. Perhaps it is no one that will hurt us, after all."

So saying, Lucy opened the door, and a man entered, whose appearance did not tend to diminish the children's fears. He was tall and strongly built, with a dark, forbidding face, and keen, piercing eye. Taking a hasty survey of the room and its occupants, he said,—

"Can you keep me here over night, little girl? I was going on to the village, but it storms, and I have walked so far to-day, that I feel too tired to get any further."

"Yes, you can stay," said Lucy, trying to speak calmly. "We haven't much room, but father is away to-night, so we can keep you very well."

She wished she dared to tell him that they had no spare room, but she thought that very likely he was aware that her father was away, and knew it was best, at all events, to be perfectly honest.

The man sat down by the stove, trying to dry his clothes, which were really very wet.

Lucy took little Harry in her arms and started to put him to bed.

"May I go too?" said Mary. She was usually anxious to sit up late, but felt too much frightened in the presence of the stranger to desire to do so to-night.

Lucy assented, and they left the room, closing the door after them, as they thought, but it opened a little, and the stranger, who was sitting near, heard and saw what they were doing.

"Harry must say his prayers," said Lucy, "and then go to sleep."

The child knelt down by the bed, and the man looked in and saw the little white-robed form, with hands clasped and eyes closed, as he repeated, after his sister, his beautiful prayer.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," said Lucy.

"Now I 'ay me down to seep," repeated Harry.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep," said the sister.

"I pway the Lord my soul to teep," lisped the infant, and so on till the prayer was finished, and the little fellow was snugly tucked in bed.

Then Mary was undressed, Lucy, meanwhile, trying to comfort her and dispel her fears, though feeling far from comfortable herself.

"God will take care of us,' she said, remembering her mother's daily teachings, "and we must try not to be afraid."

The child then knelt by the bedside and repeated the same simple prayer that her brother had said before her, adding in earnest, beseeching tones, "Please, dear God, take care of Lucy, and Willie, and Harry, and me to-night, and don't let the man in the kitchen do us any harm. Please, dear God, give him a good heart, and help him to do right. Amen."

The little one's face was brighter as she arose, and as she kissed her sister good-night, she said, "I don't feel afraid now. Something has made me happy inside."

Lucy choked back the tears that wanted to come, and taking up the candle, left the children to their slumbers.

In the meantime, every word spoken by the little ones had been heard by the stranger in the adjoining room. The infant prayer, and afterwards the petition of the little girl asking God to help him to do right, startled and impressed him.

He was all that the children had feared. He had seen the money delivered to Mr. Martin that morning, and had followed him, determined to commit robbery to obtain it. For years he had been familiar with such deeds. But now, through the influence of God's Spirit, the words of prayer had touched his heart. He bowed his face in his hands, regardless of Willie's presence, and wept like a child. Recollections came sweeping over him of what he had once been, and what he was now. He recalled the time when, an innocent boy, he had knelt beside his mother's knee, and said his evening prayer. He desired to be again what he had been many years back, before his desire for gold had led him to California, and then to the practice of every sin. These innocent children, at least, should receive no harm from him. Soon after Lucy's return to the kitchen, he asked to be shown his bed.

The morning dawned bright and clear. The children had slept soundly and had not been disturbed during the night. The stranger stayed till after breakfast. Then he thanked the children, with much tenderness of manner, for their kindness, and, saying he should never forget them, went his way.

The children's prayers had saved them, and we hope led the wayward man back to his mother's God, and to hopes of heaven.

THE DOCTOR AND THE WOLF.

A French physician, many years ago, was on his way, one winter afternoon, to visit a patient who lived in a mountainous part of the country.

In one part of the road he found the snow beaten down for some distance, and stained red with drops of blood. A track went sidewise from this place, and along it there seemed to have been dragged something like a full sack, and here and there were continued drops of blood.

He followed this suspicious track, without, however, surmising that it would bring him to a scene of horror, where terror and amazement awaited him. He followed the track about five hundred paces, when he suddenly saw, behind a little rise of the ground, a large and terrible wolf, which was tearing in pieces not a dead beast, but the body of a man.

His horse shied, started back, and turned around. At the same moment the wolf left his prey, and, with a tremendous leap, made a furious attack, springing on the back of the horse, and giving him a severe bite.

The doctor instantly leaped from the saddle, and tried to get his loaded pistol from the holster, but, unfortunately, was not able to jerk it out. The wolf took advantage of this momentary delay, and pounced on the doctor, biting him in the face, the shoulder and thigh.

He sought in vain to keep the wolf off, but still retained in this terrible fight sufficient presence of mind to endeavor to get the pistol from the holster, and fire it on his furious enemy. In this he fortunately succeeded, and shot the beast in his open jaws, and saw him fall on his side, dead. The doctor was saved.

He might yet have died in his exhausted state, had not two travellers on horseback providentially come that way. One of them put him on his horse, as the doctor's had taken flight in the struggle. He was carried, half stupefied with pain and wounds, and nearly fainting, until he fortunately reached home.

A KNAVE OUTWITTED.

"Cute" lawyers too often use their sharpness in legal quiddities, and for the defence of rogues, and it is refreshing to find one employing his wit and ingenuity in the interests of justice:

On one occasion, a countryman, visiting the city, deposited his money, some two hundred dollars, with his landlord, no one being present at the time. Next day, having occasion to make some purchases, he applied for his money, and was met with a cool denial of its ever having been received.

On taking legal counsel, the gentleman was astonished to learn that, being without a witness, as matters stood, his case was hopeless.

The lawyer, however, was a man of resources. Dismissing his client, with directions to return in a couple of days, he called to his aid a reliable friend, to whom he privately unfolded his plans.

Acting under the lawyer's instructions, the friend presented himself at the inn as a guest, and, after securing quarters, deposited three hundred dollars in the landlord's hands, taking good care to have a witness by. Some hours after he called *alone* for the money, and the landlord, knowing there was proof of the deposit, made no difficulty in handing it over.

The same day Boniface was served with a writ for the three hundred dollars, and on seeking advice, was told that as there was a witness to his receipt of the money, and none to its return, he had nothing for it but to pay it again. With two hundred dollars of it the lawyer reimbursed the countryman, and kept the remainder for his fee.—*Lynn Weekly Reporter.*

SNAKE-SKIN LEATHER.

Farmers' boys are familiar with eel-skin leather, in the shape of shot-pouches and flail-strings. It "never wears out," but the experiment of tanning snake hides does not promise much service, save as a curiosity. Very little good can be got out of snakes, any way:

About fifty anaconda skins were tanned by the Schayer Brothers, of Roxbury, for boot leather, last year. The boots are valued at fifty dollars per pair. The largest of these skins was forty feet in length. The leather is very beautiful, glossy, mottled and pliable. The tanning of anaconda skins, however, and their manufacture into boots and shoes, will probably never be carried on to any great extent. The material is not easily obtained; it is difficult to tan, and when made up for wear, it is neither impervious to water nor durable.

MAGNANIMITY.

A recent book by a Mrs. Dall contains some fresh anecdotes and recollections of the Father of his Country. Here is one:

Col. Washington, at the age of twenty-one, was knocked down by a little man named Payne:

"There was great excitement about an election. Washington said something hot. Payne lifted his walnut stick and threw him down with one blow. The next day Washington went to the tavern and wrote a note to Mr. Payne, asking him to meet him. When Payne came into the room, Washington put out his hand and said, 'I was wrong yesterday; I want to be right to-day.'

"Some years after, when every body loved Washington, Payne had a matter on trial at Fairfax Court House. The lawyer on the other side tried to attack Payne's character, and among other things, began to tell how he had treated Washington. The general was in the Court House. As soon as the lawyer had done speaking he rose, spoke to the court, and took all the blame on himself.

"After the war was over, Payne wanted to see him again. When he drew near to Mt. Vernon he began to tremble; but Washington came to meet him with a smile, and carried him to his wife. 'Here is a little man,' said he, 'that I think a good deal of, for he once had the courage to knock me down.'"

HOG!

We have heard of a conscientious woman who always judged the weather by the almanac instead of her feelings, and dressed for it as the calendar said it *ought* to be, no matter what it *was*. This resolute faith in a theory is equalled by a farmer among the "poor whites" of North Carolina, where the standard of fat pork is rather low:

"Stranger," said a venerable specimen of the Tar River farmer to a visitor, "stranger, there is one thing in this country which really shows originality, pertness and invention."

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is the way they compel the hogs to testify ag'in themselves in fat'nin' time. You see, stranger, it aint easy to tell a fat hog in this part of Norf Ca'lina. They are built mainly for speed and length of limb, and it aint so easy as ye might s'pose to tell when the fat settles toward their bones. But now they have got things fixed so the hogs tell on themselves, and, as you might say, reads out their own death-warrant."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see they fattens them all on 'simmons, and put a line of poles round each tree, not quite breast high. Now, so long as a hog can jump them poles to get at the dropping 'simmons it's clear they aint fit to kill. But they watches 'em every morning, and just as soon as one on 'em misses the jump, in he goes into the scalding tub, and his bristles is off in a hurry. You see, stranger, he pronounces his own doom. He's too fat to jump, and that is the way they tell 'em."

SONG OF LABOR.

Toil swings the axe, and forests bow,
  The fields break out in radiant bloom,
Rich harvests smile behind the plough,
  And cities cluster round the loom.

HARVEST-GIRLS.

Nine miles west of "Otter Tail," Minn., is a colony of German Catholics on a beautiful spot in the prairie, bounded by a lake, a river and an oak forest. A man who went to see them, and found them gathering their wheat crop, writes to the Yarmouth *Register* of the young *nuns* of the little convent there, at work in the field, and the somewhat singular impression made by the appearanc of *cheerfulness in black:*

It is now harvest time, and as we pass along we notice the busy reapers at their labors, relieving the groaning fields of their heavy burdens. Nor are they alone, for near at hand we see the pretty maidens "binding up the sheaves." They are dressed all in black, and from their necks depend the crucifix and rosary. But from under those sombre hoods I catch glimpses of bright, happy faces, and occasionally a merry peal of laughter falls upon my ear.

Fanaticism can do much. It can lead men naturally merciful to perpetrate the most horrible outrages upon their fellow-men; it can lead disappointed woman to desert her friends and shut herself in cloisters deep, and waste her life in penance and in fruitless prayer. But there is one thing it cannot do—it cannot check those frequent bursts of merriment which spring spontaneously from the overcharged heart of a young and happy girl.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

A missionary of the American Sunday School Union, not long since, started three new Sunday schools in three weeks. One of these was in D—— county, at a point where there never had been a Sunday school, and the people poor and uneducated—no church building or school-house in the neighborhood. But seventy-nine gathered into and around an unoccupied log cabin, on seats composed of rails and rocks. While the meeting was in progress, the owner of the cabin came and forbade such occupancy by "an abolition lodge."

The missionary was equal to the emergency, having had a similar experience in M—— county (where he induced the people to build a *round* log church, and in three weeks they had a Sunday school in operation, and soon after regular preaching, and a church organized now numbering sixty members.) So the people in D—— county promptly gathered, and two days after, four men were chopping and an ox team hauling logs to build a church. So much for having a missionary who knows the people, and how to build a log church, and to gather the children in.

Read in 2 Kings 6: 2, how every student carried a beam (log) when Elisha built his theological seminary. The Western missionary had good and venerable example for his pluck and enterprise in starting a pioneer school.

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A LITTLE FOLK SONG.

Come here, you grigs,
Here's a show!
Five baby pigs
All in a row!
They came last night,
Brown, pink and white,
With tails curled tight,
And eyes so bright.
It is a treat
To see them eat
And hear them squeak,
A-week! A-week!
And O, what fun
To see them run!
And then step short;
With grunt and snort,
Poking about
With curious snout.
No, Master Dick,
Put down that stick,
You must not dig
A baby pig
Under the rib,
To make him squeal.
How would you feel
Should I do so
To you, you know?
You must be kind,
Or else you'll find
You won't come here
Again, my dear!

Riverside Magazine.

For the Companion.

INDIAN TOMMY.

By Frances Lee.

Tommy's father had a cigar in his mouth and ear-rings in his ears. He was cracking a lobster with a stone on a wooden bench, and Tommy was eating the bits of meat from his fingers as they came out.

Tommy had hair that was thinking about being black, some time, and went straight down without a part anywhere; and his face and bare legs were the color of an old-fashioned cent.

A fire was burning against a great rock just behind them, and a stew-kettle and frying-pan were turned bottom side up on top of the rock.

Pretty soon Tommy's mother came along the path from the hotel, with a checked red and black shawl pinned over her head, a short gown under it, and low, stout shoes and blue stockings.

A little yellow dog trotted on before her, and in her hand she carried a basket of broken pieces—meat, and fish, and bread, and potato, and pie, and pickle, just as they were scraped from the people's plates at the hotels.

At the same time the peach man came along with his old blind white horse and boxed-up wagon, and Tommy, dropping the lobster's claw he was sucking, picked up a tea-cup and went down to the place where the cart stopped.

Then he kept around close to the peach man's feet; between him and his customers, between him and his baskets, without making any sign any more than a wooden boy, till the man put some beer in his cup and said,—

"There! now be off out of the way! You won't get any more!"

Then Tommy, still just like a wooden boy, trudged off up the bank on his little bare copper toes, drinking the beer as he went.

"Is his name nothing but Tommy?" cried Winnie. "I thought it would be Pottowatomie, or Wapasapanaupacou, or something like that."

"You must be careful not to get mixed up with these Indians," said Uncle Philip, gravely, "for fear you can't pick yourself out."

Winnie looked at her sunburnt hands and laughed. Then she ran off to the *good* beach, as the children called it, with little Julia, to look for star fishes and sea urchins.

"I am trying to build a fort, and can't do it!" said little Julia.

"O, let's play store, and sell pepper!" replied Winnie, letting the clear sand slip through her brown fingers.

"All right!" returned little Julia. "I *want* a house," she added, in a minute. "O, here's a pretty stone! A *pretty*, pretty one, but 'tisn't big enough for a house."

So they played, while the wind tossed about the white sails on the ocean, the little black and white gulls skimmed low over the water, and the heavy porpoises came up to breathe, up and down, up and down, with a curve of their great bodies, like wheels going slowly over and over.

By this time little brown Tommy was eating his supper, sitting on the ground in the tent, with his father, and mother, and big sisters. The cups and plates were on the ground between them, and they ate every thing as it came, just like dogs and pigs.

How would you like, little Abby, when you opened your mouth, not to know whether you would find a bit of clam fritter or of plum cake in it?

When supper was done, all the family sat on the ground and wove baskets,—thread baskets, work baskets, comb baskets, travelling baskets, baskets braided up close and fast, with pebbles inside, for rattle-boxes, and tiny, delicate baskets for ear-rings. The next day the people from the hotels came and bought them.

But one morning the wind blew rough and cold from over the land, the great waves dashed up against the rocky shore, rolled over, broke, and went back to try it again.

A long, long battle the ocean has had, trying to climb up farther and farther on the shore, and all it can show for it after these six thousand years is the sand it has ground from the rocks.

And now the people at the hotels put on their scarlet sacks and thick dresses, and little Tommy, in his pink loose gown, his only garment, began to droop and sicken.

His mother put a pillow on the ground under the tent for him to lie on, or took him in her arms, with her long black hair streaming mournfully over her shoulders, and kissed his hot cheek as tenderly as any of the silk and velvet mammas at the great houses.

But Tommy grew no better, and one day his father and mother took down their tent, packed up their basket stuff, and went off to their winter home. So we saw them no more.

"They gin Miss Weddle just one basket, a little thing about *so* square, to pay for all the stuff they'd had of her," said the old scrub woman at the hotel, with a broom in one hand and a pinch of snuff in the other. "And they charged her full price, two dollars and a half, for a knife basket she bought of 'em. They are *so* clost, them niggers is!"

I should think as much! And I think by the way he took the beer, without even a look of thanks, that little Tommy will come up to be just as "clost" as the rest of the tribe.

THE LITTLE LOAF.

In a time of famine a rich man sent for the poorest children in the town and said to them,—

"There is a basket full of bread; you may each come every day and take a loaf until it pleases God to send better times."

The children attacked the basket, and disputed as to which should have the largest loaf, and then went away without once thanking their kind benefactor.

Only Frances, a very poor but cleanly girl, modestly remained behind and had the smallest loaf which was left in the basket. She gratefully returned thanks, and went home quietly.

One day the children behaved very badly indeed, and poor Frances received a loaf very much smaller than the rest, but when she took it home and her mother cut it open, a number of pieces fell on the floor.

The poor woman was astonished, and said,—

'Go and return this money immediately; it must have been put in the bread by mistake."

Frances went directly with it to the gentleman, who said,—

"My dear child, it was no mistake. I had the money put into that loaf to reward you. Remain always as peaceable and contented. Those who are satisfied with a little always bring blessings upon themselves and family, and will pass happily through the world. Do not thank me, but thank God, who put into your heart the treasure of a contented and grateful spirit, and who has given me the will and opportunity to be useful to those who are in need of assistance."

S. H.

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For the Companion.

OLE BULL'S BOYHOOD.

Ole Bull, the greatest living violinist, was born in Bergen, Norway, 1810. He was a lover of music in childhood, and he delighted to roam among the rugged mountains of his native country, and to sing the wild mountain airs.

He was placed in his boyhood at the academy of Bergen, and received a classical education, his friends designing him for the practice of law. He became enamored of the charms of music while a student, and devoted his spare moments to the art, which was more congenial to him than any other study. His talent as a musician soon excited the admiration of a choice circle of friends, among whom were several amateur musical performers.

Near the close of his legal studies, he received an invitation to play at a public concert. This he accepted, contrary to the rules of the institution where he was studying. His playing was followed by plaudits of admiration, which deeply affected him. This increased his desire to devote his life to music rather than to the profession of law. But while the music-loving city rung with his name, the staid professors put him back in his examination, for his departure from the prescribed courses of study, and his life at this period had great joys and deep sorrows, alternating between the brightest sunshine and the darkest clouds. He was a susceptible boy, happy in the smiles of his friends, and bitterly miserable at their displeasure.

Among his most loved and admired friends was the leader of the orchestra. His *debut* had delayed his first attempt to graduate. Just as the day approached when he would have received his diploma, he was summoned to the room of his musical friend, who was very ill.

"A concert is announced to take place to-morrow night," said the latter. "You must lead the orchestra, or I am ruined."

The boy-musician stood a few moments, thoughtful and silent. He knew that if he did lead the orchestra his friends would regard him as ruined. His soul struggled between his sense of duty towards his friend and his own personal interests. The decision was such as would be expected of the impulsive artist and not of the student of law.

Always happy when his affections were gratified, he could not resist the appeal of one who had lent to his life the charm of sympathy and loving companionship. He led the orchestra at the appointed time, and never returned to the university again.

He wandered to Paris, his heavy heart at moments lightened by dreams of one day charming the world with the magic tones of his violin. Arriving in the great city where he was a stranger, without a friend, he lost his trunk, violin, and all that he had. Now came the dark hour of his life. He wandered about the streets, hungry and penniless, without any resource. He could not beg, and he already began to realize how dreadful it would be to starve.

The cloud darkened over his mind. One day he saw the Seine flowing calmly before him, flooded with the sun. Cast out of the atmosphere of human sympathy, death looked sweet. He thought of his vanished life amid the Northern hills, of the few fond hearts he had left in his native land; he breathed a pitiful prayer for God's mercy on his soul, then threw himself into the river, in the vain hope of finding peace beneath its waves.

St. Jerome says that he never read of a charitable person who came to an evil end. God pitied the boy-musician, who had been willing to sacrifice for others, and at this desperate hour sent him a friend. He was found half dead by a mother whose bosom had just been made sympathetic and tender by the loss of her son. The sorrows of the fair-haired youth she had rescued drew her towards him with almost maternal tenderness. She comforted him with affectionate counsels and promises of assistance; she gave him a home, and at last adopted him, finding in the sweetness of his society consolation in the bitter bereavement that she had borne so heavily before. His musical gifts soon were recognized by cultivated Parisians, and he received at his first public concert in that city twelve hundred francs.

Trust in God in the darkest hour; never falter, for no one can estimate how great a jewel he may dim or cast away. Ole Bull has charmed the world, awakening in thousands of bosoms those sweet and tender emotions that fill his own, all of which would have been lost had Providence left him to himself in the extreme hour of darkness and despair.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

VARIETY.

FOREIGN FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

In Spain, when a baptized infant dies, a feast is spread, and all the neighbors round come, not to condole with, but to congratulate the parents. "We rejoice with you that you have a child in glory," they say; and the last—nay, the first journey of the sinless babe is a triumphant march, the funeral a festival, the music is glad. Only the mother weeps. In Greece, the last journey follows quickly upon death. The next day, at dawn, the train of white-robed priests and choristers may be seen winding along the road toward the church. There, dressed as in life, and having the face uncovered, the dead lie at rest before the altar until the moment arrives when they must be committed to the earth. It is in the church that the last farewell is given. What of that terrible last journey in the cold North, where the dying Esquimaux is built up in his snow-house and left to die alone? Or of the African tribe, who bury their hopelessly sick before death—hurry them out of the world altogether? They have been described as taking an affectionate leave of their relatives and performing this burying with the consent of the person chiefly concerned. Habit is every thing, and they are used to it, only one fancies it must fall rather hard upon each individual as it comes to his own turn.—*Once a Week.*

TOO MUCH LAW.

An anecdote is told of Chief-Justice Marshall, evincing his ready humor. The old gentleman, like Miles Standish, was very fond always of doing every thing for himself, and objected strongly to any assistance being rendered him.

One day, wishing to consult some work of reference, he entered the law library and proceeded to mount the steps and draw out a book from an upper shelf. The books being tightly packed together, refused to leave one without the other, and the chief justice, not noticing this, in withdrawing the one he wished dislodged the entire row, which came down upon him, felling him to the floor. The librarian instantly ran to the rescue, inquiring if the venerable gentleman was hurt, and offering him assistance in rising.

"Let me alone," said the chief justice; "let me alone. I'm a little stunned for the moment; that's all. I have laid down the law often, but this is the first time the law has ever laid me down."

LIKE JESUS.

A dear little girl, only six years old, was promised by a friend, who kept a number of fowls, some feathers for her doll's hat. The next time the friend called she brought with her not only several feathers, but also some beautiful patches, out of which to make dresses for her doll. When the friend had gone away, the little girl, who was very glad and grateful for her presents, said, to her mamma,—

"Mamma, do you know what I have been thinking about?"

"No, my dear."

"I have been thinking Mrs. Bell is like Jesus, for she gave me more than she promised."

COULDN'T SEE A JOKE.

A writer in *Scribner's Monthly* says: In our youth we possessed an old uncle, a gentleman of much learning and cultivation, but the most literal-minded person conceivable, and perfectly impervious to a joke. No species of artillery known at that period could have shot one into him. Those were the days of "Pickwick;" and we once quoted in his hearing the story of the sausage-maker who met with an untimely grave in his own patent machine, and whose fate was only discovered by his buttons reappearing as seasoning. "What arrant nonsense!" exclaimed our relative. "So large a body as a man falling into a sausage-machine would stop its working immediately." There was nothing to be said to that.

ALL USED UP.

The cod is perhaps the most useful fish that swims, since all parts of it are adapted to the nourishment of man and animals, or for some purpose of domestic economy. The tongue, for instance, is a great delicacy; the gills are employed as bait; the liver is good for eating and furnishes an enormous quantity of oil for medical purposes; the bladder furnishes isinglass; the skin, when roasted, affords a relish for the table, and even the bones, when properly dried, are used as fuel by the dwellers on the desolate steppes of the shores of the Icy Sea.

I WON'T GAMBLE.

Two boys had each ten cents. "Come, Charlie," said Tommie, "let us have a game of marbles, and stake our ten cents."

"Charlie, Charlie, show me your colors!" cried a third boy. Charlie jumped up.

"I won't gamble, Tommie," said Charlie, "for it is a sin. If you win my ten cents, I shall feel bad, and, if I win yours, you will feel bad, and I shall be sorry; so let us keep our money until we can spend it for something we want, or, at any rate, for something to show for it."

BE "KEERFUL."

No person can do wrong, and injure only himself. He must necessarily draw his parents, his family, sometimes a whole neighborhood into trouble. Sambo's view of his personal relations was not exactly of this character, but it was sufficiently comprehensive:

A colored mail-carrier in Virginia, who had been well shaken by a man for kicking his dog, said, "Look a here, massa, you'd better be keerful how you shakes dis chile! Cos, when you shakes me, you shake *de whole United States. I carries de mail!*"

DANGEROUS QUARRELLING.

Alcohol makes mischief in more ways than one. There was a singular incident on the Grand Trunk last week at St. Hyacinthe. A passenger broke a jar in a second-class car, spilling four gallons of high wines over the floor. A dispute arose between two passengers as to whether the liquid was vinegar or whiskey, and to test it one of the disputants lit a match and threw it on the floor. He settled the question at the expense of the car. The brakeman, with great presence of mind, held the door open, and also pulled some of the passengers out through the windows, and thus saved us.

KNEW WHAT WOULD PLAGUE 'EM.

A singular case of a monkey's intelligence is mentioned by the San Francisco *Bulletin*. An animal of this sort was teased by some Chinese washerwomen, whereat he broke his chain, and, instead of going for his tormentors, jumped upon their clothes-lines, from which he tore their linens, laces, handkerchiefs, and every thing else that he could lay his claws on. If this does not show insight into the weakness of human nature, it would be hard to find any thing that does.

MODEL PATCHWORK.

One of the first prizes at the New York darning and patching exhibition was awarded for a nice-looking cloak, which was labelled as follows: "This cloak is made of four pairs of old pants, one old vest and two old coat linings. It is composed of sixty-eight pieces. I made it in two days, and it was worn for three years to public school, and I hope it will keep some other darling warm three years more."

TURNED HEAD.

A laughable appearance is produced by investing a lady in as many wrappings as possible, but cloak, shawl, scarf, etc., put on wrong side before, her bonnet only being put on right—thus giving the appearance of a turned head. Then let her carry a muff behind her, as naturally as possible, and enter and pass around the room backwards. It is a droll sight.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

During the late siege of Toul a shell entered the casement of a house and took the life of a young girl, whose birth occurred at Sebastopol during the siege of that place, and whose mother was similarly killed by a shell when she was but an hour or two old.

That kind of death could almost be said to "run in the family."

A DANGEROUS LADY.

A French lady, on her arrival in this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with, and being on one occasion pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied, "No, I thank you, I eat only my acquaintances." She thought she had expressed herself in admirable English.

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NUMBER 7. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, FEB. 16, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

"I'LL FETCH IT, YET."

By Ledgeside.

Patsy is the last of a long line of O'Brians. In our pretty cemetery, hidden in the farthest corner, but where God's sun, flowers, and soft, green grass find the little graves, lie Mike, and Ellen, and Mary, and Tom. When Tom went he took his mother's mind with him as well as her heart, and for years she has been an inmate of our State lunatic asylum.

Patsy's father hired a small house, and when she left him alone with the child, went out to work, while Patsy stayed at home and "cooked." This he told me one day when I stopped before his door. I could readily believe it, for he had a crock under one eye and on the tip of his nose, a layer of flour on his cheek, and an all-prevailing odor of burnt onions, fried cabbage and boiled turnips around him.

Well, there Patsy lived and cooked for years. If he had been only an ordinary mortal, I think by this time, taking into account the amount of dirt in which they could have found room to thrive, he would have sprouted into onions, and turnips, and a very green cabbage.

I have seen him often, rolled up like a ball, or else lying flat on his back, sound asleep under two beautiful willow trees, which grew, prodigally, it seemed to me, on each side of the queer, half-made gate. The fire in the cooking stove glimmered from its cracked doors, falling in its reflected light full upon him; and I think if it had faded in the least, it would have waked him from the profoundest nap. This sleep was when he was a very little boy, and God, having taken his mother, watched and nursed him in His own great, fatherly way.

As he grew older, he chose for himself, I am sorry to say, what seemed to me almost unmixed evil. He began to gather into the little willow-shaded yard bad boys. The hours were long and lonely, so Patsy took first to smoking grape stems, then the ends of cigars he picked up in the street, and then I saw him lolling on the doorsteps, his hands deep buried in his pockets, and an old black pipe in his mouth.

Another time I saw something far worse than that. Mike Manny had stolen a quart of bad liquor from his father's store, and Patsy, with four other boys, was absolutely tipsy, reeling about the yard, and making the lovely summer day dark with his low profanity.

"Poor Patsy!" I said to myself, sorrowfully. "The boy has gone now, and somehow it seems to me as if he hadn't had a chance."

"You see I thought only of all the other mother-loved and father-loved boys around me, so carefully guarded, and gratified with every thing their hearts could wish. I forgot the great Father, whose little Patsy was, and who never forgets even the poorest and humblest creature.

Patsy, in spite of this new, wicked life, outgrew his ragged clothes, shot up into the big boy, and now comes my story.

The house under the willow trees was sold, and for a year Patsy and his father lived a wandering, homeless life. Patsy began to work in a factory. I met him often, with bits of white cotton clinging to his soiled shirt sleeves, and such a besmeared face, that, had it not been for his smile, which came out like a ray of sunshine through a thunder cloud, I should never have known him.

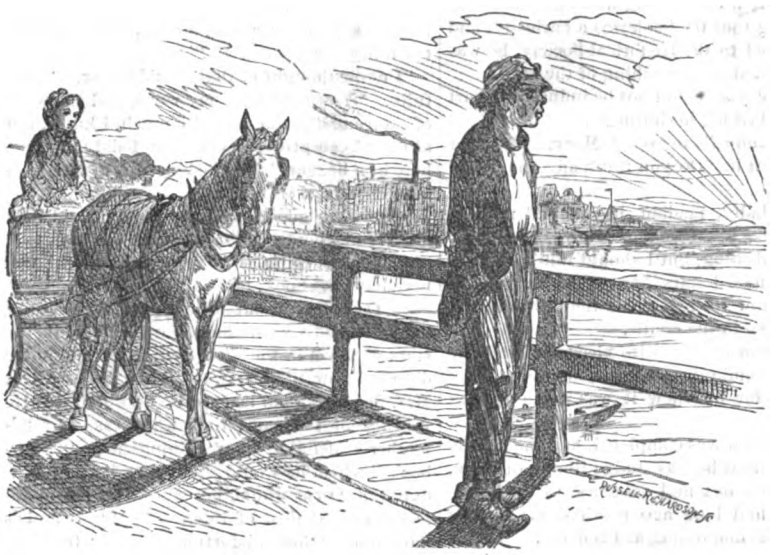
Then I saw, just to the north of Ledgeside, on a broad green sward, men digging a little cellar —Patsy coming many times a day to hover over the spot.

"What is it, Patsy?" I asked, going curiously and peeping down the oblong hole.

"It's father's and my house," said Patsy, stretching himself up until he looked tall, against the bank.

"Your house?"

"Yes, um. You see, we couldn't live nowheres, and I told father, says I, 'You go ahead, old man, and just build it, and *I'll* pay for it.'"



"I'LL FETCH IT, YET."

"*You* pay for it, Patsy?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, um. Father can't work as he used ter; but *I* kin."

I looked at the boy, and saw a change. Through the layers of dirt, under the black shock of hair, looking out at the small eyes, it seemed to me as if a man had entered the uncanny frame and taken up his abode.

"*Can* you, Patsy?" I asked, doubtfully, as I looked him through and through.

"I kin," said Patsy, ramming his hands down into his pockets, as if he expected to bring up his resolution from their remotest depths.

"You'll have to stop your pipe, then, Patsy."

"I have."

"And," hesitating, "you must keep sober."

"I never touch nothing stronger than water," with another dig down to the depths of his pockets.

"Going to make a man of yourself, Patsy?"

"If I kin,"—with a drooping of the eyelids. "Least, I am a going to own a house for me and father. We can't live nowheres."

Some one who had faith in Patsy, built the house. You will mark, I hope, as I did, the beautiful proof of the care of the All Father, to this poor child. Day after day, week after week, I watched the house as it grew into form and completeness; first the beams, then the covering, then the rooms, and lastly the windows and the doors. The little house seemed only the work of a man's hands, hammer and nails, saw and chisel—but it was something behind and beyond all this; it was Patsy's manhood, the embodiment in wood, and brick, and mortar, of what raised him from the level of a brute, into a poor, faint, defaced image of what God intended man should be.

Six months ago old Pink—that is the horse to whose gray hairs we all do reverence at Ledgeside—moved a scanty load of furniture into the finished house, Patsy's house, and having taken possession of the key, Patsy's work of payment began in earnest.

Every morning during this past summer, rain or shine, heat or cold, at a very early hour, I have seen Patsy pass my window with a little— I must own it—*black* tin pail swung half way up his arm, and every night he has come by again, walking mid the lengthening shadows home.

He had found a place upon the hill, where the handsome new house is building, and "where, to a good stiddy man, who keeps about his business, and does it up brown"—so Patsy tells me, with a happy look, that makes his homely face almost handsome—"there's good pay,—forty dollars a month, sure,"—he said, drawing at the same time forty dollars from his pocket, as if he could hear in them all those dear home sounds a boy's hungry heart loves so well.

"But it will cost you a part of this to live, Patsy," I said.

"I was afeard of that," said Patsy; "so I don't take up none out. I've got to pay for't, you know," with a nod in the direction of the small brown house.

Then I looked carefully in the boy's face. If he "took up none out," what went away in the little tin pail? I found my answer written there. The skin was drawn closely over his bones, his eyes, for the first time, seemed large and prominent, and his mouth had that ghastly, distended look, which comes only from sickness or starvation.

"I kin do it," repeated Patsy, wondering, I presume, at the earnestness of my gaze, and mistaking its cause.

"I don't doubt it, Patsy," I answered, for the first time, a certainty of his success coming full upon me. "You'll do it, if any one can, with such odds against him."

"Mum?" said Patsy. He had not even understood me, and I was very glad.

One day, riding near the house upon the hill, I was startled to find the workmen all gone and the windows boarded up.

"What has happened?" I asked, eagerly, of a man near by.

"Failed!" said the man, carelessly.

"*Failed?*" I echoed.

"Yes, stopped work."

"Are the workmen paid?" I asked; and Patsy's hungry, lean face came between me and the boarded up house in an instant.

"Paid? No, I guess not."

"*No?*"

"*No,*" screamed the man, evidently supposing I was deaf.

"O dear! Poor Patsy, has he lost it all?"

"If you mean Pat O'Brian," coming a step nearer and looking more interested, "I am sorry to say he never saw the first red cent for his summer's work; and he has worked like a dog."

"Lost it *all?*"

"Lost it all."

"That's too hard."

"It's hard on him, but he bears it like a man; I never saw the beat."

"Won't it ruin him?"

"He's plucky. No, I guess not, but I don't know. It would discourage many men, to say nothing of a boy. It will all depend on the turn he takes."

Haunted by these words, "the turn he takes," I drove slowly homeward. It was a beautiful summer twilight. Our mountains were aglow with that soft, rosy light which sometimes falls over them as if dropped down from heaven. All along my road leafy shadows stretched themselves out, long, cool, reposeful. Birds were singing, insects chirping, cows browsing, with that peculiar, crisp sound, heard only when the dew begins to fall. Every thing was so quiet, and yet so life-full, so perfectly toned and tuned, that I could not find, amid it all, one spot in which poor Patsy's misfortune could find a place —and yet there it was!

Thinking how ill-jointed sometimes life seems, I saw the boy looking over the railing of a bridge that spans our swift, deep river. His hands were at the bottom of his pockets, as usual. His head a little more bent, his shoulders had fallen back into the old roundness, and his chin was resting on his breast.

"Poor Patsy!" I said to myself, "it is all over, then. He is looking into the river; I hope he don't mean to drown himself. Get up, Kittie!"

Loosening the reins of my horse, she sprang on to the bridge, and in a moment I was by Patsy's side. He did not look up, as we stopped, so I called.

"Patsy!"

"Mum?" said Patsy, just turning his head without moving.

"I am so sorry for you, Patsy."

"Yes, mum!"

"What *can* you do?"

"I don't know, mum, but *I'll fetch it, yet.*"

"Not discouraged, Patsy?" my own voice catching a tone of courage from his.

"Not a whit, mum. I'll fetch it, see if I don't. I'll fetch it, yet."

I have just told you that it was a beautiful summer twilight. At this moment, by one of those sudden changes of color, the whole western sky was lighted. Crimson, and purple, and gold came flashing back upon the tumbling waters, streamed up in their effulgence over the boy, and Patsy stood there transfigured.

A feeling of admiration, almost of awe, crept over me. Nothing there but a poor, half-grown Irish boy in the sunset. Nothing? Let me tell you what else I saw. I saw a hero!—one that, meeting a hard life, worsted to-day, and worsted to-morrow, never grumbled, never complained, but bending his back to the burden, said, "I'll fetch it, yet."

It is nearly three months since this happened, and, faithful to his task, onward goes Patsy. Every day work is waiting for him, every day there he is, ready for it. Yesterday I noticed new blue paper shades hung over his windows, and every morning and night smoke curls up from his little chimney. There is a pile of wood gathering in the neat door-yard, and I saw his father, quite an old man now, wheeling a load of cabbages, which, in some way, Patsy has found time to raise in the summer.

The first payment of one hundred dollars is due in the spring; eighty of it he buried in the handsome, shut up house, on the hill. But I have faith in Patsy, and on the day the money is due, I am sure it will pass into the hands of the creditor.

Now the moral of my story lies too much on the outside, for me to need to make it any more plain.

Sitting in your cheerful parlors, warmly dressed, luxuriously fed, how about those lessons that you fret over committing? What of those little duties which devolve upon you, and you shirk? How many lions are there around your daily path, from whose imaginary roar you are constantly fleeing?

"I'll fetch it, yet." Let Patsy's watchword be yours, for a while, at least. Try it.

THE OLD WEBSTER'S SPELLING-BOOK.—More than 50,000,000 copies have been sold, and its present rate of production is about 1,000,000 per annum. During the last year 1,083,000 copies were made. During the year succeeding the war, 1,596,708 were sold. More than 50,000,000 American children have thus received their early intellectual training and moral impressions from this little manual. What other human teacher has had such a host of pupils?

L M Hosford Oct/70

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It may be mentioned that during the war, the South, while compelled to get along mainly without new supplies of books, except a few English Bibles and Prayer Books run in through the blockade, found its need of Webster's spelling-book so sore that a surreptitious edition was published in Macon, Ga., yet in quite a primitive style of mechanical execution, and wholly without the engravings; so that the "Milkmaid" and the "Boy who Stole the Apples" appeared without the pictorial representations.

It takes 194,718 pounds of paper to make 1,000,000 spellers, and hence 50,000,000 require 9,735,900 pounds of paper, the amount actually used. The regular product of 1,000,000 annually gives 3,205 for each secular day, or over five copies per minute for the ten working hours of each day. And at this rate of five copies per minute has continued for fifty years. No other book but the Bible, it is believed, has ever had so large a sale. Fifty million copies, placed lengthwise in continuous line, would make a row over 10,000 miles long.

For the Companion.

GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE-BOOK.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

"There will be no difficulty in settling my affairs," said Mr. Semple to his daughter-in-law. "My accounts are all square. You will find my will and a deed of the estate in my desk."

So the old man died, but when, a decent interval having elapsed after the funeral, the desk was opened, the documents were missing.

At first Mrs. Semple was filled with consternation, "but," thought she, "it can make no difference; of course his wife and his son's family will inherit his property, and as to the estate, why, doesn't every body know that it was his?"

Still she needed advice and assistance in settling affairs, and what does this guileless lamb do, but ask counsel of that sagacious wolf, Squire Sharp. The millennium not having arrived, the consequence was what might have been expected—he devoured her without remorse. In other words, he brought forth a deed which showed that the Semple estate was really his property.

"But my father-in-law purchased the estate from you and paid for it," said the lamb, opening wide her innocent blue eyes.

"Prove it, madam," said the wolf, showing his teeth.

This was precisely what she could not do, and in less than a month she had exchanged her comfortable home for a wretched, one-story tenement, for which she was obliged to pay an exorbitant rent, Mr. Sharp being her landlord. Like other widows and orphans who fell into the jaws of this gentleman, she also found herself very short of funds.

"Sharp by name, and Sharp by nature," was what people said of him.

Poor old grandmother, relict of the late Mr. Semple, mourned bitterly over this change of fortune, which, in her childishness, she could not comprehend.

"What have you brought me to this goose-pen for, Mary?" she said to her daughter-in-law. "I'm sure your father won't like it at all when he comes back—he was always tender of me, you know." It was one of her delusions that her husband had only gone away for a little while, and at night she would beg to be taken home, saying, "Your father must have got back by this time, and he'll miss me so."

This was very distressing to Mary, who could only soothe her as if she had been indeed a child, and sometimes a slight thing would serve to divert her for a little while—even Una's doll, or, more pitiful still, Daisy's rattle and bells.

But grandmother's chief delight was in her "picter-book," so she called it, an old English edition of the Bible, beautifully illuminated. She, with Oscar, Prince and Una, would turn over the leaves by the hour together, and it would have been difficult to say which was the more pleased, the old child or the young children.

Oscar, however, who was twelve years of age, was getting to be a fine, manly little fellow, and since their misfortunes, had been his mother's friend and counsellor. It was little time he found now for any thing but work; not study, which he used to call work in the old prosperous days, but real manual labor, for the purpose of providing the necessaries of life for himself and kindred.

He soon found that it would not do to be very particular about the kind of labor, either, and took whatever offered, from letting himself by the season to some farmer, to sawing wood from door to door. And all this was added bitterness to Mary, who had intended to educate her children as their father would have done had he been living. Very little could she do to compass that end, for she was one of those clinging, vine-like creatures, so lovely while they have an "oak" to twine around, but apt to fall to the ground when bereft of that support.

Affairs grew worse instead of better, and Mary lost something of her elasticity every day, although Oscar did his best to cheer and encourage her.

One day when she was in a particularly despondent mood, for the quarterly rent was coming due, and she had no means of paying it, Una came in from her play, saying that there was a gentleman at the door who had asked for a glass of water.

"Invite him in, while I go to the well and draw some," said Mary.

The child obeyed, and when Mary returned with the water, she found her sitting on the stranger's knee, showing him the old Bible, which was lying open on the table.

He apologized for making himself so much at home, saying that the book was a curiosity, and as he belonged to the Historical Society, he was much interested in every thing of the kind.

"I suppose you could not be induced to part with it?" asked he, hesitatingly.

"I don't know," answered Mary. "I never thought about it. Do you think any one would buy it?"

"I will, gladly, madam, if you will name a price."

"It's an old thing, but I should think it ought to be worth five dollars," answered Mary, with no more idea of its real value than little Daisy, who lay asleep in the cradle.

"I'll give you twenty, with pleasure," said the gentleman, seemingly generous, but really only half honest, for he knew it was worth a great deal more.

So the bargain was completed, and the gentleman, saying that he was Judge Bland, of Troy, bowed himself out and returned to the blacksmith, who had long ago repaired his horse's shoe, and was marvelling at his delay.

Mary looked at her twenty dollars and rejoiced, for it solved the little problem of the quarterly rent, and staved off misery for this time.

Her joy lasted until she looked out the window and saw grandmother coming up the sunny slope, hand in hand with Prince. The two had been walking in the lane, enjoying the fine autumn afternoon, and both were fantastically decked with golden-rod, aster and everlasting. It was a pretty sight, but it smote Mary to the heart, for now, for the first time, she realized what she had done in disposing of the old Bible.

"I am the Queen of Sheba, and this is King Solomon," said grandmother, courtesying, as she opened the door.

Ordinarily Mary would have humored the whim, and acted her part in the little drama, but now she thrust her money out of sight as if she had stolen it, and was glad when Daisy cried and demanded her attention.

The Queen of Sheba, however, was too much absorbed in her gay flowers—which would not have pleased her more had they been gold and precious stones—to think of her book, and after supper she fell asleep in her chair and nodded till bedtime.

She awoke the next morning only a common mortal, and it was not long before she asked for the Bible. Mary tried to divert her attention, and succeeded for a little while, but at intervals all day long she would break out, with a voice full of pathos,—

"I want my pretty picter-book! I want my pretty picter-book."

When this had continued two or three days, Oscar bethought him of the expedient of borrowing a family Bible of one of the neighbors. Grandmother's countenance brightened when she saw it, but as soon as she began to turn over the leaves, it clouded again with disappointment

"This isn't my picter-book," she said. "There's no 'Joseph sold into bondage' in it, nor no little 'Samwil called,' nor no little 'Moses in the bulrushes.' Take it away—I don't want it," and she pushed it from her impatiently, and finally burst into tears, which were worse to see than her anger.

It was impossible to pacify her, and time, instead of causing her to forget her grief, only intensified it. "I don't know what makes you so cruel to me," she would say to her daughter-in-law. "You won't let me go home, and now you've taken away my pretty book. But father'll take my part when he comes back; *he* was always good to me."

"Mother, I can't bear it. I'll have the Bible back again, if there's any such thing," said Oscar.

"But we've spent the money," said Mary, helplessly.

"I've got some money laid away, you know," said Oscar.

"Yes, and you've been all summer saving it to buy an overcoat with, and now you'll have to do without it. It's all my fault, but I didn't think grandmother would take it to heart so," said his mother, her tears beginning to flow.

"I'm sure you didn't," said Oscar.

The next morning at sunrise he started on his quest. Troy was twenty-five miles distant, and he walked every step of the way, so it was dusk when he reached Judge Bland's house. He was shown into that gentleman's library, and immediately made known his errand.

"It strikes me you've come on rather singular business, young man," said the judge. "If I had not wanted the book, I should not have purchased it, and having purchased it, what object could I have in parting with it so soon?"

"None, sir, save kindness to a helpless old woman," said Oscar.

"Always supposing that the 'helpless old woman' exists anywhere excepting in your imagination. For how do I know you are the person you represent yourself to be, or that there is any truth in your story at all?"

"I never thought of that," said Oscar, sorrowfully. "You have only my word, and the word of a stranger is not good for much, I know, but at least I can prove to you that I did not come here as a beggar," and the boy took out his wallet and showed its contents.

"So far, so good," said the judge; "and look here; I'm coming your way in a day or two, and if every thing is as you say, may be you may have the book, after all."

So Oscar went out to a supperless bed on a haymow, and a weary homeward walk while the stars were yet in the sky. But of this the judge did not know till afterward, when he called at Mrs. Semple's, and learned it from her lips. He was also at the same time a witness of grandmother's delight at regaining her "picture-book," which he would gladly have left as a gift, only that Oscar would not allow it. He manifested a good deal of interest in Mrs. Semple's narration of her misfortunes arising from the lost documents.

"Strange—strange," he said, reflectively. "I don't see how Sharp could get hold of them. Well, if ever you get the slightest clue to the mystery, let me know. My services shall be at your disposal."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when down went the old Bible on the floor.

"O, my pretty book!" cried grandmother, whose tremulous hands had caused the mischief.

"No harm, only a rent in the old sheep-skin cover," said the polite judge, picking it up. "But what—what is this!" and he drew from the rent two legal looking papers folded together. "The lost documents, as I live!" exclaimed he.

"Nobody must touch those," said grandmother, eagerly; "they are father's. I'm keeping them for him."

"Did he put them there?" asked Mary.

"No; I did; and no one must touch them 'till he comes back."

So the mystery was brought to light, and the judge, true to his promise, rested not till he had seen the Semple family restored to their former home, and reinstated in all their rights. And grandmother, though very happy, and tenderly cared for, still watches and waits for her husband to "come back." She does not understand the meaning of the separation now, but no doubt it will be made clear to her some time.

I suppose that on the other side he watches and waits for her, too, "For many waters cannot quench love, nor floods drown it." No, not even the rushing waters, nor the cold flood of death.

TRAVELLING IN SIBERIA.

Lovers of good sleighing can be satisfied to the full in Siberia, and have a range of thousands of miles without fear of a thaw or of bare ground. But it is very cold, and one must wear thick clothing to keep warm. I frequently saw the thermometer forty degrees below zero, and sometimes it gets below sixty. Every thing that can be frozen becomes solid. We carried some soup frozen into cakes like small bricks, and we had a piece of roast beef that looked and felt like red granite.

The horses used to become white in a short time, no matter what their original color was; the long hair round their nostrils used to be covered with frost from their breath, and sometimes they resembled the rows of spikes that farmers put around the noses of weaning calves. In the coldest morning there is generally a fog or frost cloud resting near the earth, from the freezing and falling of all the watery particles of the atmosphere. In the coldest nights the stars are always very brilliant, and the brightest of them seem to burn like diamonds.

For my winter journey I had a suit of clothing made from a pair of blankets. On my feet I had my ordinary woollen socks, then a pair of squirrel-skin socks, then some sheep-skin stockings that came up to the knee, and then some boots of reindeer skin reaching as high up as boots could possibly go. My leather boots I packed away in my sleigh, and had no use for them while I was travelling.

Outside of my ordinary clothing I had a sheep-skin coat with the fur inside, and buttoning around me. And outside of this I had a deer-skin coat that touched the ground when I stood erect, and was large enough inside for a man and a boy. Its collar was a foot wide, and when turned up in front it completely concealed my head. The sleeves were ten or twelve inches longer than my arms, and troubled me a great deal when I wanted to pick up any thing. When thoroughly wrapped up I felt very much as an Egyptian mummy might be supposed to feel, after he has been laid away to cool. Then I had a sleigh robe, seven feet square, made of sheep-skins sewed upon a backing of heavy cloth.

The frost could not penetrate all this covering, but it constantly troubled my face. My breath congealed, and used to turn my moustache into an icicle, or rather into a pair of icicles. My beard became a mass of ice and frequently froze to my furs, so that a sudden movement threatened to tear it out by the roots. Frequently, before removing my fur coat, I had to thaw my beard from it, though sometimes I forgot myself and gave it a severe pull that was sure to bring me to my senses.

For the Companion.

JACK.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

Charley Gray had a monkey, whose name was Jack—and I fully believe there never was a monkey whose name was not Jack. But Charley's Jack was by no means a common monkey. He was the pet and the torment of the whole household. There was not a boy in the country side who had not heard of his pranks, and would not have given all he owned for the amusing scamp. The way in which Mr. Jack first brought himself before the public was this.

One day in early spring Charley rushed up from the station where the train stopped, to the farm-house, flourishing a great poster in red and yellow letters, like a banner.

"O, yes! O, yes!" he shouted, like the town crier. "Hear you, all whom it may concern. The Great Travelling Menagerie! African Lions! Polar Bears! Bengal Tigers! Raging Elephant Romeo, the terror of Halborough, where he killed in one winter, three keepers! The Great Elephant Tamer—Rosenlis," etc., etc.

Matty was peeping over his shoulder. "And O, Charley, do look at this. A cage full of monkeys, Brazilian and African."

"Bet dey can't none of 'em beat our Jack, nohow!" said Pete, who was agape with wonder.

"Now the question is, can we go?" said Matty.

So the question was duly broached at the supper-table.

"When does the menagerie open, Charley?" asked Mr. Sears.

"To-morrow, sir, at nine o'clock in the morning. Admission twenty-five cents; children half price," promptly replied Charley.

"Very well. Ask Daniel to put Ben in the carriage, and we will see what we will see."

Of course the children knew what that meant, and ate very little more supper that night.

"If you please, papa," said Matty, "could Pete go? He would enjoy it so very much."

"Certainly. Tell Pete to be ready early."

"And spare no expense in his cravat," laughed Charley. "About Jack, sir?"

"No; most decidedly not," said Mr. Sears, positively. "I will not have Jack in the carriage again with me."

There was no remonstrating against this decision. "I would have liked to see him beside the other monkeys," said Charley, as he bade Matty good-night.

Jack had been curled up on the hearth-rug during the discussion, asleep, they thought, but Pete, who was waiting on table, saw one eye was open.

"Nobody kin tell how much dat ar good for nothin' beast knows. Bet he heerd ebery tiger's and elephum's name dar, and knowed dey war his blood relations."

Jack kept very quiet the next morning, however, until Charley and Matty came down dressed to go. Then he began to scramble up and down the pillars of the porch, according to his custom before taking a drive; for Jack was always ready for horseback, carriage or cart; no coat to put on, or hat to find, nothing to do but to lick his paws and be off.

As soon as Daniel appeared in the stable door with old Ben, Jack was off and at his heels like

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a flash, and when the carriage was brought out he was in it and ensconced on the front seat before Jack Robinson himself could even think of his name.

"Take the monkey away, Daniel, and shut him up in the barn," said Mr. Sears. "He is not to go."

"Yes, sir."

Daniel was busy with the harness, and then went into the house for a whip. When he came back and looked round for the monkey, Mr. Jack had vanished.

"He's obeyed orders and gone to the barn himself, sir."

"Very well. Jump in, children."

So the children, with a great many good-by kisses for mamma, and waving of their handkerchiefs to Ann and Daniel, got into their places, Pete mounted solemnly with all the weight of his purple neck-tie on him, and off they went to town.

The whole country side seemed to have emptied itself into the village. The streets were crowded with people, all pouring along to the great white tents in Harter's fields. On every fence there were gigantic pictures. Here the dreadful man-killer, Romeo, waved his proboscis and charged upon a dozen keepers, armed with red-hot irons; there the Nubian lion, Zamiel, leisurely craunched a man and a baby in his bloody teeth; on the next wall, the gigantic ourang-outang executed a war dance with a young woman, principally remarkable for back hair, tucked comfortably under one arm.

It was hard work to drag the children, especially Pete, away from these works of art to the terrible realities. But finally they reached the circle of tents; stood to take a final look at the picture of the fat lady toying with an amiable boa-constrictor outside, and then passed the narrow canvas passage leading to the enchanted country within.

There were the sawdust, and the dreadful delightful cages around it! There was the famous Signor Grisi, that we have all seen in his gorgeous white and scarlet, with spangles, and that fairy creature, Madame Johnson, in purple velvet and gold. The band played, and Romeo, with one tusk broken and bearing the marks of enough battles on him to make one's blood run cold, stood on a barrel; and the lions roared, and the monkeys shrieked, and the polar bear panted over his very modest portion of ice, and it was quite the same as if Charley and Matty had been snatched away to the north pole or the deserts of Africa.

As for Pete, it was the happiest day of his life. He threw crackers to the monkeys, and fed the elephant, and made mouths at the Bengal tiger, until that wretched beast was scared out of whatever little wit was left to him.

Charley had just emptied his pockets and bought his last bag of candy and pea nuts down at the stall, when the keeper announced, from the middle of the ring, a new performance.

There was a profound pause. Every body waited, breathless.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "our afternoon exhibition will conclude with the appearance of the world-renowned tamed ourang-outang—Mumbo Qumbo,—the first of his species who has ever been found capable of instruction at the hands of man. This remarkable creature (I had almost said human being) will dance, tell the time of day, and spell any word of one syllable which may be given him by the audience. His education is still in progress. Before our next visit to your flourishing village, we hope that he will be able to read distinctly Washington's Farewell, or the Declaration of Independence."

Every body applauded, nobody louder than Charley and Pete.

The flap of the inner tent was flung open, and a man dressed as a Turk appeared, leading a large baboon, who gazed gloomily about the audience, and then took up his station in the ring. The band struck up "St. Patrick's Day," and the poor beast executed a very creditable double shuffle.

Then a number of cards with figures and letters were placed before him.

"Tell the time by this watch," said the keeper.

The baboon put his head close to it, and then tramped about, nosing one card after another, until he spelled out "Half past four."

"That is a trifle late. Look at this one."

"Three o'clock," spelled the monkey.

"Right, you see, gentlemen," triumphantly holding out the watches.

"That is very curious," said a gentleman to Mr. Sears.

"Very." Mr. Sears was looking closely at the animal, watching, with a queer smile, every motion of his unwieldy body.

"He will now spell any word which may be given him," said the keeper.

"Hat," shouted somebody, and the baboon promptly picked out H A T.

One word after another was called and successfully spelled.

"Dat ar beats Jack," said Pete, shaking his head discontentedly.

"Spell Jack," cried Charley, and Mumbo Qumbo was just beginning his round to pick out the cards, when, as if summoned, like an evil spirit, by the name, Jack himself sprang from the top of one of the cages, and lighted right upon the baboon's back, clutching him round the neck with his long, skinny arms.

Mumbo Qumbo shook himself violently, but it did not loosen Jack's hold. The people cheered and shouted, the keeper uttered words too emphatic for polite ears; the baboon, nearly choked, threw himself upon the ground and rolled over and over.

Jack took all the applause to himself, and held on like grim death, jabbering and grinning with delight, his claws fastened tight in the throat of the poor creature.

Mr. Sears and Charley tried to make their way to him, but in vain, the crowd was too dense. Pete danced on the benches with exultation.

"I knowed dat ar was one of his kin. Look at Jack huggin' his grandfather!"

By this time the keeper had lost all patience. He chased the struggling monkeys around the ring with a big club, fearing to use it lest he might strike the baboon instead of Jack. Mumbo Qumbo, however, could stand it no longer. He staggered to his feet, and to the astonishment of every body, broke out into a yell. "Murther! Tak him off! Take the imp off of me! It's kilt I am, intirely!"

Oddly enough, at the first sound of the man's voice in the baboon's skin, Jack let go his hold and dropped to the ground in dismay. Every body was so stunned with astonishment that they forgot to follow him, and it was only when Mr. Sears and the children had reached home that he was dragged out of his hiding-place under the robes on the floor of the carriage.

"De hull country side is talkin' of yar, you mizzabal little niggah," said Pete, eyeing him with pride. "Git along to de barn wid you, out of my sight," turning, when he was gone, with a satisfied nod to Charley. "I'll back our Jack 'gainst de hull menagerie, monkeys, and Irishmen, and all, and if he doesn't come off first best I'll giv up, *any how*."

For the Companion.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

Queer, homely little romances come sometimes under the eye of the detective.

"One day I was called to a house in Russel Square to carry off a girl who had stolen a small diamond ring and a few other things.

"I shall never forget the bewildered look of the pretty little thing,—for she had a face as innocent as a babe's. It made my heart ache when I thought of my own daughter, about the age of this one.

"'O, sir,' she cried, in terror, 'they say I have stolen these things, when I never saw them in my life. What does it mean, sir? O, what are they going to do with me?'

"Now, in my time, I have seen the pretence of innocence in every form that hypocrisy can shape, and for a time I was not disposed to credit the girl's distress. But there was another servant there, a sleek-faced, smooth-haired creature, whose calibre I took in at a glance.

"'That girl is as full of cunning,' I said, mentally, 'as a nut is full of meat.'

"Suddenly, Mary, that was the name of the girl accused of theft, turned round to Dora, as the other servant was called. I was looking at Dora that moment, and saw the flush fly from her cheeks, and a flash of unspeakable hatred blaze in her eyes. Nobody noticed it, I think, besides myself.

"'O Dora! Dora!' cried the weeping Mary, 'clear me; *you* can clear me, you *must* clear me. Tell them I could not have taken it; that you would have seen or suspected me. You have lived with them so many years they will believe you. Tell them, Dora, tell them I am innocent.'

"In her agony Mary had caught the girl's hand, which the latter struggled to free from her clasp.. A quick gleam of terror in Dora's face started my suspicions, but instantly she was calm again, as she said,—

"'I can't, I can't; for I believe you are a thief.'

"I shall not soon forget the look that came into poor Mary's face as she staggered back, now swaying this way, now that; then lifting her clasped hands, her eyes full of a wild light, she cried,—

"'O mother! mother! What shall I do? What shall I do? I never in all my life stole even a pin. O mother! mother!'

"She fell back, half senseless, and if the woman's heart had not been adamant, she would have sent me away, and believed the poor child. But no. Mary must go to the jail, and await her trial, and if condemned, submit to the penalty of broken law.

"I took her with me, half inclined to carry her to my own home instead, but I knew my duty too well for that. The trial came off, the heart-broken girl pleaded innocence, but the evidence was against her, and she was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

"It's no use telling what I suffered on this child's account; she was only fifteen. My wife and daughter were both anxious about the result, and Milly, my youngest, cried herself to sleep the night that poor Mary was consigned to jail.

"Several days passed, when one morning a pale, decently dressed woman inquired for me at the quarters. I was in at the time, and when I met her, was startled by her resemblance to Mary. It was poor Mary's widowed mother.

"'My neighbors contributed the means for me to come,' she said, in a low, broken voice, 'for we are very poor. O sir, I think it has given me my death-blow, this dreadful thing. Mary was so honest, my little Mary. Everybody will tell you, where I live, what she is. None of them believe it, sir, not one. Mary has only been here four months. Does it stand to reason, sir, that she who was always gentle, and pure, and honest, should change in that short time? Why, sir, I never knew my Mary to tell a lie, and surely, surely she'd never steal. O the disgrace and the wickedness of it has broke my heart. I come of an honest family. I wouldn't have parted with my child to go to service, but we was—we was *so* poor!' and here she broke down.

"I had had my suspicions all along, but of course I could prove nothing. But when I had taken the poor mother home, and wife and daughter had said and done all they could to comfort her, a plan came into my head which I immediately communicated to the widow. It was this: That she should apply, with a strong recommendation from me, for Mary's vacant place. Mrs. Black, the woman who had lost the ring, had begged me to find a person honest and capable, and I was quite sure of Mary's mother.

"'O John, that will be splendid!' cried my wife, smiling through her tears. 'He has such a head of his own, my good husband. I was sure he would find some way for you.'

"'I have thought ever since the arrest that Dora was the guilty party; that she stole those articles, and through some fiendish malice laid the crime on Mary,' I said; 'particularly since I have learned that Mary innocently betrayed the fact of Dora's being away one whole night from the house. She is a cunning, wicked girl, and must be taken by craft.'

"Not over two days elapsed before Mrs. Morris, Mary's mother, was domiciled in her new home. Mrs. Black met me, a week after, and expressed herself delighted with the new servant. Meantime, wife and daughter saw poor, downcast Mary often, and every time they came from the jail, they protested, with tears, against the unmerited punishment of so sweet a girl.

"Mrs. Morris had received her instructions. She was to watch Dora—was told not to notice any of her faults—and if possible get her confidence. I knew the girl was a bad girl, and felt assured if she had another servant with her of whom she was not afraid, she would perhaps reveal her true character; and little by little she did reveal herself.

It so happened that at that very time she was maturing a plan to rob Mrs. Black, the woman she lived with. There was money in the house, kept always in a small, strong box, and Dora had heard Mrs. Black say that she never allowed herself to be without a hundred or two dollars on hand. One Carney, a bluff, Irish fellow, none too good, wanted to marry Dora. Finally she promised Mrs. Morris, who acted as chamber girl, fifty dollars if she would help her to the key of the box.

"Dora wished to go back to Ireland with Carney. She had saved some little money, and so he declared he had a handsome sum in the bank, but he was a liar and a drunkard, and had put the girl up to this trick of robbery.

"Now was my time. The plot was almost ripe.

"In the first place, I called upon Mrs. Black and informed her that she had been waited upon for the past month by poor little Mary's mother. Confound the woman—excuse me, sir, but I couldn't help it—she was as mad as a March hare with me, and it took an hour to bring her to reason. I never saw a woman whose prejudices were so deeply rooted.

"However, she consented to serve on my committee, and the whole thing was mapped out. I was to be near, but in hiding, and Mrs. Black was also to see the matter through with her own eyes.

"The night came, a bright moonlight one, and all preparations were made.

"Mrs. Black did not yet believe, but was willing, like the magnanimous creature she was, to be convinced. We had watched three hours, from ten to one, when, in the silence, we heard the opening of doors and the stealthy movement of gliding feet. Another moment the girl Dora stood on the threshold, holding the key up to her eyes, as if to be certain that it was the identical thing she needed.

"Presently she found the place, went inside the closet, brought the box out, sat down on the floor, opened it, turned the contents into a handkerchief, and then a dark lantern was flashed full in her face, and there stood before her Mrs. Black and myself.

"The girl was paralyzed, but curiously enough the first words she said, when I helped her to her feet, were,—

"'Well, now it's out, ye'll think I did the whole, won't ye?'

"'I *know* you did,' said I.

"'Wicked, wicked, wicked woman!' cried Mrs. Black. 'How could you try to ruin that poor, innocent girl?'

"'O don't bother me,' was the heartless reply. 'Ivery one for himself, but if I knew who'd telled on me, I'd twist her throat, if they hung me for murder.'

"Well, Mary was triumphant at last, and a splendid purse was made up for her and her mother, so they went back together, thoroughly sick of their city experience. Now there's a little romance for you, isn't there, sir?"

For the Companion.

THE STRANGE PASSENGER.

Among the cabin passengers on board the *Europa*, when I was returning from England, four years ago, was an Irish-American, who in manners was as singular as in looks. He was dressed shabbily, and had a coarse, vulgar face; but when any one succeeded in getting a word from him, it was sure to be courteously spoken.

I noticed a deep cut, only half healed, under his left ear, and one day when he was away from the table some trivial allusion at dinner turned the conversation of those who sat around the captain upon the peculiar passenger.

He was, the captain said, a physician of good standing in society, and of considerable learning; but that lately he had been intemperate in his habits, and in a frenzy had attempted to commit suicide, and that was the explanation of the gash under the ear.

It was my custom to promenade the saloon deck every night previous to going to my stateroom; and a day or two after the conversation at dinner, I found the mysterious passenger—John Mitchell, was his name—also exercising himself at the same hour.

I was not anxious for his company, but as I had no good reason for not accepting it, when he addressed me I responded to the salute. Soon I became interested, and our talk ripened into an earnest discussion. Mr. Mitchell conversed brilliantly, and, moreover, he possessed the magnetic faculty of inducing conversation in others.

It was a clear moonlight night. We went to the stern and bent over the taffrail, watching the long trail of phosphorescent water in the steamer's wake. Unconsciously I happened to look at the wound on the man's neck. He saw me, and instantly, without a word on either side, his eyes flashed, and he exclaimed, fiercely,—

"Do you know any thing about *that?*"

The question was so abrupt, and his manner so singular, that I was for a moment surprised, and answered, hesitatingly, that I had heard a remark made about it.

"They—the other passengers—also, I presume, are familiar with my misfortune?"

"I suppose so, sir; for all I ever heard of it was spoken at dinner table."

"And you regard me as dangerous, don't you, you fool? You think I am a fiend, insane, cruel, do you? You are not mistaken, sir."

His face had become almost livid, and his eyes flashed like a serpent's.

I had not time to reply, before the lunatic sprang at me and seized me by the neck.

The officer of the watch was pacing the bridge, and a quartermaster was standing by the binnacle. I tried to call them, but both their faces were turned the opposite way. The man's fingers met around my throat, and I found that my strength was as a child's, compared with that of my insane opponent.

"Chattering fool!" he hissed, as he glared into my face.

My head was becoming dizzy. In desperation I struck at the maniac. He did not seem to notice it more than he would have noticed the blow

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of an infant. Just then his arm was placed across my mouth, and with the fierceness of despair I fixed my teeth upon it, biting deeply into the flesh. A yell of pain escaped him, and his hold relaxed a moment, so that I was able to drag his hands from my throat.

But the advantage gained was only momentary, for quickly clasping me to him he smothered my cries for assistance against his breast, and with his disengaged arm raised me from the deck. I struggled violently. He was seeking to throw me overboard. I was hanging over the taffrail. I grasped his hair, heedless of the stunning blows which the maniac was inflicting upon my face.

The mate had heard the struggle, and now came rushing along the deck. My eyes grew dim, but I could see the foaming water beneath me. In a moment the officer threw himself upon my assailant and forced him to the deck. His hands loosened their hold on me, and I clung desperately to the brass railing running round the stern. Two of the men bent over and reached me, and in another moment I became unconscious.

Mr. Mitchell was put in irons, and continued a raving madman throughout the remainder of the voyage, and four crimson marks on my neck serve as very unpleasant reminiscences of my acquaintance with him.

MOTHER GOOSE.

We have sometimes heard the remark that Mother Goose, the reputed writer of a great number of ditties known as "Mother Goose's Melodies," was a Boston lady.

This statement has been made in the *Companion*; but in this the *Companion* has not been alone. Other papers, and sage reviews, have made the same declaration respecting that lady's reputed works. We do not like to dispute the claim of Boston to the honor of an industrious, good-humored lady, named Goose, who once sold toy-books in ——— Street, but a little investigation has shown that the old English nursery rhymes published under the title of "Mother Goose's Melodies," were not written by this worthy lady. The best ditties attributed to Mother Goose's authorship were in circulation in the rural districts of England a long while before Brewster and Carver ever saw Plymouth rock.

Perhaps the oldest of these nursery rhymes, with the exception of Old King Cole (King Coel) is that which relates to the misfortune that happened to Buyen o' Lin and his family. Tom o' Lin seems to have been the real name of this unfortunate man. His misadventure is thus told in a black letter volume called, "*The longer thou livest the more foole thou art*," printed in England about the year 1560:

"Tom a Lin, and his wife, and his wife's mother,
They went over a bridge all three together;
The bridge was broken and they fell in,
quoth Tom a Lin."

The reader will excuse us from copying Tom's hasty remark on finding his family ties so unexpectedly severed.

The story about good King Arthur, who obtained some barley meal in a questionable way, and made a large pudding, some of which the royal family ate that day, and some of which the Queen fried on the following morning, is also very old. It may be found under the name of King Stephen, in an ancient English stageplay.

The misfortune that befel Jack and Jill also occurred a great while ago, though the world, which is sound at heart, after all, has not yet ceased to pity. In one of the Percy Society publications before us we find a *parody* on the Jack and Jill mishap, published in London, in 1642. The title Jack and Jill comes from an old English stage-play, long lost.

The account of the man "in our town," (which we are happy to say positively was not Boston,) who lost and regained his optics by jumping into some barberry bushes, may be found with more or less variations in books of very ancient date. The English say "There was a man in Thessaly." But it was not on the banks of the Charles River, nor by the "old Thessalian flood" that the great event happened. The man lived in Babylon. See Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night," Act II., Scene 3.

"Ding, dong, bell" is the burden of several old songs, two of which may be found in Shakespeare, one in "Tempest," and the other in "Merchant of Venice." Tommy Lin, who put the cat in the well, lived more recently. Perhaps he was the son of Tom o' Lin, and the loss of his mother in the sad affair at the bridge, may have led to his bad behavior.

The burden of "Sing a Song of Sixpence" seems to have been familiar in England several centuries ago. It is probable that Sir Toby alludes to the ditty in "Twelfth Night," Act II., Scene 3. It is quoted entire in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*.

The ditty about Jack Horner and his Christmas pie comes from an English poem of more than a hundred stanzas, which may be seen in the notes to the Percy Society's collection of nursery rhymes. The original story about the pie is as follows:

"Jack Horner was a pretty lad,
Near London he did dwell,
His father's heart he made full glad,
His mother loved him well.

"A pretty boy, a curious wit,
All people spoke his praise,
And in the corner he would sit
On Christmas holidays.

"And said Jack Horner in the corner,
Eats good Christmas pie,
With his thumbs pulls out the plums,
Crying, what a good boy was I!

"These pretty verses which he made
Upon his Christmas cheer,
Did gain him love, as it is said,
Of all both far and near.

"For lasses loved his company,
Each day above another,
For why? they knew that he would be
A man before his mother."

The affecting monody on the three children who fell through the ice on a summer's day, and were drowned, which event we are informed would not have happened had they stayed at home, also comes from a long poem. The original was published in England, in 1662:

"I'll tell you what the river's name is,
Where these three children did slide—a,
It was fair London's swiftest Thames,
That keeps both time and tide—a.

. . . . . .

"Three children sliding thereabouts,
Upon a place too thin,
That so at last it did fall *out*,
That they did all fall *in*.

"Had they but at a sermon been,
Or else upon dry ground,
Why then I would have never been seen
If that they been drowned."

These unfortunate children did not lose their lives in the old Boston frog-pond. No such melancholy association saddens the place.

The story of the "Little Crooked Sixpence" follows the analogy of the Kid:

"A kid, a kid my father bought
For two pieces of money,
A kid, a kid."

This latter comes from the Chaldee, and is an allegorical history of the Jews. We may add the *key: My father* is Jehovah; *the cat*, the Assyrians; *the dog*, the Babylonians; *the staff*, the Persians; *the fire*, the Grecians; *the water*, the Romans; *the ox*, the Saracens; *the butcher*, the crusaders; *the angel of death*, the Turks.

"Taffy was a Welshman," was sung in olden times at the merry-makings on the first of March, on the Welsh borders. "Richard and Robbin, or hunting the Wren," used to be sung on St. Stephen's day, in the *Isle of Man*. It is very old, and is associated historically with the overthrow of the superstitions of the Druids. "Of all the gay birds I ever did see," was published in London, in 1609.

The story of the interesting lady who put her husband in a quart-pot—pint-pot, in the original—seems to have had a Danish origin. The original version of the "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe" was,—

"She borrowed a beetle and knocked them on the head,"

which was taking up arms against a sea of troubles indeed. The original story of the "Mad Man who had a Mad Wife," makes the unhappy couple ride to a very wicked place, and meet with a warm reception from a very wicked individual.

"The Frog that would a Wooing go" comes from an old English nursery ditty, entitled, "There was a frog lived in a well." "Cock-robin" is very old, and Mother Hubbard, who has figured so long as a mourner who found unexpected consolation, begins to figure in the world with her deceased husband, and not with her dog.

Nearly all of the other ditties published under the general title of "Mother Goose's Melodies," such as "Ride a Jack-horse," &c., were old English games. They may be seen in the Percy Society's collection of ballads. We doubt that any of these, with the single exception of the stanza on Yankee Doodle, was written in the good old town of Boston.

"Mother Goose's Melodies" does not contain the best nursery tales in the language. The old story of Catskin, is much finer and more amusing than any of these widely circulated ditties.

LUMINOUS ADVICE.

Somebody sent seventy-five cents to a New York firm, recently, in answer to an advertisement of a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription, in large type, on a card: "Write with a pencil."

An advertisement appeared in a New York journal, in which it was said that valuable information would be given for small pay. A boy answered it, and received in return the following: "When you whittle, turn your knife from you, then you will not cut your fingers." It was good advice, but not quite satisfactory to the boy.

WHAT MY SLATE SAYS.

It tells wonderful things of its own importance—a longer story than I could write on both sides of it. If you will study your slate you will find that it has a most interesting natural history, and makes quite a dignified figure in commerce and the arts. It will tell you that it had its origin in the great laboratory of the earth, when the gigantic pressure and slide of mountains compressed the clay cliffs into stone, and that itself is only a piece of one of the stone leaves thus made.

It will tell you whether it is composed of fine clay or coarse clay, according as it feels soft or hard to your pencil. And if it be a black slate, or a reddish one, or gray, or bluish white, it may bid you guess by its color whether it came from Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Devon, or the headlands of Cornwall, or the romantic hills of Skiddaw, or perhaps from Quaker Pennsylvania, or Yankee Vermont, or the shingly shelves of the Kennebec.

If you are curious to know the different uses of the stone, your slate may put you thinking of what that fancy house roof you saw the other day was shingled with, and what that elegant mantel-piece, that you called "purple marble," was made of. But your little tablet would provide you wonder enough if it could whisper to you half the number, and value, and uses of its slate and pencil brotherhood alone.

For the fun of it, make a clean wipe of all your figures there, and write down how many scholars there are in your school. Every one of them has a slate. Then in the next school. Every one has a slate. Then in the next school, and the next, and the next. How many? And every one of those scholars has a slate. Then in all the schools in town. How many? (The Public School Report would help you there). Then in all the schools in the county. Then in all the schools in the State. Then in all the schools in the nation. How many? And every one of the scholars has a slate. Why, all the slates laid out flat would cover up Massachusetts—seven thousand and eight hundred square miles.

Now turn over and write on the other side the possible number of slate users out of school. Every house painter, plumber, roofer, or jobbing mechanic keeps a slate to receive messages. Add to that that thousands upon thousands of retail stores and shops keep their daily sales on slates. "Well, my slate is full of figures now, at any rate," you say. So it is. And you would want several more sides to reckon all the pieces on the Mansard roofs, and fire-proof depot buildings, and in the cisterns, and gutters, and fire-places. Slate is an institution, and makes a big figure of its own in the world.

How good is Providence to furnish that handy stone—and such abundance of it! America alone has enough to supply herself and Europe too. Time was when we got all our slates from England, but now the timber is growing scarce over there, and their forests and quarries together will not keep them in shingles, so they send over for our Kennebec and Green Mountain water-proofs.

There, that will do. Make a bow to your slate and hang it up with profound respect, and think what Dr. Young says about "sermons in stones."

HUNTING A LEOPARD.

Du Chaillu, in his last book for boys, "My Apingi Kingdom," tells in his peculiar way how he followed and shot a big leopard, one morning, in company with four African natives:

"I carefully followed, along the banks of the stream, the footprints of a huge cat. If he sees me first he may pounce upon me, as a cat does upon a mouse. I must be careful.

"The Apingi natives are watchful. They look all around; their ears are ready to hear the least noise. All at once I hear a cluck from one of the men. I stop; he points out to me a spot ahead, just by the stream, where the underbrush or jungle is very thick. Huge trees have fallen one upon another, and it is impossible to see through the mass.

"The leopard must be there. This dark place must be his abode for the day. There he hides himself and sleeps, and from there he starts upon his depredations, spreading fear and terror among the beasts and men. I stand ready to fire at a second's notice. I knew that it was a matter of life and death with me.

"I cannot see the enemy. It is dangerous to go in. I cannot back out; I dare not show the Apingi that I am afraid. But then I do not wish to be killed by an infuriated leopard.

"The best thing I can do is to use caution as I enter the thicket. The Apingi are almost afraid to go in. But we must do it. I lead. O, I wish I had some native dogs with me; they would bark and show us the lair of the leopard.

"After a while I succeeded in climbing to the top of a huge tree that had been blown down in a tornado. It is at least ten feet in diameter. When once lodged there I take a view of the surroundings. The Apingi are close at my back.

"I must confess that I was very much excited. I looked round and round. The slightest noise made by the wind through the trees would startle me. I thought the leopard was close at hand and ready to spring upon me. I would have given a good deal to see him. Carefully I came down the trunk of the huge tree, and continued to press forward with my Apingi into the thickest part of the already very thick jungle.

"Suddenly the faces of my Apingi men become excited. They stop walking. The strong odor of the leopard is clearly perceptible; he is evidently not far from us. He is probably eyeing us, and ready to make a spring. We must hurry to see him, for surely destruction is coming upon us unless we destroy the animal.

"I look ahead into a thick bush, where were a large number of broken branches. It seems almost dark, though it is not noon yet, and the sky is clear, and the sun shines resplendently. Every thing round is in gloom.

"A cold shiver runs through me. I must check it, for if I do not, my arm will not be steady, and I shall miss the monster if I see him. The thought of home and friends rushed to my mind. The feeling of insecurity suddenly disappeared. I must conquer this big wild cat of the forest. If he is wary, I, too, must be wary.

"Whew! hollo! I see the monster. He is lying on the dead branches of a tree. He leaps upon the ground and crouches upon it. His long tail wags to and fro, showing that he is enraged. His eyes glisten with a singular light; he is ready to spring. He springs, but just as his body seems to rise from the ground, a tremendous and deadly steel-pointed bullet goes through his head, and three spears of the Apingi are plunged into his body.

CHAIRS, OFF AND ON.

There can be no doubt that originally chairs were not chairs, but stools. If Eli had lived in our times he would have sat in a chair and could not have fallen backwards when the sad news came that the ark was taken.

King Alfred the Great's *throne* is said to have been a three-legged stool. A great step was taken when stools advanced from three legs to four. But chairs ought to make progress, for we notice that they always put their best feet foremost. Of course, even from the first, the rudest seats might have their nakedness covered by rich tapestry and cushions.

An ancient French throne, which Napoleon I. used at Boulogne, when he thought he could conquer England, is made of bronze and gilded. Its sides are formed by two strange animals, and it has a canopy above. Its maker, from a simple workman, rose to be such a great gun that he was canonized. It is usually safe from intrusion, having no seat, but is provided with a seat of cloth or satin, when it is used.

We really know very little about ancient chairs, so chary have historians been of information on this head. It seems that benches of wood and stone were formerly used even by royal personages, so that kings and queens stood, or rather sat, on the same footing as the commonest people now do. Some ancient specimens of chairs are by no means comfortable.

They are perfectly straight in the back and so high that one's feet do not touch the floor. They are also very hard, not even being made of soft wood. Those that had arms used them as weapons of offence, to poke into the sitter's ribs or raise his elbows as high as his shoulders. It is said that a priest invented them, and it must have been by way of inflicting penance, or else of keeping his hearers still while he lectured them.

To "take a chair" was formerly a very serious business, especially if a king or queen were present. At the court of Edward VI., of England, the king's sister might not take a chair at all, but must sit on a bench, and the Florentine ambassador said he saw the Princess Elizabeth drop on one knee five times before her brother, ere she took her place, which by that time she must have needed. So the Prince of Wales had to squat on a camp-stool when he visited the Queen of France, so determined was she to be looked up to.

The Archduke Charles once went to visit Catharine of Braganza, the widow of Charles II.,

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in Lisbon. He sent word that he was coming, and though she was confined to her bed with an attack of erysipelas, she replied that she was "dying to see him." In this interview the duke, with all his archness, made a breach of Portuguese etiquette in leaving the room before his chair was taken out, and the court was very much shocked at his bad manners.

Louis XIV., of France, wished his daughter-in-law to visit ex-Queen Mary, wife of James II., of England. The dauphiness, however, would not go, because she could not sit in an arm-chair in the queen's presence, but instead, went to bed and stayed there several days. The French King's brother complained that the Queen neither kissed him nor gave him an arm-chair. The Queen at last gave way as far as the kissing went. Then the duchesses demanded that King James should kiss them. They would have his arms if they could not have those of a chair.

In those days if little boys happened to be princes, they were perched on lofty arm-chairs, and if tall ladies chanced to be only duchesses, they were compelled to cramp themselves on low stools. King James, though an exile, had to confer empty titles on his attendants, in order that they might sit down at all at the French court. A struggle was sometimes caused when there was only one arm-chair in a room. A single cane chair would thus rouse the spirit of a Cain.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The 14th of February seems to have been observed among the jolly peasantry of England, and of the southern provinces of France, from a very early date. On its eve, young people, maids and bachelors, assembled in each community, and, inscribing upon slips of paper an equal number of names of maids and bachelors, put them into a box or basket, from which they were drawn out lottery-wise. Each lady drew from the gentlemen's slips, and each gentleman from those of the ladies. The person so drawn became one's sweetheart, or valentine, for the year, and was treated as such, with especial respect, tenderness and politeness.

The custom became a source of match-making, the intimate relations between one and his or her valentine leading frequently to marriage.

Antiquarians have been unable to determine in what manner the day became associated with the name of St. Valentine.

The 14th of February might well be regarded with gratification in England and in the old provinces of France, for at that time of year the air became mellow, the sky blue, the birds chose their mates, and all nature seemed awaiting the coming of spring.

THE HASTY SUPERINTENDENT.

The superintendent of public schools in Brooklyn visited a school and examined about fifty misses in history, with the following result:

Superintendent—What was the last engagement of the American Revolution?
First Pupil—The siege of Yorktown.
Superintendent—What was the result of that siege?
Second Pupil—The surrender of Cornwallis.
Superintendent—What did he surrender?
Third Pupil—The town and fortifications, together with Gloucester, the garrison of both places, and the fleet.
Superintendent—What! How could a general surrender a fleet? Next! What did Cornwallis surrender?
Fourth Pupil—The British troops and the fleet——
Superintendent—A commodore commands a fleet; a general commands an army. Cornwallis was a general. He had nothing whatever to do with the fleet. Next! What did Cornwallis surrender at Yorktown?
Fifth Pupil—The troops under his command and the fleet——
Superintendent—Haven't I just said that he couldn't surrender a fleet? Next! What did Cornwallis surrender?
Sixth Pupil (timidly)—He surrendered seven thousand British soldiers and the fleet—
Superintendent (excitedly)—Stop! Haven't you heard me say he couldn't surrender a fleet? Next! What did Cornwallis surrender?
Seventh Pupil (taking a text book and reading)—On the 29th of October, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered Yorktown and Gloucester, with more than seven thousand soldiers, to Washington. *His shipping and seamen* he surrendered to De Grasse.

The superintendent abruptly closed the examination.

Scholars have rights, and are sometimes reproved by their instructors for failures for which they are not responsible. This they ought to expect occasionally—for human nature is not perfect any more in teachers than in scholars.

Dr. Johnson was instructed by a lusty lord of the rod, named Hunter. He would beat a boy for not knowing a thing that he had had no opportunity to learn. For example; He would call a pupil before him abruptly, and ask him the Latin for candlestick, or some such word which had never appeared in a lesson, and, on receiving no answer, would fall into a violent rage and use the ferule without mercy.

The pupils became used to ferulings, and expected a fair share of this cheap discipline, whether they did well or ill. Dr. Johnson seems to have entertained great respect for his stern preceptor, even in mature life.

"H w did it happen that you became such a master of the Latin tongue?" asked a friend of him.

"My master whipped me well at school,' replied the doctor. "Without that I should have accomplished nothing."

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.

A stroke of lightning generally produces some striking effects. The electric fluid plays at several different trades, and certainly makes a brilliant display in them all.

Sometimes it acts as plasterer. It is not like a rolling stone, which gathers no moss, for as it goes through the air it collects the motes we see in sunbeams and lays them as a coating on stones and metals, and even on human bodies.

Electro-plating is the process by which spoons, forks, &c., are covered with silver or gold, contained in a bath. The lightning is very good at this. A lady was struck by it, and lo! a gold chain she wore was turned at once into a breast-plate of purple oxide, and what was over formed a band down her body.

It has also invented a new plan of photographing, or, as we may call it, electrotyping objects. A sailor, asleep in the bow of his ship, was thus marked for life by it. The lightning took a sail on its way, and appropriating the number "44," presented it to the sailor on his breast. On another occasion it was so gallant as to present a lady with the image of a red flower on her arm, which, however, it took from the pattern of her dress. Such flashes of sentiment are not much relished by ladies. Three men were gathering pears, when the lightning fell on the tree and the trio. One was killed, and of the pair left, one was left with a pear tree distinctly implanted on his body.

The lightning is an odd barber. It seems to find an attraction not only in poles, but in polls. A captain of a ship found that the electric fluid is not good hair oil. After his vessel had been struck, his beard, hair, eyebrows and eyelashes all came out by the roots, and did not grow again. A year after, his finger nails also deserted him.

CHRONOLOGY SET TO MUSIC.

The Rev. Alfred Taylor is showing the Canadians how to fix in their memories the chronology of the old Testament. He arranges the dates of the principal events in rhyme, and then giving out the "tune," leads the audience in singing them. The following is a specimen, which was sung to the tune of "My days are swiftly gliding by:

"Four thousand years before Christ's birth,
The wonders of creation;
Twenty-three hundred forty-eight,
The deluge devastation;
In fourteen hundred ninety-one,
Went out the Hebrew nation.

"One thousand four, by Solomon,
The temple was constructed;
Six hundred six to Babylon,
The captives were conducted."

Rhyme is a wonderful aid to the memory, and when prosy, dry facts like dates and numbers can be harnessed into verbal jingle they stick in a student's mind readily and durably. We have heard, and probably some of you have heard the multiplication table sung, with three stanzas to every twelve multiplicands, and for the chorus:

"Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty," &c.,

to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

The Boston *Cultivator* rather waggishly reminds us that the method of "poetizing" dates was practised by the negro minstrels years ago, as follows:

"In eighteen hundred forty-three,
I hung my banjo on a tree;
In forty-four it tumbled down,
And a lot of little banjoes grew all around."

THE OLD FARMER AND THE CENSUS.

A correspondent of the Portland *Transcript* says:

A short distance from the residence of the writer lives a well-to-do farmer, about sixty years old, who married his second wife eight years ago. A few weeks since the census-taker called on this old farmer, whom we will call C——, and after some other questions, asked him —

"What is your wife's given name?"

As the narrator, who saw the circumstances, says, C—— looked up, then he looked down, then opened his eyes, apparently perfectly astonished; finally his mouth opened and he said:

"Well, I declare! I really don't know! I think it is Betsy Ann Phillips, but I'll go round into the cow-yard and ask her." And away he went.

At a further stage in the proceedings he said to the census marshal,—

"There's a little gairl here, and she aint worth a ha'porth here nor nowhere else; but I suppose you better take her name down."

SPECIAL OFFERS.

A Three Dollar Picture for One New Subscriber.

We make a special offer of Prang's amusing and attractive chromo—THE DOCTOR. The size of the Picture is eight and one-half by eleven inches. It is beautifully colored, and represents a boy trying to give medicine to his favorite cat. She evidently appreciates his good intentions, and his absorbed and anxious face, makes a very amusing effect, in contrast with his patient's woe-begone expression.

The whole picture is well drawn, and will make a very pleasing ornament for sitting-room or chamber. Its retail price is three dollars, and it gives us pleasure to be able to offer so good and costly a Premium, for so small a return. Almost every one of our friends can get *one* new name—and we have no doubt they will improve the opportunity to secure so fine a gift. Postage eight cents.

A Photograph Album for One New Subscriber.

This is a very neat album. It will hold FIFTY PICTURES—has gilt-edged leaves and a gilt clasp, and is well made. Its size is 5 1-2 by 4 1-2 inches, and its retail price in the stores is $1 00. This is a pretty and a generous Premium, and will amply pay for the time spent in securing one new name. Postage ten cents.

SCISSORS.

Common sense and science do not always agree in the spelling of the sounds in English words, any more than they do in French. The pert "contraband" pupil here thought she had common sense on her side, sure:

A Northern school-teacher taught a colored school in Danville, N. C., where she had a favorite named Judy among her dusky pupils. She gave an exhibition at which she wished to show off Judy's attainments in spelling. The following scene then took place:

"Judy, spell scissors."
Judy—"S-i-z-z-u-r-s, scissors."
"Now, you know that you are not trying. Try again."
Judy—"S-i-z-z-u-r-s, scissors."
"Now, Judy, you are just attempting to provoke me. Try again."
Judy—"S-i-z-z-u-r-s, scissors."
"You obstinate girl. You know better than that."
Judy—"Ky, how I's know better? If s-i-z-z-u-r-s don't spell scissors, what do it spell?"

A "RITE A COUNT."

The following is a verbatim copy of the "remarks" accompanying the return of a postmaster out West:

"I hereby certify that the four going A count is as near rite as I know how to make it. If there is any mistake it is not dun on purpose."

"He does well, who does his best," the old adage says; and if that is the standard of excellence, the postmaster was to be commended. His ignorance, however, was no more ludicrous than was exhibited in a notice posted on a school-house in Kansas. A worthy Episcopal missionary had been holding religious meetings in the house, and the notice ran as follows:

"Rev. Mr. Dash will preach here to-night, and administer the apostate rite of conformation."

KEYS UPON THE PIANO.

We once attempted to learn music without a master, and so far succeeded that we can "do" the "Java March" after a fashion when we have found the starting point; but as yet our friends have never thought best to ask us to make a public exhibition of our attainments. The following rhyme—which looks to us rather foggy—is said to be of service in a course of musical self-instruction:

All the G and A keys
Are between the black threes;
And 'tween the twos are all Ds,
Then on the right side of the threes
Will be found the Bs and Cs;
But on the left side of the threes
Are all the Fs and all the Es.

LOST NOTHING BY KINDNESS.

A poor woman used to give an elephant who often passed her stall in the market, a handful of greens, of which he was very fond. One day he was in a great fury, and broke away from his keeper, and came raging down the market-place. Every one fled, and in her haste the market-woman forgot her little child. But the furious elephant, instead of tramping it to death, picked it up tenderly and laid it on one side in a place of safety. We never lose by a kind action, no matter to whom it is done.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

ENIGMA.

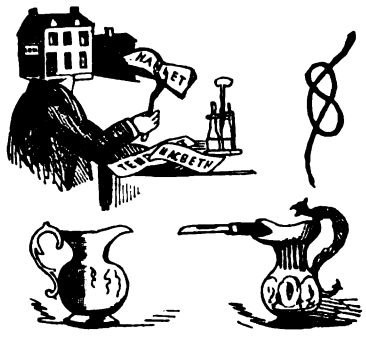
I am composed of seven letters.
My 3, 6, 7 is a river in Europe.
My 5, 4, 2, 1 is a country in Asia.
My whole is the capital of one of the United States.
T. T. M.

2.

CHARADE.

I am a word of three syllables.
My first is an abbreviation.
My second is an heir.
My third denotes infirmity. M. E. A.

3.



WILLIE WISP.

4.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in watch, but not in clock,
My *second* is in latch, but not in lock;
My *third* is in wheat, but not in rye,
My *fourth* is in smile, but not in cry;
My *fifth* is in red, but not in pink,
My whole is a very refreshing drink. T. M.

5.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 3, 16, 17, 13 was an ancient country.
My 6, 9, 18, 19 was an ancient animal.
My 8, 4, 5, 13 was an ancient bird.
My 10, 14, 8, 2 was an article of food.
My 11, 12, 9, 13 was an ancient mountain.
My 15, 7, 1, 20 was an ancient man.
My whole is part of a verse in the Bible.
ISOLA.

6.

My *first*, my *second* hopes to be,
His *third* he knows quite well,
A dwarf *the total* you will see,
Which most of you can tell. HAUTBOY.

7.

CHARADE.

My *first* is seen both in mansion and cot,
In the midst of your home, too, I'm found;
But if you should any day happen to fall,
You will utter my *name*, I'll be bound.
My *second* is used by most civilized men;
It can soothe, it can also give pain;
'Tis but a small object, and yet you will find
It has helped *many people* to fame.
If travelling alone on a dark, stormy night,
You would think yourself sadly ill-used
If you knocked at a door, and to do my *whole*
The inmates unkindly refused. T. P. PIGOT.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Washington.
2. "A small leak will sink a ship."
3. Hooded Basilisk.
4. No-body.
5. "Idolaters worship idols."
6. Stun, Tone, Unit, Nets.
7. Black-berry.

A SOLEMN MONUMENT.

Away up in a lonely Highland valley, beneath a tall black cliff, all weather-worn, and cracked, and seamed, there lies at the foot, resting on the green sward that creeps round its base, a huge rock, that has fallen from the face of the precipice.

A shepherd was passing beneath it when the finger of God's will touched it, and rent it from its ancient bed. It came down, leaping and bounding from pinnacle to pinnacle, and the man that was beneath it is there now! "ground to powder!"—*The Christian.*

Something strikingly like this is said in Matt. 21: 44, of those who harden themselves against the Eternal One. The preacher McLaren made a thrilling point in one of his sermons out of the strange death of that shepherd.

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A STRIP OF BLUE.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine,—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine,—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps from me
A glimpse of blue immensity,—
A little strip of sea.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before.
Thy universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

Atlantic Monthly.

"NO CONSOLATION AT THE DYING HOUR."

He who casts away his faith in God makes his life aimless and hopeless.

"There is a great deal of infidelity in young people," said Dr. Gordon, on his death-bed, "and you have many of such psrsons about you. Tell them from me that I have read a great many skeptical books, ancient and modern, of all sorts. They are all fallacious; they are very plausible, but can give *no consolation in the dying hour.*"

John Wilmot Lord Rochester, was an accomplished nobleman, and a favorite of the so-called Merry Monarch, Charles II. He became a man of pleasure, a votary to the wine-cup, and an avowed skeptic. He confessed to Dr. Burnet that for five years his mind was so clouded by dissipation that he was at no time master of himself.

The age of thirty found him ruined in health and despised by all decent men. His infidel principles forsook him when he found that his health was gone, past recovery, and he turned to the consolations of religion, as the only hope of the soul.

Shortly before he died he was visited by one of his former associates, and said to him, in a very impressive manner,—

"You and I have been friends and sinners together a great while; and therefore I am free with you. We have been all mistaken in our conceits and opinions; our persuasions have been false and groundless. I hope that God, sooner or later, will touch your conscience as He has mine."

Put no confidence in any belief, however plausible, that can give you no consolation at the dying hour.

JACK AND THE LADY.

The following story is quite romantic, and founded on circumstances that will not by any means warrant every youth's watching for a fortune in just the way described. One has opportunities to be courteous, however, every day, and nothing is ever lost by it:

A sailor, roughly dressed, was strolling through the streets of New Orleans, then in rather a damp condition from recent rain and rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley, he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite side-walk, with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty, and the fair face that peeped out from under the little chip hat might tempt an admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor, with impulsiveness, exclaimed,—

"That pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of the lane; wait for a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So, springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the doorway, and, coming back to the smiling girl, who was just coquettish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "Thank you," and a roguish smile.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else would make him catch and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the streets to her home. She twice performed the ceremony of walking the plank, and each time thanking him with one of her pretty smiles.

Presently our hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear within its rosewood entrance. For a full minute he stood looking at the door, and then, with a big sigh, turned away, disposed of his draw-bridge, and went back to his ship.

The next day he received notice of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement. He had not dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of a second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent; for instead of spending his money for amusement, visiting theatres and bowling alleys on his return from sea, he purchased books, and had become quite a student, but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes would be realized.

His superior officers favored him and gave him opportunities to gather nautical knowledge, and in a year tlfe gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Capt. Hume, who had first taken the smart little black-eyed fellow, as the cabin boy.

One night the young man, with all the other officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment, mounted the same steps that, two years before, the young lady had passed over—a vision he had never forgotten. Thump, thump, went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the parlor, and like a sledge hammer it beat again when Capt. Hume brought forward his daughter, and with a pleasant smile, said, "This young lady was once indebted to your kindness for a safe and dry walk home."

His brown cheeks flushed hotly as the captain sauntered away, leaving Grace at his side. And in all that assembly was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty ladie."

It was only a year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain, not only in his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter, who had always cherished respect for the bright-eyed sailor.

His very homely but earnest act of politeness towards his child had pleased the captain, and though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his first promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Henry Wells is captain, and Grace Hume is, according to polite parlance, "Mrs. Capt. Wells." In fact, the honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes in part his prosperity to his politeness in crossing the street.

DAVID DAVIS AND THE DEBTOR'S NOTE.

The following "local reminiscence" appears in the Lewiston *Weekly Journal.* Wouldn't you like to be a Quaker, if Quakers were all like this one?

David Davis, one of Lewiston's early citizens, now gone to his reward, was a most excellent Quaker—a man of unspotted integrity.

Some time before his death, he went to his son-in-law, and said to him, "I hear there's a pasture for sale (naming it) for $100, and I believe I'll go up and buy it."

He bought it, but told the owner that it was worth $125, and paid him that sum for it. Shortly after, the person of whom Mr. D. bought the pasture, wanted a loan of $40, and Mr. Davis granted him a loan, taking his note for that sum.

Before long Mr. Davis was taken ill, and feeling that it was his last illness, he called his son-in-law to his bedside and said to him, "I have a note for $40 against Mr. A., and I want thee, after I am gone, to destroy it."

Mr. W. wondering and asking an explanation, he said,—

"Thee knows I bought that pasture of Mr. A., and I didn't pay him as much as it was worth, and I don't feel that he ought to pay me that note."

"But," said Mr. W., "you paid him all, and more than he asked for the land."

"Yes," said Mr. Davis, "that is true, but it makes no difference—it's worth $40 more than I paid him, and I want that note destroyed."

Shortly after, Mr. Davis passed away, and Mr. Wakefield, in the performance of his duty as administrator, looking up the deceased's effects, came upon this note. It was a good note for $40, but in accordance with the good old Quaker's dying request, he threw it into the fire.

Not long afterwards, Mr. A., of whom the pasture was bought, called on Mr. Wakefield. "You've got something against me, haven't you?"

"What is it for?" said Mr. W.

"I gave a note to Mr. Davis for $40, money borrowed of him, and I want to pay it."

"I've no such note," said Mr. W.

"But this estate certainly holds such a note against me."

"I can't help it—we've none now."

Very soon Mr. Wakefield explained the mystery, and tears rolled down the astonished man's face as he learned that the note had been burned—a witness to the wonderful conscientiousness and integrity of the sure-footed Quaker, one of the worthy first settlers of Lewiston.

Such men will do for any age—the more the better.

GIRLHOOD OF THE AUTHORESS OF "OVER THE RIVER."

A Providence correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* thus recalls the girlhood of one whom so many have loved:

I was more than sorry to hear that the gifted author of "Over the River" had passed

"From sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land."

I knew her when in 1858 she was a pupil of Prof. Ward, at Powers Institute, Bernardston, Mass. She was rather a shy, quiet girl, very much absorbed in her studies, but always pleasant and obliging.

My most prominent recollection of her is of a grave little figure bending persistently over a book, with a profusion of black curls falling around and almost hiding her intellectual face. I had always the impression that she had a different motive for study from many of her younger and gayer companions; that she either loved knowledge for its own sake, or had reached that age of experience where she realized the true value of education and culture. I think few of the scholars knew of her literary reputation. The first intimation I had of it was at the close of the fall term.

H. W. Cushman had offered to the young ladies connected with the school a prize for the best original essay, and she was one of the competitors. Rev. Mr. Ranney, in his speech before awarding the prizes, said it was honor enough for the writer of "School-houses, Primitive and Modern," to be the Lizzie Lincoln of the *Republican.* I shared the genuine surprise of most of her fellow-students. We all knew Lizzie Lincoln's poetry, but had not dreamed that she was one of our happy band. I remember how the blood crimsoned her face and neck as all eyes turned towards her, and what a new interest the familiar face had for me. I felt that although we had all loved and respected, few of us had appreciated her at her real worth. She has found appreciation since in thousands of hearts and homes.

TALKING WITH MONKEYS.

A writer from Paris says:

I made the acquaintance, twelve years ago, of an old government official named L——, who was a Southerner, and somewhat of a boaster, and who loved animals. He had grown familiar with all the cats in the hospital; and at the hour when rations are distributed, his "Mi-aou-ou" would bring them running from the most distant part of the building, round the old soldier's porringer. I supposed that the cats, deceived by the perfect imitation of their mew, or accustomed as the soldiers were to the dinner hour, came mechanically to gather round their friend.

"They understand me," insisted the old man, "they understand me perfectly. I know cats' speech and dogs' speech, but monkey speech I know better than the monkeys themselves."

I smiled with an expression of incredulity, "Will you," said Mr. L——, "come with me tomorrow to the *Jarden des Plantes* (Zoological Garden) and I will show you something remarkable. That's all I have to say."

I took good care not to miss the appointment, and Mr. L—— led the way to the monkey house, and no sooner had he leant upon the outer balustrade, than I heard, close beside me, his guttural cry — "Kirrouu! kirrikiou! courouki! courrikiou!" I tried to imitate the sounds that came from my neighbor's mouth:

"Kirrouu!"

Three monkeys fell into place before L——.

"Kirrikiou!"

Four monkeys followed their companions.

"Courouki!"

There were twelve.

"Courrikiou!"

All of them were there. L——'s discourse lasted for ten minutes, during which, the monkeys—ranked in several rows, seated on the ground, their front paws crossed on their knees—laughed, nodded, listened and replied.

Yes, indeed, they answered, and L—— went on in fine style with his "Kirrouu! kirrikiou! courouki! courrikiou!" We stayed for twenty minutes, and I assure you the monkeys were not tired. Suddenly L—— made a move to go; his auditors became uneasy; then as L—— left the balustrade, they uttered cries of distress.

We went off, but from a distance, could still see the monkeys, who, climbing up the wires of their cage, made signs of farewell. It seemed to me that they wanted to say, "If you do not come again, write to us, at least."

NOTED DIAMONDS.

The new diamond fields in Southern Africa are said to be yielding many gems, but they are all of the smaller kind, and of low value. Large ones, worth over twenty thousand dollars, are always catalogued, with an account of the place and circumstances under which they were found. Some of the largest ones in the world are described in an article in *Harper's Magazine:*

The "Koh-i-noor" is a very celebrated diamond belonging to the British crown. Its weight is 106 carats. It has a thrilling but somewhat ominous history. It was once the property of the great Aurungzebe. Its weight, when first seen by Tavernier, was about 700 carats.

The "Regent," celebrated for having been so long concealed by a slave in a wound in his thigh made for that purpose, weighs 136 carats.

The "Braganza" diamond, in the crown of Portugal, is the largest known. It was found about one hundred years ago, in Brazil. Its weight is 1,830 carats! Doubts have been thrown upon the genuineness of this stone, we know not with how much reason.

The "Mattam" diamond, in possession of the Rajah, is said to be a very beautiful gem. Its weight is 367 carats. It is pear-shaped and indented at one end. It was found in the island of Borneo. The Dutch Governor of Batavia is reported to have made an offer for this diamond of two ships of war, with their armaments complete, and £50,000 in money.

The "Orloff" diamond, belonging to the Czar of Russia, is one of the most valuable known. It was once the eye of an Indian idol, and afterward one of the ornaments of the celebrated peacock throne of Nadir Shah. It was stolen by a Frenchman, and by him sold to Catharine II. for 450,000 rubles, a pension of 20,000, and a patent of nobility.

The "Cumberland" diamond was presented to the conqueror of Culloden by the city of London. It has since been claimed by Hanover, and restored to that country, whether by the Cumberland family or the British government we do not know. Its value is $100,000.

The "Sancy" diamond was once the property of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his hat. He lost it at the battle of Nancy, about the middle of the fifteenth century. It was found by a Swiss soldier, and sold to De Sancy, in whose family it remained about one hundred years. Henry III., of France, borrowed it, to be used as a pledge. The servant who was sent to deliver it was robbed and murdered, but the diamond was found in his stomach by De Sancy, who had faith in his fidelity, and looked for it there. It became the property of James II., of England, passed from his hands into those of the King of France, and was lost in the confusion of the Revolution. It was found, and became the property of Prince Demidoff, who lately sold it for a large sum.

SOMETHING ABOUT QUININE.

Providence seems to have compensated the ills of nature by corresponding remedies. Quinine, or "Peruvian bark," the great specific for fever-and-ague, is thus described in an exchange. So "long as trees grow" there will evidently be no lack of it:

Quinine is produced from a forest tree in South America, known as the chinchona, of which there are many varieties. So great has been the demand that, in most of the districts whence it has been obtained, the supplies are gradually diminishing; and as no substitute of equal value is likely to be found, it is of the utmost importance that new sources shall be discovered.

In Jamaica the chinchona rubra has been cultivated sufficiently to show that it will grow well on that island, and the government is urged to encourage and assist in its cultivation on an extended scale. It seems, however, that only upon mountains from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet high, where the forests are often bedewed with mist, does this tree arrive to a perfection that will make its cultivation profitable; but there are several sections on the island which will answer the requirements. Besides, there are other islands in this quarter of the world where similar conditions prevail, and if due efforts are made, the world's supply of quinine may continue unexhausted.

WEE BIT HORSES.

Many pretty anecdotes are told about those pretty animals, the Shetland ponies, and the sight of one of them is always sufficient to excite the enthusiasm of all the boys:

Some boys of our acquaintance had a Shetland pony, which afforded an infinite sight of hearty, healthy amusement, by dragging a little wagon along a country road. The fun-loving pet evidently enjoyed the excitement quite as much as his more intelligent friends. So long as he was treated fairly he would, after his fashion, do honest work; but if overloaded he expressed his indignation by vigorously hammering his heels against the dashboard of the wagon. Having once caught his foot in a bridge floor which he was often obliged to cross, he would never after that voluntarily tread upon what he presumed to be treacherous ground. His biped companions effected a satisfactory compromise, on these occasions, by "unhitching" and placing the pony in the wagon. Thus disposed of, he was dragged over the treacherous bridge and tackled up on the opposite side.

LEGEND OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

"For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him."—*Psalm* 49: 17.

I remember an Eastern legend which I have always thought furnished a remarkable though unconscious commentary on these words of the Psalmist. Alexander the Great, we are told, being upon his death-bed, commanded that when he was carried forth to the grave, his hands should not be wrapped as usual in the cere cloth, but should be left outside the bier, so that all might see them, and might see that they were empty, that there was nothing in them; that he, born to one empire, and the conqueror of another, the possessor while he lived of two worlds—of the East and of the West—and of the treasures of both, yet now when he was dead could retain no smallest portion of these treasures; that in this matter the poorest beggar and he were at length on equal terms.—*Archbishop Trench.*

"WHERE DOES JESUS LIVE?"

To many people the Saviour is very far off,—too far, indeed, to bless, or help, or save in time of need. Others have a different experience, an experience of Christ with them and Christ in them.

"Where does Jesus live?" asked a missionary once, in a mission school.

"Please, sir, He lives in our alley *now,*" said a little boy, who had lately found the Saviour.

An infidel once asked an unlearned but pious man to produce a single evidence that the Bible was true. The poor man laid his hand upon his heart, with a look that indicated that the light of God's love was shining within, and answered, merely, "*Here!*"

Very dear is the name of Immanuel to the hearts of those who love Him, and dearer still the interpretation, "God with us."

A WITTY WAY TO TURN A PINCH.

The following anecdote is told of Nicholas Biddle, President of the old National Bank:

He was called upon, one November morning, by a Western merchant anxious to acknowledge his obligations to Mr. B. for an accommodation given him, which had saved his property. Of athletic build, all sinew and muscle—in fact, a regular "six footer,"—he was so demonstrative that in the warmth of his feelings the "grip" given his benefactor at parting fairly made the latter wince. As the door closed upon him, Mr. Biddle turned to a friend who had witnessed the interview, and observed, "There, now, is a man in whose hands gratitude becomes a *vice.*"

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TIM'S MISTAKE.

We've heard the story often told,
  In prose, but not, we think, in rhyme,
Of the playful little Tim of old,
  Who went, as wont, upon a time,
For childish sport and simple joys,
  Within a field beside a wood,
From whence he heard an unknown voice
  Repeating all, or bad, or good,
That his own lips expressed while there,
  Until his patience, failing quite,
The unknown one he did not spare,
  But on him vented all his spite.
The story we repeat, though old,
  In garments new we dress it,
Hoping its mystery you'll unfold,
  By being smart enough to guess it.

Well, Tim lost patience, as we said,
  And bitter, angry words found place,
Till all his happiness had fled,
  And woe was written on his face.
"You saucy boy!" said Tim, enraged;
  "You saucy boy!" came back at once;
"I hate you!" (still the war Tim waged);
  "I hate you!" came the quick response.
Disheartened quite, though loth to yield,
  Toward home he turned his weary feet,
Resolving, as he leaves the field,
  To find the cause of his defeat;
To find some means to put an end
  To this rude game that spoiled his joy,
That he in future yet might spend
  A happy hour without alloy;
His mother's face he quickly sought,
  And told her all his bitter grief,
Revealing every trial, thought,
  Hoping to find for each, relief.
A mother's heart is always ready
  To listen to each tale of woe;
Her patience is unwavering, steady,
  And from her heart all comforts flow.
'Tis childhood's Eden, perfect rest,
  Where all find shelter, and are blest.

Now listen to the words which broke
  Upon Tim's anxious, waiting ear;
Yes, listen to the words she spoke,
  To one whose peace she held so dear.
"Go back, my son, go back again,
  Take with you loving words and kind,
And see if *love's* sweet, gentle strain,
  Will not win back that arrant mind."
Tim did as he was told, and he
  Was first to break the silence then,
With loving accents, full and free.
  And loving words came back again.
"I love you, boy!" and straight there came,
  "I love you, boy!" in quick reply;
"You're good, my boy!" and words the same,
  "You're good, my boy!" rang through the sky.
Ah, me! how joyous was that heart,
  So late oppressed with anger, hate,
The lesson could not soon depart,
  Although it came through trouble great;
But long he lingered at his play,
  Sending out many a loving word,
And all throughout the live-long day,
  Naught in return but love was heard.

And now the friends for whom I write,
  Have, long ere this, I have no doubt,
The riddle guessed, and guessed aright,
  The meaning truly have found out;
"'Twas but *the echo* of his voice,
  Rebounding on the air he heard,
That made him sorrow or rejoice,"
  I hear you say—'tis true, each word.

MORAL.

Two useful lessons may be found in this:
The first, troubles that rise from words and foes,
If well searched out, may prove, like Tim's,
All false, or yet, *imaginary woes*.
And second: as the words and deeds we give,
So shall we sure, *like words and deeds, receive*.

School Day Visitor.

For the Companion.

BENNIE.

Bennie was sitting on the back stairs, crying.

He was crying because his mother wouldn't let him have some false teeth. He thought it would be so nice to take them out to play with whenever he wanted to. And his mother wouldn't buy him any. *She* had some and he didn't see why *he* couldn't.

"I don't care!" he muttered to himself, "I'll have some when I get to be a man, if I have to dig into the ground after 'em!"

Just then Bennie's sister Ellen came up the stairs with her arms full of clean clothes. Ellen was a young lady. Bennie thought she was almost as old as his mother, and he loved her almost as much.

When Ellen went up stairs he wiped his eyes and followed her. Ellen went into her chamber and laid the clothes on the bed. A great trunk stood in the middle of the room. Ellen opened the trunk and began to pack the clean clothes carefully in it.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Bennie.

"Because I am going away," said Ellen.

"In the cars?" asked Bennie.

"Yes," said Ellen, "I am going to Boston, to see Aunt Caroline."

"Well," said Bennie, "I'll carry your trunk down to the depot for you."

But Ellen laughed, and said he wasn't big enough, and she should have to get an expressman to take it in his wagon. Bennie was sorry that he couldn't do it himself. But suddenly he thought that he could go and find an expressman.

So without telling any one his plan, he got his cap and started off down street, feeling like quite a large man.

He had not gone very far before he saw a man lifting some boxes from a wagon in front of a grocery store. Bennie marched bravely up to him and asked,—

"Be you a spressman?"

The man laughed and said "Yes." So Bennie told him that Ellen was going to Boston to see Aunt Caroline, and wanted her trunk carried to the depot. The man said he would go as soon as he had taken out the rest of the boxes. So Bennie waited and had a ride home.

He left the man at the door while he rushed up stairs, shouting, "Here's your spressman! Here's your spressman!"

Ellen looked out of the window and saw the wagon at the door, with the back let down, all ready for her trunk.

"Why, Bennie Ruggles!" said she, and then she ran down stairs to tell the man that her trunk wasn't packed, and she wasn't going till afternoon.

The man laughed when he heard Ellen's story, and was so good-natured that Ellen engaged him to come for it again at four o'clock.

Bennie was a little mortified at his mistake, but on the whole, felt rather proud of his exploit.

When it was really time for Ellen to go, Bennie was very sorry to part with her. But she promised to bring him a drum, and he felt better at once.

He went out and stood on a bank behind the house and waved his hat when the cars went by.

A few days afterwards, Bennie brought an envelope to his sister Myra, and asked her to direct it to Ellen. Myra thought he was playing, so she directed it with her lead-pencil.

"Read it," said Bennie.

So Myra read, "Miss Ellen Ruggles, Boston, Mass."

"I guess you'd better put the street on," said Bennie.

So Myra put down the street and number.

Then Bennie ran to his playroom and shook three pennies out of his tin bank, and before any one knew what he was about he had bought a stamp and sent his letter.

His mother and sister laughed about it some, and wondered what Ellen would say when she got it.

It reached her safely the next day. She looked at the outside and said, "Why, who has sent me such a funny-looking letter?"

But when she opened it she knew Benny's printing. This is the letter:

DEAR SISTER,—I AM GLAD YOU ARE GONE.
DON'T FORGET MY DRUM.
gOoDByE, bENNy.

Ellen was very much pleased with her letter. She sent a cunning little answer, directed to Bennie himself, and when she came home she brought him a beautiful great drum.

COULDN'T MAKE HIM QUARREL.

A peaceable man can often blunt the edge of a fool's anger more successfully than a strong man can punish:

A cross-grained, surly man, too crooked by nature to keep still, went over one morning to his neighbor, Mr. F., a remarkably cool, calm non-resistant, and addressed him thus:

"That piece of fence over there (pointing in a certain direction) is mine; and you sha'n't have it."

"Why," replied Mr. F., "you must be mistaken, I think."

"No; it's mine, and I shall keep it."

"Well," said neighbor F., "suppose we go to any lawyer you shall choose."

"I won't leave it to any lawyer," said the other.

"Well," continued Mr. F., "shall we leave it to any four men in the village that you shall select?"

"No; I shall have the fence."

Not at all discomposed, Mr. F. said, "Well, neighbor, then I will leave it to you whom the fence belongs to, whether you or myself."

Struck dumb by this appeal, the angry man turned away, "convicted by his own conscience," saying, "I won't have any thing to do with a man that won't *contend for his own rights*."

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For the Companion.

CANES.

How many boys who have ridden on their grandfather's cane, or have jeered at their older brothers, as they swung their pretty walking-sticks, have stopped to think or ask, where the most canes were made, or whether people have ever used them in any time but the present? Yet far back as we can go, we hear of the staff. Jacob crossed Jordan, supported by one. In Egyptian hieroglyphics it represents a king; and in cane paintings on the upper Nile, the victorious warrior bears one, as the sign of his valor.

All the way down, through the different Bible stories, and in the history of all nations, we hear more or less of the staff, but the chief interest of their history centres about the middle ages, when pilgrims from all Europe journeyed to the Holy Sepulchre, leaning upon the *bourdon*, as the staff is called in all old chronicles. This *bourdon* was a strong stick, full five feet long, pointed with an iron spike at one end, and having a rest for the hand, about ten inches from the top. This top was hollow, and unscrewed, and was intended, originally, to contain relics which the unbelieving might take from them if not concealed. So the sacred toe-nails, or little finger bones of a favorite saint, made the transit in safety, and this success in spiritual matters, brought about a desire to import secular ones.

Why saffron should have been considered so precious a plant, that the taking one from Greece was punishable by death, I cannot tell you to-day, but a wily pilgrim, using the hollow head of his *bourdon*, introduced it into France, where it is now cultivated to a great extent. In the same manner asparagus came to England and the tulip bulb to Holland; that tulip-loving country, where choice bulbs have sold for many times their weight in gold. Fruits, now considered all our own, but in those days supposed capable of growth only under Eastern skies, made a journey overland, and the quince and melon, the apricot and tomato, the onion and cauliflower, owe their home in Europe and with us, to the pilgrim's staff.

To-day the *alpenstock* used by Alpine travellers, takes the *bourdon's* place, and heights are measured by sextants carried within them, while that owned by every scientific traveller in Northern Asia, incloses a theodolite.

Two hundred years ago the cane was the badge of the learned professions, and was made of the most costly substances; marble or agate, jewel-mounted, and ivory-tipped, and kept, when not in use, in shagreen cases. To-day such numbers are made, as seem almost incredible, and there is hardly a reed, or shrub, or tree, that has not been used in their manufacture. Black thorn, cherry, furze-bush, Spanish oak; pimentoes from the West Indies, ratans from Java, white and black bamboos from Siam. All these must be cut at certain seasons, assorted into sizes, freed from blemishes, and then seasoned at least one year, and often two or three, to entirely free them from moisture. The cheapest cane requires nearly twenty handlings before complete. The stick must be boiled, to render it pliable, and the bark taken off, or if left on, roasted in hot ashes and then polished. Blemishes must be coaxed into beauties; handles straightened, heads rasped, tops carved or mounted, varnished and smoothed. Tortoise-shell scrapings are pressed into forms, and heads and hoofs are baked to make them keep shape, and the end of it all is, a slender something which the dandy twirls, or a solid something on which the grandfather leans, or it may be, stumbles over, if a forgetful grandchild has left it in the way. There is more about canes, but for that, you must wait.

HELEN C. WEEKS.

VARIETY.

THE BILIOUS MAN.

I know a man who always wears
A frown upon his brow,
And never seems to be in peace
Unless he's in a row;
He has a solemn, cautious look,
That deep his wrinkles trace,
And not a ray of mirth is seen
To play upon his face.

He likes to read of battles fought
Upon some bloody plain,
And always counts the numbers killed,
And those who are rent with pain.
He hates to see a prattling child
Who wears a sunny smile,
The music of whose merry laugh
Is sure to raise his bile.

He never read a line of Saxe,
Nor would he look at Hood,
But always reads those dismal tales
Which tell of strife and blood;
He wouldn't read a funny book
For fear 'twould raise a grin,
Which he would think an awful thing,
And very much like sin.

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

The following incident, which we clip from a paper, affords an amusing illustration of the influence of the imagination:

A physician in Savannah relates a remarkable case of the influence of the imagination upon the human body. He was called to see a lady who was afflicted with a cold, and, of course, a cough and sore throat. He wrote a prescription and gave it to the lady, with the following instructions:

"Madam, put this in a tumbler full of water, and take a tablespoonful every two hours."

The next day he called to see her, when she informed him that a tablespoonful of the medicine had made her so sick that she had reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, but that she was much better. He paid her a third visit, when she informed him that she was still improving, but that the medicine was so powerful that a teaspoonful produced vomiting, and she had been compelled to stop taking it.

The doctor said, "I suppose it is nearly all gone." The lady said the tumbler was on the mantel, and he could see how much was left. The doctor says,—

"I looked at the tumbler, and I declare if I didn't find that she had put the paper on which my prescription was written in the tumbler, and had been taking nothing but water."

HENS IN THE RAIN.

Won't some young reader take biddy's part against this man, who makes fun of her in foul weather?

Hens are the forlornest of all created animals when it rains. Who can help laughing at sight of a flock of them huddled up under the lee of a barn, limp, draggled, spiritless, shifting from one leg to the other, with their silly heads hanging inert to right or left, looking as if they would die for want of a yawn? One sees just such looking groups of other two-legged creatures in parlors, under similar circumstances. But the truth is, a hen's life at best seems poorer than that of any other animal. Except when she is sitting, I cannot help having a contempt for her. This also has been recognized by that common instinct of people which goes to the making of proverbs. "Hens' time aint worth much," is a common saying among farmers' wives. How she dawdles about all day, with her eyes not an inch above the ground, forever scratching and feeding in the dirtiest places—a sort of animated rake, with a mouth and alimentary canal! No wonder such an inane creature is wretched when it rains and her soulless business is interrupted. She is, I think, likest of all beings to men and women, who do not know what to do with themselves on rainy days.

WHAT HE WANTED TO GO FOR.

A wish or a resolution cannot be trusted unless it has some better motive than a mere fancy. A sudden *notion*, whether in man or boy, will never amount to any thing till it grows into a *principle*. The difference between the two is well shown by the following:

"I should like to be a missionary!" said a boy, who had been attending a missionary meeting, to his friend. But it was because he had heard that at Sierra Leone pine-apples are sold at a penny apiece, and oranges at twelve for a penny. "So should I," answered his companion. But it was because he had been hearing of a crocodile hunt, and thought that it would be grand fun to join in such an expedition. "I should like to be a missionary!" said another; it was because he had believed in the love of God in sending His Son to die for him and for all the world; and he became one of the most earnest missionaries ever sent out to bring this knowledge to the heathen.

"ALL THE WAY ACROSS."

The logic of illustration preaches louder to ignorant and prejudiced minds than the finest reasoning. In proof of this a missionary of the American Sunday School Union writes:

I called upon a young man, who was the dread of all lovers of good order, to try to induce him to attend a Sunday school. He was skeptical. He said, "Only weak-minded people read the Bible;" and made light of the idea that "God would come all the way from heaven to bless a Sunday school!"

But during an awakening in that school, a remark arrested his attention, and finding that he was beginning to *think*, I put into his hands a little book, published by the American Sunday School Union, entitled "All the Way Across," by Rev. John Hall, D. D. When I saw him again he said, "If God can send the lightning all the way across from the old country under water, He can send His Spirit all the way from heaven to bless poor sinners, and I hope he has blessed me."

LEFT IN A DEEP LURCH.

A citizen of Meriden, Conn., who was digging a well, was deserted by all hands on the day of the Meriden fire parade. Looking for assistance, he met a half-wit of the town, who agreed to help him, taking pay in cigars.

They arrived at the well, which was already some forty feet deep, and the citizen was to go down and dig, while his assistant turned the windlass.

Citizen got about ten feet down, when the notes of a brass band were heard.

"I declare," said half-wit, "there's the music; I must go," and, letting go the windlass, away he ran.

Citizen speedily landed at the bottom of the well unhurt, but badly demoralized. There he remained until late in the day, nobody going near the well, on account of the attractions in town. Finally, towards evening, a neighbor passing by, thinking he would look down and see how the work was progressing, found citizen and extricated him.

ONE OF GOLDSMITH'S FABLES.

Guilt and Shame (says an allegory) were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey kept inseparably together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both. Guilt gave shame frequent uneasiness, and shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After a long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part forever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but shame, being naturally timorous, turned back to keep company with Virtue, which, in the beginning of their journey, they had left behind. Thus, my children, after men have passed through a few stages of vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining.

"DEACONING" OFF THE LINES.

At a church of "color," about twenty miles from Albany, the other evening, the minister, noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during service, called out, in a loud voice, "Git down off them seats, both white man and color; I care no more for the one dan de odder." Imagine the minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing, in short metre—

Git off dem seats,
Boff white man and color;
I cares no more for one man
Than I does for de odder.

WHAT A DOG DID.

Wednesday morning Mr. A. B. Furbish stopped at a store in upper Main Street, and in his absence his horse ran away down the street and turned into Lincoln Street. Here a big black dog ran out and seized the rein, which was hanging within reach, and held on, bringing the horse around between two buildings, where his further progress was effectually stopped. No damage was done to horse or carriage. It was a gallant deed for a dumb animal to perform.—*Lewiston Weekly Journal.*

WANTED.

In the old Providence *Gazette* for Saturday, Aug. 28, 1773, occurs this notice:

WANTED.—A negro Fellow from 16 to 25 years of age, or even 30, free from bad Smell, straight-limbed, active, healthy, good-tempered, honest, sober, quick at Apprehension, and not used to run away. A good price will be given, and the money paid immediately. Enquire of the Printer.

AN old black preacher at the South used to divide his discourse like this: "Bredren, I shall first explain de text; secondly, I shall urge it; and thirdly, put on de *rousements*." The "rousements" were the grand characteristics of old Methodist preaching.—*Zion's Herald.*

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

THE MAGIC WORD.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

It was one of the lowest, most God-forsaken localities down town. Policemen had a hard beat of it there. Their hands were full, what with fights, and petty thieving, and drunken women, and children as vicious as sin could make them.

A rather decent old woman sold apples near the corner; but sometimes it seemed as if she did it at the peril of her life. Decayed and broken housetops, damaged windows, and cellars full of mould, and damp in every crevice, were seen everywhere in their unwholesome proportions, and out of them issued the foulest and vilest of earth's poor, broken, downcast creatures.

Could it be possible that these were of the same human family with the fair children and the graceful women living within stone's throw of this dreadful street? Were they alike God's creatures?

Up from some dark cavity came a very will-o-the-wisp of a girl; a creature with great, rolling black eyes, grimy features and uncertain movements. Was she happy, that she danced so; occasionally bursting into some half-forgotten fragment of song?

Presently, a swarthy looking boy, an Italian, came along. No, the girl was not happy. Up went her doubled fists, and oaths and curses rolled from her round, full, red lips. She would not have known the meaning of the word.

"Shut up, you whelp!" cried a greasy, ragged looking man, who was passing.

The girl turned sharply upon him. "Keep your tongue to yourself, or you'll get a sling of mud."

Just then the Italian saw that the apple woman was gazing up the street, so he caught at an apple and darted off.

"Thief! thief!" cried the girl; "Thief!" cried the woman. "Stop him!"

Up came a policeman. The tramps gathered from holes, reeling and shouting. Two boys began to fight; all the street was howling.

Mag—that was the girl's name, and she had no other that she knew of—stood looking, exultant, after the flying thief. How her face worked! What possibilities of beauty lay hidden under those unformed features! Poor child, soiled body and soul!

Presently, she, too, began to run, and just at that moment a plain looking, well dressed man was turning out of an alley. Mag struck against him, and the violence of the recoil threw her down. Her forehead coming in contact with a sharp stone, was cut badly. She did not care for that, but darted a look of fury at the man, who now bent over her.

"My poor child!" he exclaimed, in accents of the tenderest pity. "I'm afraid you are very much hurt."

Mag looked up. A strip of blue sky between the filthy houses for the first time arrested her attention. It must have been because of the pitying voice.

"Are you very much hurt, dear?"

"Dear!" Was Mag listening, and in her right senses?

"O no; 'taint nothin'," she said, with a coarse laugh, but the blood ran freely, and frightened him.

"Here, come this way," he said, and took her hand, leading her down the street to a shop. There he had the wound cleansed, and it was curious to see the grime of unwashed dirt disappear, till, like that strip of blue sky, something in the child's face seemed to tell of possible purity and beauty. Then a piece of plaster was placed over the wound and the doctor gave her something for the dizzy feeling in her head. The good man paid him, and the two went out"

The girl eyed her new friend with shamed and half distrustful glances.

"I think I've a pair of shoes that will fit you in here," he said, and took her into a place that

THE MAGIC WORD.

looked something like a clothing shop. Then he found the shoes.

"Do you like them?" he asked, as she stood up in them.

"No, sir They're queer to the feel," she said, quaintly.

"But you will wear them, won't you? It's getting cold weather, now, and besides, you are too large to go without shoes."

Her great eyes sought his. At that moment the soul in them startled him.

"I'll tell you true, sir," she said, hurriedly; "my mother'll put up them shoes, for liquor."

The gentleman stood perplexed.

"Do you know that a good many women who drank very hard, have been made good and sober women?" he said,—a prayer in his heart.

She shook her head.

"My mother will have it, sir. She don't know what she's doin' when she gits it. We just keeps out of her way."

"And you, my girl, do you like it?"

"Well, sir," and the girl's face fairly flamed; "middlin'."

Poor Mag! When had she had counsel before, such as she listened to on that memorable day? She shyly followed her new-found friend into a light, pleasant room, where were pictures and a piano, and girls no older than herself at study, who seemed very contented and happy. Never, in all her life, had she dreamed of such possibilities, as, in a confused way, now floated before her mind.

"You may enjoy all these things if you will, my child," were the good man's parting words. And she, the evil, heartless thing she had always seemed, felt something human swelling up in her heart.

She had kept the shoes. He had insisted upon that. Out in the street one of her companions cried,—

"Hollo, shoes!" and up went Mag's clenched fist. Out came an oath, and then another, and then she seemed to shrink away from herself—and all at once her eye caught sight of that strip of blue sky, and her face reddened, while, perhaps for the first time in her life, she felt that it was wrong to swear, wicked to feel as she did.

She went slowly home. Home! O, the mockery, the exceeding bitterness of that word when it means want, and misery, and wo, and rags, and squallor, and sin.

Her mother saw the shoes, and her bleared eyes brightened. An aunt lived with the mother. Lived, did I say? She dragged on a miserable, sickening existence, sometimes begging, sometimes starving.

As for Mag, the two women knew not what to make of her conduct. She had brought them a little loaf of bread, but could not eat, herself.

"What ails the young one?" her mother said, at last. Somewhere in the bottom of her soul there was a remnant of the woman left.

"I wisht I was dead," said Mag, sullenly; and that was all she said.

One morning she looked for her shoes. They were gone. But cursing and swearing were not the remedy now for all evils, as they had been before. Something restrained her; that feeble flickering of conscience that the good man's tender words had lighted,—feeble, indeed, but yet distinctly felt.

One morning, with her basket half full of cold scraps, she met him on Broadway. Forward she started, her face flaming with sudden beauty. He did not at first notice her, and an agony took possession of her spirit, such as none but the forgotten outcast can feel. But suddenly some pitying, watchful, unseen angel touched him, and he turned.

"Why, this is Mag, I think," he said, going up to her. He had that girl's heart in his hand.

"Yes, sir," she replied, the coming tears changing to smiles.

"Why, Mag! O, the shoes are gone."

"I told you, sir," she faltered.

"Yes, yes; I'm not blaming you, my dear." O, if Mag *could* have gone down on her knees to him right there in the gay and crowded street!

"We'll hope for better times," he said, gravely. "What if I should see your mother?"

"O, sir;" and her mouth began to work. "She's gone very low, but it's since father died; only since father died."

"And how long is that?'

"Five years, sir, or may be more," was the trembling answer.

Mag could think of nothing else all day but that he had met her and spoken to her. Ah, that one little, tender word! What fruit it was to bear!

Mag went home. Death had been there before her. The poor, wrecked woman, to whom she had once been so bright and beautiful a thing, had fallen in a drunken convulsion. No one was near to help, and there she had died—gone forever.

"O Mag," sobbed her aunt, broken and frightened at the sight, "let's you and I be better than we have been. I couldn't die so."

Mag no longer had her mother to keep. Poor child, was it possible for her to mourn much? What had she to remember beside blows, and oaths, and cruelty?

She never rested till she had found her friend—she never rested till she had found a haven for herself and her aunt.

Will you believe me when I tell you that today Mag is a beautiful, ay, a refined young lady?—that she is teaching school in a Western village, and that all this sprang from one word of tenderness, one little word of four letters, which he who had the fire of Heaven shut up in his heart, spoke in an impulse of tender pity?

For the Companion.

ORGAN PIPES.

Pipe and Molly had been married just a year, and strange as it may seem, it hadn't occurred to either of them to be tired of it yet. Pipe's back was just as crooked as it had been, his voice as piping, and his feet as far from the floor when he sat on his stool at work, as they were twelve months before. Molly's ribbons were as bright, and her face as bewitching when she looked into the back shop through the little glass door, as on that night a year ago, when she opened it to ask, "Any thing more I can do for you, before I go, Mr. Dollerby?" And as for their talks before the fire, after the shop was shut in the evening, instead of getting dull, there never failed to be some new subject coming up, and it seemed they understood each other better all the time.

It happened that on their first anniversary night, they had been merrier than ever, but at last Pipe caught Molly looking into the corner with rather an abstracted air.

"What do you see now, Mrs. Dollerby?" he asked. "Visions of the future?"

"No," said Molly, absently, "visions of the past."

"Now, Mrs. Dollerby," said Pipe, "that would sound very well for an old fellow like me, but what has a young woman of your age to do with the past? Preposterous! Why, I don't believe you can remember three months back. Positively, I don't."

"Yes, I can, Pipe. I can go back a year, at least. But this was only this morning; something I saw this morning, when I was out, Pipe."

"Now what could it have been?" said Pipe. "I certainly can't imagine what it could have been."

"No," said Molly, "shaking her pretty head; "you couldn't, Pipe. I don't believe you could. So I'll tell you. It was only a scrap of a child, trying to sell things out of a basket. There were plenty of other boys selling things and making a great noise about it, but this one stood quite by himself, in the shelter of a corner, and you couldn't guess what drew my heart to him, Mr. Dollerby."

"Not if I was to die for it," said Pipe. "You'd better tell me, my dear."

"Yes," said Molly, "I will. He looked like you, Pipe."

"Like me, Molly? Like me? I didn't think there was another such a stupid face in the world as mine."

"But I didn't say it was his face, Pipe. That isn't where the likeness comes in."

"Now you don't mean to say," said Pipe, getting forward to the edge of his chair, to see Molly more distinctly, "you never can mean to say it comes in anywhere else?"

Molly nodded.

"Was his back very crooked, Molly?"

Molly nodded again.

"Legs short, very short indeed?" went on Pipe, growing greatly excited.

The ribbons and the pretty head nodded once more.

"Head and shoulders large, and head heavy to carry? Voice thin and piping, as if it came out of the top of the large head?"

"A good deal so, Pipe," said Molly, speaking very low. "But Pipe, his eyes were large and soft, and his face gentle and patient, like yours—and I am sure, by-and-by, if the world would only be kind to him, he will make some undeserving little woman very happy, as you do. But just now there don't seem to be a great deal doing for him, Pipe."

Pipe slipped down from his easy-chair and began pacing out through the whole length of the front shop and back again, as he did on the

L M Hosford Oct70

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night he was in agony about asking Molly to marry him.

He couldn't keep this up long at a time; it tired him, and he stopped again before Molly's chair.

"So he was as like me as the two sides of a parallelogram? Never mind, my dear," seeing that Molly seemed a little puzzled; "he was as like me as two peas?"

"Yes," said Molly, and the pretty face took on a very mischievous look, "but it was like the two P's in your name, Pipe."

Pipe made a great many jokes himself, but Molly had generally a very quiet way of her own, and the idea that she was going to say something funny, threw him into such a state of expectancy that he could not speak.

"You are the capital P, and he is the small one; that's all, Mr. Dollerby."

When Pipe found she really had said something funny, he sat down in his chair again, and made the old gesture of throwing away his work, and laughed, and clapped himself on the knees, until Molly thought he would never be done.

But he was no sooner sound asleep that night than the wooden image of the fireman's captain, that Pipe had made as a toy, and that was hung up by the neck against the wall, began to rustle about, until somehow or other it managed to get down.

"Where are you going?" said Pipe. "I hung you up as you deserved, and I have given you no leave to come down."

"I'm going for the small p," said the captain. "Every body seems to be waiting for something before they do any thing for him, and if I waited for leave, I should be as bad as the rest."

"But what are you going to do for him?" asked Pipe. "With all respect, I shouldn't say your resources were large."

"Do!" said the captain, "I'm going to do what I can. That's all any one can do, I suppose. I know as well as you, that he hasn't a friend in the world, and that with such legs and such a back as his, and a weak, piping voice, he is in no case to hustle his way through by himself. So I'm going to offer him half of my string, and a chance to hang up here with me."

For a moment, Pipe hardly knew what to say; he felt so rebuked by the remarks of the captain, and at the same time, he felt like calling him an audacious goose.

"Captain," he said, at last, "you're a better fellow than I thought, but you may as well get up again. You're going a little beyond the length of your rope. Half a string and a chance to hang, might be considered a small offer."

"I know it," said the captain, "but that won't hinder me; nothing will hinder me unless you'll give me your word you'll do better than I can."

"Agreed," said Pipe. "I thought I couldn't do any thing; but I guess I can make a little advance on that."

"'Pon honor?" said the fireman's captain.

"Honor bright," said Pipe.

Upon that the little wooden image climbed up and slipped his head into the noose again, and hung down as straight and stiff as if he never had moved.

All the next morning, as he sat whittling away at his toys, Pipe was keeping up a tremendous thinking. He hadn't gone on in such a way since the day he was trying to decide whether it was right for him to ask Molly to marry him. He had times of being greatly depressed, and then times of laughing to himself, throwing down his work, shaking hands with the toys, and all the rest of it. And at dusk, when Molly was mischievous enough to look in at the glass door and ask, as she hadn't done for a long time, "Any thing more I can do for you before I go, Mr. Dollerby?" he said, "Yes, there is something. Don't go, but come in and sit down, Mrs. Dollerby. I want to ask you a question."

"Molly," he said, laying down the Dutch washerwoman, who was all done but her expression, "I want to ask your advice. Suppose I had been dreaming all last night, and thinking all to-day about your vision of the past, and suppose I felt that something positively ought to be done, but didn't see what it could be, and at last happened to reflect that the concealed-spring toys might be taken off the small counter and put over with the Noah's arks and the lower animals, and that small counter, and the low chair that I don't use any more, because it's too low for you to sit by me, might be placed just outside the shop-door on the sidewalk, and the small p come and sit behind the counter in the low chair, and a little extra stock be provided, and a discount made on the toys in the shop, so that the children would have pennies left to buy of him as they went out; what would you say then, Mrs. Dollerby?"

"I should say, Pipe," said Molly, her eyes full of tears, but laughing in spite of them, "I should say you are a capital P. Not that I am surprised. It's only what I expected of you, Pipe, if I let you alone."

Such a wondering as went on the next day in the mind of every one who passed Pipe's shop, and such an unheard of amount of business as the small p carried on behind the little counter! And it was wonderful to see how the children made endless excuses for going to Pipe's, and how Molly always managed to see how much money they had, pinched between their fingers, and to find something that suited them for a penny or two less, and how they were sure to dispose of what was left at the little counter by the door. And Pipe would stand up on the rounds of his stool and look through the door at the little figure seated outside, and then back again at his own, and throw down his work to clap himself on the knees, and cry out, "There never was any thing seen like it in this world; positively never!"

And so things went on through all those early spring days, and through the long days of summer, the shortening ones of autumn, until at last they came to be very short, and rather cool for outside business. That was the time the fireman's captain took to rustle about again, one night after Pipe was well asleep.

"Now what are you going to do this time?" asked Pipe.

"Going to teach the small p music," said the captain, "if you've no objection in particular."

If the captain's audacity had astonished Pipe two or three times before, it almost petrified him now.

"Do you mean to say you are accomplished in that way, yourself?" he asked, as soon as he could speak.

"Well, not highly," said the captain; "but I understand pumping, at least, and that might be of use as a foundation, if one wished to learn the organ by-and-by, for instance. I see as plainly as you do, that the small p has no constitution for active business, and that he has a great brain, and a fine-strung, sensitive soul, and must have a talent for something, if it was only found out. And I think I've found it out."

"And what may you consider it to be?" asked Pipe.

"Music," said the captain; "I see as well as you do how his soul comes into his face when he hears any passing by, and how he makes more out of that two and a half inch thing in his pocket than most people would make out of a whole bank of keys. It's wonderful what he's always bringing out of it, at the hours when trade drops off. Any one with half an eye can see that such a soul as that ought not to be thrown away on a candy counter."

Pipe had more trouble this time than ever before, to satisfy the captain, and get him to go back to his place, and in the morning, when Pipe waked up, he found himself in a great state of mind again. "What an unconscionably stupid creature you are," he said to himself, "that you never can see a thing till that wooden-headed fellow points it out to you! And all that day he had one of his tremendous thinking times, until at dark, when Molly came in from the front shop, he said he wanted to ask her advice.

"Suppose, Molly," he said, "suppose I had been so happy as to have married you a good many years ago, and suppose we had been so very happy as to have a little boy of our own, pretty well started now. And suppose it seemed he hadn't altogether the constitution for active business, but had a great brain, and a sensitive soul, and a talent for something. Do you think we should feel that by drawing a little on what we have laid up, and looking a trifle more closely after the shop, we could manage to bring him on, and cultivate his gifts, and make his sensitive soul rich and happy in things we couldn't even understand?"

"I think we could, Mr. Dollerby," said Molly.

"And suppose, Molly, just suppose I had been reflecting that Heaven hadn't sent us such a little boy of our own, but had seemed, in a sort of way, to send us the small p instead, and that perhaps it might be a happiness, just a happiness to ourselves, you know, to manage the same thing for him. What should you say then, Molly?"

"I should say, Pipe," said Molly, the pretty face, though shining all the time with her happiness, raining down tears in a way that spotted the ribbons badly, "I should say you were a capital P, and an italic, and a Roman number all together, and that I'm not at all surprised, for it's only what I expected of you if I let you alone."

Quite a number of years passed away—how many cannot be told, because Pipe was so much older than Molly to begin with, that he would not count them. But he often had letters and pieces of news from the small p that caused him to throw down his work and have one of his tremendous times of enjoyment all by himself, so long as Molly was busy, and all over again with her afterward. But one night when she opened the little door it was surpassing every thing the way he was going on;—throwing away a paper and then picking it up to read something all through again; clapping himself on the knees, and shaking hands with every toy in his reach, most of all with the fireman's captain.

"There never was any thing like it known in this world, Molly, positively never! The small p has got to his great organ that they've been building for him, larger than any in the country but one or two, and they say he made it crash and peal through the house in a way that people almost lost their breath, and then in a moment hushed it to smile, and sigh, and breathe the most delicate harmonies, until every one was ready to believe it was some distant spirit whispering down to them. And most surprising of all, Molly, the crashing, and the smile, and the sigh, and the whisperings were all brought out of his own brain first; and they say it is wonderful to see how Heaven finds a way to make all things equal, and has given to such a poor, crooked body, such a great brain, and such a sensitive soul, and made them rich in things that other people cannot understand." Z. A. R

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE.

Thou mayst not limit to a day
The prayers that from thy bosom swell;
Trust to thy God the time and way,
Assured "He doeth all things well."

But when His purpose is made known,
And when the door wide-open stands,
With heart sure stayed on Him alone,
Rouse to the action He demands.

Not idly sitting in the sun
Brings promised blessings from above;
But patient, daily duty done,
All in His strength and for His love.

For the Companion.

MY JOURNEY HOME.

It was the 25th of March, 1848. I remember the date perfectly well, for the next day was my fifteenth birthday. I had been in Boston for several months, serving the first term of my apprenticeship with a printer.

From the first, my master had been hard and cruel to me; but from pride and an unwillingness to give my parents pain, I had written them no word of my ill usage. They lived in a small town, forty-three miles away.

According to the terms of my apprenticeship, I was to have my board, two suits of clothes each year, and a dollar a week, which was to be paid at the end of the first twelvemonth, to my father. Of these terms I had no reason to complain,—but I could not bear to be treated harshly by a man whom I was serving faithfully—and to whom I gave no real cause of complaint.

For the first two or three months I bore the unkind words with some degree of patience. I thought perhaps my ignorance of the trade might be annoying to one well versed in it.

One morning, however, I went earlier than usual to the office to correct some errors in my work of the day before—and was surprised to find my master already there.

I commenced work, but was soon aware that he was standing near me, in fact, looking over my shoulder. This made me nervous, and I did bunglingly, what I knew how to do perfectly well.

The man laughed in a jeering way, that stung me to the quick.

"I should not have done that if you had not been staring at me. You are always looking for a chance to find faults."

"They're not very hard to find with such a bungler as you," he replied.

This made me angrier than before. I foolishly turned and said,—

"Do you say I'm a bungler?"

He only laughed and turned to go away. I followed him and repeated my question. Then he stopped, looked me full in the face, and in a tone and with an expression I can never forget, said,—

"I say not only that, but that you're an impudent young puppy, and deserve what I'm going to give you now. You shall have something to snarl about," and he seized a little rattan cane that was at hand, and struck me several blows across the face and shoulders.

It roused every drop of blood in my veins. I was insane with fury and sprang like a tiger at him. My weight and the impetus of my body brought him heavily to the floor. He was then in my power; and—I am sorry to say it—I beat him till he begged I would let him up.

Having done this, I ran from the office. Of course I could not now remain at work there. I must find something else to do. It flashed across my mind how pained my mother would be to hear of my conduct—and soon that thought brought great scalding tears to my eyes.

I was expecting a letter from home and went to the post-office for it. It was given me, and putting it into my pocket, I strolled leisurely along the streets until I reached the Common, and then sat down on one of the benches to read it.

It was from my sister, and said,—

"Mother is very ill. The doctor says it is doubtful if she recovers. Lose no time in coming home—or you may never see our dear mother alive again. You can get the money of Mr. M.," (my master,) "and we will comfort mother by telling her you will be here on Wednesday—as she is asking for you constantly. Be a patient, good boy for all our sakes—for none can love you better, save God—to whose care we commit you."

The words "swam in on my brain," and I almost fainted. I must have been very pale, for people stopped and looked at me, but I hardly heeded them.

I must go home; but how? I had no money. I could not go back to Mr. M. for it. I would ask some of my fellow workmen to lend it to me.

I went to the office. Mr. M. saw me enter, and following, heard me ask one of the hands for the money.

"I forbid any man to lend that runaway money, on pain of instant dismissal," he shouted.

The men were all poor, dependent on their daily earnings, and dared not lend to me! My love for my mother got the better of my pride, and I said, turning to the man,—

"O, sir, my mother is ill—at the point of death—and my sister has written me to come home."

"I believe you lie."

"But here is the letter."

"Which you wrote yourself," he said. "No, no; you can't have my money. You must get away from here the best way you can—and the sooner you go the better. So clear out, or I'll call the constable to help you into the street."

With a bitter, heavy heart, I left them all.

It was ten o'clock in the forenoon of Tuesday. I must be home on Wednesday. It was only forty-three miles. I could walk.

I went to my little room in Mr. M.'s house—for there I boarded—made up my clothes into a little bundle, pressed my mother's picture to my lips, and started.

I had no alternative but to take the railroad, as I knew it would be late at night before my walk was finished, and there would be great difficulty in finding the way. But the railroad was straight enough, and there was no need of guide-posts or inquiries.

For the first ten miles all was well enough. Then I began to grow tired. The steps from sleeper to sleeper were very long. I was unaccustomed to walking, and my feet were sore. Besides, I began to grow faint from hunger, as I had had nothing to eat since my early breakfast.

At the end of twenty miles my feet were blistered, my ankles were swollen and painful, and I groaned aloud as I walked. Once I sat down and took off my shoes to rest my feet a little, but when I put them on again they hurt me worse than ever. I was fearfully hungry, too, and at length made up my mind to beg for food at the next house I came to.

But houses were few and far between. At last, after a weary mile or more, I came to one. It was hardly more than a shanty.

I knocked faintly at the door, and my summons were answered by a coarse woman, with a great mass of unkempt red hair, and an expression any thing but encouraging.

"What yer want?" she asked.

"I'm very hungry; and would be thankful for something to eat," I replied.

"Can yer pay for it?"

"I have no money."

"Then all 's I've got to say is, we aint got nothin' for yer. So yer'd better be movin' on."

With this she banged the door in my face, and I sank down, disheartened, upon the ground. For a moment I sat bewildered, and then dragged myself to my feet, and started on.

I could now only walk very slowly, and was in most intense pain from fatigue and the wounds in my feet.

Night began to come on. The sky was overcast with clouds, and I knew it would be very dark, but I must press forward. I walked like one in a dream. It grew darker and darker. I could only feel the sleepers and sand of the track under my feet. I remembered the frequent culverts and open bridges, and knew I must plant my feet only on the sleepers, to avoid the danger of falling through them. Two trains had passed me in the afternoon. I knew there was a night express and that I must be on the alert for it.

So the hours passed until it was late in the night. The moon had risen behind the clouds, and

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somewhat lessened the darkness. I was nearing home, and the thought gave me new strength.

A curve in the road brought me to an open bridge that was built high above the river that it spanned. It was only a bridge of sleepers and of rails, with here and there the rotten remnants of planks that had been laid for a foot-walk.

I knew the bridge well; it was only half a mile from my father's house, and I had often crossed it.

I now approached it with apprehension, for in my fatigue and weakness my steps were by no means certain. Slowly and cautiously I stepped upon the planks and sleepers, and was more than half way across the bridge when I heard a sound that sent a fearful flush of fear through and through me. It was the shriek of a locomotive; and in a second the glare of the headlight shown full upon me. The whole record of my life passed through my mind. The engine came on. My heart stopped beating. There was but one thing to do. I dropped between the sleepers, clinging to one of them. My body swung in the air like a pendulum, and the cars went thundering over my head.

They were gone. I don't know how I got to the bank. I must have crawled there, I suppose, but I have no recollection of it.

I awoke as if from a swoon, in my father's house. The engineer had seen me, had stopped the train, and at the first house told the story. The people had risen from their beds to search for me, or whoever it might be, for they did not know who it was. They supposed I had fallen into the river, and might be found upon the rocks, for at no place in the river's bed was the water more than a few inches deep. They found me insensible, by the end of the bridge, and took me to my father's.

I remember, in a confused way, that people stood around me that night, bathing my swollen joints, but with my first sleep came oblivion of all things, from which I knew no waking for several weeks. Exhaustion, the fearful agony I had endured in body and mind, brought on a brain fever, and when I began to mend, the first consciousness I had was of my mother's presence by my bedside.

When she saw that I recognized her, she bent over me and whispered,—

"Let us thank God."

And with my hand in hers, we both prayed silently.

PAUL VEVAY.

For the Companion.

IN THE MANGROVES.

A Tale of Ecuador.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

In the northern part of the State of Ecuador, in one degree north latitude, live the Cayapas, as handsome a race of men as can be found on the globe.

These people demolish the theory that one of the tribes of Israel migrated from Asia to Africa and were there tanned black by the sun; for although their home is almost immediately on the equator, their skin is whiter than that of many a Yankee, who has been exposed to the sun.

They can scarcely be called light bronze colored, and only their long, straight black hair, which is peculiar to the American Indian, distinguishes them from the inhabitants of the beautiful South Sea Islands, Tahiti and Elmeo, with whom, however, they have in common a slender figure and noble, perfectly Caucasian features.

The costume of the men is simple, consisting only of a pair of short trousers, but the women wear gayly colored woollen clothes, which they partly weave themselves and partly obtain from the whites, in exchange for work, or gold dust. The Cayapas are also the most skilful workers in wood on the whole west coast, and their exquisitely hollowed canoes are everywhere celebrated. Besides this, they are bold fishermen, venturing in their light canoes far out to sea, and capturing the sword and saw-fish with harpoons and lances.

Their principal residence is on the Rio Cayapas, which flows into the Santiago, and with this empties through the so called Tola mouths into the sea. Their homes are on the mountains through which this river passes, but at certain seasons of the year they come down in a body to the Tola to fish, and to collect and salt down oysters. At such times they leave their monuments behind in mountains of shells heaped up on the shore.

One day there arrived in Esmereldas a large canoe, containing a Cayapas family, an Indian, his wife, and two young girls, his sisters, who wielded the oars.

To make this voyage they had to pass through the Tola into the sea, and then steering southwards, enter the Rio Verve. To any less accustomed than the Indians to the voyage, it was a matter of no slight difficulty to pass through the snags at the mouth of the stream; but the Cayapas knew the narrow passage of old, and passing in with the incoming tide, soon ran his boat ashore on the left bank, and taking a couple of small packages from it, slowly mounted to the city.

The women, meanwhile, proceeded to kindle a small fire on the shore, and to roast some fishes and a few green, unripe bananas, called platanos.

Esmereldas, that is, the new city,—for the old lies on the same bank further up, and can at most be called a village, though it has been inhabited by the whites since the old Spanish times—bears the title of city, for the same reason that a brook, containing twelve pailfuls of water, is called a stream.

Close to the bank of the river a clearing has been made in the forest, which, however, still draws its green wall close around the "settlement," and in this place stand fifty or sixty houses, all elevated on poles, with light, open walls of bamboo or reed, so as to admit all the sea breeze, and roofs of leaves. All the houses are constructed in this way, as most suitable to the hot climate.

The merchants only have their stores on the ground, for the convenience of customers. These are strongly built of mud, and are situated on the river bank, where all the business of the city is concentrated.

No one seems to think it worth while to make his home a little pleasanter, by planting fruit or shade trees around it. The lazy people recline all day in their hammocks, and import from the neighboring island of Tumaco schooner loads of fruit, which would grow abundantly here.

The Cayapas went slowly up the street, past the different stores, and finally entered a long, low, white building, which seemed to contain samples of every conceivable object in the world, which any human being ever could have used for any purpose.

On low, wooden benches, to keep them from the vermin which crawled on the floor, stood sacks of cocoa beans, maize, rice, coffee, meal, &c. Near by lay bars of lead and bags of shot, and piled up against these the lumps or rolls of caoutchouc or rubber, wrapped in coarse linen, as the natives bring it from the interior, and a heap of material for the so-called Panama hats. On the walls hung ropes and pulleys. Even a pair of anchors and two old ship cannon stood in a corner. But the shelves presented the most motley collection of articles, such as could be found probably nowhere else, but in such a store.

The proprietor lay, or rather sat, in his hammock; for in Ecuador the hammocks are so hung that the ends come pretty close together, and are not used for sleeping.

There were two other persons in the store; a young Italian and a French physician, who sat on a couple of soap boxes, playing dominoes. They scarcely turned their heads as the Indian entered, and the merchant, who knew him, only nodded and said,—

"Well, Cayapas, so you are here again. What brings you?"

"*Quien sabe.*" said the fellow, in the dialect of the whole west coast; "a little of every thing—gum, cocoa beans, bark mats and hat straw."

"And no gold?"

"*Si, Paquito.* There is not much, and we have to work hard to get it."

"Yes," said the Ecuadorian, rising from his hammock, "that is what you sly pates always say—but show it, my good fellow."

The merchants were most eager to purchase gold, for on it they made the largest profits.

The Indian knew that the merchant would care little for the other things if he were previously sure of the gold; he therefore insisted on bargaining for these first, and when the terms of sale had been agreed on, he went down again to the river bank, and having called the attention of the women, ordered them to bring up the goods, a work in which he himself could not possibly take part.

The two young girls, charming creatures, with skin almost white, but brilliant black eyes and hair, soon came up, bowed under their burdens, to the Cayapas, who waited for them on the bank, and then, with empty hands, preceded them to the store. Here they laid down their goods, and without raising their eyes, hastened back to the canoe for another load.

"*Ah, cielo!*" cried the young Italian, rising from his dominoes, "what handsome girls! Where do they come from, Saltando?"

"From the Cayapas. But you had better keep your distance. You can do nothing with these people, and the Indians, quiet and good-natured as they seem, are quick enough with a knife in their hands."

"*Caramba!* What a fine figure the little one had!" said the doctor. "But, *amigo*, she could not be an Indian, she was perfectly white."

"Not quite; there is always a little yellow or copper color mixed in; but they are indeed wonderfully light, and usually have red cheeks. But they are shy people, and when you speak to them, they make a face as though they were hurt."

The Indian having completed his trade, the storekeeper was eager for the gold, and asked,—

"How much have you brought this time? The last was scarcely worth the trouble."

But he himself was astonished when the Indian unloosed from his girdle a long, thin leathern bag, which contained nearly two pounds of coarsely grained gold.

"Look here, doctor!" he cried. "See, *Don Forquato!* see what a nest of gold this fellow has brought in his dirty old bag."

The Frenchman, turning from the dominoes in disgust, for he had lost the game, and for the eighth time was to pay for the refreshments, inquired, "What have you there, Saltando?"

"What you are short of—*Oro.*"

Both were astonished at the heap of gold, which was spread out on a piece of paper, and took note that it had been brought from the Rio Cayapas.

The price having been agreed on, the Indian proceeded to select the articles he wished to take in exchange. This proved a tedious process, and the companions, meanwhile, left the store and sauntered up the street.

The doctor, who had few patients and small pay in Esmereldas, had had his fancy awakened by the sight of the gold, and though not particularly successful in this line in California, the hope of the gold seeker had not died out in him.

The young Italian, who seemed well provided with funds, and bent on pleasure, had been thinking how pleasant a land must be that where the maidens were so blooming, and suddenly he exclaimed,—

"That must be a wonderful country up in the mountains, such splendid people, and so much gold. I have a mind to make an excursion there."

"I believe you," said the doctor; "I also, and if I had as much cash as you, I should not delay another moment."

The two soon agreed to make a trip to the mountains together, the expenses being paid by the Italian, to which the other consented, the more willingly, as he hoped soon to find gold enough abundantly to repay his friend.

In haste to set off, they hurried back to the store to obtain a passage with the Indian. To propitiate him the doctor laid out his last dollar in anisette, of which he not only invited him to partake, but sent a bottle for the women—but all in vain.

The shrewd fellow questioned them as to their object in visiting the Tola, and regretted that he had no room in his canoe to-day. He was, moreover, about to start immediately, so that no time would be allowed for preparation.

They were afterwards, however, successful in finding passage in the boat of a mestizo, which was to sail next day at noon for Posa, the village on the central mouth of the Tola.

In the meantime, while collecting their outfit, (including the implements for digging and washing gold) they were assailed by stories of every kind of danger which they might expect to meet. Snakes, tigers, mosquitoes (the last represented as particularly ferocious towards strangers) abounded in the forests; and not the least to be dreaded was the anger of the Indians, should they discover that their peculiar territory was being invaded.

To avoid suspicion, they tied up the implements, so that their outward appearance was completely disguised. Against the snakes they provided themselves with thick leather leggings, and the doctor took antidotes for their poison, and sal-ammoniac for the mosquito bites.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD TOAD AND HIS DINNER.

Toads, when in full appetite, seem to be pretty much all stomach—and tough stomachs, too. We have seen boys feed them with horned beetles, with rather laughable results. The toad family seem to be organized by Providence to "hold more than full" (and never stop for the quality of what they eat) on purpose to relieve us from the annual bug and worm plague.

"The question of toads *vs.* insects is sure to come up, and perhaps an experiment of mine on the capacity of a toad, may be of interest. Dr. T. W. Harris remarked to me some twenty years ago, that he supposed the odor of the squash bug (*Coreus tristis*) would protect it from the toad, and to test the matter, I offered one to a grave-looking buffo under a cabbage.

"He seized it eagerly, but spit it out instantly, reared up on his hind legs and put his fore feet on the top of his head for an instant, as if in pain, and then disappeared across the garden in a series of the greatest leaps I ever saw a toad make. Perhaps the bug bit the biter.

"Not satisfied with this, I hunted up another old toad, who lived under the piazza, and always sunned himself in one place in the grass, and offered him a fine squash bug, which he swallowed, winking in a very satisfied manner. Twenty other fine bugs followed the first, with no difficulty nor hesitation in the taking nor swallowing, though, from his wriggling and contortions afterward, it seemed as if their corners did not set well within.

"The stock of bugs being then exhausted, I found a colony of smooth black larvæ on a white birch, each about three-quarters of an inch long, and fed him over a hundred of them. Touching one of them with the end of a straw, it would coil around it, and then when shaken before him, he would seize and swallow it, at first eagerly, but with diminished zest as the number increased, until it became necessary to rub the worm against his lips some time before he could decide to take it.

"He would then take it and sit with his lips ajar for a short time, gathering strength and resolution, and then swallow by a desperate effort.

"There is no telling what the number or result would have been, but the dinner-bell rang as the one hundred and first worm disappeared, and by the close of the meal he had retired to his den; nor did he appear for four days in his sunning place. It is to be hoped he slept well, but there might have been nightmare."—*Entomologist and Botanist.*

For the Companion.

THE LOST GUEST.

Mr. Baker, of New York, who had made a very agreeable European tour, and had found in Germany some unusually pleasant and attractive acquaintances, was called upon, one day, about two years after his return, by a gentleman who brought with him introductory letters from some of Mr. Baker's Hamburg friends. These letters announced the bearer to be Herr Fleisch, of the University of Halle.

Mr. Baker at once received him with the warmest cordiality, determined to show the foreigner that Americans could rival Germans in hospitality and attention to strangers. So he took him to his home; visited with him all the objects of interest; explained to him American institutions; introduced him to his acquaintances and friends; and sought in every way to make the time pass pleasantly.

So far as appearances could show, he was successful, and Herr Fleisch professed himself over and over again to be delighted with New York.

Herr Fleisch was in some respects a remarkable man. He was remarkably fat, remarkably bald and remarkably slow. He spoke the English language with a remarkable accent, and understood not much more than half of what was said to him. What little English he knew, he had picked up from books; and thus while he could enunciate a few sentences, he had not been able to master the difficult art of understanding what was said to him.

At length Mr. Baker determined to show a few of the great natural curiosities of the country to his guest, and of course he thought first of Niagara. As he himself was going to Canada on business, a tour in that direction would enable him to combine business and pleasure; and to make the pleasure as great as possible, he made up a party, comprising his wife and several of her lady friends.

At the very outset, Mr. Baker found it difficult to manage matters so as to be attentive to his guest without neglecting the ladies. For the fact was, Herr Fleisch was a great smoker, and took up his station in the smoking car, behind a huge German pipe, from which he declined to move. Mr. Baker, therefore, was compelled to leave him very much to himself.

In those days there used to be a terrible confusion at Bufialo. The train bound west had to sever itself from the cars bound north; passengers were mingled in a wild crowd in the depot; baggage was flung about everywhere at random; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that even an experienced traveller could find his proper way.

Here Mr. Baker knew that there would be a difficulty; and so he gave the most minute directions that he could to Herr Fleisch, all of which Herr Fleisch assured him that he would bear in mind.

All went on well till Buffalo was reached, and then the trouble began. Mr. Baker had to keep the ladies together; and take them to the train for the north; after which he had to go and select their very extensive assortment of trunks and boxes from a mountain of baggage that lay

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in wild disorder on the floor. This took up his thoughts and energies; and he had barely managed to get the last trunk checked for Niagara, and to leap into the train, when he was whirled away.

He now thought of Herr Fleisch, and passed through the train to see where he had planted himself. He went first of all to the smoking-car. Herr Fleisch was not there. He was surprised at this, and hurried through all the others without finding him. In fact, Herr Fleisch was not on the train.

He was much disturbed at this, and on reaching Niagara telegraphed back to Buffalo; but without success.

He then went back himself; but could find nothing whatever of his lost guest.

In fact, Herr Fleisch was utterly and completely lost; and remained so for several months, in spite of Mr. Baker's anxious endeavors to find him. This anxiety spoiled his visit, and induced him to set detectives upon the search. But all was in vain, and the fate of his friend became a dark mystery.

About six months later Mr. Baker was at Cincinnati on business. He was sitting on an arm-chair in front of the Burnet House, when suddenly his attention was forcibly arrested.

A man was walking along the street carrying a huge banner, beneath the weight of which he was staggering. A crowd of small boys followed, shouting and screaming. The man was fat and short. It was a hot day, and the weight of the banner was oppressive. But still he toiled calmly on, in deep abstraction, quite heedless of the commotion around, and gazing blandly upon vacancy. Mr. Baker started to his feet in amazement, and a second look assured him that this was no other than the lost Herr Fleisch.

Mr. Baker was so astounded at the unexpected discovery that for some moments he stood rooted to the spot. At length he hurried after his friend. As he touched him on the shoulder the latter turned hastily and recognized Mr. Baker at once. Instantly a flush of joy passed over his face; the banner fell from his hands into the mud; he opened his arms wide and caught Mr. Baker; and pressing him in a fond embrace, kissed him on both cheeks. The little boys hereupon set up a wild shout, and danced a fandango around the friends; and Mr. Baker, in his astonishment, could with difficulty extricate himself.

"Mein friend!" cried Herr Fleisch. "How is dis! Where dit you gome from here? How do you vind yourselve? Are you wit matam?"

"How in the world did you get here?" cried Mr. Baker.

"I don't know."

"Don't know!"

"So," said Herr Fleisch, and solemnly stroked his beard.

It was with some difficulty that Herr Fleisch rescued his banner from the mud, and the small boys; after which he followed Mr. Baker into the hotel. The little boys followed and did not leave him till he had disappeared. Then, with a wild cheer, they dispersed.

Herr Fleisch's story was soon told.

It seems that he had not altogether understood Mr. Baker's directions, and on reaching Buffalo had waited in the car, expecting that his friend would be back again. His car was speedily attached to the Cincinnati train, and before Mr. Baker had secured all his baggage, Herr Fleisch was rolling on in a far different direction. He thought that something was wrong at first, but after a time he concluded that it was all right, and Mr. Baker would attend to it. With this thought he fell asleep, and did not awake till his car reached Cincinnati. Then he arose and stepped forth.

His surprise at not seeing any of his friends can be imagined. He was also troubled at not finding his "leetle logish." He stayed in the depot most of the day, wandering pensively about, and watching the arrival of each train.

But neither his friends nor his baggage greeted his eyes. At length he made the discovery that he was at Cincinnati, and not Niagara. This was an additional bewilderment.

So the day passed and evening came. Through the day he found it possible to live in the depot, for there was a refreshment saloon at which he could satisfy his appetite from time to time. But he could not sleep there.

He tried to bribe the officials, but found they had souls above bribery. He walked up and down, however, as long as he was able, and it was only at a late hour that he decided to seek a lodging-house.

Finding a cabman, he asked him to drive him to "some sheeb hotel." It was some time before the intelligent cabman could gain an idea of what was meant by a "sheeb hotel," but finally concluded that it was the Dutch for a ship hotel, or a house patronized by steamboat men.

To one of these he drove Herr Fleisch. The place seemed to him to be much poorer than any public house that he had ever seen. Its noise, its dirt and its squalor disgusted him. But he thought that Cincinnati must be an American border town, on the extreme of civilization, close by the prairies, and consequently that nothing better could be found. He determined, therefore, to put up with it.

He went to bed in a dark closet of a room. His sleep was profound.

It was late on the following day when he awoke. He then went down to settle his bill. To his horror he found that his purse was gone. His searches after it were unavailing. The thought that he had been robbed filled him with indignation. He flew into a passion, and charged the people of the house with plundering him. The people of the house swore at him, and threatened to throw him into the river.

Writhing with the sense of his wrongs, Herr Fleisch continued to denounce them as robbers; when they make a rush at him, knocked him down, and kicked him about. At length they handed him over to a policeman, who took him to the lockup.

Here his troubles came to a close. Some Germans recognized him as a countryman, heard his story, obtained his release, and took him away. He found a number of German friends, wrote home for money, and was living with a German family. He was going to a Turner festival when Mr. Baker met him.

Herr Fleisch came out of his troubles a wiser man, and spoke a little better English. He also informed his friend that he had made up his mind to remain in Cincinnati.

THE COMPANION AND ITS FRIENDS.

The ship in which we sail across the troubled sea of life—now in storm, and now in calm—is "Companion-ship." And it is a source of great pleasure to us that many who embarked with us early in life are still in our company, and though not so young as once they were, yet they still appreciate the "Companion-ship" we offer them. We heartily return the kind wishes of our friends, and trust that their sympathy will never be altogether a thing of the past. A gentleman in Milwaukee, after stating that he wishes to pay for his paper, thus pleasantly alludes to his first acquaintance with it:

"And now, old friend, sit by a minute, while I tell you why I have a liking for you. In the garret of a house in Connecticut, which thirty and more years ago was made lively by noisy children, I can show you, among other childish stores, some numbers firmly sewed, of the *Youth's Companion* in its early days. Small, rude and comparatively meagre, those old numbers must look to you now much as his first boy-daguerreotype does to the bald-headed man of fifty. I remember with what a business-like air we boys used to step into the post-office in those days of yore to ask for 'my paper.' And when it was put into our hands, the odor of the freshly printed sheet, as we opened it, was like the aroma of roses to us. And then how we would hurry home and devour the contents! Its stories and its morsels of wit and wisdom were a feast, and the only difficulty among us was who should have the first bite.

"Your 'head' was not quite so artistic then as now, old *Companion*, and your 'cases' were not stocked with such variety of type as now. Nor did we have to cut and stitch you each week. But the four small pages were even then a little mine of wealth, and they waken many a pleasant memory now.

"When I make my wonted visit to the old homestead, and under the shade of trees handle your soiled and yellow pages again, what happy, rollicking scenes come trooping with every turning leaf. But I can turn them quietly enough, now. Where are all those who struggled with me for a first sight at you? Ah! the same old story of the New England home. The boys, scattered far and near, to other scenes—fighting the battle of life for themselves—all gone. And 'the light of the house,' the fair-haired, only sister, 'always in the way,' and always wanted, when not in the way? We shall meet her again, only in that glorified family circle where the once loved are never lost.

"But enough. You see why I like you, and why each week the old and young of our family look gladly to your coming.

"Here's a hand to you, old friend, and may you live long to make happier and better many a household! Yours truly, G.

Milwaukee, Wis."

Another letter comes flying like a prairie-bird from the West, telling us how earnest and enterprising some of our readers are in enlarging the circle of our friends:

"DEAR COMPANION,—Will you please excuse the boldness of a little girl, in writing to you? I like your paper very much, and I thought I should be happy in telling you so, and also in telling you how I first became a subscriber to it.

"One day last year, just before the holidays, my mother, with my two little sisters, were in the sitting-room. Looking out of the south window, they saw a little girl coming up the road. Mother was surprised; for it is a very uncommon thing to see a little girl walking on the road, and alone, too, in our prairie country.

"She stopped a moment at our gate, and then came up the walk to the house. Wondering who she was, mother opened the door, when in walked the little one with 'cheeks as red as roses,' mother said.

"She soon made known her errand; saying, 'I know that you are Mrs. A——, but I guess that you don't know me. I am Kitty G——. I take a paper called the *Youth's Companion*. I like it so much I am getting a few subscribers for it. Wouldn't you like to take it for your little girl? Here is a copy,' and she handed mother one to look at.

"As the holidays were near, mother subscribed for it, and said it was my Christmas present. I was away to school, at the city of O——; but when I came home, I was much pleased. My brother, who is older than I, said,—

"'Why, E——, do you like that little "baby paper?"'

"But he began to read it, and I think he forgets that he called it a 'baby paper,' for, when he comes home from school, which he does every Friday night, he always asks, 'Has the *Youth's Companion* come?' And says it is 'tip-top.'

"I like the paper so well, that I am going to take it this year, and you will find $1 50 in this letter, for it. I do not know Kitty G——, but I can see her house,—a big white one, way across the prairie, but wish that I was acquainted with her, for I think I should like her. Any way, I am much obliged to her, for letting me know about the *Youth's Companion*.

Yours truly, E. M. A.

Ottawa, Ill., Jan., 1871."

DIPLOMATIC DUTIES.

During the war between Germany and France a great deal has been said of what our Minister in France, Mr. Washburn, has done for the Germans; and this has puzzled some folks, who cannot understand how an American Minister should act for foreigners. But the course pursued by Mr. Washburn, with the approbation of his government, is by no means an uncommon one, and it deserves commendation, for it tends to soften the inevitable horrors of war.

When war breaks out between two countries, regular diplomatic intercourse between those countries ceases. Sometimes the Ministers leave the countries to which they were accredited before the beginning of war,—at others they remain even after hostilities have commenced, though not long.

As the war that began last summer included the Southern German States, as well as the North German Confederation, a number of German Ministers were recalled,—the representatives of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and other countries that then were independent nations, but now belong to the revived German Empire.

The effect of this was very bad, as there were many thousands of Germans resident in Paris, who were left without any one to look after their interests, and that, too, when those interests required more attention than ever.

In consequence of this, and in accordance with ancient usage, Mr. Washburn, the Minister of the United States at the French court, was requested to look after the interests of the Germans, and to do for them all that could be done under the usages and customs of diplomacy and international law.

This request was complied with, under the approval of the French government, and by direction of our government.

Mr. Washburn did then, and since has done, nothing more than has been done by other ministers. His course did no harm to the French, and it was very useful, in a strictly honest and impartial way, to the Germans. As the representative of a neutral power, which was friendly to both belligerents, Mr. Washburn could act without giving offence to any one. He had nothing to do with the war. He was a peace man, and labored only for the promotion of good will.

Remaining in Paris during the siege, Mr. Washburn had communication with his government. Dispatches were sent from Washington to him to the German camp before Paris. These despatches were taken by a German guard, under a flag of truce, to some point of the French defences, where a French guard received the Germans. Salutations then passed between the two parties, and, those over, the commander of the Germans announced dispatches for Mr. Washburn. The French commander acknowledged the receipt of the dispatches, and conveyed them to the American Minister.

Oddly enough, among the Germans of whose interests our representative took charge in Paris, were the Hessians, men of the country that furnished the larger part of those foreign mercenaries who were employed by the English to butcher Americans in the war of our Revolution, and but for whose assistance they could not have carried on the war here for six months. There must have been forty or fifty thousand of those Germans sent to America, and their presence here made the assistance our ancestors received from France acceptable and useful. Now we are returning good for evil, and help the Hessians,—which shows that we have some claim to be considered a Christian people.

THE TERRITORIES.

There are nine Territories that belong to the United States, namely, Wyoming, Washington, Utah, New Mexico, Montana, Idaho, Dakota, Colorado and Arizona. Five of these Territories—Arizona, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming—have come into existence since 1860.

The entire population of these Territories is about 312,000, according to the census taken in 1870,—but it is not likely that in the Territories the census returns could have been very accurately taken, the inhabitants being too widely scattered to admit of that being done.

The most populous Territory is New Mexico, whose people number 91,852, or considerably more than double the population of the *State* of Nevada, which is only 42,491. But the population of New Mexico is not so great now as it was ten years ago, by almost two thousand. New Mexico has begun measures toward being made into a State, which her population warrants.

The second largest Territory is Utah, which has a population of 86,786. It is the home of the Mormons, a people who are giving the country a world of trouble. Utah wishes to become a State, but it never can be admitted into the Union with full rank while it has polygamy among its institutions.

The third Territory is Colorado, the inhabitants of which number 39,700. It has added only about 5,000 to its population in ten years, while Utah has more than doubled its population in that time. Colorado has been trying to become a State for years, and is still at the work,—but with no very brilliant hope of success.

The fourth Territory is Washington, which is a very respectable community, with a population of 23,901, having more than doubled its people since 1830. It has declined to become a State—and wisely so, because it would have to increase its expenditure were it to do so, and to support itself; whereas now it is supported by the nation.

Montana's population is 20,594. Montana is desirous of becoming a State, but her desire is not regarded with favor at Washington.

Idaho has a population of 14,998; Dakota, 14,181; Arizona, 9,658; and Wyoming, 9,118. There are many Indians in most of these Territories, but the red men are not yet counted among "the people."

Wyoming is the youngest of all the Territories, and the suffrage is so free there that women are allowed to vote, precisely on the same terms as men. In this respect, the Territory is unique among the communities of the earth. Perhaps the spirit of Gertrude of Wyoming influenced the legislators of the Territory that bears the pretty name of her home, to be thus liberal.

All these Territories will become States by the year 1880, and so will increase the number of States to forty-six, not to mention others that may be admitted from other quarters.

Land can be got in the Territories at the lowest rates, the nation charging only a dollar and a quarter an acre for the best of it. This helps fill up the new communities quickly. Men who settle on lands before they are brought into the market are allowed to retain them, on paying the price named.

A BALLOON ADVENTURE.

One morning last autumn the great balloon, Washington, containing the aeronaut Bertant, a Belgian pigeon-trainer, and a government envoy with five large bags of dispatches for Vienna, went up from Paris for its eastern voyage, but became stationary over one of the camps of the invading Prussians at a height of between sixteen and seventeen hundred feet, exposed to a galling fire of bullets. The three men were in the utmost peril, but by throwing out all their ballast, they managed to rise to an altitude of three thousand feet or more, soon after which the wind rose, and all danger seemed at an end. It was not so, however, for half an hour afterwards the balloon sank again. It hung over a town evidently occupied by the enemy, for three-quarters of an hour, and was exposed to a continuous fire of musketry.

Soon, however, a high wind from the south rose, and the balloon, whirling about in a wild manner, was carried far out of reach of the enemy. It sank at last to within reach of the ground. This was near the railway station at Cambray. It rose and sank again.

The aeronaut thought the moment favorable to throw out his grappling-iron, with its 400 metres (440 yards) of cable. The wind was high, and there was not a moment to spare. While a high gale was blowing he unwound rapidly the

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rope. The grappling-iron was about to catch the ground, and had it done so the journey would have ended. But no! The aeronaut was caught in the folds of the rope, which had got tangled, and he was dragged out of the car. He fell, and his death seemed certain, but by an incredible piece of good fortune he was entangled in the cable.

He fell nearly 20 metres (nearly 70 feet), yet, strange to say, he had only a few slight bruises. Not one limb was broken. The balloon, left to the direction of two other travellers,—the diplomatic envoy and the pigeon-trainer,—continued the course. The grappling-irons caught the ground, and threw to one side both car and balloon.

They continued on their course, striking against trees, which they broke in a shock against the ground. Another of the travellers, M. Lefaivre, was pitched out of the car. It remained occupied by the pigeon-trainer only, who exhibited, however, the greatest coolness. Making use of the ropes which connected the car with the balloon, he climbed up to the latter, and opened it with a knife.

He pulled away large shreds from it, and at last it shrank and fell. Country people, to the number of 200, then came up, and it was stopped. The Belgian had not, however, got to the end of his troubles. The peasants mistook him for a Prussian, and threatened him with summary punishment.

"Do with me whatever you like," he said, "but help, in the first instance, to save the dispatches which I bring from Paris. Cut, destroy the balloon, but hold on by the car, which contains important papers."

These words were spoken in a tone which put an end to all alarm.

The three adventurous travellers soon found each other again, took dinner at a country farmhouse, and in the afternoon reached Cambray, where they forwarded all their valuable dispatches by mail.

HEAT—MOTION.

Heat and motion are essentially the same, or different forms of the same thing, viz., force. This may, perhaps, seem a strange statement to some of our readers. What, you will say, heat and motion the same? I do not see that they resemble each other at all. This is true enough, but not of much account. A piece of charcoal and a diamond are not at all alike, yet they are both forms of the same substance—carbon.

We can show that heat and motion are the same, for one is easily converted into the other.

When a blacksmith hammers a piece of iron, he uses a great deal of force, does he not? Now what becomes of it all? Nothing is ever lost; the force must then simply have changed its form. The iron gets warm, and finally hot. Where did the heat come from? The force, which was once nervous in the man's brain and spinal cord, became muscular in his arms, and when he moved these it changed into motion, and finally, when the motion was stopped at each blow on the iron, it became heat.

Another such change takes place when an Indian lights a fire. He rubs two pieces of wood together till they burn. That is, he causes motion in them, and being rough, they offer resistance. This is, as it were, a constant stopping of the motion, which is thus constantly being changed into heat. This is also the change which takes place on a railroad train, when the axles become hot and the cars catch fire.

The change of heat into motion is also common. Iron rails, for instance, become longer, when exposed to a summer sun, and would spring from their places if room were not left for their extension. Tubular iron bridges are said to "swell visibly" in summer. Fluids expand more than solids. It is heat turned into motion which makes water expand into steam, and thus either drive our engines or burst them. Heat and motion are thus like twin sisters sleeping in each other's bosom.

POWER OF ASSOCIATION AND HABIT.

The brain does a great deal of unconscious work. This is sometimes amusingly shown in its control of our motions where familiar surroundings are changed and restored again:

A change in attire, altering the position of our pockets, never fails to cause us a dozen fruitless struggles to find our handkerchief or replace our purse. In returning to an old abode we are sure sooner or later to blunder into our former sleeping-room, and to be much startled to find in it another occupant.

It happened to me once, after an interval of eight years, to find myself again in the chamber, at the table, and seated on the chair where my little studies had gone on for half a lifetime. I had business to occupy my thoughts, and was soon (so far as consciousness went) buried in my task of writing. But all the time while I wrote my feet moved restlessly in a most unaccustomed way under the table.

"What is the matter with me?" I paused at last to ask myself, and then remembered that when I had written at this table in long-past days, I had had a stool under it. It was that particular stool my unconscious cerebration was seeking. During all the interval I had perhaps not once used a similar support; but the moment I sat in the same spot the trifling habit vindicated itself afresh, the brain acted on its old impression.—*Middlesex Co. Journal.*

SPECIAL OFFERS.

A Three Dollar Picture for One New Subscriber.

We make a special offer of Prang's amusing and attractive chromo—THE DOCTOR. The size of the Picture is eight and one-half by eleven inches. It is beautifully colored, and represents a boy trying to give medicine to his favorite cat. She evidently appreciates his good intentions, and his absorbed and anxious face, makes a very amusing effect, in contrast with his patient's woe-begone expression.

The whole picture is well drawn, and will make a very pleasing ornament for sitting-room or chamber. Its retail price is three dollars, and it gives us pleasure to be able to offer so good and costly a Premium, for so small a return. Almost every one of our friends can get *one* new name—and we have no doubt they will improve the opportunity to secure so fine a gift. Postage eight cents.

A Photograph Album for One New Subscriber.

This is a very neat album. It will hold FIFTY PICTURES—has gilt-edged leaves and a gilt clasp, and is well made. Its size is 5 1-2 by 4 1-2 inches, and its retail price in the stores is $1 00. This is a pretty and a generous Premium, and will amply pay for the time spent in securing one new name. Postage ten cents.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A remarkable example of sagacity and kindness was recently shown by a dog, the property of a gentleman in Iowa.

A brood of chickens were picking at their crumby fare, when a hawk came swooping down from the sky, like an arrow, and seizing one of the chickens in his talons, attempted to bear it away. Seeing this foul attempt, the "mother Brahma" dashed at the hawk. He, however, did not seem to mind the henpecking he received, and it would have fared badly for the poor hen, had not "Tag," the watch-dog, rushed to her aid.

He soon turned the scales of the battle as well as the feathers of the cruel bird, and then carried the body, as a trophy of his victory, to the kitchen doorsteps. For this the brave dog deserves, henceforth, to be called Taglioni, or "Tag with the lion eye," for dancing out so quickly to the rescue of his feathered comrade.

A STAMP ACT.

Some persons are naturally slow in adopting new ideas and customs, and consequently give no small amount of amusement by their blunders.

When postage stamps first came into use, a large sheet of them was brought into the office of a business man in this city, who carried them into his private room. A clerk going in soon after, found him diligently occupied in crossing each of the stamps with his pen.

"Sir," said the clerk, "you are spoiling the stamps. They are useless if they are marked."

"Don't tell me that," replied the other. "I have noticed that the stamps are marked on every letter that has come to us. I thought I would get them all ready at once, so as to save time and trouble when wanted."

AN EASY CURE FOR CROUP.

It has been said that every disease has some very *simple* remedy. The following *may be* an example in proof of it, though we do not know. A communication to *Laws of Life* says:

We have been interested in reading the following statement made to us by an intelligent mother. We give our readers the benefit of it, or at least give them the opportunity to test whether it has any benefit.

A remedy for croup was given me by a sister who heard it from Prof. Bronson, a physiological lecturer, since deceased.

"Let a healthy person fill his lungs with pure air, then slowly breathe upon the patient's throat and chest, commencing at the point of the chin, and moving slowly down to the bottom of the windpipe. Repeat for a few minutes, and it will give relief where all other means fail."

My boy was always subject to croup, and came near dying with the rattling, noisy kind, at about eleven months old. I saved him with water, and ever after prevented a serious attack by watchfulness and water. But when three years old I let him play in the brook one warm, rainy day, and he took a severe cold and had the still kind of croup, the first and last time he ever had it. In spite of all I could do, he grew constantly worse, until he could only gasp and breathe with his head thrown back. We thought his last moments had come, when I thought of and applied Bronson's remedy for a minute. When I stopped he looked up and said, "Do so again, mother, do," though he could not speak when I began. You may be assured that I did so again, and I believe it saved his life.

THE BULL-HEADS IN MISSOURI RIVER.

Boys accustomed to the little "horned-pouts" or bull-heads of New England brooks and mill-ponds, know little about the monsters of the species that thrive in Nebraska waters. They are caught there with hooks almost as large as old-fashioned pot-hooks, fastened to small ropes like a hangman's cord, which the fishermen stake firmly to the bank and anchor in the middle of the stream with a big stone. For bait almost any thing is used—a half-grown rabbit, a chunk of bacon or a lump of dough. A correspondent of the *Rural New-Yorker* tells wonderful stories of the "bites" the fishermen get in the Missouri River. Here is one of them:

A few days ago a neighbor of mine here was overhauling his line, when he found something heavy, and supposed there was a log fast to one of his hooks, but it proved to be an enormous catfish, and before he had time to strike him with the gaff hook, the beast opened its mouth and disappeared, leaving a catfish of less calibre on the hook. This latter weighed twelve pounds, and had first taken the bait, when the monster came along and swallowed him. The size of the escaped one may be imagined from the one he had gobbled. It also shows that catfish will eat their own kind.

No doubt some will call this a fish story. So it is; but it is a true one; and only one instance out of many known to fishermen here of one fish being caught, and when opened another found inside of it, and which had the baited hook in its mouth.

Some of these terrible bull-heads, it is said, attain the weight of 250 pounds!

THE BEAR AND THE HARROW.

From Porcupine Valley, Nev., comes a story of a bear who got served worse in his plundering scrape than the famous one, in the fable, that undertook to rob the bees:

A big cinnamon bear came down to the station buildings from the mountains about the middle of the afternoon, during a flurry of snow, and went after some young hogs that were running about the barn, some two hundred yards from the house. The sudden appearance of bruin created a great commotion in the barnyard—the hogs boohing and snorting and the fowls cackling at a great rate.

The noise attracted the attention of the men at the station, and going toward the barn, they saw the bear in full chase and close upon the heels of a hog.

Finding the bear close upon him, the hog dodged behind a harrow that was leaning against the side of the barn, when bruin ran his head through the harrow up to his shoulders in a vain attempt to reach the frightened pig. The pig darted from its cover, and the bear, in pulling to withdraw his head, was caught in the side of one of his jaws by the sharp point of the harrow teeth. He began pulling to free himself, when down came the harrow, and being turned tooth side down, the fastening process was most substantially finished, as not only the tooth that was in the jaw was forced into the ground, but all the rest were similarly fastened and bruin most effectually trapped.

Seeing and comprehending the situation, a man ran to a wood pile, seized an axe, and soon dispatched the bear, which weighed nearly four hundred pounds when dressed.

EGGS EXTRAORDINARY.

Two little boys having received presents of eggs, thought they would bake them in the oven. On breaking them into saucers, however, what was their astonishment to find that one of the eggs had a yolk no larger than a pea, and the other no yolk at all. They had never heard of such eggs before, nor had their mother. So they wrote to the *Youth's Companion* to know if we have ever heard of such a curiosity.

It is not so uncommon as our little friends suppose, for eggs to be thus heartless, and if they will look into almost any book on keeping fowls, they will find an attempted explanation of the cause.

POTATOES FOR MEDICINE.

Military men have discovered a new remedy for intoxication, which consists in eating raw potatoes. An ordinary "Murphy" will cure the most obstinate case in half an hour.

Considering that gin is made from potatoes, this might be called a case of homœopathy, (like curing like).

A QUOTATION FROM LONGFELLOW.

Punch says that Topham Bunker was at an evening entertainment recently, where the ladies wore dresses excessively long, and that he remarked at supper that he now understood what the American poet meant by "the trailing garments of the night."

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in spool, but not in thread,
My *second* is in pears, but not in bread;
My *third* is in orange, but not in seed,
My *fourth* is in rod, but not in reed;
My *fifth* is in mink, but not in mouse,
My *whole* is used in every house. J. H. K.

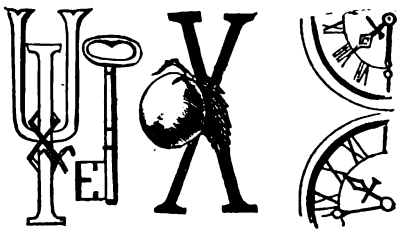
2.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a cheat;
My *second* is hard;
My *whole* is the theme
Of the Irish bard. ADDISON.

3.

REBUS.



WILLIE WISP.

4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A quadruped.
2. A tree.
3. A State.
4. A deep place.
5. A club.
6. Dullness.
7. Small.
8. An epistle.

The *initials* give the name of an English poet, and the *finals* of an American poet. L. R. C.

5.

NAMES OF BOOKS TRANSPOSED.

1. Beulah Ekos.
2. Nell, I wet som.
3. An hew rats, W.
4. O, Dow's numb.
5. Rags at jet.
6. Be mad Eda.
7. No, do row. A. W. C.

6.

LUCIUS GOSS.

7.

My *first*, a worthy act in life,
To be performed requires a wife.
Far better had it been omitted
By husbands cruel or half-witted.

My *second* is a priceless gift,
Always at hand though flying swift;
For deeds, both good and great, 'tis given,
To gladden earth and fit for heaven.

My *whole*, relating to the sea,
Befits the sailor's life so free,
And brings before our eyes the ship,
And all the fortunes of her trip.

Conundrums.

Why is an approving conscience like the letter B? It makes the right side the bright side.

What is the difference between a coal bucket and a fresh cod fish? One is a coal-hod, and the other a whole cod.

What does a pickpocket do after he has robbed you of your time piece? He keeps watch.

Why is the sacred animal of the Brahmins like a celebrated violinist? He is 'oly bull.

What is the form of an escaped parrot? A polly gone, (polygon).

What part did the sphinx take in ancient warfare? It riddled the enemy.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Madison.
2. Per-son-age.
3. In eating, place not your knife in your mouth.
4. Water.
5. "The wages of sin is death."
6. Man-i-kin.
7. Open.

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For the Companion.

BALLAD.

"MY SON IS AS ANOTHER MAN."

I.

The clarions rung, the bugles played,
The fight was hot and hard;
Before the town of Gottingen,
Fast fell the ranks of Swabian men,
Led on by Eberhard.

II.

Count Ulric was a valiant youth,
The son of Eberhard;
The bugles played, the clarions rung,
His spearmen on the foe he flung,
And pressed the foemen hard.

III.

"Ulric is slain!" the nobles cried.
The bugles ceased to blow;
But soon the monarch's order ran,
"My son is as another man,
Press boldly on the foe."

IV.

And fiercer now the fight began,
And harder fell each blow;
But still the monarch's order ran,
"My son is as another man,
Press boldly on the foe."

V.

O, many fell at Doffingen,
Before the day was done;
But victory blessed the Swabian men,
And the happy bugles played again,
At the setting of the sun!

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

Eberhard, of Wurtemberg, called the Bearded, was a man of noble feelings, and a most popular sovereign. It was he who boasted, at the Princes' feast at Worms, that, when he went hunting in the greenwood, he could lay him down to rest in safety, "on any subject's knee."

For the Companion.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

"Are you happy?" asked one of old Baron Rothschild, the money king of Europe.

"Happy? Happy when you have to sleep with pistols under your pillow? No, not happy."

Mr. Astor, when congratulated on his wealth, said, "Ah, I must leave it all when I die. It won't buy off sickness, it won't buy off sorrow, it won't buy off death."

Each had unlimited wealth, but he was not happy.

Many years ago, in the reign of the English Georges, there lived a poor soldier, named William Clemens. During the winter before the battle of Fontenoy, there was a revival of religion in the English camp at Bruges, and this poor soldier, away from his kindred and his native land, was greatly favored with the peace and love of God. During the great battle his arm was shattered by a ball. They offered to take him away.

"No," he said, "I have an arm left to hold the sword."

Soon after this a bullet broke his other arm. His friends gathered around him. What a pitiable sight! He was poor, with the horrors of the hospital before him. He was in a land of enemies, and the friends that he had would leave him soon. No father or mother, brother or sister could help him in this hour of need. He looked to Christ.

"How fares it with you now, brother Clemens?" asked a pious soldier.

The wounded soldier lifted his eye, glowing as with heavenly fire.

"I am as happy as I can be out of paradise."

THE STONE IN THE ROAD.

Lazy people seem averse to benefitting themselves, sometimes, from the fear of benefitting somebody else. To illustrate the old proverb, "What is everybody's business is nobody's," the following good story is told:

In a far-off country and a far-off time, in the domain of honest Duke Otho, near the little village of Himmelsmerl, in the night time, in a deep cut of the road, you might have seen a tall man in a long cloak stooping on the ground. He was scooping out a little round hollow in the very middle of the road. When it was deep as he wished, he lined the sides and bottom with white pebbles, that shone under the October moon. When this was done, the tall man in the long cloak went to the side of the road cut, and worked at a large stone, till it was loosened and came clattering down, and stopped at the bottom with a bump and a thump. It was large and heavy, and the man could only stagger with it to the hole in the road. From the folds of his cloak he took something about the size of his fist, placed it in the pebble-lined hole, let the stone drop so as to cover it wholly, and then went his way.

Next morning a sturdy peasant farmer came that way with his lumbering ox cart.

"O, the laziness," he cried, "of these people! Here is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and not a slothful soul has bethought himself to thrust it aside lest it should break the bones of the next body that comes by." And the sturdy Hans lumbered away, muttering to himself at the laziness of the people of Himmelsmerl, and told his wife and children, when he went home, that the duke ought to know what his people were. Next a gay gallant, with his bright and waving plume and dangling sword, rollicked along, singing a lively ditty of love and wine. But his head was too far back for him to notice the stone, and down he fell, with his sword between his legs. He dropped his song for a curse at "those boors and dolt-headed clodhoppers, that leave a huge rock in the road to break a gentleman's shins on." He went on, and next came a company of merchants with pads, pack-horses and goods, on their way to the fair that was to be held at the duke's great town. When these came to the stone, so narrow was the road, they had to file off on either side, and Berthold cried,—

"Moses and Elijah! the like of that big stone to lie there, and every soul to go by all the morning, and never stop to take it away! There will be something to tell friend Hans, who is always bewailing the sloth of the Himmelsmerl folk." And thus it went on for the three weeks left of October. Every passenger upbraided his neighbor for leaving the hindrance where he found it.

When three weeks had passed since the tall man in the cloak put the stone where we have seen it, the duke sent round to his people of Himmelsmerl to meet him on the Dornthau, for he had something to tell them. The day was come, and a crowd was on the Dornthau. Each side of the cut was thronged by people overlooking the road, and there was a throng at each end of the cut. Old Hans was there, and the merchant Berthold. Said Hans,—

"I hope my lord duke will now know what a lazy set he is duke over."

"Moses and Elijah! but it's a shame," answered Berthold. And now a winding horn was heard, and the people strained necks and eyes towards the castle, as a bright cavalcade came gallopping up to the Dornthau. The duke rode into the cut, and the people closed in at each end and pressed nearer together on the brink above. Then honest Duke Otho, who had dismounted, began, with a half smile, to speak:

"My people, you know I am fond of teaching you now and then a lesson in an odd way, and for such a lesson have I called you together this day. It was I that put this stone here, and for three weeks every passer-by has left it there, and scolded his neighbors for not taking it out of the way.

When he had thus spoken, he stooped down, lifted the stone, and disclosed a round hollow lined with white pebbles, and in it a small leathern bag. This the duke held aloft, that all the people might see what was written upon it.

"*For him who lifts the stone.*"

He untied it, turned it upside down, and out upon the stone fell, with a beautiful ring, a score of bright gold coins. Hans looked at Berthold and said,—

"Humph!"

And Berthold looked back at Hans and said,—

"Moses and Elijah!"

And the duke looked all around him with a smile, and said,—

"My people, always remember the stone in the road."

HORSE-CAR INCIDENT.

A lady writing to the *Rural New-Yorker* thus records a mean action and its gentle rebuke which she witnessed in a "Third Avenue car:"

The car stopped for an old woman, heavily loaded with basket and bundle, and utterly tired and exhausted. Seeing no seat for her among the crowd, she said, wearily,—

"Let me out; I am too tired to stand, and I will wait for the next car."

Instantly a gentleman, sitting near the door, rose, saying, pleasantly, "Take my seat, madam."

He moved a few steps forward, but was surprised to see the woman for whom he had made the sacrifice turn round and walk out with that air of submission to adverse circumstances which is perceptible on the faces and in the gait of thousands who have virtually abandoned the struggle with evil fortune.

A keen, quick glance backward revealed to him at once why his kindness had been unavailing. A company of tittering young girls were in the car, and one of them, immediately on his vacating his seat, had slipped triumphantly into it, and she looked up now with a saucy, defiant air into the grave, reproving face, which mutely questioned her right.

She evidently considered she had done a "smart" thing, and the tittering admiration of her companions supported her for a few moments, even under the steady fire of the bright, searching gaze that was gradually confounding and humbling her.

The gentleman, defrauded alike of his seat and his effort to do a kind action, leaned now against the closed door, steadily watching the countenance of the usurper. She moved restlessly under this reproving gaze, her bravado failed her completely, and "Consideration like an angel came," dyeing her cheeks with shame, and making her seat as intolerable as such seats of repentance generally are.

Perhaps if this silent reproach had lasted long there would have been a reaction; but this judge of human nature knew *just how far to go*, and when he saw the eyes bright with unshed tears and the faint trembling round the mouth, indicative of hardly-suppressed emotion, he stooped down and said, in gentlest accents,—

"Little girl, I am going out now; but I cannot do so until I tell you how sorry I feel for you to-night."

No response—only a glance half deprecatory and half indignant.

"Because I know just how mean and miserable you will feel when you come to think over what you have done."

A moment's silence, then he spoke again more cheerfully: "But I think it is the last time you will ever have to reproach yourself for this fault;" and with a smile that was a benediction, he passed quickly out.

I think that young girl will never forget her lesson.

WHAT REV. DR. DOW DID.

The oddities of men who *could not help* being odd, even when doing good, are fair matter of history, and we may smile at them without imitating them. We find the following in a publication called *Pastor and People:*

Daysville, in Killingly, Conn., and Thompson were contiguous parishes. Mr. Day's society rather ran down, and their meeting-house became shaky, while Dr. Dow's parish increased, and had a new meeting-house. Dr. Dow was own cousin to the famous Lorenzo Dow, and shared in the native wit of the Connecticut Dows.

As winter approached, good old Mr. Day, finding the old-fashioned meeting-house (they had no "churches" in those days) becoming very uncomfortable, visited Dr. Dow, and said,—

"Our meeting-house is getting very much out of repair, and I thought you might possibly stir up my people to make it more comfortable."

"Well," said Dr. Dow, "I will exchange with you next Sabbath and see what I can do. So the exchange was agreed upon.

It proved a very cold, winter-like day, as though Providence designed to favor the effort of Dr. Dow. When he first entered the pulpit he threw off his cloak. The pulpit was one of those old-fashioned, high boxes with a window in its rear. Dr. Dow soon began to show signs of being cold.

He first put on his cloak, and gathered it closely around his little body. Then he looked up at the window where a pane of glass was broken. Then, bending over the pulpit, he said to a lad in a near pew,—

"Boy, won't you lend me your cap? It is very cold up here."

The boy handed up his cap, which Dr. Dow pushed into the place of the broken glass. Then, looking up at the other side of the window, where also a pane of glass was gone, he stooped over the pulpit, and said to a man,—

"Sir, will you lend me your hat? It is very cold here."

The man handed up his hat, which was soon made to supply the place of the lost pane. Suffice it to say, Mr. Day soon found his house repaired.

THE WEDDING BUCKET.

It is easier to preach than it is to practise, and the sermon in the following anecdote was certainly well put. It is to be hoped the parties for whom it was intended betrayed less and less of "the old man in them," as they grew older, and so had little need of the water-pail:

There once lived in the State of Connecticut a somewhat curious old farmer,—an eccentric, positive old fellow, whose wife, luckily for the peace of the family, was a pattern of mildness and Christian patience.

They had one daughter, a kind-hearted girl, who very naturally became her father's favorite, and when the time came for her to be married the father did all he could to provide her with an outfit suited to the occasion.

A day or two after the wedding, the new son-in-law came to take the bride and her possessions to their new home. The goods were carefully stowed away in the ox-cart, and all things made ready for the departure, when the old man stepped forward and said,—

"Harry, you are about taking my gal away, and though you have the best right to her, yet I must own it is hard parting with her. She is a spunky piece,—got a good deal of the old man about her. Now, Harry, take this water-pail, (producing a fine new one,) and if she throws fire you throw water."

And so he bade them good-by.

What a fine thing it would have been if some touchy couples could have had just such a bucket given them on their wedding-day, with plain instructions how to use it. It would have saved many a broil, and put out many a fire which, left alone, consumes peace, happiness and home itself, in its furious flames.

The old farmer spoke wisely, yet Solomon taught the same lesson long ago when he said, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

WHAT MADE HIM REFORM.

Affecting incidents like the following have many times occurred, and been told with tender power by both tongue and pen. But there is room for another. A correspondent of one of the New York religious papers says:

Some years ago we visited Portsmouth, N. H., to attend a mass meeting of the Washingtonians. As we were passing along one of the principal streets, our attention was attracted by the noise of a bell, succeeded by the stentorian tones of the sturdy crier, who was announcing the meeting. As he approached near we said to him,—

"Friend, I hope you are personally interested in the object about which you are making so much noise for the benefit of others."

"Ah," said he, "I am glad you mentioned it. I want to tell you about it. I am ashamed to tell you I was an awful drunkard once. I'll tell you what turned me round. I was terribly dry one morning, and I wanted some rum. I handed my youngest boy, only six years old, some coppers and a jug, and told him to go and get me a pint of rum. It was a cold morning, and Willie's trousers were thin and ragged, and he had no overcoat nor mittens. Willie didn't want to go, but I scolded him, and he started a few steps, and then stopped and said,—

"'Father, I wish you would give me a cent to buy a stick of candy.'

"I told him to go along, and not bother me about a stick of candy. The little fellow began to cry, and stammered out,—

"'Father, you never give me any money to buy candy. Tommy Jones (he was the rumseller's boy) has candy every day, and he says I can't have any, because my father's a drunkard.'

"I felt as though lightning had struck me. 'Good God!' said I, 'has it come to this? Have I been paying my money to support the rumseller and his wife in luxury, while my own little boy could not have a single cent for candy? Yes, I am a drunkard; but old Jones' children won't sneer at Willie and me any more.'

"I called my boy back, and took the jug and the money. 'Here are the coppers,' said he, taking them from his pocket—five of them. I will keep them as long as I live, and when I die leave them as a sacred legacy to my children.

"I have got six, and a good wife besides. You don't look upon a drunkard now! Thank God, I am saved, and my home is happy; I will do what I can to save others. Stranger, that jug don't go to Jones' now, and my boy's as smart as his!"

Having told me "about it," he again rung his bell and walked away, proclaiming as before, the invitation to attend the great Convention. The name of the noble man has passed from memory; but his story is fresh in our mind, and is given very nearly in his own words.

A CONNECTICUT WILD-CAT.

Some time ago a creature of this kind was killed near Killingly, and since then another that had long made havoc among farmers' henroosts and sheep-flocks in the north-east part of Connecticut, has been brought to his end in the Woodstock woods. His captor, Mr. Dodge, tells in the Southbridge *Journal* how he looked and what trouble he took to secure him:

The animal measured four feet five inches, from tip to tip, besides the tail. His appearance is very lank, and he weighs thirty pounds. Mr. Dodge says, "I call it a wild-cat of the oldest stamp. I should think he might be as old as Methuselah, by the appearance of his claws and teeth; notwithstanding his teeth were worn down smooth to his gums, he was capable of eating from six to ten pounds of chicken at a meal, and he did do it one night at my expense, without leave or license.

Not being satisfied with such proceedings, and as there was snow on the ground so that I could easily follow him, I resolved to have recompense for the chickens. By following his track I found his place of residence in a cave not far off. Accordingly I laid some traps for him at his den, also where he had left the remains of the chickens, and went to them every twenty-four or forty-eight hours for ten days, but he still remained within.

I began to think his meal of chickens was too much for his digestion, and had overcome him. But on the eleventh night he came to his appetite again, and started for another meal. He eluded the traps that were set at his den, and went to where he had left the remains of his last meal in hopes to pick up the fragments, but he wasn't old enough to keep out of the traps there, and got disappointed in his supper, for he got hold of something—or something got hold of him (a steel trap)—which was very hard to digest, but he broke the chain with which the trap was fastened, and left with the trap hanging to his foot, for another locality.

He had been gone one day and one night before I discovered it. Then I thought I was worse off than before—lost chickens, trap and all. I did not pause long, however, before I concluded to pursue, and carrying out my resolution, overtook him after a four hours' tramp. I got within about thirty feet of him before discovering it.

He saw me first and started, and I discharged my gun at him without effect, but reloaded and pursued a little further, firing again, the second charge killing him instantly."

Every one who saw it thought it too savage a beast to be roving around in this section. At least the farmers living along the Woodstock line will now feel safer in the possession of their live stock.

MADE RICH SUDDENLY AND STRANGELY.

A Philadelphia paper relates as fact the following marvellous instance of sudden and accidental good fortune. The best of the story is that the first jeweller was an honest man—if he had not been the rest of it would never have been told:

A few days since an aged woman, who lives in the vicinity of Fifth and Diamond Street, in hunting over a box of nick-nacks, which accumulate in every household, chanced to find an old and dirt-begrimed breastpin, which, almost a score of years ago, her father had given to her. It had some stones in it, which she thought of no particular value. She carried it to a jeweller for repairs. After scrutinizing it, he asked her if she knew its value. "Well," she replied, "there may be about $5 worth of gold in it;" whereupon he offered her $800 cash down for it. This staggered her. She then learned that the stones, of which there were ten, were each two-carat diamonds of the very finest description; five of them having a peculiar bluish tint that gives them great value. Upon taking the pin into a large Chestnut Street establishment, she was offered $2,000 cash for it, and another offer was $350 for each of the tinted stones. Words cannot describe the joy of this lady, whose circumstances were far from comfortable, when she discovered the worth of this ornament, which for years had been shuffling about in a box of rubbish.

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For the Companion.

THE MAGIC LANTERN FUND SOCIETY.

There was a snow storm out of doors, and Mrs. Allen had sent her six children to their playroom to amuse themselves. It was a nice large room, and pleasant times the children had there, I assure you.

The girls kept house, each in a separate corner, where they dressed and tended their dolls, made and received calls, and had parties, weddings or funerals, as they chose.

The boys had their playthings here too, rocking horses, balls and marbles, and in one corner a neat little work-bench and box of tools, Vincent's last year's Christmas present.

Vincent was the oldest, Nettie came next, then Winnie, Earl, Robbie and little Rosa in due order.

This stormy morning Winnie's four dolls were having spasms. Nettie was flying about, helping their afflicted mother, having left all her family in Rosa's care. Earl was the doctor, with leather spectacles and a little hair-covered trunk, and Robbie was galloping off on his rocking-horse for another doctor.

Vincent sat on his work bench, busy with pencil and paper. Suddenly he called out, "I say! Come here a few minutes, all of you."

"We can't," said Nettie. "Here's four of Winnie's children all doubled up in spasms, and we can't leave 'em!"

"Never mind," said Vincent, "put 'em all in a tub of hot water, and they'll be undoubled by the time you get back. I have something very important to tell you."

In a minute or two the children were gathered around Vincent, who sat up very straight on the work-bench and said, "Ladies and gentlemen! I suppose you've all seen the wonderful Magic Lantern"—

"No, we haven't," interrupted Nettie.

"Well, no matter, I have," said Vincent. "Guy Raymond has one, and it's splendid, I tell you! You just put out the lights in the evening, and the lantern shows all sorts of pictures on the wall. Old men, and women, and boys, and elephants, and girls, and—every thing most.

"Now I wish we had a Magic Lantern, but I don't suppose it will do any good to ask father, for I heard him tell mother he should have to be very prudent this winter. But perhaps we can save all our money and put it together, and by-and-by we shall have enough."

Then Vincent showed them the sheet of paper at the top of which he had written, in large letters: "Magic Lantern Fund Society." Underneath, was the word, "Members," and ruled spaces for the names and contributions.

"I'll put my name down first," he said, and the children crowded around while he wrote "Vincent Allen," with a great flourish, adding, "I've got fifty cents, and I'll put it all down." He wrote down the sum and then said,—

"Now Nettie."

Nettie wrote her name, and added twenty cents.

"You've got more than that," said Vincent.

"Yes," said Nettie, "but I want to keep five cents for candy."

Winnie and Earl printed their names, and Vincent coaxed them to give all the money they had—ten cents apiece. He had to write Robbie's and Rosa's names himself, and they were very small additions to the society in every way; they could raise only three cents between them.

"Ninety-three cents," said Vincent, when he had added it up. "It will take a long time to get enough, I'm afraid. Do give your other five cents, Nettie. Don't be stingy."

Nettie didn't want to be "stingy," so she gave up the candy with a sigh, and down went the five cents.

Vincent collected the money and put it in a tin savings bank, which Earl lent for the purpose.

After that Vincent took good care to claim every penny the other children received, as well as his own, for the benefit of the society.

The sum grew slowly, but so very slowly that all the younger children quite despaired of ever raising enough. They didn't like to have all their pennies taken away from them and put into the tin bank.

In vain Vincent pictured to them the delights of owning a Magic Lantern. They grumbled more and more, and one day Vincent found Earl and Winnie vigorously shaking the savings bank, to get their pennies out, while Robbie and Rosa stood by, waiting for their share, and Nettie pretended not to see what they were doing.

"Now, that's real mean!" exclaimed Vincent, rushing at them. And then there was "war in the camp," in the midst of which their father walked in.

He heard the story of their troubles very patiently. Then he said, "I think, Vincent, we better let the children have their pennies, and get the lantern in some other way. I will think about it."

Vincent was comforted and the children divided their money in peace. That night, when Vincent went to bed, he found a box on his table with a note which read, "A Magic Lantern for Vincent Allen, from his father," and Vincent was the happiest boy in the world.

MIRIAM.

ALLIE'S DOLLAR.

"Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred," counted Allie. "O, mother! I've got a *dollar*,—a *whole* dollar! haven't I?"

Allie's mother answered that she had.

"And papa said, when my pennies got to be a dollar, I might spend it just as I pleased; didn't he, mother?"

"I believe he did," answered Mrs. Raymond, smiling at her little daughter's eagerness.

"O, won't it be nice!" cried Allie. "What *shall* I get? There's so much to buy, you know; and I don't know what I want most."

"Think of how you could do the most *good* with it," said Mrs. Raymond. "You can use your money in such a way, that it will do good to yourself and to others."

"O, mother!" cried Allie, in her impulsive way, "there's little Prue Wells! She can't go to Sabbath school because she hasn't got any dress warm enough. She wears her calico dress to school; and her mother washes it Saturday night, and she wears an old one Sundays because her good one isn't dry. My dollar would get her a real nice warm delaine dress, and then she could go to Sabbath school every week. May I get her a dress, mother?"

"I am perfectly willing," answered Mrs. Raymond. "You couldn't use your dollar in a better way, I think."

That afternoon Allie went down to the store and selected a pretty red-and-black delaine.

"How surprised Prue will be!" she kept thinking. She was so excited when she reached Widow Wells' little cottage, that she fairly ran up the path, and could hardly stop to knock.

Prue opened the door herself.

"O, Prue!" cried Allie, almost out of breath, "there's a present for you! See how you like it."

Prue wonderingly opened the little bundle.

"You don't mean that this is mine, do you?" cried she, holding up the pretty cloth, and looking at Allie, who was enjoying her surprise in great delight.

"Of course I do," answered Allie. "I got it on purpose for you. Aint it pretty?"

"O! it's the prettiest dress I ever had," answered Prue, hugging it up closely, as if it were a doll. "I don't know how to thank you for it."

"I'm satisfied if you are," answered Allie, and ran down the path again. The next Sabbath Prue made her appearance at the Sabbath school in the warm and pretty new dress; and Allie felt how true that passage in the Bible is that says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

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STRYCHNINE.

I. WHAT IT IS.

Strychnine is the most deadly poison that has yet been discovered.

Its appearance is that of a white powder, consisting of minute and glistening crystals, which looks any thing but terrible, and not at all as if one grain of it would destroy a person's life. Yet so it is.

When, however, we take a little on our tongue, we find that it has at least a strong flavor. It is the most intensely bitter of all known substances. It will not dissolve in water, but if we mix a quarter of a grain with a little acid, and then put this in a tumbler of water, one sip will be quite enough. We shall not wish to repeat the bitter dose.

In India and Ceylon grows a very crooked tree, with large, glossy leaves, and studded with berries of the color and size of oranges, which look finely in the bright sunshine of the tropics. The birds are fond of pecking these berries, and yet the bark of the tree and the seeds contain a fierce poison.

This is the *strychnos nux vomica* tree, called so from an ancient Greek name for certain narcotic plants, and the Latin for *vomit-causing nut*. The seeds have given it this latter name, as they appeared to the ancient Arabian doctors like nuts.

They are more like brown beans, but feel silky, from the small hairs with which they are covered. The color is called gray, and the seeds crow's eyes, by the Germans, though how they are like the optics of those birds it would take a German to tell.

These beans (or nuts) and the bark are treated with dilute sulphuric acid, and then by evaporation, and other processes, the little crystals are formed, which have been already described.

This is strychnine, the poisonous principle of the *nux vomica*, which endows it with its fatal properties. Almost all vegetables contain some such crystalline substance, which is, as it were, the soul of the plant. Thus tea and coffee yield long-tufted, silky groups of needle-like crystals, which all possess the same qualities, and are called either theine or caffeine. It is also curious that the delicate and pleasant flavor of many plants which we use is caused by a virulent poison. The flavor of peach leaves, for instance, which is so much prized by housekeepers in custards, is derived from the poisonous substance which usually goes by the name of prussic acid, from its being made into Prussian blue.

When strychnine is mixed with acids, such as lemon juice, vinegar or vitriol, it takes all the acidity away, and produces other kinds of crystals, or *salts*, as they are called.

There is not much danger of mistaking this terrible poison for any other drug. As to its appearance, its crystals are particularly regular and beautiful. As to its taste, also, there is no bitter which it is so hard to make away with. One cannot help tasting it. A way of testing it is to place a little in a watch-glass, pouring thereon some strong oil of vitriol, and adding a crystalline fragment of the bichromate of potash. The mixture immediately assumes a beautiful purple or violet hue, which is a sure sign of the presence of strychnine.

Another way is to place a frog in the suspected liquid. These little animals have so many nerves, and are so sensitive to this drug, which acts on the nervous system, that one two-hundreth of a grain,—and it is said still less,—has been detected by their spasmodic antics. So poisoning with strychnine is easily found out.

VARIETY.

POOR NELLIE, THE CAT.

A correspondent of *Our Dumb Animals* vouches for this story of a cat's affection for her mistress. She belonged to the wife of a circuit preacher in West Pennsylvania:

She proved a very teachable and obedient pet, was early trained not to come into the dining-room at meal times, but remain in the kitchen, which adjoined this room. She compensated herself, however, by sitting near the door, and crying like a young child. So exact was her imitation, that Bishop K., dining with them one day, was so entirely deceived that when Mrs. B. said,—

"Listen to that cat, she cries after me just like a baby;" he replied that he had no idea it was a cat, but knowing Mrs. B. had no family, he concluded it was the child of the cook.

She would follow Mrs. B. like a dog, in her visits to the neighbors, and being a well-disposed pussy, she was kindly received by all.

But Mr. B.'s services were required at another missionary station, and he was obliged again to change his home. Mrs. B., adopting the idea that cats are attached to localities and not to persons, thought she was conferring a favor on Nellie by allowing her to remain at the parsonage when they departed. But she sadly mistook the poor creature's devotion, for it was to herself and not to the home.

After her mistress left, poor Nellie wandered about the house, from room to room, went round to the neighbors, where she had visited with Mrs. B., and searched and cried for her lost mistress. Even her two baby kittens, to whom she had before been so devoted, were neglected in her search for her absent friend.

The neighbors tried in vain to comfort poor puss: she refused food, rest and strange caresses until, exhausted, she laid down and died. Mrs. B.'s affectionate heart was deeply grieved when she heard it, but tears could not restore poor Nellie's life. Had she been written to in season she would have sent for, or gone after her pet, and she reproached herself for not understanding better the poor animal's character.

FIGHTING HOGS.

It is a little humiliating to know that the internal structure of a hog is more like that of a man than any other of our domestic animals. The following story indicates that hogs can be angry and seek revenge very much like men:

In the village of Brewer, opposite Bangor, two men, Messrs. A. and B., carry on the livery business, occupying stables situated about a quarter-mile apart, and each owns a huge Chester hog weighing nearly 400 pounds. The other day Mr. A.'s hog broke out of his pen and strayed down upon Mr. B.'s premises, and that gentleman, seeing him in the street, mistook the animal for his own and drove him into the pen under his (Mr. B.'s) stable.

Presently he heard a terrible rumpus, and going out to ascertain the cause, found that his own porcine had resented the intrusion, and was giving the hog he had turned in a terrible thrashing.

Separating the combatants, Mr. B. drove Mr. A.'s hog home, and he was secured in his own domain.

The next morning, Mr. B., upon going to feed his hog, discovered him lying on the ground in his pen, utterly exhausted, and his adversary of the previous day industriously engaged in gnawing a hole in his back. It appears that after Mr. A.'s hog was driven home the day before, he meditated upon the drubbing he received until he got mad all over, and breaking out in the night, made his way through the darkness to his adversary's stye, smashed his way in, and proceeded to revenge his wrongs by nearly killing his antagonist.

FURS.

It does not appear that the ancient Greeks and Romans knew much about furs, or used them as articles of attire. This might not have been altogether a matter of taste so much as a necessity. It so happens that nearly every fur of beauty and value comes from animals that inhabit a very cold country, and with no very cold country were the ancient Greeks and Romans acquainted. In mediæval times the taste for furs first sprang up in Europe; and two especial furs, ermine and vair, having commended themselves to the heralds—ermine and sable, in language non-heraldic—acquired a fictitious value. Not only do furs, with hardly any exception, come from animals indigenous to very cold countries, but to be of greatest value the skins must be stripped in winter time, when the hair is softest and thickest. Norway and Sweden, Northern Russia, thence further to the east, Siberia—these were the chief fur-yielding regions until the discovery of America. With the exception of seal-skins, the southern part of the Southern Hemisphere hardly contributes a fur-bearing animal, for the Antarctic Circle is strikingly devoid of land.—*The Leisure Hour.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

Mayor Folsom, of Lowell, received a letter last week, addressed "To The Athoratys of Lowell." His correspondent closes with the fervent appeal, "And may god in heaven bless you, my boy."

Much like the letter mentioned above is the following verbatim copy of a paper once posted on the walls of the Exchange in Bristol, England:

"To marchants, traders and uthers. A young man, about thirty years of age, who understands the bakker bisness and husbanddry, would be glad to go to A merry ka or any outlandish place as over seer and like of that. Enquire o' the 'Change keeper. N. B. has no objecshun to go to Bottomley Bay as a Skool Maester, on condition his life can be inshured to the wild Savvages."

MADE TRACKS.

Tract-distributors are well-known agents of good in the world, but we never saw, till the following came to our notice, an instance of "tracks" producing a moral effect in a peach orchard:

A Delaware peach raiser who was troubled with boys interviewing his orchard, got rid of them by making a wooden foot as large as a fiddle-box and making tracks with it in the sand, about eight feet apart. The boys saw it, thought there was a live Cardiff giant lying around that orchard, and got along without their regular peaches.

A VERMONT BOY IN '76.

During the revolutionary war, Tories, Yorkers and Indians were about equally at discount in Bennington and neighboring towns. The late Judge Olin, then a great, clumsy boy of seven years old, was sent to school in Shaftsbury. The schoolmistress, on dismissing her school, gave out that the boys going home from school, such as had hats on, should take them off and make a bow, on meeting people, the rest should nod their heads. Henry, wishing to comply with the order, but wishing to know how it was to be construed, said, "Schoolmarm, *if I should meet a Tory, or a Yorker, or an Indian,* must I make a bow to them?"—*Troy Press.*

SNEEZING GAME.

This is an amusing game for young folks at a party or sociable. The leader forms the party in a circle, and gives one of these syllables—ash—ish—osh—to each one; thus to the first person "ash;" to the second "ish;" to the third "osh;" te the fourth "ash;" and so around. He then counts four slowly. As he pronouces four, all must sound their syllables at once, which gives the effect of a monstrous sneeze.

A CURIOUS SIGHT.

The editor of a Western paper says:

It would be a curious sight to see the babies in the United States, under five years of age, all together; they would make a pretty collection of two and three-quarters millions; what a squall there would be should they all be spanked at the same time, and what a heap of candy it would take to quiet them again!"

"INTMENT."

A stranger dined recently at a fashionable hotel, where they had apple dumplings with sauce, for dinner. He got through with the sauce, and mine host kindly inquired,—

"Will you have some more dumplings, sir?"

"No, sir, thankee," was the reply, "but I will thank you for a little more of the 'intment.'"

WE are told "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the *close* of a summer's day?

J. HORNER writes, "I want a receipt for grouse-pudding." By all means, replies an exchange. Nothing easier. Send the grouse-pudding here, and we'll return you a receipt for it by bearer.

A WOULD-BE school teacher in Alabama recently replied to a question by one of the examiners, "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying, "Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

A LARGE fox got on the track of the La Crosse Railroad, a few days since, and tried a race with the locomotive. The contest was lively for some little time, but the engineer let on the steam and finally overtook and over-run Reynard. The train was stopped, and the prize secured by the engineer.

A PERSIAN FABLE.—One day as I was in the bath, a friend brought me a piece of scented clay. I took it and said, "Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?"

It answered, "I was but a piece of despicable clay, but I was some time in the company of the rose. The sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me, otherwise I should be only a piece of clay, as I appear to be."

AN EXCELLENT CARPET FOR LITTLE MONEY.—The rush for those Carpets at 37½ cents per yard, full yard wide, still continues at JOHN J. PEASLEY & Co.'s, 47 Washington Street, Boston. No one should lose the opportunity to secure a good carpet at a low price.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 10. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

MY "GRANDDARTER KEZZY."

I suppose, though I'm a very old woman, nigh on to seventy, I may be allowed to tell a story about my gran'darter Kezzy.

Kezzy was the first of my Nabby's children, and the knowin'est baby you ever did see. 'Taint just the thing, I suppose, for people to praise their own, but the fact is, when Nabby was a child, I thought there never was sech another. There was ten years atwixt her and the next one, S'biny, and she was about the peartest child that ever was.

Well, I dunno, I'm old, and I may be partial, but my children wasn't never no trouble, none of'em; no.

Well, as I was saying, there was ten years twixt her and S'biny, and so she was allers the baby. La, I call her a baby, now, sometimes.

But Kezzy, she's the one I'm going to talk about. Such a sweet darlin' as she was! So good, and so knowin', and *so* beautiful! Yes, we were going to have a beauty, at last, in the Dreddles family; there'd never been none, you see. Every feature was as perfect as if drawed by a rule, and her eyes were that blue and bright, that some way they melted right into your heart, and you couldn't never forgit the shine of 'em.

I was dreadful sot against their calling her Keziah, but Nabby was much sot on it, so I give in; but I never called her nothin' but Kezzy. That child was the light of my old eyes. I almost worshipped her. Nothin' ever reasoned me out of the idee that there wa'n't any real goodness in the world, but a watching that child's looks and ways.

You know how most all children—the best of 'em, too, torment dumb creeters. Well, I never knew Kezzy to do such a thing in all her life. She had a little white kitten; and though she hugged it and played with it for hours, she never was known to take the poor thing up by the tail, or smother it most to death by grabbing it at the throat. Do you know I've seen some mothers set complacently by, and let their children do the most cruel things to poor animals, that couldn't help themselves, and never take no notice except to laugh at 'em, may be. I don't know what to make of such folks, for my part.

Nabby says that I'm garrulous. Well, do let me talk in my own way, child, while I'm rounding off the toe of this stockin'.

My Nabby married a minister, and of course the little one came in for a good share of petting. On Christmas and New Year's, the tree was a fine thing to see. They've got to havin' 'em in the churches now, and whether that's better or worse, I'm sure I don't know, only I like to enjoy it at home, too.

That blessed child used to come in with her arms crammed full of pretty things, wherever she'd go. I remember I sent her once to Dea. Massy's house, and she had on a little brown suit, that Nabby'd made out of one of her old dresses; and though it was got up right tasty, I thought myself that bright colors 'd suited the child better. Well, she came home towards evening, came dancing into the house, dancing and laughing, and would you believe it, she had on a little blue pelisse exactly the color of her eyes, and a little blue hood, quilted inside, and all made of silk, with a rim of swan's down on it, and a little blue muff, edged round with swan's down, too, and a tippet out of the same pretty stuff. I think I *never* see such a beautiful sight in all my life.

As I said before, we all felt kind of proud that we were going to have a beauty, at last, in the Dreddles family; and we talked it over considerable. We settled it among us that Kezzy's lot 'd be an easy one in life, and it did seem so as she grew up. Why, even at school, there used to be almost fighting, winter time, as to which of the boys should take home pretty Kezzy on his sled; and as years went on, every thing 'peared to be made smooth-like for our little girl.

MY GRANDDARTER KEZZY

Her good looks didn't make her proud, not a bit, for her father and mother took good care that they shouldn't. She was always a help and a blessin' in the house, never waiting to be asked if she should do this or that, as some of my grandchildren do, I'm sorry to say; but going right straight and doin' it, if she saw it was to be done. That's the way; there aint no other that's pleasant to the feelin's. It kinder hinders me to have folks askin', "Sha'n't I do this, or that?" and never stir to do it. Of course I say no; anybody would.

Every year of her life that child grew han'somer, and it's my opinion that we'd all got a good ways toward worshipping of her, and thinkin' her of more consequence than any mortal being should be thought, though she never took no advantage of it.

Well, presently, when Kezzy got to be seventeen, the son of the richest man in town took a great fancy to her, and before the fire every thing was arranged, and folks all seemed glad for Kezzy's good fortune. I didn't like it, myself, for there was something about the man's ways that didn't exactly suit me for Kezzy; not that I could tell just what it was; only a sort of feelin'.

I was over to daughter Nabby's, spendin' the aft'noon, and we'd had a real comfortable time, muffins for tea, and some of Kezzy's preserves, which beat every thing ever I'd tasted of. I can see her jest as she looked that very hour. She always wore white when she could, for we all liked her in it so much, and that day she had blue ribbins in her hair. Her eyes danced, her cheeks were just touched with the faint color that you've often seen on the side of a peach, and her lips looked so red, and pretty, and baby-like, that I couldn't keep my eyes off of them.

Yes, our little Kezzy had grown up a beauty, a *real* beauty; there wasn't a thing awry about her face, even her hair curled so that part of it seemed like gold, as it tossed about her face and shoulders. Why, can't you see her? I can. It's a picter I wouldn't part with, for it was the last time. O dear me!

The fam'ly had all gone to bed, and the kitchen clock had struck ten. The cook, poor thing, had a little baby, a very sweet little child that Kezzy had taken to, and loved very much. Nabby didn't know it, but sometimes the cook would take too much, and she kept her bottle in a little stone closet, that nobody ever went to much; and it seems she must have been drinking that day.

Any way, 'twas most 'leven, and a beautiful night, too, when Kezzy felt somebody shaking her shoulder hard. She opened her eyes, and there stood the cook, half undressed.

"O, Miss Kezzy," she cried, "the house is afire, and whatever shall I do?"

Kezzy sprung right out of bed with all her wits about her; 'twas always her way.

"Where is it, Mary?" she asked.

"In the kitchen, miss, an' it's run across the hall, and got into the settin'-room. O, what shall I do?"

Kezzy flew over into her mother's chamber and waked her up and her father, and then they got out the servants just in time, for the front stairs had caught and the back ones were burning up.

All at once Kezzy heard the cook scream that the baby was in the back room, over the store-room. The poor creature took on dretful, and it's a fact that in her fright, bein' half stupid with drink, she d forgot her own child. She flew at the flames, but somebody pulled her back.

As for Kezzy, at fust sound of that cry she was off, and nobody knowed it. She just went in the front door, and up the burnin' stairs, and into the child's room, and there she was at one of the winders, the flames all about her, (for she couldn't get down, the stairs had partly gone,) holdin' the child at arm's length.

Such a cry as went up then, it must have been shocking to hear. The Lord preserved me from hearin' it, and I'm thankful; but there stood her father and mother, and there was their beautiful child, their only child, burnin' up.

They got a feather bed from somewhere, and the child was dropped, and everybody screamed to her to jump too, but she couldn't; she was all afire, and back she fell.

Well, the good Lord in mercy remembered us and her. There was a young farmer in the neighborhood had just dragged round a tall ladder, as she threw the child down; and though there was danger of the thin walls fallin', and of him bein' suffocated, he didn't mind either, but straight he walked into that fiery oven, and soon he came out, staggering like a blind man; but everybody shouted, and he struggled hard, though his clothes, and even his hair was on fire. O dear, it's too much for me!

He saved the dear girl, and after dretful sufferin's the Lord saved her, but not to be the beauty of the family any more. One side of her face is as lovely as ever, but the other is drawn and scarred dreadfully.

She never had the rich man's son, and I'm glad ont, for he's a poor good-for-nothing, this day nigh a beggar as he can be, while she, she's one of the happiest of creters, and to that young man who saved her from the roaring flames, she is just as beautiful as ever. ALICE ROBINS.

THE TWO PAIRS OF FETTERS.—Isa. 53: 4 has a beautiful illustration in the following anecdote from Hindostan:

"Eighty years ago a fierce war raged in India between the English and Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness.

"A gray-haired officer said to the native official, 'You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?'

"'There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives,' was the answer, 'and every pair must be worn.'

"'Then,' said the noble officer, '*put two pairs on me;* I will wear his as well as my own.' This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom,—lived to take that city; but his noble friend died in prison."

For the Companion.

MY CITY ADVENTURE.

I shall always remember how proud and happy I felt when I stepped upon the cars at the little railway station of my native village, on a bright summer morning, when I was sixteen years old.

I was leaving home and friends to enter upon a boy's position, in a large mercantile establishment in a distant city. My father, and mother, and village playmates were there to bid me a parting good-by.

I was to make the journey alone. My father had made the engagement with the firm by whom I was to be employed; and had given me directions how to find their place of business. He did not go with me, on account of the expense for dollars, in those days, were scarce with my hard-working parents. Mother kissed me for the last time. The tears stood in her eyes, and I could hardly restrain mine. I had shaken hands with the boys and girls, and as the train started they all shouted a hearty "good-by," and waved their handkerchiefs and caps with great enthusiasm. It was, as I have said, a proud moment to me, but it was also a sad one.

During the previous week, which had been one of busy preparation, I had been quite a hero among my comrades. They had all envied my good fortune, and deplored the necessity by which they had only the prospect of hard, monotonous farm work; but at the final moment, as the train bore me away, it seemed as though I was leaving behind all that made life dear.

My pride, however, kept my spirits up, and when my friends had passed from sight, I turned into the car with a swelling heart.

I stood for a moment with my little valise in my hand, looking for a seat where I could sit alone. As there was none, I timidly sat down by the side of a well-dressed, elderly gentleman, who was reading a newspaper. He gave me a hasty glance, and resumed his reading.

At first I felt quite smart in my new home-made suit of clothes, but as we rolled along I could not suppress a feeling of loneliness as I thought how little notice I received from the passengers, after having been but a few moments before the centre of interest and attraction among my comrades.

Nearly opposite me sat a nicely dressed boy about my own age, in company with his father; and as I contrasted his nicely fitting clothes with my own home-made garments, a feeling of dissatisfaction came over me, and I remember thinking, with no pleasant feelings, that I should not probably create much of a sensation in the city, after all.

After riding about two hours, during which time I had been silently watching my fellow travellers, and had noticed every thing that was taking place around me, the old gentleman at my side finished reading his paper. As he folded it up and put it into his pocket, he said, very pleasantly,—

"Well, my son, where are you travelling?"

"I am going to the city, sir," answered I, tim-

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idly, picking at the back of the seat in front of me.

"To the city? What are you going to do there? Are you going visiting?"

"No, sir," I answered, still picking at the back of the seat, "I am going to work there."

"To work! And what kind of work do you think of doing? You are rather small for hard work, I should say."

I did not like to have him so inquisitive, for the well-dressed boy opposite was listening, and I was ashamed to have him know that I was to be employed as an errand boy on a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. The old gentleman, however, repeated the question, and as I did not know how to avoid an answer, I told him my plans and prospects. He was so kind in his manner that in a short time I felt quite at ease with him. He left the train, however, at the last station before the cars reached the city, and bade me "Good-by" and "Good luck," as he rose from his seat.

I watched him from the window as he stepped upon the platform of the station, and saw him take a little girl, who seemed to be waiting for him, in his arms. After kissing her and placing her in a fine-looking carriage, they were driven off by a neatly dressed man.

When the train started I settled back into the seat, thinking what a kind father the old gentleman must be. Just then something dropped from the cushion to the floor. I picked it up. It was a long leather wallet, such as are used by business men. My first impulse was to open it. Then I thought, perhaps I better not. So I slyly tucked it beneath my jacket.

As I continued to think about the wallet I felt sure that it belonged to the kind old gentleman who had just left the car, and that it probably contained money, as it seemed to be well filled.

Then the question arose, What shall I do with it? I certainly had no right to keep it, and, in fact, my conscience revolted at the thought of doing so. Nevertheless I could not help wishing that I could have enough of the money it contained to buy a suit of clothes such as the rich boy wore who sat opposite. But then it occurred to me that if it contained money the old gentleman would offer a handsome reward for its recovery. So I decided to keep it, at least for a few hours.

How easy it was to yield to any argument, which offered an excuse for keeping the wallet in my possession; but from the moment I made that decision, my troubles commenced.

The train arrived at the city station. As it stopped, I pushed the wallet farther up under my jacket, and, trembling with conscious guilt, left the car and hurried from the depot. Without giving a single thought to the direction I was taking I walked rapidly along the street. My father's careful and oft-repeated directions, and, in fact, the whole purpose of my journey, were forgotten, in an intense desire to find some place where I could see what the wallet contained without being noticed.

With this object in view, I hurried on and on, until I had reached a distant part of the city. How guilty I felt during that long, rapid walk! How many times I felt for the burning treasure, to be sure that it was wholly concealed.

At last I came to a large public park. Into this I turned. Crossing it to a distant corner, I first looked stealthily around me to see that I was not watched, and then sat down on the grass, and very slowly and stealthily drew forth the treasure. As I opened it with trembling fingers, the first thing I beheld was a fifty dollar bill! My heart stopped beating for an instant. I had never seen so large a bill before.

Instinctively I closed the wallet again, and gave another hasty glance around. Then I discovered, to my astonishment, that a man with a tall white hat, on which was a narrow black weed, stood just outside the iron fence and but a few feet away. He was looking over the fence. He did not appear to notice me, but at the sight of him I was so frightened that I hastily pushed the wallet back to its old place beneath my jacket, and sat perfectly still, not daring to move. When I looked again, to my great relief, the man was walking leisurely away. I breathed easier. When he was some distance away, I again opened the wallet and found that it contained twenty-three bright, new fifty dollar bills.

It is impossible to express the amazement I felt at this discovery! Eleven hundred and fifty dollars! More money a hundred times over than I had ever seen before! What should I do with it?

Again I put the pocket-book under my jacket, and as I did so I could not have felt more conscience-stricken if I had been guilty of murder. And certainly no murderer was ever more startled at hearing the imaginary voice of his murdered victim, than I was at hearing a voice behind me cry out,—

"Get off that grass, boy!"

Looking quickly around, I saw a police officer approaching, and I hurriedly snatched my valise and ran as fast as my legs would carry me. I was sure that he was following, and expected every instant to feel his hand upon my shoulder. I did not look behind until I was outside the enclosure. Then I found, to my relief, that my fears were groundless.

Fatigued, and almost faint through nervousness, I leaned against the iron paling that surrounded the park. As I did so, the thought for the first time since I had left the cars came to me, that at ten o'clock I should have been at the store of Wing & Wood, the firm by whom I was to be employed. I looked at a clock on an adjacent church. To my astonishment it was nearly twelve.

My position and appearance as I leaned against the fence seemed to attract the attention of passers-by. So sharply did some of them look at me that I thought the dreadful wallet must be in sight, and felt greatly relieved when I found that it was not.

Heart-sick and leg-weary, I walked slowly along the street, without knowing where I was going. Happening to pass an eating saloon, the clatter of dishes reminded me that it was dinner time. I felt hungry, and after a little hesitation, concluded to enter the saloon and get my dinner. While eating it I thought that I could decide what steps to take next in disposing of the wallet. I did not intend to pay for my dinner out of the money in the pocket-book, for I had a three dollar bill of my own that father had given me before leaving home. I went somewhat timidly into the saloon, and took a seat in one of the stalls. The waiter came, and I remember that I ordered stewed oysters and cream toast, and the articles were soon served, accompanied by a check, with forty cents printed upon it, which was to be paid at the counter.

Twenty-four hours before, forty cents would have seemed a large sum to me. Now the amount appeared very insignificant. I could not help thinking how little an impression it would make upon only one of the large bills concealed under my jacket.

Just as I was taking my first mouthful, a man unceremoniously stepped into the stall and took a seat opposite me. I glanced timidly at the new comer, and with a sickening feeling of fear I noticed that he had on a white hat with a black weed upon it, the same one, I thought I had seen, a short time before, through the iron fence at the park. My heart thumped violently in my throat, but I struggled to control myself, so as not to attract the man's attention.

He did not appear to notice my agitation, but called the waiter and ordered, in a confident tone, "roast turkey and fixings."

He then sat for a moment carelessly drumming with his fingers on the table, and watched me as I stirred my hot oysters, which I continued to do, for fear that if I attempted to eat them, my shaking hand would betray me.

At length he said, in a very pleasant voice, "Sonny, don't you know that oysters are very hurtful at this season?"

"No, sir," answered I, huskily.

"Well," continued he, in the same mild tone, "they are; and cream toast, too, is a very injurious compound, at any time. Now, with your permission, we will just set those things one side, and both make a dinner off my roast turkey when it comes."

I did not dare to decline the invitation. Even if I had, no opportunity was allowed me; for as the man finished the sentence, he gently removed my oysters and toast to the further corner of the table. He then commenced a pleasant conversation, which had the effect of making me feel quite at ease.

The waiter soon appeared bearing a tray loaded with an array of smoking dishes, which dazzled my inexperienced eyes, and made my hungry mouth water. My companion helped me to a liberal supply, and spoke so familiarly of the various dishes, that I at once decided him to be a gentleman, and well accustomed to such high living. We ate heartily, and it certainly was the best dinner I had ever eaten up to that time.

As we finished he picked up the check to be paid. It amounted to $3 50. He looked at it and said,—

"Well, now I suppose I must pay for this."

He put his hand in his pocket, humming a tune carelessly at the same time. I expected to see him draw forth a well-filled wallet. Instead of doing so, he suddenly stopped humming, and his face assumed a look of astonishment, as though he had made an unpleasant discovery. Then looking me straight in the eye, he said, in a very direct manner,—

"Sonny, have you got any money?"

The question came so suddenly, and the questioner looked at me so sharply as he asked it, that for an instant I was quite confused. But I soon managed to stammer forth,—

"N-no, sir; not much."

"I guess you *must* have enough somewhere about you to pay this little bill," he continued, with significant emphasis. "Haven't you?"

"No, sir," I answered, still confused; "not that belongs to me. I have only got three dollars."

"O well," he replied, assuming his old, pleasant tone, "so far as that goes, it makes no difference who it belongs to. I only want to borrow enough to pay for this dinner, for I find that I have left my money at my office, and shall be able to return you the amount as soon as we can go there."

I confess that I fully believed this very plausible statement, but I did not wish to touch the contents of the large wallet. I felt sure, however, that the man knew it was in my possession, and was afraid that my hesitation would be construed into guilt.

So, after a moment's delay, I drew the wallet down from beneath my jacket. Keeping it under the edge of the table, I pulled out one of the fifty dollar bills, folded the pocket-book up and put it back in its hiding place. I was determined to show no more of its contents than was necessary.

I then passed the bill across the table with a trembling hand. But my companion declined to receive it, telling me, in a good-natured voice, that he did not desire to handle my money, and that I might settle for the dinner myself. This I shrank from doing, but I had gone too far to refuse. So I took the two checks, both amounting to three dollars and ninety cents, and, walking boldly up to the counter, presented them and the fifty dollar bill to the saloon keeper. He looked at the bill.

"Have you no smaller bill?" he asked, giving a sharp look at me and my companion.

"No, sir, I have not."

The man hesitated a moment, and then counted out the change without making any other remark.

I folded the bills which he passed me as unconcernedly as possible, and, hastily cramming them into the breast pocket of my jacket, joined my dinner friend, who was waiting in the doorway.

We started down the street, but had not gone far, when he said that I was very careless in carrying money loose in my pocket, and advised me to put the bills I had received from the saloon keeper into my pocket-book. I hesitated a moment, but, acting upon a thought which suddenly struck me, I took out my own little wallet, which contained only my solitary three dollar bill, and, after stuffing the loose bank notes into it, put it back into my jacket pocket again.

"And now," said the man, placing my arm in his, "we will hurry along to my office."

And he certainly did hurry—so fast, in fact, that I had to almost run to keep up with him. After going at this rapid pace for quite a distance, he suddenly turned to cross the street directly into the midst of a jam of vehicles.

I thought this strange, but I did not dare to offer any objection. I clung to his arm until we were half way across the street, but was at length obliged to separate from him to escape being trampled by the horses which surrounded me. Excited drivers yelled at me from every direction, and I dodged through an opening, and managed to reach the sidewalk from which we had started.

During all the excitement I had contrived to keep my left arm across my breast, and hold the large wallet secure in its place. It was safely beneath my jacket then, but little did I dream that in a very few moments it would be gone!

I stood for a minute or two looking anxiously for my companion among the vehicles, and wondering if he had succeeded in crossing the street, when he suddenly darted towards me from the midst of the jam, and before I could realize what he was about, actually took me in his arms, and we were again in the middle of the street, he dodging the wheels and horses as before.

I never was more frightened and confused in my life. One instant I was crowded against a muddy wheel, the next I felt a horse's nose rubbing across my back, and I struggled and begged the man to let me down.

He did so, and coolly told me to "cling to his coat-tail." I kept hold of it for an instant, but was obliged to let go my hold, and I lost sight of him again.

Somehow I managed to reach the opposite sidewalk, and expected to find my new friend waiting for me, but to my surprise, he was not to be seen. Instinctively I put my hand to my breast; *the large wallet was gone!* I felt in my jacket pocket, and found that my own wallet was gone, also!

The bitter truth then flashed upon me—the man had stolen them both while he had me in his arms. Then, too, for the first time, I missed my little black valise, but remembered that I had left it at the eating saloon.

I felt that it would be useless to attempt to find the man or recover the money, so I hurried back in the direction of the restaurant to make sure of my little bag and its contents before they, too, should be lost.

I found the place without much difficulty, but just as I was about to enter, I stopped short at the sight of a police officer in the saloon, who was intently examining a bank-note which the man behind the counter was showing to him. The sight filled me with terror, and without thinking what I was about, I obeyed my first impulse, and started to run. I heard a voice from the inside exclaim,—

"There he is!"

Then I heard the rapid tramp of heavy feet, and knew that the policeman was pursuing me.

To escape was the only thought that filled my terrified mind, and I increased my speed to the utmost. Then I heard him cry out,—

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" and, coming at that instant to the corner of another street, I turned it, ran violently against a person coming in an opposite direction, and fell fainting to the sidewalk.

When my senses returned, I was sitting in an apothecary store surrounded by a group of lookers-on, among whom I recognized the genial, good-natured countenance of the old gentleman whom I had sat beside in the cars in the morning. Instinctively I clasped my arms around him, imploring him, in a sobbing voice, "not to let them take me, as I had not intended to steal his money, but a man had stolen it from me."

"There, there, sonny," he replied, soothingly, "don't be alarmed; I guess we can make it all right."

The policeman also addressed me in a kind voice, and when I had become sufficiently composed, the old gentleman took me by one hand, and the police officer by the other, and we went back to the saloon together. There the gentleman briefly stated that he was the president of a city bank, and resided in the suburban town, at which he had stopped in the morning. The bills on the bank had been extensively counterfeited, and when he met me in the cars, he was returning from the trial and conviction of the counterfeiters, and all the bank-notes in the large wallet were spurious ones, which he had taken to destroy.

He had discovered their loss after he reached his home, and had taken the next train for the city in search of them, and it was he that I ran against on the street corner.

I then told my story, and told it truly, keeping back nothing, and it was believed by them all. The saloon keeper agreed to withdraw the complaint against me if he should be paid back the money he had lost in giving me the change. This was a serious difficulty to be overcome, as I had not a cent left; but the old gentleman helped me out of my anxiety by suggesting that perhaps my future employers would advance the amount, and promised to intercede for me.

This, of course, under ordinary circumstances, would have been a dreadful request to make, but I had so firm a faith in the old gentleman's influence, that I agreed to the proposal without hesitation.

So, in company with the police officer, we proceeded to the establishment of Messrs. Wing & Wood, and they, after hearing the whole case, as it was earnestly presented by the old gentleman, kindly agreed to advance the money, and it was paid to the police officer on the spot. I sincerely promised that their kindness should always stimulate me while in their employ, to work for their very best interests, and that promise I always remembered.

And I have always remembered, also, with heartfelt gratitude, the fatherly interest in my behalf, of the good old gentleman whose wallet I *almost* stole; and the advice he gave me in his parting words on that day has ever since been a cardinal rule in my life: "My dear boy," said he, "if you would be an honest, happy, successful man, always resist the *first* inclinations to do wrong."

A Pretty Home Picture.—The following sounds so much like a fancy sketch, that we should think it was one if it had not been drawn by a writer so well known and trusted as Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. Let us hope there are a good many homes in the land as happy as this one, and that every one of our little girl readers will make as good a housekeeper as the one here celebrated:

"While travelling, a few years since, I was detained some days in one of our Western cities. My room overlooked a lane or alley-way, in which were several houses occupied by the bet-

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ter class of artisans, and I became much interested in one of these, so much, that no sooner did I hear a glad shout from a little voice, than I knew it was meal time, and 'daddy was coming,' and I took up my point of observation in harmless and admiring scrutiny of the well-governed house.

"On the way in the father raised the rejoicing child in his arms, and gave it two or three resounding smacks; another one had crept to the door sill, and this was lifted also, and its little cheek laid tenderly upon the shoulder, which was hunched up to bring it close to that of the father.

"By this time the wife had brought a bowl of water and a white, coarse towel. Then she took the children down, applying also sundry pats; now on the shoulders of the little ones, and now on the broad, fatherly shoulder; and now the chairs were placed at the table, and while the husband gave a last rub of the hard, rough hands, he stretched out his neck and kissed the pretty, girlish wife, who would be hovering near him.

"They said grace, they dined at the plain, wholesome board, and more than once I found myself wafting them a benediction with tears in my eyes. It is so brutish to pass without a word of recognition of the great Giver.

"The husband was a grave man, and the wife a lively, cheery woman, neat as a new pin, and very chatty. I thought them wonderfully well matched, for there was no moroseness in the man, nor levity in the woman; and when Sunday came, and the little household, dressed in all their finery, baby and all, went out to church, it was a sight to behold. Theirs was a model keeping house so far as it went, and there are many in the world like it."

For the Companion.

ALMA'S STORY,

Or, Incidents in her Life in the Cherokee Country.

My father was for many years a missionary among the Cherokees. I was born in their country, and have been accustomed to Indian life for nearly fifteen years.

Since I have come back within the bounds of civilization, I have been surprised somewhat at the extreme and unqualified opinions of my country people concerning the Indian character. If they knew as much about the red men as I do, they would not be so ready to condemn them as without excuse.

But I only meant to tell some little items of interest, some incidents that occurred to me, when I began this sketch, and I will not enter into any argument, on paper, to prove, what I know by experience, that the best type of Indian character has qualities every way worthy of respect.

My father built a log-house, twenty years ago, in sight of one of the forts, and in that humble place I was born. A red woman carried me in her arms, and held my little head against her bosom when I slept, for my mother was feeble for nearly a year. She cared for me as she would for her own children.

I remember the little Indian children I used to play with, and who then wore rudely fashioned garments, with shoes and belts of quill work, gayly colored. One of them was Laughing Water, and the other Swift-footed,—at least such was the meaning of their names. They were beautiful little creatures, as fond of playing with grasses and bits of earthen ware as white children are, and quite as merry about their games.

Swift-footed's mother was my nurse, and never woman could be tenderer. She was a person of singular gravity; her cheek-bones were high, but not broad, her brown eye as soft as that of a gazelle, fine features and a smile that I watched for, even before I could speak, completed her attractions. That smile was my reward, but I very seldom saw it; Wavanah did not often smile.

I was fifteen when Southern raiders came into our quiet village. I think it was in 1862 or '3; I have forgotten the exact date, having seen so much suffering since then.

At that time my father had a large mission-house and church. Sometimes there were two hundred Cherokees present to hear the preaching. The church was a large, plain building, with some pretensions to architecture. Our old log-house stood at its left, and to the left of the log-house was our comfortable home.

My mother had been an invalid for a year or two when the war broke out, and I am almost thankful to say that before any great disturbance came to us, she died and was buried in an enclosure near the church.

It was a sad sight; five children, I the oldest, followed her to the grave. We stood there and sang, over her coffin, while the stern-browed red men gathered round,—

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust."

One year after that, surrounded by the horrors of war, my father took little Minnie in his arms, her baby-face white as the snow that laid on the grave-yard, and with us children and a few Indians, sang again over another grave.

There was no coffin to be had, so the little creature, just two years old the day she died, was laid down at her mother's feet, and the earth covered her out of sight. It is said that Indians never weep; it is not true; I saw more than one brave turn aside to wipe his eyes on that sorrowful morning.

At one time my father's life was in danger, and he was obliged to fly. Raiding parties were continually passing our home, and continually stripping the house of all it contained in the way of food. I often implored them, weeping, to spare something for the poor little children. I know what it is, myself, to go hungry for twice twenty-four hours.

While my father was in hiding in a cave that was not half a mile from our house, but of whose location I knew nothing, the weather grew severely cold. Miss Lincoln, the only mission-teacher there, a quaint old maid of forty, who had once been very deeply disappointed, and now gave her time and talents to teaching in the day-school, came over to our house one night. I, supposing it was the raiders, threw up my little window, trembling. Miss Lincoln stood there in the moonlight, a bundle of blankets and shawls.

"Dear child, do let me in; I haven't had a stick of wood to-day, and I shall perish if I don't get near a fire." I ran down and opened the door, and then I raked the coals. How they burned and glowed! and how she, trembling under her wraps, hovered over them in the wide fire-place!

"How much wood have you left?" she asked, wistfully.

I showed her my store; three slender sticks. "Just enough," I said, "to boil the kettle with in the morning; but I will put one of them on."

She would not let me, protesting that she was warm enough.

Morning came, and sunshine. I hoarded my three sticks, but they only lasted a little after breakfast. Colder and colder grew the day. Towards night it clouded up, and the snow began to fall. I dragged the children's beds down stairs, split up an old chair for firing, and covered them with all the bedding in the house. O, how cold it grew! Miss Lincoln and I dared not go to sleep, or could not. I kept a tallow candle burning.

Towards five o'clock in the morning, a party of raiders came along. They broke open the door, tumbled the poor little sleeping children on the bare floor, took beds, blankets, even the little girls' wee dresses, stockings and shoes, leaving the children sobbing in their night-gowns. With their spoils the men filled a large wagon and went off, telling us we ought to be thankful to escape with our lives.

It makes me shiver now, in this warm room where I am writing, to remember that day. We had exhausted all the dead branches, all the broken furniture—what should we do? Miss Lincoln went to the window.

"The timbers of the old log-house are loose," she said.

"But how can we move them?"

"We must do it or freeze," she replied. "We could manage, perhaps, to push one of the logs through the window, here, and on to the fire."

Animated with new courage, we went out into the frosty air. How we did it I cannot tell; it always seemed to me as though the angels helped us. Think of our moving a thick log nearly twenty feet long.

It took us hours, I remember, to raise it to the window; then with leverage, it was easier to get it on the fire.

It burnt slowly, but gave heat enough to warm our chilled limbs. I had wrapped the children in every thing I could find, old great coats, fur hats, moccasins, till we all looked like a party of Esquimaux. All night we were obliged to watch the stick that it might not communicate fire to the house. Miss Lincoln and I laid down on the hearth, and the good Spirit always waked us at the proper time.

This was after the raiders had carried off our axes and all the tools they could find.

At another time, driven by the cold, three Indian girls and myself, with Miss Lincoln, hunted up our old ox-team, yoked them, drove them to the woods, cut down two trees, with an axe we had contrived to borrow from the fort, hitched them with the ox-chain, drove them home in triumph, cut them up, and thenceforth our sufferings from cold were at an end. The wood lasted till May.

That was the way we had to do in the Cherokee country, during the late war. I have other incidents to tell you, some time.

GOOD COUNSEL.

A RHYME SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong;
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it do no wrong.
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight;
Prying is not wise.
Guard, my child, thine eyes!

Guard, my child, thine ear!
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil words come in
That may cause the soul to sin.
Wicked words will sear.
Guard, my child, thine ear!

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be.
Guard while thou art young,
Ears, and eyes, and tongue!

For the Companion.

IN THE MANGROVES.

A Tale of Ecuador.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

At the close of the second chapter of our story, we left the doctor and the Italian just as they had left their negro entertainers for the previous night, and were rowing their canoe up the broad river Cayapas.

They soon passed an Indian village, and the Italian wished to stay in order to study the manners and customs of this interesting people, but his companion deemed it most prudent to avoid their notice for the present.

On their return they could visit the Indians at leisure. Soon they met canoes; some going down the river, others fishing, but the occupants took little notice of them, and seemed to prove that the danger apprehended was all imaginary.

They now proposed to leave the canoe in charge at some village, and venture openly into the mountains, but objections presented themselves to this course. There was the package of implements, which they might indeed pretend were the professional instruments of the naturalist, but the gold—how was this to be carried away in any quantity without attracting observation.

It was therefore decided to hide the boat in some nook and keep clear of the inhabited places. On the left bank, the hills appeared higher and steeper than the other, and this, therefore, should be the side on which they would land.

They now met the current of the river, and were in fresh water, as was indicated by their slow progress and the absence of mangroves.

The doctor was fired with fresh ardor as he advanced towards his supposed mine of wealth, and his hands already itched at the prospect of shovelling the gold out of its rocky basin.

At noon they landed and dined on the provisions they had brought with them. During the afternoon they passed several Indian villages, but towards night, when the various sounds of birds and beasts from the jungle caused them to wish that this night, at least, might be spent in some human habitation, not a house was to be discovered.

The stream, also, was so full of rocks and snags, that navigation was no longer safe in the twilight, and they were therefore compelled to land in the forest and spend the night on the warm moss, with their guns by their side. Luckily it did not rain, and in spite of the noises about them, they slept soundly till morning. A council of war was now held. In the neighborhood where they had bivouacked was a convenient spot for hiding the canoe. It had also the advantage of being easily found, as here a small stream flowed down from the mountains.

They therefore agreed upon this as their starting-point, and having cooked their chocolate, and breakfasted, they set off in good spirits and with the feeling of perfect security, with their packages, of no slight weight, on their shoulders.

It was, however, no easy matter to make their way through the luxuriant vegetation, all of which seemed well provided with thorns. Sometimes their path was obstructed by a fallen tree, through which they had to cut their way.

It now began to rain, but indeed the bushes were before so covered with rain-drops that the travellers were already wet through. They continued to follow the little water-course, though it often took them through swampy ground. But as they ascended it became more rocky and steep, and long before noon, fully exhausted by the unusual exertion, they sank down to rest upon a broad rock near which a spring gushed forth.

Scarcely able to wait to recruit their strength with food, they began to examine the ground for traces of gold. While Torquato washed at the spring, the Frenchman probed with his knife between the rocks, but not a grain of the precious metal could be discovered, though the black sand in which it is often found was plentiful.

At last they gave up the search and followed one of the branches of the stream higher up into the mountains.

There was plenty of game in the jungle. Pavas, a small kind of turkey, were abundant. Apes also were numerous, but according to their notions, not fit to eat. This morning the doctor shot one of a herd of Tatabras, a species of wild hog, which gave them meat for so long as it would keep.

They had now no fear of the forest, for not a single snake had they seen, and the leggings were discarded as useless, and not a trace of a tiger.

In an adjoining valley, the upper part of which was covered with gigantic trees, Biguarris, Kendes, Robles, &c., and twelve different varieties of Palm, so closely as to exclude the light, they found abundance of quartz rock, and the doctor declared that they would find gold "here or nowhere."

Here then they agreed to erect their habitation. With great difficulty, for the bark is like stone, they felled two palms, the trunks of which furnished the beams, and the leaves the roof of their house. The leaves also made a comfortable bed, and with some they constructed a fire-roof, to place over their fire when it rained.

By night their habitation was ready, and they rested luxuriously, the darkness being illuminated by innumerable splendid fire-flies, which congregated near them, attracted by the fire.

The next day the gold-seeking began in earnest. First the sand or gravel was washed, but without result. Then they dug a large, square hole in the ground, as the doctor knew from his California experience that the gold mostly lies under the soil on the surface of the rock. At noon it began to rain, and the water collected in the pits, and had to be drawn out, but in spite of this they continued to dig till they were overtaken by the night.

The following day they continued their labors, and one minute grain, which the doctor found in the pan, filled them with new zeal. But their hole was soon worked out, and they must try another locality.

At night, as they lay on their palm-leaf couch, the Italian reflected that four weeks of such strenuous exertion in the plains would provide them with a cocoa-plantation, of which the profit was sure. But the sanguine Frenchman assured him that *when they had found the nest*, they would earn more in an hour than from a cocoa-plantation in a year.

The next day, however, the same success. A few grains of gold, indeed, they picked up, but scarce worth the trouble of pocketing. The fifth day was Sunday, and necessity made it a day of rest.

They shot, however, a Parrchi, a bird with flesh as tender as a Pheasant; a delicate Seyno and two Pavas.

This week they tried another place—with like result. Three weeks they toiled like slaves; their clothes began to rot with the constant damp, their guns were covered with rust and the Italian had long despaired of finding gold.

They could not remain much longer, that was certain. They had chocolate left for four days, their powder might last them a week, but worst of all, the salt began to fail, being turned into brine by the damp.

But the doctor insisted on making one more attempt before they gave it up. They had tried every likely place except the spot on which their rancho stood. Here an old bed of the brook seemed to afford such a good prospect of success that they wondered it had not attracted their attention before. If this failed them they would return to the negroes and purchase enough gold to avoid the ridicule of their friends in Esmeraldas.

For two days they labored in vain in this little basin, where gold would surely be found if anywhere. The doctor had made his last washing, and had resigned himself to his fate, when he was startled by the falling of some stones from the rock above, and looking up, he perceived the head of an Indian, who was watching them.

He called to Torquato, who sprang back at once to the rancho for his gun, but the Indian as instantly disappeared. The young, hot-blooded Italian soon scrambled to the top of the rock,

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but found only the fresh footprints in the gravel. He followed them to the edge of the jungle. There the brush and leaves were parted, showing where the Indian had entered.

Without hesitation the Italian plunged into the thicket, and pushed his way as rapidly as branches, thorns and the dense foliage would allow. Every few moments he stopped to listen. The cracking of branches was distinctly heard, and he followed on, with the desperate determination of capturing or of killing the native—for he felt assured that if the latter escaped, the whole tribe would soon be in pursuit of his companion and himself.

On went pursuer and pursued. But soon the Italian noticed that the jungle was nearly silent. Nothing but the hum of the forest and the sighing of the wind reached his ear.

Had the Indian stopped to attack him? Or had he found companions, and was waiting for his approach. Or perhaps he had climbed a tree, so as to hide and escape pursuit.

The young man paused. He did not care to be taken at disadvantage. Neither did he care to die just then by a poisoned arrow, and left in the woods to be eaten by wild animals. He called for his comrade. No answer. Should he press on. He looked this way and that, tried to pierce the dense foliage to see whether danger was before him—but in vain.

Just then an arrow struck a tree at his side. It seemed to come from some point above him. He raised his gun in the direction from whence the weapon came, and tried to push aside the foliage.

No dusky form of native, or of any thing else but green leaves and branches, could be seen.

Again the whir of an arrow fell upon his ear. The deadly weapon passed him and struck the ground just at his back, with such force as to be almost buried from sight.

The situation was getting uncomfortable. If he could have seen the enemy his courage would not have wavered, but to be taken at disadvantage, and shot at like a defenceless animal, was more trying to his bravery than he would have believed.

He stood still a moment. His heart was beating wildly, and his thoughts were not by any means so cool and collected as he could have wished. Should he retreat? If he did, his movements would show the enemy where he was, and he would surely be pierced by one of those fearful arrows. If he remained where he was it seemed almost as unsafe. The native or natives, might chance to hit him, for his position was evidently known.

As he hesitated, the voice of the doctor came clear and distinct through the jungle:

"Torquato, Torquato! Where is your hot blood carrying you? Come back, come back."

This reassured the Italian. Knowing that his companion was near, and could soon come to his rescue, he discharged his gun in the direction the arrows had come, and then beat a most ungallant and hasty retreat.

Another arrow whizzed after him. He escaped unhurt, but with a creeping feeling in his skin, as though the poison of the next discharge was likely to do its fatal work. With presence of mind enough to keep his gun in his grasp, he rushed through the thick jungle, and in a few moments, with his face, hands and clothes in a most forlorn condition, reached the open space near the rock that sheltered the hut.

Here he breathed more freely. He was brave enough to fight an open enemy, but his nerves were not equal to Indian skirmishing. The doctor's voice was now heard, and in a moment more the Frenchman made his appearance from the jungle.

"Well," said the Italian, "the rascals are on our track. The sooner we leave this place the surer we shall be of a Christian burial."

(To be continued.)

HOW THE CUD-CHEWERS FEED.

The *Western Farmer* remarks on the curious difference in the way the ruminant and non-ruminant animals take their food. Few of our readers, we presume, have thought of it or its possible design.

"Ruminating animals gather their food rapidly, give it a few cuts with the teeth and swallow it. It goes to an inferior receptacle, where it is moistened; this is very essential if it be dry hay. When the animal has filled himself, he masticates the food thus stowed away in his stomach, raising it cud by cud. When a portion is completely masticated, it passes to another receptacle, and the process of digestion goes on. Thus an ox left to himself, will raise and masticate all his food thus stowed away in his stomach. If he be pushed and worked hard, and does not have time to masticate, he falls off in flesh, his health is poor, his digestion incomplete.

"The horse, on the contrary, however much in a hurry he may be, must masticate each mouthful before he swallows it. A hungry ox, let into a meadow, will fill himself in twenty minutes, while a horse would want at least an hour and twenty minutes to take the same quantity of grass.

"The ox, deer, sheep, goat, chamois and rabbit, being the natural prey of ferocious beasts, are endowed with the extra stomach in which hastily to stow away the food without mastication. This may, perhaps, be regarded as a wise provision of nature, enabling them to sally forth where the food is plenty, and in a short time fill themselves and retire to a place of safety to ruminate their food at their leisure."

WRITTEN WORDS.

Little birds in little cages
Sing when summer birds are fled;
Little words on little pages
Speak when whispered words are dead.

In their cages what a treasure,
Often seem the little birds!
On their pages too what pleasure
Often flows from written words!

Family Circle.

For the Companion.

DEBBY'S LETTERS.

DEAR COUSIN NEL,—It is all settled, and I am really going to Washington. Uncle John is re-elected to Congress, and he promised me I should go with Cousin Anna and stay as long as I liked.

I'm just about half wild thinking of it, and only wish I was a little older. But I am only fifteen, and so small at that! People will call me a little girl. Papa always says, "Little girl, do this, or that," and I don't like to tell him not to.

I am having a black silk suit made out of mamma's old one, but it is such nice material that it will be quite as good as new for me. Isn't it lucky that a pair of gold bracelets and a set of pearls were among my Christmas presents? They will be the very thing to wear there.

All my girl friends envy me. Half a hundred have asked for letters already. I have promised to write to one of them very full and minute descriptions of every thing, and she is to pass the letter round. What a buzz it will make, to be sure!

I have been shopping, and with my limited means think I have done very well indeed. I bought a dress-hat and a common one, three pairs of nice gloves, to wear with three different colored dresses, a dozen fine handkerchiefs, and six sets of collars and cuffs. It seems to me they will last me all my lifetime.

I am just as happy as I can be, though Aunt Nancy will keep pouring cold water on all my pleasant anticipations.

"We mustn't never 'low our expectations to run so high," she says; "'cause there's nothing whole or perfect in this world. Now, may be, you won't have a bit of a good time, (you can see her turning the heel of her 'hundred and 'leventh' pair of yarn socks.) May be 't 'll rain, or you'll be sick, or somethin'. Don't b'leeve you'll like your Uncle John's second wife, either. I don't; she's an awful stuck up piece. She can speak French and Latin, and I've never no fancy for women folks that know so much."

Poor, narrow-minded Aunt Nancy! Although she enjoys my piano as well as the rest, I wonder if she remembers how long she fought against father's getting it for me.

Well, here I am almost at the end of my paper. I am very conscientious about my letters, and, fortunately for me, can always find enough to fill them with.

You remember pretty Sabrina Woodruff, who ran away from home and almost broke her mother's heart. She came back last week, having been gone two years. You can't think how faded she is, and how broken. I believe I never would dare to marry without the consent of my parents. Her husband proved worthless, and she and her little girl are at the old farm.

DEAR COUSIN NEL,—My last was from Woodstock. You see this letter is dated Washington. We arrived yesterday, and I sit down at my first leisure moment to tell you about it.

After we left Baltimore, it did seem as if Washington never would come in sight. We stopped a long time at the Relay House. Do you know I had always pictured a superb kind of building, with every thing in style about it; but it is, after all, but a common sort of wooden house, with a verandah running round it, and when we were there the space was filled with baggage and negroes, and every thing was ordinary and every day like.

How impatiently I waited to catch the first glimpse of the Capitol! At last I saw it, gilded with the rays of the setting sun, a temple of beauty, white as the light and fair as the day; its pillars, its sculpture, its myriad windows, its crowning statue, made me so enthusiastic, that even Cousin Anna said, "Hush, they will think we came from the country."

After that, the usual vociferations and waiting for baggage, and we were on the world-renowned avenue, and bowling along towards our new home.

Uncle John never goes to hotels, if he can help it. Having made all the arrangements, we were set down in front of a handsome furnished house, and felt as if we were entering home. For a few moments the place seemed swarming with black people. There was Jake, the porter; Nixy, the girl who is to wait upon us; Hannah, the chambermaid; Eph, the errand boy; and aunty—I don't know her name—the cook.

I am enjoying every thing, notwithstanding the grim remembrance of Aunt Nancy's melancholy forebodings. The weather is almost like spring, the sun shining delightfully; every body looks happy, and it is pleasure enough just to sit at the window and see the grand equipages go dashing by. That of the British Minister passes every day, the servants in livery, of course, and the ladies very plainly dressed.

I have been on Pennsylvania Avenue. It is a sight to see on a bright day. Senators, Generals, officers of the cabinet, the President himself, very good-looking, but small. I sat next to Vice-President Colfax, going down in the cars, yesterday. He has one of the best faces I ever saw. Right opposite was Mr. Boutwell, and to crown this trio of distinguished personages, Senator Sumner, like a grim, elderly Apollo, sat towering above them all in the corner.

Aunt Nancy says, in a letter just received, that poor Sabrina's little child is dead.

DEAR COUSIN NEL,—Well, I am fairly on the tide. Cousin Anna and myself have worn our best silk dresses and our Honiton laces, at Mrs. Grant's first reception.

It was very crowded and of course exceedingly *distingue*. We had not only a good opportunity to see Mrs. Grant and some of the leading ladies of Washington, but could go through most of the lower part of the White House.

The East room is, no doubt, very grand, but it did not impress me as particularly splendid. I suppose because it is so vast, and every thing is in set, state order. It was more like some grand Masonic Hall, to me, at first sight, but on going round and taking closer notice of the furniture, the fine silk reps, heavy damask curtains, and elaborately worked lace draperies, I saw what lavish expenditure had been made to make the place worthy of both President and people.

And now you will ask me how I like Mrs. Grant.

I looked at her, unseen, for a long while, noticed the courtesy with which she received, and felt my hand ache in sympathy with the constant grasping, if not shaking of hers. I really cannot tell you that the wife of the President is beautiful, or even pretty. But there is a sweet, good motherliness in her face, that will wear better in the long run than beauty. She looks very much like her father, with whom I conversed for a few moments as I sat beside him on the sofa. She is quite short, dresses well, is polite, and seems to put more heart into her receptions than I think most women would.

No longer ago than yesterday, I attended the receptions of Mrs. Colfax and Mrs. Fish. Mrs. Colfax I have met twice before, at the pleasant reunions of Hon. H. King, and she is just one of the sweetest women you ever saw. Quite near, she is pretty; to me, has fine eyes, a smile almost as sweet as her husband's, a gentle voice, a kind manner, and pleases everybody.

Mrs. Fish is the leader of fashion, here, and is very accomplished. She certainly dresses beautifully, and, I am told, can speak several languages with fluency. The different foreign ministers and their wives like to visit her, and one always sees a sprinkling of them there.

It is late in the evening, and I am quite tired, or else I would tell you more. Aunt Nancy, who is, as you know, my *bete noir*, has written me again, and she said she had just come from poor Sabrina's funeral. Alas, what a sad career! Beautiful and wilful at eighteen, believing in one whom her parents could not trust; undutiful, disappointed, deceived, dead.

Good-night, dear cousin. DEBBY.

FUNERAL OF A BEE.

A correspondent of the Glasgow *Herald* transmits the following: "On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. While walking near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing with them the defunct body of a comrade, with which they flew for a distance of twelve yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downwards, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two little stones, doubtless 'in memoriam.' Their task being ended, they paused for about a moment, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then they flew away to their hive."

THE NEW SPANISH KING.

The Spaniards have a new King, who is meant to be the first sovereign of a new dynasty in Spain. Whether he will found a dynasty is a point that will be determined by the events of the future.

This new sovereign is Amadeo, commonly called Amadeus, second son of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy.

He was born on the 30th of May, 1845, his mother being a daughter of an Austrian Prince, Ferdinand III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was married to Victor Emanuel II. when he was only heir-apparent to the King of Sardinia. Thus the Spanish sovereign is in his twenty-sixth year, the very flower of youthful manhood.

His full name is Amadeus Ferdinand Maria, and he bore the title of Duke of Aosta. He married, in 1867, the Princess Maria, daughter of Prince Charles Emanuel. A son born of this union is now heir-apparent to the Spanish throne. This boy Prince is not quite two years old, and so can have no idea of his position,—and whatever he may prefer in the future, would now rather have a whip or a whistle than all the thrones in the world.

The Spaniards overthrew their late monarch, Isabella II., in the autumn of 1868. She was the last of the Spanish Bourbon sovereigns, the Bourbon dynasty having ruled over Spain ever since November, 1700, the last year of the seventeenth century. She was, too, the last of the Bourbons who sat on a throne, the French Bourbons and the Sicilian Bourbons having been previously dethroned.

For more than two years the Spaniards tried to get a king. Their throne was offered to several persons, but in vain. One person accepted it, but did not get it, after all. That was Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern, whose acceptance of the offer made him, was one of the occasions of the war between France and Germany.

Toward the close of 1870, the Spanish Cortes, or Congress, made choice of Prince Amadeus, and that gentleman accepted the place to which he had been chosen.

The vote in the Cortes was not unanimous, but a majority of all the members, and more, supported the election of the Italian Prince. There are 345 members, of whom 193 voted for him, or just 20 more than the number necessary to elect him; for though only 311 voted, it was required that at least 173 should support him, that being the smallest number that could constitute a majority of the entire Cortes.

The other votes were given for the Duke of Montpensier, for the Duke of Victory, (Espartero,) and for a number of other persons. Twenty-seven members voted for a republic.

A commission of twenty-five members was sent to Italy, to inform the Prince of his election. He went to Spain, and entered Madrid on the 2d of January, 1871. He has taken the oath of office, and is now "King of the Spains,"—for there never yet was any such personage on earth as the King of Spain, though it is common enough to hear such a personage mentioned.

Will King Amadeus keep his place? He may, but the task of keeping it will prove a difficult one. He is opposed by Carlists, by Isabellans, and by the supporters of the Duke of Montpensier; and by the Republicans. So he has a hard time before him. But he is a man of sense, tact and judgment, far beyond what might have been expected from one of his years; and he strives to do his duty, and to show that he does not regard his post as a mere place, for holding which he is paid.

This is having a good effect on the Spaniards, and he may become a popular and powerful monarch. For the sake of Spain, which needs quiet and a good government, let us hope he may prove successful.

THACKERAY'S PICTURES.

The ability to sketch a landscape or a human face, or put a scene or an idea in pictured form on paper is one of the most gratifying of all accomplishments, and one which every one could find frequent and delightful use for. The Legislature of Massachusetts last year bore witness to the importance of this art by making it a law

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that drawing should be taught in the common schools. The eminent author, Wm. M. Thackeray, was skilful with his pencil as well as his pen, and his cousin says of him, in a recent English magazine:

Thackeray's mother told my own mother that when her son thought of being a painter he used to lie awake for hours conceiving pictures—he could conceive, but he could not execute, he said. The executive brilliancy of his literary works, the extreme elaboration and finish one recognizes therein, he seemed to achieve with less trouble than would have been necessary in the pictorial department. But when he found that his pen would not serve him well, he informed me that he was in the habit of sketching those little illustrations which we find in his books. "They are a great relief to my mind," he said; "I can always do them."

"MOTHER."

The word first formed by the lips of helpless infancy is often also the last breathed from those of the dying. The soul, which comes fresh-winged from God to its first earthly friend, thinks last of her before returning to Him who gave it.

Beneath a Southern sun a fierce battle was raging. Side by side two brothers fought bravely. Suddenly a bursting shell scattered its messages of death around. One of the brothers was carried to the hospital, alive and conscious, but terribly and fatally injured. As he felt his strength fast ebbing away, he signed to a chaplain standing near, and said,—

"I won't trouble you to write for me, you have so much to do. Will you tell Henry to *take good care of mother?*"

The chaplain hesitated. How should he tell the dying man that the same swift messenger had come to both, and his brother now lay dead on the battle-field? His looks told the fact all too plainly to the anxious questioner. In a voice full of anguish he cried,—

"Is Henry dead? O, he is dead, too! Who will take care of mother? She is a widow, and we were her all. We wanted to do something for our country, and though she could not bear to part with us, we came. Now who will take care of her?"

As the chaplain turned aside to hide his emotion, the dying Christian soldier recovered the faith, which for a moment had seemed to waver. With joyful voice and upturned glance of perfect trust, he exclaimed, "God will take care of mother," and instantly expired. Ah, thought the chaplain, there is a reality in the song, "Who will Care for Mother, now?"

The same chaplain stood by the couch of a soldier dying of malignant typhoid fever. Gently lifting the damp locks from a high and noble forehead, already chilled by the icy hand of death, he thought he heard a faint whisper. Gentle as was his touch, it was felt by the dying man, who had been lying with closed eyes in a deep stupor. Bending low to catch the words, he heard only, "Mother! mother!" from lips which the next moment were forever sealed.

AN EASTERN TERRITORY.

We have already placed before our readers a number of facts calculated to show what is a *Territory* in the American technical sense of the word.

All the Territories of which we wrote in the article referred to, are parts of our Western dominion. It was impossible that it should be otherwise, for no such thing as an Eastern Territory has existed for a long time.

The last Territory known in the Eastern part of the Republic, or Union, was that of Florida,—and Florida has been a State ever since the year 1845, or thereabouts. But now we have an Eastern Territory to speak of, and quite an interesting Territory, too,—being, in fact, a Territory made out of that District of Columbia in which the capital of the nation stands, and where that capital has stood for more than seventy years,—a long time for any thing to endure in this country.

A bill has gone through Congress to convert the District of Columbia into a Territory,—and it is said the President will sign the bill at once.

According to the provisions of the bill, the new Territory will have a Governor, who will be appointed by the President of the United States, and be confirmed by the Senate. He must be a resident of the District, (or Territory,) and have resided there at least a year.

The Territory will have a Legislature, and we suppose it will be allowed a delegate in the United States House of Representatives, whose chief business it will be to look after its local affairs as connected with congressional action.

This change will not confer any large amount of power on the Columbians, as we may call them; nor will they, like the inhabitants of other Territories, be growing into the condition of a State. The District of Columbia never had a large area of land, and the Territory of Columbia will be smaller than the District was for many years.

The District of Columbia came into existence as the result of one of those political bargains of which so many have been made by parties in America. The capital of the nation was a travelling capital for the twenty-four years that followed the Declaration of Independence — for sometimes it was at Philadelphia, and at others at New York; and than at Annapolis, or Trenton, or Princeton.

In 1790, it was provided that, on the 1st of November, 1800, a district of territory on the river Potomac shall be taken for the capital of the country,—and that the city thus to be made to grow out of what may be called swamps, and low lands, should be the permanent metropolis of the United States.

The territory thus taken consisted of one hundred square miles, of which Maryland contributed sixty miles, and Virginia forty miles. All this territory, ten miles by ten miles, was formally ceded to the United States.

This arrangement was effected for the benefit of the South, and it was the price paid by the North for Southern votes in aid of a financial scheme in the success of which the North was deeply interested.

The bargain was duly fulfilled. Washington, in the District of Columbia,—as the ceded territory was called,—became the capital of the American nation in 1800, and has remained so till now, all efforts to change the arrangement made in 1790 having failed.

In 1846 the territory that Virginia had ceded to the United States was given back to her, and for a quarter of a century the District of Columbia has consisted of only three-fifths of its original size, and of only old Maryland territory,—and such is the new Territory of Columbia, which cannot aspire to become a State.

TO LAY OUT A GARDEN.

Queer as it may seem, our advice is not to lay it out at all. That is, not in the usual fashion of funny little beds cut into fanciful shapes—hearts and rounds, like gigantic seed cakes.

Leave all that to those wealthy people who keep a gardener, and prefer the stiff and prim to the simple and natural.

If you wish to lay out the little patch you call your flower garden, pause and consider what you expect from it. If you want cut flowers, and are not particular as to the shape of the garden, set all the plants in rows thickly together, only leaving sufficient space between them for convenient walks.

If you prefer a show, and are not anxious to cut a great many flowers, set the plants about in groups or clumps, according to your fancy. Set the tall ones in the middle, and the low ones on the outside. To make them even more showy, leave wide bare spaces, or spaces covered with low running vines. By this means your visitors can stand at a proper distance to view your work. As no one attempts to stand too near a fine picture, so he should have room to view the garden picture at a proper distance.

A better way than either of these is, to cut out of the grassy patch or lawn before the house, rings, diamonds, squares, or other patterns, and fill them thickly with flowering plants. The contrast between your brilliant flowers and the wide spreading grass will be very fine.

A POLITE HORSE.

We must certainly judge that politeness is increasing in the world, when we find that even horses are setting us a good example. A correspondent writes:

"Going one day to a worthy deacon's for dinner, I went with him to the stable to provide for the wants of my horse, which, as I consider, is as much entitled to his dinner as I am myself. Before installing my steed, the deacon turned out a pair of sprightly ponies, and told me to watch their performance.

"In the yard was a well, the bucket of which was hanging on an old-fashioned sweep. One of the ponies led the way to this well, and reaching up to the pole, brought it down with his teeth. Dipping up a pail of water he set it on a shelf inside the well-curb, and then waited till his mate had drunk before helping himself. Sometimes he would even draw two buckets for her in this wonderfully gallant manner. What man can be rude, when brutes are so polite?"

GRACE AGUILAR.

The gentle author of "Home Influence" was as lovely in her death as in her life and works.

It is reported of Grace Aguilar, that for some time prior to her decease she lost the power of speech; but having learned to use her fingers in the manner of the deaf and dumb, almost the last time they moved was to spell upon them the sentence, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

THE COLDEST BATH.

Boys don't *always* "come out ahead" in performing college tricks. Here is a good story of Jim Bradshaw's shower-bath that beats the "Turkish," and nearly every other kind:

When we were in Adams College, the President, who was a rigid disciplinarian, insisted that every student should be in the chapel on the ringing of the bell, at six o'clock, winter and summer. It was not so hard to do this in the summer, but in winter it was an affliction to rise from a warm bed and plod through the snow, as they often had to do, to attend morning prayers.

It occurred to Jim Bradshaw, after a jolly evening spent with some students, that he would freeze up the bell. "For," he argued, as he muddled over the matter, "if there's no bell, there'll be no ring, and consequently—I'll freeze it up."

It was a bitter cold night, and he thought that if he could only *set* the bell and fill it with water, it would freeze as hard as marble before morning.

His room was near the belfry, so he arose, and, without dressing himself, seized a bucket of water standing in his room, and started for the stairway. To raise the bell, so that it stood upright like a tumbler, and tie the rope to a baluster, was the work of a minute, and then he ascended to the belfry with his bucket of water, to complete the experiment.

The midnight air blew keenly around him, and he shiveringly filled the bell, but chuckled at the trick he was playing the President. He started to come down, but just as he got beneath the scuttle, the rope by some means became loosed, the bell followed with a clang, and the whole of the intensely cold water poured down upon Bradshaw, who sneaked into his room with a cooler head than he had when he went out.

MACHINE POETRY.

Here are three specimens—take your choice!

POETICAL.

There oust was two cats in Kilkenny,
And aich thought there was one cat too many;
So they quarrelled and fit,
And they gouged, and they bit,
Till excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there warn't any.

MORE POETICAL.

Lake Leman or Como, what care I for them,
When Maine has the Moosehead and Pongokwahem;
And sweet as the dews in the violet's kiss,
Wallahgosquegamook and Telesimis;
And when I can share in the fisherman's bunk
On the Moosetuckmaguntick or Mol'tunkamunk?
'amunk, 'amunk,
Or Mol'tunkamunk,
On the Moosetuckmaguntick or
Mol'tunkamunk?

BOTH POETICAL AND PRACTICAL.

An old gentleman of the name of Gould, having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend, to inform him of it, and concluded it thus:

"So you see, my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with old Gould."

To which his friend replied,—

"A girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true,
But believe me, dear sir, it is *Gold* without *U*."

A FUNNY DUEL.

An exchange relates the following instance of a bloodless duel in old times, when antagonists did not generally get off so easy as in this case:

Two gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard and the other a German, having rendered the Emperor Maximilian II. many services, they each, for recompense, demanded his daughter Helena in marriage. The prince, who entertained equal respect for each of them, could not give the preference to either; and after much delay he told them that, as they both had equal claims to his attention and regard, he could not give his definite consent to either of them to marry his daughter, and that they must decide it by their own strength and address; but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either or both by suffering them to fight with offensive weapons, he had ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who should be successful enough to put his rival in it, should obtain his daughter. This extraordinary duel took place in the presence of the whole imperial court, and lasted nearly an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, the Baron of Talbert, when he had put his rival into the bag, took him on his back and placed him at the feet of the Emperor, who, on the following day, gave the victor his daughter Helena in marriage.

DOUBTFUL.

A gentleman writing to a recently bereaved widow a letter of condolence, said,—

"Your husband was a dear friend of mine, and I am deeply pained to hear that he has left us for a better land. His companionship was very dear to me, and I am sadly grieved to think I shall never see his face again."

NOTHING costs less, and nothing purchases as much, as a kind, respectful, courteous and agreeable treatment of others.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

CHARADE.

Who will open wide the portals
For this pilgrim drawing near?
Listen while he tells his story;
'Tis a tale both sad and clear.

First he whispers of the torture,—
Not the burning, nor the rack,—
But of cruel lash, descending
On an innocent sufferer's back.

Then he tells us of the thousands,
Starving, dirty, naked, cold,
Who would gladly share a little
Of the miser's hoarded gold.

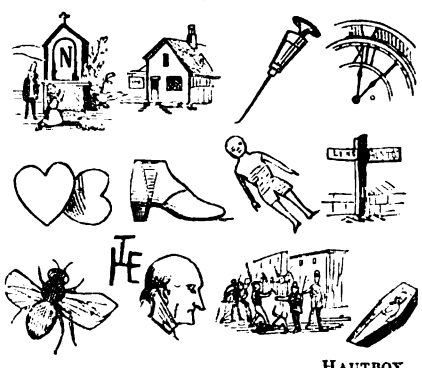
Pity them, ye listening children!
Give a little of your store,
"He that scattereth, increaseth;
He that giveth, hath the more!"

Now the pilgrim getteth ready
For the yielding up of life;
Leaves his story to his children,
And his wanderings to his wife.

So his testament he maketh,
Closing with a mournful wail;
Would you know his name? You'll have it
When you've heard aright his tale.

X. Y. Z.

2.



HAUTBOY.

3.

WORD SQUARE.

To pronounce imperfectly.
An image.
A tune.
Agricultural implement.

CARRIE HALL.

4.

CONCEALED ANIMALS—(*reading backwards*).

In the spring many rivers overflow their banks.
He sent me a box of books.
I took my fishing tackle with me.
Please go down and get me some water.
Hear the hens cackle.
Gen. McClellan was called little Mac.
Bonaparte was kept in Elba some time.

JO COSE.

5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A groove.
2. One who fishes.
3. A color.
4. A bird.

The *initials*, reading downwards, form the name of an animal; the *finals*, the name of a bird. VULCAN.

6.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 13, 6, 8, 12 is a creeping plant.
My 15, 10, 4, 1 is to defeat.
My 2, 14, 11, 7, 5 is a species of water-fowl.
My 9, 6, 15, 3 is one of the elements.
My whole was a patriotic saying during the rebellion.

Conundrums.

What is that which no one wishes to have, but after we once get it we would not part with it for the world? A bald head.

What is the difference between Mont Blanc under a cloud and the capital of China? The one is a peak out of sight, and the other is a Pekin, (peak in.)

Which two of the Presidents were fruits? The Adamses were a pair (pear), though one of them was Quincy.

What belongs to yourself, and is used by every body more than yourself.

How many balls of string would it take to reach from here to the sun? One, if it was long enough.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Pon-chart-rain. 2. Ostrich.
3. "A stitch in time saves nine."
4. Last, Ache, Shoe, Teem.
5. "Come in, my scholars." 6. Bonnet.

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For the Companion.

GRANDMOTHER.

She is lying, fast asleep,
In her Sunday cap and gown;
Bells are tolling, slow and deep,
In the town.
Sunny fields and sunny wood
Are so quiet, far and near,
That the bells seem almost rude,
Echoing here!

Overhead is naught but blue.—
All so still, that Jem and I
Wonder if 'tis Sunday, too,
In the sky?
In a circle, hushed and still,
Hearing prayer, the neighbors stand;
Jem and I sit on the sill,
Hand in hand;

And we hear the pastor say,
With clasped hands and earnest face,
"Friends, she went home yesterday,
By God's grace."
But she does not hear or stir,
Only lies there with a smile;
Nothing seems to trouble her,
For the while.

Her gray hair is smoothed away
Underneath her cap's starched band;
And she holds a white bouquet
In her hand.
After all the prayer is done,
She is shut from warmth and light,—
Carried forth—through shade and sun,
Out of sight.

Jem and I would follow too;
But the pastor tenderly
Lifts us—now the bells are through—
To his knee.
Comforts us with kindly cheer;
"Little ones, you must not cry!
You can go to her, from here,
If you try."

And Jem whispers, very low,
As the pastor turns away,
"Did he say that we might go
Any day?
We will take some spearmint sprays
And some tansy leaves as well;
Grandma liked 'em, summer days,
For the smell.
I am sure she'll let us stay!
We will start to-morrow morn—
Somebody must know the way
Where she's gone!"

MISS H. R. HUDSON.

BOY MARTYRS.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," gives an affecting account of the execution of a boy-preacher, named Hugh M'Rail, in the dark days of Claverhouse and the persecuted Covenanters.

This youth possessed an enthusiastic nature, a fine education and great personal beauty. He had said, in a fiery discourse, what was figuratively true, that the people of God had been persecuted by a Pharaoh on the throne, and a Haman in the State.

For this he was arrested and put to torture. His leg was put in a strong wooden case, called a boot, and wedges were driven between his knee and the frame until the limb was crushed. He bore the torture with fortitude, without uttering so much as a sound of complaint.

He was then condemned to be executed. He met his fate triumphantly.

"I shall speak no more with earthly creatures," he said, "but shall enjoy the aspect of the ineffable Creator Himself. Farewell, father, mother and friends—farewell, sun, moon and stars—farewell, perishable earthly delights—and welcome those which are everlasting — welcome, glory — welcome, eternal life, — and welcome, death!"

The spectators wept. The superintendent of the execution, noticing the effect of these dying ejaculations on the assembly, caused the drums to be beaten and the trumpets to be blown.

The most impressive scene of youthful martyrdom of which we ever read, is described by Motley, in his "Dutch Republic:"

In the next year Titelmann caused one Robert Ogier, of Ryssel, in Flanders, to be arrested, together with his wife and two sons. Their crime consisted in not going to mass, and in practising private worship at home. They confessed the offence, for they protested that they could not endure to see the profanation of their Saviour's name in the idolatrous sacraments. They were asked what rites they practised in their own house.

One of the sons, a mere boy, answered, "We fall on our knees and pray to God that He may enlighten our hearts and forgive our sins. We pray for our sovereign, that his reign may be prosperous and his life peaceful. We also pray for the magistrates and others in authority, that God may protect and preserve them all."

The boy's simple eloquence drew tears even from the eyes of some of his judges; for the inquisitor had placed the case before the civil tribunal. The father and eldest son were, however, condemned to the flames.

"O God!" prayed the youth at the stake, "Eternal Father, accept the sacrifice of our lives, in the name of thy beloved Son."

"Thou liest, scoundrel!" fiercely interrupted a monk, who was lighting the fire; "God is not your father; ye are the devil's children!"

As the flames rose about them the boy cried out, once more, "Look, my father, all heaven is opening, and I see ten hundred thousand angels rejoicing over us. Let us be glad, for we are dying for the truth."

"Thou liest! thou liest!" again screamed the monk; "all hell is opening, and you see ten thousand devils thrusting you into eternal fire."

Eight days afterward the wife of Ogier and his other son were burned; so that there was an end of that family.

Happy Sunday school scholar, pursuing your way to the sanctuary amid the smiles of all good people, did you ever ask the question, "Would my faith have stood firm amid persecutions like these?" Did you ever look back upon such dark scenes and think how mercifully the blessed Christ is answering that prayer of the ages, THY KINGDOM COME?

HOW VANDERBILT BEGUN HIS FORTUNE.

The following account of "Vanderbilt's start," or how the great steamboat millionaire set out on the road to riches, informs us that instead of working hard for years till he earned success, he had substantial help in his youth, and jumped into a position by good luck, as we say. In the incident given below, which seems to have determined his destiny to wealth, he showed more pluck, than consideration for the rights of others:

Vanderbilt's own statement of his first real success is this: He was a young man on Staten Island. He was master of rowing. He was athletic, strong and daring. One night a stranger came to the landing, and wanted to be rowed across to Gowanus. The night was dark and stormy, and the wind blew a gale. Not a boatman could be found who would leave. The landlord said, "There is nobody who can row you over but Corn Vanderbilt,"—for so he was called. It was doubtful, he said, whether he would do it.

Vanderbilt was found, and in answer to the request, replied, "It's pretty rough, but if you'll give me ten dollars, lie down in my boat and not stir, and do just what I bid you, I'll try it."

He rowed the man over and back in safety As soon as he landed on Staten Island the stranger said, "Young man, how would you like to run an opposition steamboat?"

"Nothing would suit me better," was the reply.

"Have you pluck enough to obey orders?" said the stranger.

"I have," was the response.

"Suppose I was to tell you to run into a steamboat, what would you do?"

"Run into her."

The bargain was sealed amid the storm, that night, on the island, and Vanderbilt entered on his well known career as a steamboat man.

The spirit of his reply to his passenger's question has appeared ever since in the peculiar daring of his business transactions. The character of a "successful" man is apt to take impression from the character of the chance which set him going; but the true manhood is that which has for its motto, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

MARRIED MELICAN FASHION.

A happy looking Chinaman, with a well-dressed tail hanging down to his heels, followed by a robust specimen of the Flowery Kingdom, with her hair dressed *a la* fan-tail pigeon, went to a justice's room in Virginia City to be married American style, or in Pigeon English, "Melican" style.

"You have got license, John?" asked the judge.

"Yes, me hab got," answered John, "me got one cote housee, one law man, me heap catchee license."

"Well, you want me to marry you Melican fashion?"

"Yes, likee all samee one Melican man."

"You got any wife now, John?"

John, astonished. "No; me no hab got one wifee. Me likee catchee one wifee; me likee hab him," pointing to the almond-eyed female at his side.

"Are you married?" asked the judge of the woman; "you got one man?"

"No; me no got one man. Me one man in China country—he came die one time."

"Well, all right. What's your name, John?"

"Me namee Su-u-ung Fung."

"What? Some Fun?"

"No; me namee So-u-o-ung Fu-o-ng."

"O, Sing Fung! Well, what's her name—the woman's?"

"Who, him? Him namee Ho-ye Go-ye."

"Hoy Goy! All right; you stand up here. Take here by the hand, John. No; stand this way. Not that hand, this hand. Now, John, what's your name?"

"Me-namee Su-u-ung Fung."

"Now, John—Sung Fung, you take this woman—what you call her name, John?"

"Callee him Ho-ye Go-ye."

"You take him, Hoy Goy, to be your wife, and promise to keep her heap good, give her plenty of rice to eat, no kick her, be good man all time, hey?"

John—You bet me good man, judge. Me no kick him plentee.

Judge—Now, you here, Hoy Goy, you take him to be your man, be one good wife to him all time, no run away, cook him rice all time—bet your life?

Hoy Goy—Me one good woman, cookee um ricee, no lun away all the time, stay housee allee time—bully wifee me.

Judge—All right. Me plentee power; me big mandarin—two swordee man—me tellee you all one piecee—one piecee man, one piecee wifee. Plentee fix, all done. John, cash, John, money?

John paid up, but was so pleased to find himself married "Melican" fashion that he sent out for wine and glasses and treated all hands. After this was over the pair started out for Chinatown, remarking, "*Hi yang chin powe sung te pin chin tow-ee ling!*" as they went, which probably meant that they were highly delighted with the "Melican" marriage ceremony.

HORSEBACK FISHING.

This may be made a more exciting sport than fishing afoot, as the following amply shows—The narrator writes from the north-western part of Lake county, Ill., to a Western paper, the *National Life Boat.*

At daybreak we mounted the ponies, and were soon trotting over the ice with spear and axe. The lake was dotted in all directions with dark spots, which on closer inspection proved to be gulls and crows feeding on the carcasses of the dog-fish (*amia calva*) thrown away as unfit for food.

Fox Lake has long been known as a fine fishing resort, and the thoroughly American mode of fishing from a sleigh or on horseback has attracted attention. The sleigh is, perhaps, the most comfortable, as a stove is fitted up in the front, and the fisherman, wrapped in his furs, toasts his feet between times.

We dismounted at the first series of lines. The signal showed that ten of the hooks had been visited, and after cautiously breaking the thin ice over the fishing-holes, we pulled out five pickerel and two bass, the former struggling fiercely, but the latter dead. It is a well known fact among ice fishermen that the black bass (*grystes nigricans*) often die of fright after being hooked.

Leaving the fish to freeze on the ice, with a red blanket near them, to keep away the gulls, we mounted and hastened to the next lay-out of lines over in the cove. Thousands of gulls are constantly hovering over the ice and display great cunning in watching the fisherman. They swoop down behind one's back and in a few seconds destroy with their strong beaks the finest fish of the bay. Their mournful cry continues all day and into the night; making the ice-fields gloomy indeed.

Again we had luck. The noble game floundered on the ice in all directions. Excitement ran high. Flushed with success, we shouted, and laid wagers as for the largest fish! Twelve pickerel, three pike, three bass, and several perch and trouts, made up the morning's catch of seventy-three pounds.

Fox Lake opens into Nippersink Lake, lying to the south and west; and the latter joins Pistaque Lake south. On the north is Grass Lake, the four showing an unbroken sheet of ice with ample room for hundreds of fishermen, who enjoy this sport from December till April.

Some two hundred persons are engaged during the winter; and the annual catch aggregates nearly one hundred thousand pounds. The fish when taken are frozen and buried in the snow, where they will remain fresh for several weeks. In extreme weather the fish freezes stiff in a few minutes, which does not destroy its life, and in this condition they may be kept two weeks, and when thawed out quickly with water, show life and animation the same as if they had never taken their cold sleep.

Sometimes the fishermen of these interesting ice-fields have huts, fitted for quite a lengthy residence, and moved on runners from place to place. The bait they use is mostly small "prickly perch," whose spines are so barbed and stiff that frequently a pickerel is drawn out of the water by these alone.

ANECDOTES OF CATS.

A Western paper says:

A favorite cat in Pike county, Ill., was lately left in a sitting-room, after the family had retired, and at 12 o'clock it set up a most outrageous caterwauling. The noise, says one of the family, was continued for several minutes after he awoke, and a family council was held as to what was the matter with the cat. 'Twas a bitter cold night, and it was decided if the cat could stand it we could—for awhile at least.

Just then the cat came directly to our bedroom door, and, with renewed and terrific power, sent forth her cries, accompanied by a scratching on the floor. Thereupon our better-half declared that she would see what the cat wanted.

Opening the door, she found the stove door open, a quantity of coal fallen out upon the zinc beneath the stove, the stove pipe red hot, and the chimney on fire. Immediately on her coming out the cat became quiet, and had nothing more to say. Proper measures were taken to avert the danger of the fire, which, we think, but for the cat's alarm, would have occurred. Can a cat reason? We say yes, and, further than that, our boy Dan's cat can outreason any other cat in the State."

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* relates the following anecdote:

"My brothers and myself were one day roaming over the fields, amusing ourselves by turning over logs, flat stones, etc., to find field mice or meadow moles, as we called them. On turning over a log we found one of those round, soft, skilfully constructed nests with which every country boy is familiar, and upon tearing it open discovered five little bare, helpless mice, not yet able to crawl.

"We concluded to take nest and mice to the house as a feast for our favorite cat. Upon placing the little creatures on the floor before her, expecting to see her eat them at once, imagine our astonishment when, instead of devouring them, pussy, with that peculiar caressing purring heard from cats when calling their young, commenced licking and petting the little things. She then laid down on her side and pushed them up to her body with her paws, exactly after the manner of cats with their young kittens. The whole family were called to witness the strange performance. After a little time we left them for the purpose of eating our dinner. Pussy then placed each of them on a bed to which she had access, where they were found about an hour afterward."

A sea captain living in Bristol, R. I., had a favorite cat which he took with him on making a long voyage to sea. Arriving in the harbor one winter evening, when the bay was margined with ice, the captain was compelled to wait until morning before going on shore. The cat was more fortunate. She left the ship and went to the town. Finding the door of her old home closed, she climbed to the roof and entered the house through the chimney. She appeared much delighted at meeting the family in the morning after her long voyage. Her appearance was the first intimation that the family received of the ship's return.

I HAVE THAT PEACE.

"Put me down," said a wounded Prussian at Sedan, to his comrades, who were carrying him; "put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any further; I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, "Can I do any thing for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you, I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the 12th chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse which begins with 'Peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man. "I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I want no more."

These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with Him he loved.—*Exchange paper.*

A pious Methodist soldier had an arm shattered on the old battle-field of Fontenoy. They offered to take him out of the battle. He said "No. I have an arm left." There came a ball and shattered the other arm. "How is it with your soul, my poor friend?" asked a comrade. "I am as happy as I can be out of Paradise."

"MY NINETY-SECOND WAISTCOAT."

We remember a young fop in college who used to put on a new suit for almost every hour in the day, and we suppose there are people left yet—and of the masculine gender, too—who delight to change their dresses so often that they can do very little else. It is a consolation, however, that there are always enough others who delight to make them ridiculous. "Beau Hickman" tells a New York *Standard* reporter how he came by the name of "Beau":

"I was a cotemporary," he said, "of Henry Clay; had the honor of being born down near where he was. I'm not what I was, though; that's a fact. I used to be a great beau with the ladies at White Sulphur Springs—well, let me see, about 1830. There was an upstart there, some count or other, called the 'beau of the season.' I said it was a shame to America to have to import our dandies. The afternoon I got there, just before dinner, out on the verandah, where every body could hear him, he called out to his valet,—

"'Here, Jim, bring me my ninety-second waistcoat for dinner.'

"Then I called out, louder yet, to my boy, 'Bring me my one hundred and ninety-second pair of pantaloons and my fifty-sixth coat.' He bolted by the next evening's train. That's the way I came to be called 'Beau.'"

VENTURED TOO FAR.

The suicide of a boy ten years old, at Newcastle, Ind., the other day, says an Indianapolis paper, is a singular instance of the way in which curiosity affects young persons. He had a happy home, kind parents, and a good mind, and there was no earthly cause why he should seek death. But a suicide having been committed by hanging near his home, he was seized with a morbid curiosity to try the method himself and see how it felt. The result was death. Whether his arrangements were defective, or whether he lost consciousness and was unable to stop the experiment when he thought it had gone far enough, cannot, of course, be told now, but his sin, for it was a sin, was terribly punished.

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For the Companion.

THE FIRST LETTER.

Have you a canary as yellow as gold,
Mixed in with geraniums, lilies and roses?
I have, full of song as its bright throat can hold;
And he eats, and he sings, and he drinks, and he dozes.

'Twas a present from grandma, who blesses our hearth
With her ripe, gentle wisdom, her smile, soft and sunny.
Have you got a grandma, not too old for mirth,
Who laughs with the wildest and nicknames you "Honey"?

I think she's the prettiest picture to see!
Her white hair just curls, and her cap is so dainty!
She sits at the east window, opposite me,
She's knitting some mittens for Dotty and Sainty.

Now Dotty is just a blithe, dear little girl,
Have you got a sister much like her, I wonder?
Her eyes are not blue, and her hair doesn't curl;
But there's no sweeter darling the wide heavens under.

And Sainty, he's one of the good sort, you know,
We're all just a wee bit afraid of St Harry,
But still, he's a very fair boy, as boys go,
And he seldom refuses to fetch or to carry.

And mother—she's beautiful! O, and so good!
But Biddy does fret her—she's cook in the kitchen;
And John, we keep John just for errands and wood;
And puss-cats and dear little kitties we're rich in.

Aunt Nelly is down from the country, to-day,
And my two little cousins, one Joe and one Kitty;
Papa brought them here in a great double sleigh,
And they think it so splendid to come to the city.

But how I have wandered! I meant to confine
My letter to Dick—from the island of Camelly,
That's off in the Indies, where palms grow, not pine;
And I see I've instead, introduced the whole family.

M. A. D.

For the Companion.

THE NEW BROTHER.

One night Charlie went to sleep, as usual, in his little crib, which always stood close by his mother's bed. The next morning, when he awoke, he found himself, crib and all, alone in Aunt Jennie's room.

Charlie didn't know what to make of such a proceeding. He sat up and stared around a few minutes, and then he began to scream. Aunt Jennie came running up stairs to see what was the matter.

"I want my mamma," said Charlie; "I want my mamma to dress me."

"Listen to me, little boy," said Aunt Jennie. "Dear mamma is sick, so Charlie is going to be very good and let me dress him."

Charlie looked as if he wasn't quite so sure of that, but Aunt Jennie brought his clothes and began to tell such a funny story that he had them all on before he had time to think much about it. The story lasted till he was all ready to go down stairs, when it came to a sudden conclusion, and Aunt Jennie let him ride down to breakfast on her arm.

When he had nearly finished his breakfast, his Aunt Jennie said, "Now you are going to be my little boy till mamma gets better, and I want you to be real good, so she can get well fast."

"Are I going to sleep in your room?" asked Charlie, looking rather sober.

"Yes," said Aunt Jennie. "You didn't know what a nice ride you took in your crib last night, did you?"

"How was it?" asked Charlie.

"O," said Aunt Jennie, "your papa lifted one end of the crib and I lifted the other, and away you went."

Charlie laughed. "And now," said Aunt Jennie, "if you will be very quiet and good, I will take you up to see mamma a few minutes. She has something wonderful to show you. You never would guess what it is, so you needn't try, but I know you'll like it."

So she carried him to his mother's room and lifted him up to give her a good, sweet kiss. Then his mamma told him to peep into the bed. Charlie looked, and there, close by her side, lay a dear little baby, asleep!

He was so astonished he couldn't say a word. He looked at the baby and then at his mother, with such wide black eyes that his Aunt Jennie laughed. "That's your little brother," said she. "How do you like him?"

"Is it, mamma?" asked Charlie, eagerly.

"Yes, dear," said his mother, "he is your own dear little brother. Are you glad?"

Charlie nodded his head decidedly. He reached out one fat forefinger and touched the baby's cheek. "He's pretty soft," said he.

Aunt Jennie showed him its little hands and its tiny pink toes, and Charlie examined them with great delight. But in a little while Aunt Jennie carried him down stairs again, promising that if he was a good boy he should stay longer to-morrow.

Charlie talked about his little brother nearly all day. His father asked him what he would like to have the baby named. Charlie thought a long time and then said he "thought Samson was a good one." His auntie had been reading to him in the Bible about Samson. His father laughed, and said he thought mamma could find a prettier name than that.

In a few days Charlie was allowed to see his little brother very often. He liked to stand by nurse's knee and look at the baby as she held him. But Charlie didn't like to have the baby's neck so weak.

"Hang up your head! hang up your head!" he would say.

One day he told the baby "a story." He said, "When I get big 'nough to sharpen bean-poles to plant you'll be big 'nough to pick up the chips; and when I get big 'nough to take papa's gun and shoot crows and foxes, you can run and pick 'em up."

Baby winked and scowled up his little pink forehead, as if he understood all about it.

Now Charlie had a bad habit of crying when any thing displeased him, but when the baby cried, Charlie didn't like him. "Go back to heaven," he would say; "you don't look pretty."

"Should you like to be sent away every time you cry?" asked his mother.

Charlie looked sober. He had never thought how disagreeable he was himself when he was naughty.

"You must be very good and help me teach your little brother," said mamma.

"Yes," said Charlie; "because he's little and I'm ever so big! I'll try." And he is trying.

A NOBLE BOY.

A little boy was one day suddenly stopped by some of his schoolfellows, and ordered to climb a tree and rob Widow Benson of her pears. The boy immediately and indignantly refused, and was struck a violent blow on the head. He still cried, "No!" Other blows followed, but with no better success. In the midst of his suffering he bravely faced his persecutors, crying out, "Do what you like to me, but you shall never make me steal!"

"DASH," THE BUTCHER'S DOG.

Mr. Wilcox, of Liverpool Road, Islington, London, has a clever little dog named "Dash." On week-day mornings he may be seen at the shop-door, waiting for the "news-boy," from whom he receives a copy of the newspaper. Instantly, "Dash" carries the paper to his master in the parlor. He, however, declines to give up possession of the paper until a piece of bread and butter is presented in payment of his services.

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For the Companion.

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND WORMS.

Long ago, in the days of my childhood, I remember a little plaided silk dress, the first I had ever owned, and the wearing of which was accompanied by such rustling, and smoothing, and general prinking, that a wise grandmother decided the time had come for Dr. Watts' "Hymns for Infant Minds," I think it was, and one verse only has kept its place in my memory:

"How proud we are! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
These very coverings long before."

What part or lot a worm had in my silk dress was the instant question, answered then by bringing from the old cabinet a pale yellow cocoon, and telling me the soft fuzz which covered it could be and was spun like flax or cotton, and then woven into silk.

That silk dress and sundry others wore out as years went on, but my old interest in the material still remained; and when, not long ago, a friend in California determined to experiment in silk culture, I watched eagerly for the letters which gave details of the progress made.

I should like to tell you the whole story of their journey to Los Angelos, which you can find on your maps; the queer little house which went up by piecemeal, as lumber could be obtained, and the funnier box of a kitchen, in which a Chinaman was established as cook.

Then came ploughing up of the great plain, in the rich earth of which one hundred thousand small dry sticks were planted. In four months they were a foot high, and bore leaves large as one's hand, and now, the mulberry cuttings having done their duty, it was time to think of the worms.

By telegraph came the message, "Ten ounces of worms on the way. Look out for them."

Now as each ounce contained forty thousand worms, you can, after a moment's figuring, see precisely why I began with such a creeping, crawling title, and you can also think how the owner of the ten ounces felt as he walked home with this lively package under his arm.

It was opened with some inward dread, but courage rose at once, as sheet after sheet of white paper unfolded, showed only the delicate lilac-colored eggs scattered closely over the paper. At once they were carried to the cocoonery, where frames of closely woven lattice work, under glass, had been waiting for them many days.

A few hours under the genial sunshine, and thousands of black, squirming little animalcules lifted their polished heads, feeling about for something, this something proving to be a tender mulberry leaf, on which they fastened at once. How they ate, each one taking in many times his own weight in leaves before the day ended!

Each hour brought to light new hundreds of the busy feeders, which, after three days of constant feasting, took a nap of twenty-four hours, waking up of a deep ash color, and with an increase both of size and appetite.

Five such naps and five such increases mark the life of a silkworm, and in the last stage, when full three inches long, the sound of the numberless jaws at work, is like the falling of rain on glass.

Thirty-eight or forty days from the time of hatching, feeding ends, and the little wagon, which has been kept constantly busy carrying loads of leaves from the plantation to the cocoonery, goes into retirement for a season.

Each worm looks about for a place on which to climb, and as bundles of twigs or straw are placed over him, selects his own spot, and ascending quickly, for five days busily weaves his winding-sheet. Once complete, the cocoons are placed in the sun for a few hours till the chrysalis within is stifled, and are then ready for sale, save those which are reserved for another harvest of eggs. The longest and finest are chosen for this purpose, and laid carefully on sheets of white paper.

Within twelve or fifteen days from the time the cocoon begins to form, a pale gray moth bores her way out, and shortly lays her eggs, averaging from two to three hundred. These are hung up to dry where sun cannot reach them, and once dry, can be kept for months in glass bottles, set in a cool, dry place.

So far, these facts apply only to California. If I were giving you a history of silk, I should have begun with China, where it was first discovered; but for all that, you may look in the Encyclopædias, which will tell you all you want to know. HELEN C. WEEKS.

VARIETY.

A CITY FIRE IN 1635.

The superior arrangements of the modern fire department, where steam-engines will heat up and throw cataracts of water in ten minutes after the first alarm, are shown forcibly enough by contrast with what were in use two hundred and forty years ago, in no less a city than London.

A curious account of a fire which happened in London in 1635 is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1824: It appears to be extracted from a quarto volume entitled "A Record of the Mercies of God." "A fearful fire began in the Biggs' house. It burnt his house and the next; but Biggs, his wife, child, and maids escaped. The fire could not be quenched until it had consumed all the houses from St. Magnus to the first open space.

"There was water enough neere, but it could not be come at. Conduits were opened, and pipes cut open, water swept down with broomes; but it was God's will it should not prevaile; for the three engines, though excellent things, did not prosper; they were all broken. Some lost their lives.

"The fire burnt fiercely all night and part of the next day, till all was pulled down; yet the timber, wood and bales could not be quenched all that weeke (Tuesday, the 19th of February); for I was there myself, and a live cole did burn my hand and fingers. The ladders were broken, to the hurt of many. Legs, arms, ribbes were broken. At the beginning of the fire, as I lay in my bed, I heard the crying for "water! water!" I arose about one of the clock, and looking down Fish Street Hille, and did behold so fearful and dreadful fire vaunting itself over the topps of houses, like a captaine flourishing and displaying his banner, and seeing so much means, and little good it did, it made me think of the fire the Lord threatened Jerusalem with for the breach of the Sabbath day. The brewers brought abundance of water in their draies, which did good.

"Had the wind been high, I think the whole city would have been endangered, for in Thames Street there is much pitche, tarre, rosen, and oyle. Therefore, as God remembers mercy in justice, let us remember thankfulness in sorrow."

DEAR-BOUGHT EXPERIENCE.

Bitter experience is valuable, but sometimes it is chiefly so because of what it cost. This was finely put by a returned Western veteran.

Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, in a late speech at Milwaukee, said: "I was standing by one of our Wisconsin regiments when mustered out, when it finally broke ranks in the streets of Milwaukee. I shall never forget a brief conversation I heard between a citizen and one of the soldiers who had just stepped out of the ranks. After the ordinary salutations, 'Well,' said the citizen, 'well, John, you must have seen a good many tough sights?' 'Yes,' said John, 'I would not sell what I have seen for a hundred thousand dollars, and I would not see it again for a hundred millions.'"

A PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

I shall tell you how it vas. I put mine hand on mine head, and there vas von pig bain. Then I put mine hand on mine pody and there vas anoder. There was ver much bains in all mine body. Then I put mine hand into mine pocket, and there vas nothing. So I jined mit de temperance. Now there vas no bain in mine head. The bains in mine pody vas all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and there vas twenty dollars. So I shall stay mit de temperance.

WHAT CHANGED THE HORSE?

A horse in Framingham, formerly driven in a meat-cart, was bought by his present owner at a very low price, because reputed vicious. He would bite, rear, kick, run away; was utterly uncontrollable.

Soon after changing masters, the people who had called the purchase a foolish one, were surprised at the difference in the horse's conduct. He would go fast or slow, as desired; stop instantly at Whoa! follow his master, come at his call, and rub his head on his shoulder. What had made the change? Not force; the poor horse had been beaten, kicked, and starved before, and grown more and more stubborn. No; but he was well fed, well bedded, well watered; not overdriven or overloaded; never whipped, kicked, or scolded. Kind words were given him, and now and then an apple or a lump of sugar. No gentler, safer, more faithful horse went on the road.

But, Indian fashion, he forgot neither benefit nor injury. Occasionally, when in harness, he saw his former master. Then, invariably, all the fire of his nature was roused. His eye rolled, he champed his bit, and showed an intense desire to get hold of his enemy. Only the voice and caressing hand of his *kind* owner could quiet him. What a power is kindness—the power that even the Almighty loves best to use!

KEEP EVERY THING IN ORDER.

Gen. Garfield, in his eulogy on the truly great man and soldier, Gen. Thomas, said:

His remark to a captain of artillery, while inspecting a battery, is worth remembering, for it exhibits his theory of success: "Keep every thing in order, for the fate of a battle may turn on a buckle or a linch pin." He understood so thoroughly the condition of his army and its equipment, that when the hour of trial came he knew how great a pressure it could withstand, and how hard a blow it could strike.

Perfect preparation is the best of rules—in peace as well as in war.

AN ANTIQUATED ANIMAL.

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day the man went to a horse dealer, who showed a splendid black horse. The horse hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel. "I don't want him," said he; "he's thirty-two years old." He had *counted* the teeth.

A KITTY-CHISM.

A little boy, returning from Sabbath school, said to his mother, "This cat-e-chism is too hard. Aint there any kitty-chism for little boys?"

Experience in Sunday school work teaches that these *kitty-chisms* are text-books greatly needed.

A WAG said of an egotistical writer, "Somebody should take pity on his readers, and put out his I's."

WHEN Sir Walter Scott was urged not to prop the failing credit of an acquaintance, he replied, "The man was my friend when friends were few, and I will be his now that his enemies are many."

A cow belonging to Mr. Levi Irish, of Appleton, Me., a few days since reached out her tongue to gather in the hay in front of the horse, when he took it in his teeth and bit off three and a half inches of it. The cow had to be killed.

THE night editor of a daily paper wrote the head line to one of his cable dispatches, "The British Lion shaking his Mane." He was unable to eat his breakfast next morning when he found the printer's version of the matter staring him in the face, thus: "The British Lion skating in Maine."

BIG WEEDS.—In the Antarctic Seas there are sea weeds which have stems about twenty feet high, and with a diameter so great that they have been collected by mariners in those regions for fuel, under the belief that they were driftwood. They are as thick as a man's thigh.

A LOUISVILLE boot-black, assailed by a comrade with the remark, "I say, Jack, 'f I's you, I'd be ashamed of myself, picking up old second-hand chaws terbacker!" retorted, "'Tend to your own business; I guess this is good enough to learn on."

Nasty habits never begin clean.

A HAPPY youth in Connecticut has three living grandfathers and six living grandmothers, making nine grandparents. His grandfather, grandmother, great-grandmother and great-great-grandmother are living in the same family. Next door live his grandfather, grandmother and great-grandmother, and within a mile live his great-grandfather and a third great-grandmother.

ALPHABETICAL RIDDLES.—What letters do we like green?—P.'s.
What letter do dustmen recognize?—D.
What letter is most useful to cattle?—A.
What letter speaks for yourself?—I.
What letter smacks of honey?—B.
What letter suits sailors?—C.
What letter do the uneducated ignore?—H.
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

THE NUTTING PARTY.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

"Very well, Charley," said Mrs. Grey, "you may have the party on one condition."

"Hooray!" shouted Charley. "All right, Matty! All right! We're to have the party."

"I said on one condition," said Mrs. Grey, catching him by the sleeve as he was rushing off. "That Jack is to be fastened up securely until it is over."

"Of course, mamma. What in the world would a monkey do at a party?"

"A great deal of mischief, no doubt. You'll fasten him up, then?"

"Yes, ma'am, certainly," and away went Charley, to talk over the grand event with Matty. He found her in the barn, hunting eggs. She ran with the basket into the kitchen and they both set off into the woods to look out the best trees for the next day's frolic. There were plenty of nuts, and they were quite ready for gathering.

"Won't the boys have fun?" said Charley, stumbling over a fallen tree in his joy.

"And the girls. You're going to have girls?" said Matty.

"Well, I suppose so. I didn't think about them. They're not much account for any thing, but they can come. Yes, we'll have girls, if you like, Mat."

"They can all come out from town in the noon train, mamma says, and spend the afternoon in the woods, and we'll have tea about six. So they can get comfortably back home before night," said Matty, with a little nod of her head. She was an old-fashioned, precise, motherly little thing. "Let's make out a list, Charley. Mamma'll send in the invitations this afternoon."

"All right. There's Bob and Jim White"—

"Stop! stop till I get my paper and pencil. I do hope they'll all come."

"O, no fear of that. They're all ready. I gave them a hint of it last week. But how about the supper? Cakes, and candies, and all that? At Joe Forsyth's they had"——

"Never mind, Charley. Mamma'll see to that. She's gone to set Ann to work at a big pound cake, now. It'll be a very different supper from any at Joe Forsyth's, I know," with a toss of her head.

"O, very well. I didn't know," said Charley, rather cowed. "Go on with your list. By-the-by, did you know Jack isn't to be invited? He must be shut up in the barn."

"Jack!" gasped Matty. "Why, Charley! The girls all want to see Jack more than any thing in the world. It's just as if we had a menagerie. He has to be shut up?"

"Yes." Charley began to kick the bark about, gloomily. "It'll disappoint the fellows awfully. Suppose you go and talk to mamma about it? Hello, here you are, are you?" he exclaimed, as Mr. Jack came scrambling down from the tree overhead, and perched on his shoulder, listening as though he understood every word.

Matty, however, composedly finished her neat little list of names. "I'll go show it to mamma," she said, holding it up for Charley to see where she had written at the bottom,—

"*And if you please, mamma,—Jack.*"

"It won't be of any use, I'm afraid," Charley said, shaking his head.

It was of no use. Jack had ruined too many of the children's plans for pleasure for Mrs. Grey to risk any thing on his good behavior now.

Every body who knew the Grey children knew the monkey which their sailor uncle had brought them two years ago, and had heard of his mischievous pranks. He was the greatest attraction of the many that made the farm a perfect harbor of delights to all the boys and girls of the school in town.

But Mrs. Grey resolutely shook her head. "Jack must go to the barn," she said.

"I'd try and keep him with me," pleaded Matty.

"The boys 'll be awfully sorry," grumbled Charley. "I don't want to have a party without Jack. Jack's just like my brother."

THE NUTTING PARTY.

"You remember when the children were here on Matty's birthday that 'your brother' nearly scratched little Jenny White's eye out? No, Charley. No Jack, or no party."

There was no help for it. Early on the next morning Jack was to be locked up in one of the empty granaries in the barn, where all kinds of provision were to be made for his entertainment. In the meantime every body was particularly kind to him. Even Ann, the cook, had a pleasant word for the "poor baste."

Jack seemed to know that he was somehow under the ban, and was unnaturally subdued and quiet. He took up his station on a top shelf of the pantry and watched Mrs. Grey and Ann closely, while they made the big frosted cakes and great pans full of cookies and jumbles. Now and then, as she took a smoking tray of them from the oven, Ann threw one up to him, which he caught and tucked out of sight, according to his habit. Jack never would eat when any body saw him.

The next morning was just what a nutting day ought to be, clear and cold, with the sun shining down through the half-bare branches on the heaps of brown leaves below—and the melting red and gold leaves overhead. Jack was carried to his prison in a solemn procession by Charley, and Matty, and Pete, the colored boy, who made it as comfortable as circumstances would allow. Pete brought out a bag of ginger snaps for him and hung it out of his reach, while Jack sullenly eyed it.

"What do you put it there for?" asked Matty.

"'Cause den he got to climb for um, an' he'll have de satisfaction of thinking he done stole um. Him's a reg'lar thief, Miss Matty."

Matty was not sure it was quite a Christian mode of treating a thief. "However, any thing to make him happy," she said.

Long before noon Charley and Matty were dressed and on the lawn, waiting for the first sound of the whistle from the train. Pete, gorgeous in his Sunday suit and red neck-tie, had marshalled every basket to be found on the place in a row on the porch.

"Why, you'll have nuts enough to provision an army, Pete," said Mr. Grey.

"Yes, sah," gravely. "'Vision de army; spect so, sah."

Whiz-z, came the far-off shriek of the engine, and in a moment the train thundered up, and out swarmed about twenty boys and girls on the platform, down in the hollow, running up the slope to the house, their red and blue dresses glancing bright in the sun.

"Hurrah! hurrah! Here they are!" shouted Charley.

"Hurrah!" shouted the boys back. Pete gave a wild war-whoop and rolled neck and heels down the hill. Matty and the girls chattered, and kissed, and laughed all at once.

"Wasn't it splendid?" and "Wasn't it jolly?" and "Where were the nuts?" and "The train stopped so long at the last station they were quite sure it was not going on at all," and "Where was Jack?"

Charley was struck dumb at that, and when Matty told what had happened, there was a sudden gloom over the whole party, as though an exceedingly wet blanket had flapped in their faces. But in a moment every one had a basket and they were off with whoops and hollos down into the woods.

For an hour or two they climbed, and pelted, and cracked, and ate. Nothing could be better; and then came a sudden pause. There was an enormous walnut tree, full of nuts at the top, which not one of the boys could reach. Even Joe Small and Fred Young, who could climb like squirrels, shook their heads and gave it up. Now there were plenty of other walnut trees, but they all stopped and looked disconsolately at that one, precisely because it could not be climbed.

"It's too bad!" cried Charley.

"Golly! Look a dar!" shouted Pete, and suddenly something jumped on Joe Small's back, and from that to the tree and then up to the very topmost branches, and began to pelt the boys with the nuts.

"Hooray for Jack!"

"Broke jail! Broke jail!" The boys danced and shouted.

"I ought to go and tell mamma," said Matty, sorrowfully, and started to the house.

"Hurry up, Jack! The police will catch you," cried the boys. Jack dashed down the nuts, swung by one paw and then another, leaped and chattered in the wildest excitement, keeping one eye fixed on the house. Presently Mr. Grey was seen coming down the steps with Matty. The children all turned to look at him. "Poor Jack!" they said, looking back to the tree.

Poor Jack was gone!

Where, nobody knew. Whether the ground, or the tree, or the sky had swallowed the cunning creature to hide him, there was no telling. Gone, he certainly was. Mr. Grey laughed with the rest.

"We'll hear from Jack before night," he said.

But Jack had disappeared utterly, and though the boys searched the whole woods through, nothing more was seen of him.

About six o'clock, Pete came out on the porch swinging the big dinner and tea bells, one in each hand. As soon as the boys heard that, they found that they were ravenously hungry, and started to run, and then every boy remembered what his mother had said when he left home, and they all walked in so quietly and politely as to astonish themselves.

There, in the dining-room, blazed a great fire, and on the supper-table a dozen wax-lights. There were chicken, and ham, and tongue, and cold turkey, and warm cakes, and every thing that hungry children could fancy or dream of.

When they had finished their supper, even down to little Molly Young, who sipped so long at her white tea that the boys cast savage glances on her, the table was cleared, and a mysterious whisper went around, that now "the party" was to begin. In came Ann with an enormous pyramid of ice-cream.

"We had pink," said Joe Forsyth, scornfully. Charley's heart sank to his boots. But the next minute it went up again, for Ann appeared triumphant with another great pyramid, red at the base, pink in the middle and coffee colored on top! Joe Forsyth was dumb.

Ann went out again. "Cakes," "candies," the children whispered, and then looked solemnly at their plates, as though cakes were the last thing in their heads. Mrs. Grey waited, spoon in hand. Betty went out and stayed with Ann. Mrs. Grey began to look anxious. Pete went out and stayed with Betty. The children began to look anxious.

Mrs. Grey touched the bell. There was a shuffling and loud talking without, and then the door opened, and there stood Ann with the remains of two great frosted cakes on a tray, all broken and clawed into bits.

"Plaze, ma'am, it's all that's lift!" she gasped. "The small cakes is clare gone, and the candies upset in the pickle tub! I put 'em all on the panthry shelves and locked the door myself."

Pete was behind her, his black face almost pale with fright. "Golly! I bet it's dat ar Jack!" he said.

"We will do the best we can," said Mrs. Grey, quietly helping the ice-cream. But the children were too much excited to taste it as they gulped it down, and when Mr. Grey said, "Come on, police, and find the robber!" they all rose simultaneously, and followed in a body.

"I locked the door and bolted the winders, and they're shut yet," said Ann.

"He had hidden himself in the pantry before you made sure," said Mr. Grey.

The pantry was a scene to weep over. The bits of broken cake and frosting lay thick on floor and shelves. In an empty salt barrel they found the cookies and jumbles which he had stored away for his future use.

"The mizzable, thievin' niggah," whined Pete. "Dar's enough goodies spoiled dar to feed a Christian all de winter."

"And here's flour in my sieve, and the pie-board out that I washed an' put away, and a lump of dough made with the salt brine," cried Betty.

But where was Jack? Out of the pantry he could not have got, and in the pantry he certainly was not, so far as human eyes could tell. They looked on the shelves and under the shelves, and in cupboards, and drawers, and behind the door, and up on the ceiling.

The boys stood open-mouthed with wonder and even Mr. Grey was puzzled.

"I'll see what the baste has done to me flour-barrel," said Betty, going to peep in, and then she jumped back with a scream, for out of the flour, white from head to foot, crept Master Jack, one of Betty's aprons tied about his waist and a rolling-pin in his hand. He had been improving the lessons he learned yesterday.

Such shouts and screams were never heard. Even Mr. Grey laughed till the tears came to his eyes. The more Betty scolded and Pete growled, the more delighted were the boys, while Jack stood on the edge of the flour-barrel, whining, and rubbing his eyes, and winking with fun. In the middle of it all the whistle of the train sounded, and they all had to hurry away.

"I'm so sorry the party was spoiled!" said

L M Hosford Oct70

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Charley. But all the children cried out that Jack was worth all the candies and cakes in the world, and they never had so much fun in all their lives.

For the Companion.

THE WIDOW VON BLOM.

Good Frau Von Blom set off from her native land with a sturdy husband, two fine boys, six feather beds, two chests of clothes, and three hundred dollars. She and good Hans had desired, for many years, to be land-holders, and cow-holders, and pig-holders, and they were wise enough to know that the best way to accomplish this was to emigrate to America.

But alas for poor Hans, he never became either land-holder, cow-holder, or pig-holder; he never even caught a glimpse of the shores he had dreamed of so long and so hopefully. One evening, as he and two comrades were leaning, pipe in mouth, over the side of the ship, watching "the fires burn on the water," he lost his balance and fell overboard. As he was very solid, he went to the bottom like lead. Boats were lowered and the speed of the great ship was slackened, but it was of no avail. Hans was never seen again.

Of course the widow wept bitterly, for he was a good husband. The captain, to comfort her, said, "Madam, if you want to go back to your friends, I'll take you, free of charge, on my return."

"What!' cried the new widow, in her own tongue, "you want me to go back, after all my trouble to get here? O no. Because one man's dead is no reason why other folks shouldn't do as well as they can for themselves. Look, I've got these boys to care for."

After awhile they landed at New York, and our thrifty "frau" had scarcely touched the shore before her mind was made up to stay in the great city, instead of going West, as they had intended.

She at once hired a little garret, into which she stored her six beds and two trunks. After a good dinner of beef and cabbage, she took her sons and set off for the suburbs, where she heard land could be hired for market gardens, and before she slept her plans were all made for life!

The next morning, before the sun was up, she had bribed "an early bird," of the genus "cartman," to transport her goods, with herself and family on top of them, to her little hovel on the extreme outskirts of the great city.

A certain Patrick Keeny, for whom the police had proved too much, had, with his wife, just vacated these premises for new ones on Ward's Island; and our sturdy frau found her garden all planted to her hand by him!

It took her some little time to clean the premises to her mind, for she and Mistress Keeny held different views on such matters. But she did it most thoroughly, even to scouring every slat on the hen-coop and fence, and every board of the pig-pen. And after this was done she dashed pail after pail of water over all, till the little shanties might have gone swimming, so determined she was to be clean.

Then she took a few pieces of gold from her great bag, locked her door, and left little Karl outside, by way of a watch dog, and went forth to buy her furniture. Twelve dollars did it, and there was no lack of table, chairs, bedsteads, pots, kettles and pans, or of a tiny charcoal furnace, with which to cook out of doors.

And she did more than this in the hour she was gone. She induced the furniture man, through a Dutch boy, who, having come in on an errand, acted as interpreter, to hire little Hans for two dollars a week and his board, as she had nothing for him to do, for, added she, "The great enemy gets hold of idle boys."

Before Hans knew where he was, he had a master, and she was off to her new home without him.

She had trained these boys not only to obey their parents, but also to obey everybody else who had the least control over them; and she left Hans with these words: "Do what this man tells you, and do it as long as he tells you, and come and let me know on Sunday if he's a good man."

The new master had a large, airy cellar, filled with cheap goods, and in it was a great quantity of bedstead slats, which were too long and too rough to be used. So, after a noble dinner, he set Hans to work sawing them off and smoothing them; a job which seemed to please him greatly, for he laughed and talked very fast in Dutch, not a word of which his master understood.

At tea time he was again called into the kitchen, and then the man and his wife went out to spend the evening at a neighbor's, forgetting all about him. As the servant girl could not talk Dutch, she went up to her room and left him to himself.

After ten o'clock the good people came home, and went up two flights of stairs to bed, concluding that the girl had shown poor Hans to his room.

They had just dropped asleep when they were awakened by a tremendous crash, as if the walls of the house had fallen in. They rose and looked from the window into the street, but all was calm and quiet there. Then they looked out at the rear window, and then were startled by seeing a bright light shining from their cellar windows into the yard.

The good man went down, followed by his wife, and there, to their surprise, stood the new boy with the huge pile of slats lying all about him, where he had brought them down by mistake, working as vigorously as if it were but noon day! He had four lanterns, which he had found in the shop, and had filled himself, to light up the dark place!

The master talked fast and loud in English, and the boy talked faster and louder in Dutch; while the good woman seeing her husband's mistake in not giving him directions to stop work at nightfall, stood still and laughed heartily.

Hans thought the man was blaming him for not doing more, when he pointed to the finished slats and tried to apologize by rubbing his sleepy eyes and talking Dutch, which only made matters worse.

Feeding people well, will make peace whether people can understand each other's words or not. That shows them that we mean they shall live and thrive.

The master of little Hans knew this; and after putting out all his lanterns, he took him up into the dining-room, where his wife spread before him all the nice things she could find in her pantry. She had a real mother's heart, although she had no children of her own; and she could scarcely keep back her tears when she saw the poor fellow so cheerful and good-natured, though working till almost midnight. She stroked his shoulders and arms, and said, with a pitiful tone, "Poor boy, tired."

Hans at length understood that he was being pitied, and kept saying that he was not tired. If you'd seen the supper he ate you would have believed that he was hungry, whether he was tired or not!

When he was satisfied, his kind master led him up stairs to a neat little room, and at sight of the bed the poor fellow laughed outright, and cried "*Gute! gute!*"

Before he left him, his new friend made one effort to do him good, by pointing upward and saying, in a solemn voice, "God is in heaven." A deep solemnity fell on the boy's face, and he replied, "*Ya, Gott ist in himmel.*"

The next morning Hans was early at the bright tools, which seemed to have a magic charm for him. He made himself so useful about the store, and picked up the language so rapidly, that his master could not spare him even when his mother would have been glad of his help with the vegetables, which were now ready for market. He raised his wages very soon, and the good widow concluded she could get on with little Karl.

Mr. Patrick Keeny had concluded, on the whole, that he cared less about being a landholder than a whiskey-drinker, and reflecting on the sea of whiskey which his bit of land and his shanty would buy, he walked out, when in a sober mood, and made our little Dutch widow an offer, at which even speculators would have jumped!

"Me speak English vera gut, so you no cheat me," she said. "I give you one five dollar afoo dis witness-man, my neighbor, dat you will sell for what you say, and let me pay you every year, von five hundred dollars, till he all pay up; and me go ask minister, where my boys be Sunday school."

Pat took the five dollars, and sat on an upturned butter tub, in the shadow of his old home, till the widow returned, out of breath, with haste.

"Ya!" she cried, "the minister say I may buy, and he send good man to write paper for yous and for mes."

The bargain was made; and as fast as the little widow went up, poor Patrick Keeny and his wife went down!

This family wrought hard and were prudent, but they were not selfish. They always had a loaf or a pillow for a wanderer, whether a countryman of their own or not, and the blessing of "the diligent" rested upon them.

Central Park was cut in a way which left the widow Von Blom a front view of it; and her land rose so rapidly that she has since sold it for a large price. The brown stone mansions which are now rising there, do not look much like the shanty she bought from Patrick Keeny.

She no longer carries vegetables to the market-men in bags, on her shoulders, but has a neat little place farther up on the island, which her sons take care of, and the produce of which they bring to the city with two fine horses, while their mother raises garden flowers and sweet herbs as her part of the work.

Suppose, when poor Hans was drowned, his widow had sat down in despair and lived on her three hundred dollars and her feather beds while they lasted. Where would they all have been to-day?

How comfortable many poor people might be if they had a quarter part of the energy of little Widow Von Blom! J. D. C.

MY LITTLE LADY.

Daintily dressed
In her Sunday best,
Walks my little lady.
Her frock is white, and worked all round;
Her sleeves with bonny bows are bound;
A sash as blue as summer skies,
Yet not so blue as her sweet eyes,
Clasps my little lady.

Such fairy shoes, so small and neat,
Are made to hold her tiny feet.
Her socks are worked, so tight and trim,
And softly clasp each mottled limb
Of my little lady.

Her hair beneath a string of pearls
Escapes in golden, shining curls;
The pearls are of the rainbow's hue,
Her curls like sunny beams burst through;
Bright little lady.

With many a blush and many a smile,
That tell of a heart so free from guile,
But show forth a touch of pride the while,
Daintily dressed
In her Sunday best,
Walks my little lady.

For the Companion.

WHY SHE KEPT HER.

"Do you want a girl, ma'am?"

Mrs. Jackson shook her head and shut the door.

"She's rather good looking," said Miss Belinda, the maiden aunt. "Tipsy, though, like as not. I'm sure she don't walk straight."

"I do need a girl of about her age," said Mrs. Jackson; "but I can't take one from the street. I was just thinking of going to the intelligence office, but I believe I'll wait till to-morrow."

Still the girl's face haunted her. It was an ordinary looking face, with honest eyes. The cheeks were pale, and she feared through suffering. Sometimes she wished she had taken the girl in and questioned her.

Presently Vine Jackson came in, a bright, wild-eyed, gypsyish face, laughing under its crimson hood, almost always laughing, but to-day a little darker and more pathetic.

"Mother," she said, "there's a girl just about my age, sitting on Dr. Low's steps. She looks strangely, and the boys are making fun of her. I spoke to her as I passed, and she cried, in a loud whisper, 'I'm starving.' Mother, she looked frightful."

"Go and tell her to come here," said Mrs. Jackson, "and take her into the kitchen and give her food."

"Lud, Roxy," said Aunt Melinda, "I do b'lieve you'd hev all the beggars in creation if they come here. The creeter's a thief, like's not, and just wants to find the way to the spoons."

Vine had gone out for the girl at once. She was no longer sitting on Dr. Low's steps, but Vine saw her leaning against the corner house, as if too weak to stand by herself.

"Mother says if you will come to the house you shall have something to eat."

The girl turned her shining eyes with a wistful, eager gaze at the charming face, now lighted with the beauty of charity, and without a word followed her.

"It's the same one I thought it was," said Mrs. Jackson to herself, as she watched the ravenous gestures of the hungry girl.

"How long have you been out of work?"

"Over two weeks, ma'am," was the low reply. "I stayed with Mrs. Grady, but she died three days ago, and I've been wild with hunger ever since. I can work well, ma'am; I can wash and iron, and I'd do any thing for a home, no matter for pay."

"Where are you staying, now?"

"I'm not staying anywhere, ma'am. I laid for two nights under doorsteps. Folks has now and then given me a bit of bread, but generally they turn me away."

"You have been living out, then."

"Yes'm;" with a sudden downcast look.

"And have you a certificate of good character?"

"No'm," was the sad reply.

"Who did you live with?"

"A Mrs. Walker, and she was very good to me. I was there since my mother died, and that was 'most a year."

"What made you leave?"

"Why, ma'am"—the girl's face crimsoned, and she stammered—"I—I took something;" and, bursting into tears, she sobbed bitterly.

Vine, who was standing near, made up a face of disgust, and shook her head.

"What did you take?"

"I took a ring, and it was gold. I didn't know it was gold, or I should have been frightened. Then she dismissed me."

"I can hardly wonder," said Mrs. Jackson, gravely. "Why did you not, when you found the ring, go directly to her?"

"I didn't find it, ma'am; it was worse than that," sobbed the girl, convulsively. "I—I—took it out of her box."

"She might have sent you to jail," said Mrs. Jackson.

"I know she might, but I begged so hard! I never stole any thing before, and I told her I wouldn't take as much as a pin all my life long, if she would keep me. But she said, No, I must go, and go without a character. If anybody called there she said she would tell the exact truth."

"Have you told this story to any one else?" asked Mrs. Jackson.

"No'm; nobody has asked me."

"Where are your clothes?"

"I've left them at an old shop; but I could get them again. The man knowed my father."

Mrs. Jackson went up stairs. Vine followed her.

"Mamma, are you going to take that thief?" asked the girl, indignantly.

"I am very much inclined that way," said Mrs. Jackson. "She has told her story, and thrown herself upon my mercy. I rather like the girl, and I need one as strong as she is."

"I shouldn't feel safe a moment," Vine responded. "I shouldn't dare to go to sleep nights."

"But if I turn her off, where will she go, Vine? She might have kept the whole story to herself. I think she is an honest girl. I do not think she will be likely to yield to such a temptation again."

"I hate a thief!" exclaimed Vine, her eyes blazing.

Mrs. Jackson was silent. In a few moments she turned to her daughter with a grave look.

"My dear, let me tell you a story," she said, gently.

"There was a little girl who lived in a pleasant village in the State of New York. Her parents were both dead when she was yet an infant under seven. Her friends and relatives took her. Now she was with one, now with another, as the respective families were willing to take her.

"The poor child grew up, not as you have, under the care of loving parents. She was worked cruelly hard. I don't think she had the taint of dishonesty in her blood; but sometimes, kept with but poor and meagre clothes, as well as food, she grew desperate.

"One day she took a valuable jewel and secreted it. If she could only possess enough to enable her to run away, she thought it would be the best method of helping herself. She knew it was wrong, but still the sense of injustice stung her, and made her morbid and wicked.

"She stole several articles and was found out. No mercy was shown her—helpless orphan that she was—but she was called by every vile name, and almost turned out into the street.

"I say almost. There was an aunt, the poorest of them all, who lived alone. She came over just when the family council was in session, and quietly asked to have the child given to her. It was gladly done, though the same spiteful words and names were used.

"The poor frightened child found in that aunt the true friend of her life. No reference was ever made to the crime, nothing was locked away as in the other homes, every confidence seemed to be reposed in her. Gentleness, tenderness and trust did the work. The little girl, though never directly spoken to upon the wickedness of stealing, abhorred the sin that had caused her to fall. She grew gentle, and loving, and truthful. To-day she is honored as a friend, a wife and mother; a member of a Christian church and the dispenser of some bounty to the poor. You must not hate that miserable child, Vine, for your mother was that poor little orphan girl, and she knows what it is to have the finger of scorn pointed at her."

"O mother!'

Vine said nothing more, but came forward and kissed her, the warm tears in her eyes.

"Your great-aunt Belinda, my aunt, was the one who was hardest and cruellest to me, but that is all past, and she has come to me for a home, which I willingly give her. If I keep this girl, it would be best not to mention the poor child's transgression to her. Do you think I

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had better keep her, dear, and give her a chance to do better?"

"Yes, mother," said Vine, softly, "and we will all try and help her to be good." M. A. D

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain.
An humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! a blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn this truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

For the Companion.

IN THE MANGROVES.

A Tale of Ecuador.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.

After the fright of the Italian, the doctor no longer objected to a hasty retreat from their camping ground, and before sundown, they had begun their march. The doctor insisted on taking his spade, &c., but his companion declared he would be burned at the stake rather than have any thing more to do with these instruments of torture, so the other had to bear the burden alone.

When it was pitch-dark they stopped to rest, but before daylight set off again, halting only to listen whenever the crackle of a branch or the chatter of the monkeys attracted their attention, but no human presence disturbed them.

The descent of the mountain was much more rapid than the ascent had been, and the sun was still high when they reached the river, and with a cry of jubilation, discovered their canoe.

Now their toils were over. Soon they could reach the abodes of men, where they might rest their weary and ill-used limbs. Even the doctor's desire for gold, which before so inflamed him, was now completely extinguished.

Their appearance was by no means prepossessing. Their forced retreat through the thorny bushes had given the finishing touch to their toilet, and their clothes now hung in tatters from their bodies. This did not matter while they were in their own boat, but the thought was not an agreeable one, that they would not be able to replenish their wardrobe before they reached Esmeraldas.

The disappointed gold-seekers rowed rapidly down the stream, till they approached the mouth of the Cayapas, and met the in-coming tide.

Just before them was a large Indian village, and they deemed it prudent to lie by till dark and the ebb-tide, that they might not be seen in passing, and might also have the advantage of the stream to guide them.

They therefore drew the boat into the bushes, and then climed up the bank, where they reached a little plateau covered with trees, from whence they could see plainly the opposite shore without the possibility of being observed themselves.

To their astonishment they perceived that they were directly opposite a clearing, though no house nor sign of cultivation was to be seen. They also noticed that it was surrounded by a low wall of stone.

What could it be? But as this did not concern them, they soon dismissed it from their thoughts. It was more to the point to find a comfortable spot where they might wait, and this soon presented itself in a mossy bank, under a palm, on which it was luxury to recline and smoke.

Before long the doctor noticed movements on the opposite bank. He sprang to his feet, and looking through his little telescope, could discern not only a crowd of men already in the clearing, but a pair of boats coming up the river, then another pair, and presently a little fleet.

It was now evident that the place was an Indian cemetery, and a funeral was about to take place. Of this the two foreigners were not the least interested spectators.

The funeral procession came from the village below, the canoes being for those only who could not walk. Six men bore the coffin, a half-canoe, sawed through the middle, on cables or bark-ropes, between them.

The ceremony was soon over, long funeral orations not being fashionable among the Cayapas.

They stood for awhile by the open grave, the half-canoe was then let down. Some persons, probably relatives, laid pieces of beef on the corpse, and the grave was filled up. It could not have been very deep, for the whole proceeding scarcely lasted half an hour.

While it was going on the women filled the air with shrieks, but no sooner was it over, than the men left the cemetery and the women followed immediately. The boats also took their departure, and before dark not a soul was there.

At this the retired gold-diggers were greatly pleased, for they had anticipated that a night-watch might be left. Presently the doctor remarked to his friend, "We have arrived here at a fortunate time, *amigo*. Not in vain shall we have visited the Cayapas River!"

His companion did not appreciate the force of this remark.

The naturalist continued, "There yonder lie treasures, free and unguarded, for which other explorers have spent immense labors in vain."

The Italian was still in the dark.

"I mean the skeletons of the Cayapas Indians, a specimen of which not a single museum contains, not even the British Museum."

"What! you would not exhume the corpse just buried?"

"No, we can do nothing with a fresh corpse; but a skeleton out of one of the old graves—perhaps a couple—I must have. It seems as though I had kept my spade and been delayed here for the very purpose.

To the young Italian this body-snatching project was by no means a welcome episode in their "pleasure-trip," but the Frenchman, fired with enthusiasm at the service he was about to render "science," and the fame he would acquire, gained his point.

They awaited impatiently the darkness and the turn of the tide, and then with the little light furnished by the first quarter of the moon, they cast their boat loose and soon gained the opposite shore, avoiding, however, the regular landing-place.

It was not without some secret tremor that they clambered up the bank, gun in one hand, spade in the other, and entered the graveyard.

It was a wild spot, this city of the dead. Soft, broad-leaved herbaceous plants encumbered the ground and cast dim shadows on the graves which almost seemed like the ghosts of the departed.

But the doctor was no sentimentalist, and set immediately to work in search of a suitable grave. Presently he found two old mounds almost covered with bushes, (which would hide the desecration) and near the canoe.

Laying his gun against a wooden cross, he began to dig with fiery zeal. All around was the stillness of death, and even Torquato began to feel a little more secure, and offered to help. The ground was soft, and soon the spade struck wood, and the doctor was overjoyed at the spectacle of a perfect skeleton.

By their united efforts they succeeded in raising the half-canoe which served for a coffin, and the doctor shovelled the bones into the bag which had held their implements, with as much coolness as though they had been potatoes, and not the remains of a human being, which they were thus desecrating. While they were doing this, Torquato thought he heard a rustling—but when they listened, all was still.

The doctor was not wholly satisfied with his acquisition. He now proposed to take a skull from the adjoining grave, but hark! again a rustling sound, and a dark shadow crossed an open space near them. They knew that if the Indians discovered them in this nefarious business, their lives would be the forfeit.

Torquato had already seized the spade and glided off towards the boat, and the doctor reluctantly followed. It might be some wild animal prowling about, but he did not wait to see. Taking up his load under his arm he made off to the river as fast as his feet would carry him. Torquato had already loosed the canoe, and in two minutes more they were afloat.

The ebb-tide now favored them, and steering to the opposite bank, they allowed it to carry them down the stream, so as to pass the village in perfect silence. When they came abreast the place they found it in unusual commotion.

A large fire burned on the bank, and many of the Indians seemed to be lighting torches at it. Suddenly the clatter of oars was heard and a boat filled with Indians passed up the river.

Withdrawing still more behind the overhanging branches of the mangroves, they waited till the sound had passed away. What all this might mean they could not conjecture, but at all events it was well to be out of the way, and they now, therefore, steered out into the middle of the current, and bent to their oars with all their might.

It was not long before they had left the Cayapas River, and the doctor now ventured to speak aloud and express his regret that they had not stayed long enough to cover up the grave they had robbed. Then the suspicions of the Indians would not have been awakened, and they might have returned at their leisure for other specimens. But his companion made no answer and they pursued their voyage in silence.

In the Tola they were met by a fresh breeze, which counteracted the effect of the tide, and diminished their speed. Towards morning it began to rain heavily, and they longed for light, that they might not unawares run out into the open sea. As they turned a bend to the north-west the clouds for a moment divided, the light broke through and they caught a glimpse before them of the village. They could even distinguish the houses, and felt that soon they would be in safety and at ease.

But though the village was not half a league distant it was not easy to reach it, for the tide had now changed and was against them. Still, wearied as they were, they would not halt, though it rained so heavily as to remind the doctor of the American who declared the India rubber trees were alone able to exist there, since they brought their waterproof coats into the world with them.

They made slow progress, but had now come so far as plainly to perceive the houses of the village, even through the rain, when the doctor chanced to turn his head and discovered that they were followed by four canoes.

He immediately steered towards the left bank, so that, for the time, at least, they would be hidden by the bend.

But what if they were really pursued?

The Indians are renowned for their speed in rowing, so there was no hope of escaping by flight.

The Italian flung the spade and pickaxe overboard and advised the doctor to do the same with his anatomical specimen. But the latter would not give up so rashly the fruit of all his toil and anxiety. Perhaps there was no danger; if they were only once on shore they could defend themselves effectually with their guns.

They could no longer take refuge in the mangroves. At high water they could have hidden securely behind the foliage, but now it was low water—there was a space of several feet between the boughs and the mud bank, which was now fully exposed. They had not thought of this, but it was too late to take any other course, and so running their boat as far as possible into the mud, they determined to await the issue.

The canoes now appeared round the bend, and as they still kept the middle of the stream the adventurers cherished a hope that they were not pursued, and that the Indians might pass without observing them. But this hope almost expired when it became unmistakably evident that the Indians were in search of something in the stream.

As soon as they had obtained an uninterrupted view of the river and found not a single boat in view, they suddenly ceased rowing and looked round in astonishment. Some of them stood up and appeared to be consulting with each other. Above, towards the other side of the lagoon, was a little island of mangroves, and two of the canoes steered towards it, while the two others followed the main arm, and in a few moments would pass.

"Now we shall have it," whispered Torquato; "it is plain enough that they are in search of us, and how shall we escape?"

"O, when it comes to the last," said the Frenchman, "we can take to the firm land, and then a premonitory shot or two will show them what to expect if they follow."

The other did not reply; for the canoes were now near and full in sight, and the next moment would decide their fate. On they came, but—would they really pass? Suddenly a loud cry broke from one of the canoes, and in an instant the bow flew round towards the fugitives.

Another shout to inform the rest of their party, and not a doubt remained that they were in pursuit. How they could have discovered the robbery so soon was inconceivable, unless, indeed, the form seen in the graveyard was a watchman, who had immediately given the alarm.

The doctor would have been glad to cast the sack with his booty into the waves, but his decision came too late. They were now high on the muddy bank, which would betray even a footstep.

(To be continued.)

POPULATION OF THE STATES.

The increase in some of the States is very small, but none of them show any falling off, except New Hampshire, which is the only State in the Union that has absolutely diminished in population during the last decade. The greatest proportional gain in any State is that of Nevada; but as it was the smallest of the States when it was admitted, this is no more than what was to have been expected. The largest actual gain is in Illinois—over eight hundred thousand, which brings her up to within two hundred and fifty thousand of Ohio, but leaves her as before, the fourth State in population. The relative order of the States as to population is not materially changed, but Missouri outstrips Indiana, and becomes the fifth State. Indiana is the sixth, Massachusetts is the seventh, and then follow Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, North Carolina, and Alabama—in all, sixteen States, which have upward of one million inhabitants. In 1860 there were but eleven such. Iowa has made the greatest jump in rank. She was the nineteenth in 1860; she is now the thirteenth. North Carolina, on the other hand, stood twelfth in 1860, and now drops to the fourteenth place, and Alabama now stands as the sixteenth, whereas she was the thirteenth ten years ago.

For the Companion.

FARMER JENKINS' JACKET.

"Any body that 'll take what don't belong to 'em, even if it aint wuth more'n a pin, is a thief, and I don't care who 'tis, Miss Helen," said Farmer Jenkins, as he toasted his feet by the kitchen fire, while waiting for water to heat, that he might thaw out the barn pump.

"It makes you feel mighty mean, stealin' does," he continued, after a few moments; "I never stole but once, and I'll tell you how 'twas.

"You know when I was a youngster, I lived down on the Medder Farm with Square Peters. Wal, Jake Fisher, he hired out there one summer, and one day when we was to work together on the ma'sh," says he,—

"'Old Flint's pears are about ripe, Bill'——

"You didn't know old Sam Flint, I s'pose, Miss Helen?"

"Sam Flint's father, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"I have heard of him, but I do not think I ever saw him."

"Wal, Jake, says he, 'Let's have some of them pears, Bill.'

"'I don't want none,' says I.

"'They're the best lookin' pears you ever saw,' says he, 'and we can git some to-night as easy's not. It 'll be fun.'

"Wal, after a while he kinder coaxed me into it; so I told him I'd go.

"At that time I had a new jacket,—blue broadcloth,—real nice cloth, 'twas. It cut me a little 'bout the armsize, but 'twas a fust-rate jacket; and when I'd done work evenin's, I used to put it on. So that night I put on the jacket, and Jake and me went over to Flint's orchard. When we got down there Jake, says he,—

"'Bill, you are the lightest; you git up into the tree.'

"So I stripped off my jacket and tossed it down, and I was up in that tree quicker'n wink. I was spry as a cat in them days. Wal, I'd jest gin one shake, and the pears were beginnin' to rattle down, when up come old Sam.

"'Oho-o-o-o!' says he, growlin' away, 'now I've ketched ye, stealin' my pears!'

"Jake, he cut and run, an' it didn't take me long to drop out of that tree, and then I made pretty quick time, too, 'thout stoppin' to pick up my jacket. I heerd old Sam, growlin' again when he got there.

"'Ur-r-r-r! Them fellers have got off; but one on 'em's left his jacket!'

"Says I to myself, 'You're a goner this time, Bill! You'll be hung, now!'

"Next day I happened along by old Sam's, and I seen him out by the barn.

"'Some fellers tried to hook my pears last night,' says he.

"'Did they?' says I. 'Who was they?'

"'I dunno,' says he, "more'n nothin'.'

"'Didn't you ketch 'em?' says I.

"'No,' says he; 'but one on 'em left his jacket.'

"'Did?' says I. "What kind of a jacket was it?'

"'A new one,' says he; 'blue broadcloth; a fust-rate piece of cloth.'

"I knew that as well as he did, but I didn't tell him so. He went in and fetched it out to let me see.

"'That's a fust-rate jacket,' says I; 'what you goin' to do with it?'

"'Guess I shall sell it,' says he; 'I haint got any body that it 'll fit.'

"'How much be you goin' to ask for it?' says I.

"'Bout two dollars,' says he. 'It's worth

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more'n that. Should think it might be just about right for you, Bill. Try it on, an' let's see.'

"So I put it on.

"'That's a good fit,' says he.

"'Wal, I can't give no two dollars,' says I, takin' off the jacket an' startin' up the team I was drivin'.

"'Wal, Bill,' says he, 'if you want it, I'll let you have it for a dollar, seein' it's you.'

"'No,' says I; 'I haint got no dollar to give; but I'll give yer fifty cents for it.'

"'No, yer don't!' says he. 'It's wuth a sight more'n that! I can't let you have it for that, Bill.'

"So I went off; but I was dreadful afraid Squire Peters would hear of it, or would ask me where 'twas, or somethin'.

"You see, 'twas a second-hand jacket he'd bought cheap somewheres for me—but it looked good as new.

"'Twa'n't many days before I was down to Sam Flint's agin.

"'Sold that jacket yet?' says I.

"'No,' says he. 'Can't find any body that wants it.'

"'Tell ye what 'tis,' says I, 'I'll give yer seventy-five cents for that jacket, and not a cent more.'

"'Wal, Bill,' says he, 'seein' it's you, I'll let you have it for that!'

"So he fetched it out, an' I walked off with it; and I haint taken nothin' that don't belong to me, sence."

"That was a good lesson and cheaply learned," remarked Miss Helen.

"Wal—yes—'twas! Cost me seventy-five cents, an' I didn't git a single pear, nuther! But you see seventy-five cents in them days was wuth as much as five dollars now; an' I'd been a whole year gittin' that seventy-five cents.

"I was only a boy, yer see, an' Squire Peters was plaguy mean with me; and I don't care who knows it. He'd oughter gin me a chance to git some schoolin'; but he didn't."

And with a sigh Farmer Jenkins arose, lifted the kettle of boiling water from the fire and marched out to the barn. His wisdom had been learned by experience. That is a costly school. Get yours more easily—*by the experience of others.* M. T. C.

THE CARNIVAL IN WASHINGTON.

From a Correspondent.

The word carnival admits of many definitions, I suppose. It means, in Rome, the maddest vagaries and the wildest freaks of humor, unbridled license, so that to give a man a little stab with a little stiletto, or to knock down and tread under foot a poor pale-faced Yankee, who couldn't see the fun, are readily excused under the plea that it was carnival time, and one cannot always be sober.

An old Dutch minister riding with us in the cars, whose round, beardless, benignant face gave one the impression that there was a good deal of fun in him, gravely asserted that it should be called the carnal evil. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

There was not much evil visible, however, in the laughing faces we encountered in Washington, as we walked down Fifteenth Street to the avenue. On the first day of the recent carnival. Mother and son, Dinah and the baby, grandpa and grandma, and every uncle and aunt that could get out, seemed to be in that crowd. Such a motley gallery of faces as that which stretched White House-ward, and the contending stream that noisily moved Capitol-ward, I never saw before. White, black and yellow, straight noses, Jew noses and flat noses.

The jolliest people, by all odds, were the blacks. With huge California oranges in one hand, and a paper bag of pea-nuts in the other; with daughter, or wife tucked on, or falling in the rear; with antiquated coat, its waist reaching nearly to the heels, a collar like Senator Wilson's, who still sticks to the old style, I saw one venerable African, who, whatever he said or did, or into whatever pose he fell, was a study for all sight-seers, and worthy of an artist's pen or pencil.

"Come, sher, honey, dat's de carnivle, dat man wid de blue on his shoulder; an' dat ar's de carnivle, dem ar wagins full o' flags an' sech; an' dish yer's de carnivle, dem streamers a flyin' an' dem carpets an' carbuncles hung out to air; an' all de folks is de carnivle, an' 'specially de goat-race, bress de Lor', what's a going for to come off bimeby, honey; das so!"

Fancy the splendid avenue one flash of color from the Capitol gates to the grounds of the President's mansion. Red, and blue, and white predominate. Wonderful festoons of flowers and evergreen, pictures, scarlet draperies and Chinese lanterns covering nearly all of the stores and houses.

The second day of the carnival presented the maddest, merriest, funniest spectacle, doubtless, that ever appeared in American streets. Good old Dea. Jones stood on the corner; and though the deacon is a solemn man, yet his visage was considerably shortened, as the motley group, headed by the "king of misrule," gorgeous in purple and gold, came by in his triumphal car.

It is impossible to catalogue the procession. The avenue was crowded with delighted spectators. "Jonathan" was there on a broad grin, and country delegations munched gingerbread and pea-nuts, and laughed immoderately. Every window in every building blossomed human heads, and even the roofs cropped out in merry faces. Shouts of laughter and exclamations of delight sounded on all sides. Every man, woman and child, down to the infants in arms, seemed to be on their best behavior.

The avenue was filled with the mummers. Bands stationed at different points discoursed sweet music. In front of where we stood, three giants, ten feet high, danced wiith as many dwarfs.

Mother Goose was well illustrated. There was "the old woman who lived in a shoe," and the shoe seemed bursting with its living freight. The old mother wore a sardonic mask, and a cap with limp ruffles, that draggled over her terrible nose. As to the children, every one was doing his best to make her uncomfortable.

"Mary" was there with her "little lamb," but her face was so sheepish that it was hard to tell one from the other. "Boy Blue," "Jack, the Giant Killer," with a head of mammoth proportions in his fat hands, "Daffy Down Dilly," "Jack Horner," with his famous pie, "Old King Cole," "Jack Spratt and his Wife," "Jack and Jill," "Little Red Riding Hood," and the wolf that personated her grandmother, "Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog, and many more forcible illustrations of that old nursery book.

One of the funniest spectacles was that of a car full of jolly reporters. Horace Greeley, with face four times its natural size, reclined upon an editorial chair, and all around him were masks, with pens like broom-handles. One who seemed to be the chief, gave out the items, and some of them were very funny.

"Lady in blue looking at me; chronicle that." "Old Sol has gone out to take a snooze; put that down." "President Grant is *not* smoking; chronicle that." "The fools are all dead, or gone to the carnival; put that down." At that moment, as he caught sight of us, two portly bodies, he exclaimed, "Mr. and Mrs. Opendyke in town; chronicle that." And at it they went, with pens like ploughs, their ludicrous faces, stolid and unchanging, oddly contrasting with their comical movements.

Another sight, that was more odd than attractive, was a cart full of frogs, and they were leaping and croaking, to the great delight of the children.

President Grant was represented, with the Vice-President at his side, the masks being perfect likenesses of each; and as they walked arm in arm together, the crowd cheered convulsively, nearly choked with laughter. Several of the masks were fac-similes of our most noted public men, and which, through their exaggerations, were known at once.

Two imps created great diversion by darting at the crowd, and sometimes rushing through with unearthly yells, frightening the children and scattering the people.

One boy represented an enormous plum pudding, with the raisins sticking out on every side; another a meat pie, and still another a great frosted wedding cake. Indeed, there was no end of novelty.

The fire brigade of women, each with an appalling chignon sewed up in black cambric, under an inverted fire-bucket, and a broom, poised like a gun, followed a cart in which was seated a family; the father of the household busily rocked and spanked a limp, unprotesting baby, while the mother, spectacles on nose, sat in a rocking-chair, reading the newspaper. A grown boy was sprinkling clothes at a table, and another had his arms in the suds, washing, lustily.

So far, the carnival has been a success. Good weather, quiet, but few accidents, but little drunkenness, the wit harmless, the costumes irresistibly ludicrous, the crowds good-natured. In the evening the avenue presented a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle of brilliancy and beauty. At the Capitol end three calcium lights threw a white refulgence, clear as clustering stars, the whole length of the avenue, and a hundred thousand faces upturned, when the stronger light of the brilliant fireworks in the treasury grounds blazed upon them, made a picture of illumination that it is impossible to paint.

To day we breathe more freely. We have had enough of fun for a year. The carnival has possibly taken a little of the stiffness out of our joints, and brushed away a few cobwebs from our brains. L.

BIRDS ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter, and flitter, and fold their wings;
May be they think that for them and their sires
Stretched always on purpose these wonderful strings;
And perhaps the Thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under their feet—
How value rises, and how declines;
How kings with their armies in battle meet;
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossippings foolish-sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives,
Hopes, and joys, and acts of to-day;
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say,
But from end to end His meaning arrives,
And His word runs underneath all the way.

Old and New.

A SILENT CONCERT.

This concert was not a Quaker meeting of people who could speak but would not; but an assembly consisting chiefly of persons who would speak if they only could. A lively meeting it was, in which there were recitations and addresses, and all were interested and yet not a word uttered. It will be understood how this was possible when it is mentioned that the concert took place at the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Washington.

In front sat the younger scholars of the Primary Department, some not more than six or seven years old. Behind these were the college students. Out of the hundred persons present not more than eight or ten could hear at all, though several more could talk.

When all was ready, the superintendent signalled a little boy of twelve, who came forward and repeated the Lord's prayer in sign-language, which the audience (if such they could be called) seemed to understand perfectly.

In this case there was a good excuse for their retaining their seats and keeping their eyes open, but there is none for similar conduct in the case of those who are not deaf and dumb. The total silence was very touching, and reminded one of the Hebrew proverb, "It is man who teaches us to speak, but God teaches us to be silent."

Three girls and three boys (two of the latter colored) then mounted the platform and wrote on large slates the texts they had learned. Others recited their verses, first on their fingers and then by signs. The word for the evening was "Happy," and we heard (no, saw,) such texts as "Happy is the man whom God correcteth," "Happy is the people that is in such a case, yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord," "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom."

Then one of the students made signs to the children, which conveyed to their minds (if not to ours) the story of two little seeds, which, as they lay snugly in their little beds in the ground, whispered together of what they would be and do. One wished to become so beautiful that everybody would admire it. The other would be what God wished, and do what it could. The first wanted to be a rose-bush, so as it pierced through the ground, it pushed itself forward and tried to hold itself aloft. But it was of no use. The effort was painful, and the March winds were cold, and so it remembered what the other had said, and became what God meant it to be, simply a modest snowdrop. The other came later, and grew into a beautiful wild rose tree, and both were happy in having learned this lesson—to do what they could.

Then one of the professors talked to the children in dumb show, about happiness—how to be happy and to make others so, and after another silent prayer, the concert was over.

How blessed a thing it is that those who are deaf can now be taught to hear with their eyes and speak with their fingers, while there are so many who have ears, but hear not, and have mouths, but speak not to any good purpose!

WHAT FRANKLIN DID.

He improved the printing press, invented stereotyping and manifold letter-writers. He cured smoky chimneys of their bad habits. He amended the shape and the rig of ships. He showed the sailors how they might take advantage of the Gulf Stream to shorten their eastern transit of the Atlantic, and how to steer so as to avoid it on the westward passage. He told them how a few men might haul a heavy boat, and how they might keep fresh provisions at sea.

He suggested improvements in the soup-dishes of sailors, and in the water-troughs of horses. He introduced new kinds of seeds, grass, turnips, broom-corn, curious beans from England, vines from France, and many other vegetables and plants. He drained lands skilfully, and gathered great crops from them. He reformed fire-places, and invented the Franklin stove. First of all men he warmed public buildings. He had a fan on his chair worked by a treadle, so as to drive away the flies. He made him spectacles, with two sets of glasses, for far and near sight. He invented a musical instrument, and improved the electrical machine.

He discovered that lightning and electricity are the same, proving it in the simplest, and deepest, and most satisfactory manner, by catching the actual lightning. He first discerned the difference between positive and negative electricity.

PRESIDENT THIERS.

France has a President once more. For she had a President—called Prince-President, sometimes—in 1848-51, and his name was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, for some eighteen years pretty widely known as Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

But the new President of the French Republic is a very different sort of man from Napoleon III., and has come to the head of the government of his country under circumstances very different from those that marked the rise of the last of the Bonapartes.

When Paris was surrendered to the Germans, at the close of January, it was provided that a National Assembly for France should be called, and that it should meet at Bordeaux, and consist of 753 members, to be elected by universal suffrage.

The elections took place, and the National Assembly met, according to agreement. Into its hands the government that had existed in France since the fall of the Empire resigned its powers.

The Assembly then appointed M. Thiers to the post of Chief of the Executive Power of France, which makes him President of the French Republic.

M. Thiers is an old man. He was born on the 16th of April, 1797, so that he is seventy-four (74) years old.

He is one of the greatest men that France ever has produced, in respect to talents. At the same time he is, in height and weight, one of the smallest of men,—and even of Frenchmen, who are not considered a tall race. Many an American boy who has not entered his teens, is taller and heavier than this head man of the Grand Nation, as France still calls herself, though she has just received so grand a beating from the Germans.

M. Thiers has distinguished himself as a journalist, as an author and as a statesman. He was an editor in the times of the last Bourbons, which began in 1814, and ended in 1830,—the Restoration, as it is called. It was then, too, that he wrote his "History of the French Revolution," which is a standard work.

When the House of Orleans came to the French throne, in 1830, in consequence of the second Revolution, M. Thiers began an active political career. He entered the Chamber of Deputies, where his powers of speaking and debating soon made him a leading member.

He speedily rose to high office, filling more than one post that made him a Minister. He was Prime Minister twice in about ten years. After the fall of the House of the Orleans, in 1848, he served the French Republic, as a member of the National Assembly; but when Louis Napoleon became Emperor he ceased to have much to do with politics, for many years.

Then it was that he finished his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," a brilliant book, in some twenty volumes. It has been translated into English, though badly.

When Napoleon III. restored constitutional government, M. Thiers returned to public life. He opposed the war with Germany,—and after it began, he labored to restore peace.

Such is the man who is now at the head of France. It is supposed he will be President but a short time, and that he supports the project of placing the Comte de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe, on the French throne. Of the Comte de Paris we shall speak in another article.

FOOLISH CHILDREN.

We see too many fast youths of both sexes, but often have cause to grieve over their wickedness rather than to laugh at their folly, as we can here:

The Quincy *Herald* says that John Aggy, a boy about sixteen years of age, arrived in Quincy last Saturday, with Miss Alice Aikens, a young girl of about fifteen summers. They had run away from home, and were anxious to be married, but found it impossible, on account of the laws in this State, to accomplish their much desired object here. They then took the train, and found themselves at Palmyra, Mo., at which place a kind-hearted 'Squire tied the Gordian knot for them.

They returned to this city on the next train, and on arriving here found they were a goodly

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distance from home, with barely money enough to take one of them there. They then sat themselves down as innocently as the babes in the woods at the depot, and partook of a cold luncheon they had brought with them. They made their case known to officers at the depot, who, pitying the children, procured for them a ticket for Abingdon.

The young groom offered to leave his coat as security for the price of the ticket, but was informed that he might need it. They left on the evening train, and we hope have escaped the spanking they both deserve for their conduct.

MAKING "GREENBACKS."

Bank-bill paper used to be made of silk rags and it was thought no other would answer, but the scarcity of the material led to the trial of linen rags for the same purpose, and these were finally found to be not only equal but superior to silk. The old silk paper was made by hand, and had a reddish color, which was left unbleached in the bills. The bank-note paper in present use is made by machinery and is very smooth and perfect, and white as snow. The raw material for its manufacture comes, not from the miscellaneous pickings of Yankee tin peddlers, and from Spain, Italy, and even from the mummy catacombs of Egypt, as common paper rags do, but from the island of "Green Erin," which is supposed to produce the best linen.

If you go up a beautiful ravine in Swansbury, Pa., not very far from the city of Philadelphia, to some fine buildings, called the Glenn Mills, and situated on a clear stream that runs into Delaware River, you can see where our bank note paper is made in its best style. The rags or raw linen go in by elevators to the room in the fourth story, and from there down through all the rooms, taking a new shape in each, until on the last floor, it passes the finishing process and comes out in snowy sheets.

Every thing is done by machinery, from pulping the rags, to delivering the paper ready cut on the white tables where nicely dressed girls stand to fold and pack it. "Squares" of fourteen by seventeen inches are the usual size of the paper when sent from the factory, or just large enough to make eight "greenbacks." It looks as fine and glossy as satin. Some of the curious particulars in the manufacture of this beautiful article they will, like enough, not let you see, if you are a stranger, for fear you might tell or use *the secret*.

From the mill the paper goes to the bank-note printing companies—the Continental and the American National—who employ the very best engravers and skilled pressmen, and print notes for the government or any national bank, at so much per sheet. The British American Bank-note Printing Company also buy large quantities of this paper to make Canadian money. The color of our "greenbacks," as well as the complex and elaborate plate work on them, is of course all put on in the printing process.

The remark often made of United States *coin*, that it is the neatest and most finished in the world, is equally just of United States *paper* money. The English and the French come the nearest to it, but neither looks so well as ours. In the quality of the material of which they are made, Yankee bank-notes HAVE TO BE the best, for while the English banks, for instance, (the great "Bank of England," at least,) never give out their paper money again after it has been returned to them once, ours goes back to the banks and is issued again many times, and is kept in circulation till entirely used up. No other nation puts its paper money to so much wear as we do, and no other note paper in the world could stand it so well.

OUTRAGED.

The following may be colored somewhat, but it must be owned that there are too many free and easy people of the sort here described, whose genteel assurance in gratifying their selfish "tastes" is positively insulting. A "rural" correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says:

An elaborately gotten up gentleman approached an isolated farm-house, one June afternoon, and espying the well-kept flower beds, nodded without raising his hat, to al ady sewing by an open window, and said,—

"Shall I help myself to a bouquet?" and, taking out his knife—not a very sharp one, by the way—he began. Any thing that pleased his eye was appropriated.

"I will gather them for you," said the lady, going out with her garden shears.

"No, I will do it myself. I profess to be a man of taste, and I presume I can suit myself better than you can suit me."

"Then, pray, take these shears."

"No, I will use my knife. I am from Springfield"—clipping off a splendid "giant of battles" just opening, and the only one the young bush afforded—"I am stopping at Mrs. ——'s, in the village; there's a lady from Cambridge boarding there"—picking the large white dianthus that was labelled "for seed." "Your plants are fine—very fine. Miss —— will be delighted; she is from Cambridge and I am from Springfield. She is very fond of flowers"—making a dive at an oleander in full bloom, and from these to the geraniums which had been trained and pruned for years, the carnations which had been admired and loved—nothing escaped; and all the reply he vouchsafed to the mild expostulations was, "I profess to be a man of taste! These heliotropes are fine, very fine," taking a large branch and coming down on the moss rose in a way that utterly ruined it for the season. "Miss —— is very fond of moss rosebuds, *very* fond; and these are fine, very fine. I am surprised to see such a flower garden way up here in the country. O, these are pansies! What a great variety! I never saw a greater variety, even in Springfield"—going for the pansy bed in a manner that took them half up by the roots.

"Now, if you will give me a string I will call it completed. I don't think any one will be inclined to doubt that I am a man of taste. Miss —— will be delighted; she is from Cambridge and I am from Springfield," and he trotted off, pausing when he was some steps away and looking back: "O, I am much obliged," and "good morning."

A BUSHEL OF TOOTHACHE.

The following is certainly an aggravated case—in description. But then, it was probably written when the sufferer was (as he says) not in his right mind:

I had the toothache yesterday. That ugly little hollow tooth of mine held a bushel of ache. It ached clear down to my feet. My face swelled so much that my most familiar creditor didn't know me. I really thought that I should go crazy.

I had a notion to go to the dentist, but then I was afraid he might pull it. It means business to go there. But I started three or four times, hoping it would stop before I got to the gate—which it didn't. Finally, I crammed my hat over my eyes, took my face in both hands, and started. I was crazier than I ever was in my life, and that is saying a good deal. I met a fellow I owed, and paid him five dollars—I was so much out of my head.

I neared the dentist's door.

I asked him what he would give me to let him pull out the tooth. He said laughing gas. I told him it was no laughing matter, and I didn't want any of his gas. He told me to sit down and enjoy myself, and he'd pull it anyhow. I begged him to pull easy; he got the forceps on it and I asked him what he'd take to let me off without pulling the tooth. He told me to hold on. I held on to his arm. A second! and I thought my head had been a bombshell, and had busted. I asked the dentist if my backbone had come up with it, and felt of my face to see if it was all there.

But the tooth was well out.

It was the first time in his life he had ever made the mistake of pulling the right tooth the first trial. Yes, there on the table lay my little tooth—still aching away! It was true to its instincts. When the dentist asked me for his pay, I told him to charge it.

My face has gone down again, but I flatter myself I have still enough left to do business on.—*Ex.*

DIDN'T LIKE HIS BREATH.

We were highly pleased, says an exchange, with an incident a friend related to us about a little girl, who, with her parents, went to visit the fair at the American Institute.

While there, one of the managers took a fancy to the little miss, who was of a lively and social turn; and to make her visit more pleasant, himself conducted her around the hall, showing her the various points of interest. He left her for a short time, to attend to something in another part of the building, and when he returned, immediately sought the little girl, offering his hand to again conduct her around.

To his astonishment, she refused to accompany him. "Why,' said he, "you have not seen half the pretty things yet. Come, and I will show them to you."

Still she refused, and clung as if affrighted, to her mother. Surprised at such conduct, her mother remonstrated and bade her be polite to the kind gentleman.

"Mother," said the little girl, whispering in her mother's ear, "I cannot go with him—he smells of rum."

"Gentlemen" with tell-tale vices never find much favor with little ladies. None but pure people should expect the confidence of children, with whom the *appearance* of evil is never forgotten.

TWENTY CENTS FOR A WASH.

There is about as much difference between a person who has to be paid to go clean, and another who cannot be hired to go dirty as there is between a Digger Indian and a Quaker deacon. The following offers a good hint to youngsters who are careless of their faces and hands:

Two boys stood looking at a gentleman who had called to transact some business with their father. The gentleman noticed that their hands were very dirty, and said to them,—

"My boys, I hate dirty fingers. Now, if your hands are clean when I call again, next Tuesday, I will make you a present."

As soon as it was light, on the Tuesday morning, the boys arose and began to wash their hands. They used more soap that morning than they had used for a month before, and their hands were made very clean.

The gentleman did not come till afternoon, so they had another scrubbing, up to their elbows in soap-suds. He came, finally, and after examining their hands, which had not a speck on them, he gave each of them two bright silver dimes; and the boys were delighted.

"Now, my boys," said he, "you see it is possible to keep your hands clean when it answers your purpose to do so. I should be ashamed of a boy who would be mean enough to wash his hands to make money, and not keep them clean to make his friends comfortable. *The love and good opinion of your parents and friends are worth all the money in the world.*"

NOT MUCH OF AN ANGEL.

The direction to "answer a fool according to his folly" has been sometimes followed very effectively by wise and witty men. An instance of this is furnished in an anecdote of the eccentric William Jay, when visited by a half insane man who pretended to preach, and called himself the "angel of the church":

Not many years since, when the Edward Irving mania raged, a man calling himself an "angel of the church," proceeded from Bristol to Bath, on a special mission to William Jay. The grave, thinking old man was in his study, and when the "angel," a man with a dismal countenance, a white cravat, and rusty black trousers, appeared, Mr. Jay asked him his business.

"I'm the 'angel of the church,'" said the man.

"What church?" asked Mr. Jay.

"The Irvingite church at Bristol," replied the angel.

"Take off your coat," said Mr. Jay.

The angel took off his coat, and Mr. Jay quietly rubbed his shoulder blades.

"What are you doing?" asked the angel.

"*Looking for your wings*," was the cool answer of Mr. Jay, "but *I don't find them.*"

THE DORSEY RIDDLE.

An eccentric philanthropist in Pawtucket, R. I., has prepared a circlet of sixty-six twenty dollar gold pieces, answering to the number of days between Thanksgiving and his birthday, which occurs on the 31st of January, 1871, and offers it with a check of $2,000 and a "seamless garment," after the biblical pattern, to the fortunate person who shall give, within the sixty-six days, the solution of the celebrated riddle of Samson, found recorded in the book of Judges, 14: 14—"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness," the solution to have the same meaning and application which he gives it. The field open to all, and any one can subject his or her solution to the test by carefully writing it out and sending it through the mail to "Uncle Sam's Son, Pawtucket, R. I.," who is supposed to be Mr. Dorsey, the prisoner's friend.

The last we heard of Mr. Dorsey he had received about three hundred letters containing answers to the riddle given above. His friends say that the solution will be deemed very remarkable.

COULDN'T FIND HIS CRIME.

Poor John Chinaman has rather a hard time of it in San Francisco. From the time of the flood his ancestors have been in the habit of carrying two baskets suspended from each end of a yoke placed across the shoulders. Whether out of sheer ugliness, or from some other reason, the authorities of San Francisco have decreed that nobody shall carry baskets after that duplex fashion. But the words of the ordinance are decidedly ambiguous. It says: "No person shall carry a basket, or baskets, upon any sidewalk suspended from or attached to poles, across or upon the shoulders."

For violation of this lucid decree, one Ah Wong was taken before a justice.

"But," said his lawyer, "my client has not been carrying a sidewalk suspended from or attached to poles."

Here was a poser. The learned judge shook his head and said he would think about it. Perhaps he is thinking about it still.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It is fortunate that inoffensive persons can sometimes get clear of punishment by a legal "technicality," as well as rogues. If reports are true, Chinamen in San Francisco cannot often get a lawyer to say even as much for them as this one did.

BY THE HAND.

A deputation of Paris fish-wives not long since waited on M. Rochefort. They did not, however, as is their custom, ask to kiss him. In 1848, when the dames de la Halle desired to salute Lamartine, "*Mes Amies*," said the poor poet, "it is women only who kiss, but you are men by your patriotism—like men I shall treat you—we shall shake hands!"

The new king of Spain has recently adopted the hand-shaking of republicanism as a substitute for the hand-kissing of monarchy, a custom that has covered so many deceptions in the courts of Spanish kings.

TO GET TO SLEEP.

The principle of curing a weakness by making it compulsory is well illustrated in a case told by Lord Erskine:

A friend of mine was suffering from a continual wakefulness, and various methods were tried to bring him sleep. At last his physicians resorted to an expedient which succeeded admirably. They dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern in his hand, placed him in a sentry-box, and he was asleep in ten minutes.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

WORD SQUARE.

1. An animal.
2. Used in school.
3. Termination.

W. D.

2.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in go, but not in stay,
My *second* is in November, but not in May.
My *third* is in dog, but not in cat,
My *fourth* is in hood, but not in hat.
My *whole* is what we ought to be—
Just try, and the answer you will see.

A. P. C.

3.

L. G.

4.

CONCEALED GEMS AND METALS.

We went to Peru by sea; all the way.
Have you been to the Mint in Philadelphia.
I cannot come, Ned; I am on duty.
What a gale! A day like it I never knew.
When he came, the store was closed.
You grieve me, Belden, but I must not care.
My deaf Liz, incline your head towards me.
I like a juicy pear, like this one.
Now sing, old fellow; you have had dainties enough.
You look so pale; what is the matter?

MEHITABLE.

5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A pronoun.
2. We all do.
3. Till now.
4. An island near the Eastern extremity of Africa.
5. Not hard.
6. Darkness, or the region of the dead."
7. Name of a natural division of water.
8. A boy's name.
9. A small animal of the genus "Rodentia."
10. One of the ingredients of soap.
11. A grammatical term.
12. A small animal of Java, of the same class as the American skunk.

The *initials*, read downwards, give the name of a President; and the *finals*, read upward, give the name of the country which gave him birth,

6.

ENIGMA.

My 11, 6, 4 is an animal.
My 7, 2, 3, 1 is a part of a day.
My 5, 8, 10, 9 is what people like to be.
My 12 is a part of speech.
My *whole* is a division of land.

H. DE G.

7.

My *first* in winter-time
Does my *second* often heat,
And my *whole* is made on purpose
To be my *first* one's seat.

Conundrums.

Why are the mountains around the Water Gap like a fish? They must be *scaled* to be fully enjoyed.

Which was the first, the hen or the egg? The hen, at the creation.

Why is a sick man plunged under water easily drawn out? He is ducked ill (ductile).

Why does a cow lie down? It cannot sit.

Why is a blind man like a waterpipe? Because he is generally led (lead).

What light could not possibly be seen in a dark room? An Israe-lite.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Whip Poor Will.
2. Enshrined in all our hearts should always be the patriot dead.
3. Lisp, Idol, Solo, Plow.
4. Wolf, fox, cat, dog, elk, camel, sable.
5. Furrow, Angler, White, Night Heron—FAWN, WREN.
6. The Union Forever.

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For the Companion.

"WATER PURE FOR ME."

Gushing from the fountain,
Sparkling in the rill,
Singing in the meadows,
Leaping from the hill,
Falling down in showers,
Rising from the sea,
Water for the thirsty,
Water pure for me.

In the starry snowflake,
Or the crystal hail,
In the frozen glaciers,
Or the humid vale,
Purity retaining,
'Tis from poison free.
Water for the thirsty,
Water pure for me.

In the halls of revel,
Where the sons of mirth
Sing of ruddy nectar
And its latent worth;
Change the wine to water,
Come and sing with me,
Water for the thirsty,
Water pure for me.

Bubbling in the fountain,
Roaring o'er the fall,
Join the welcome chorus,
Shout it one and all.
Set the welkin ringing
With your merry glee,
Water for the thirsty,
Water pure for me.

AFFECTING DEVOTION OF A WIFE.

It is the greatest of earthly calamities to have no friends. While some of the best beings in the world are sometimes left all alone, it seems strange to us that the very worst should now and then be followed by the most devoted love. An Illinois paper says:

Sheriff Prichard tells us that the wife of George Hyer, (sentenced to the penitentiary of this State for five years for horse stealing,) followed her husband to the walls of the prison. They attempted to get away from Lewistown, without letting her know about it, but the poor woman was constantly on watch at the depot, and so she was on hand when the officers and prisoners started away last week, and, following on the cars, hung about the neck of her husband to the end of the journey. Mrs. Hyer had two children. These she had deliberately given away to her people, determined to remain in Joliet near her husband, so that she could see him as often as possible, and be ready, at the end of five years, to welcome him again to freedom.

She hoped she would be permitted to see him often, but this hope was rudely torn from her by the stern prison rules. She can see him but once in two months, and then but for two or three minutes, in the presence of a guard. She can write to him as often as she pleases, but he can write in reply only once a month. After learning these facts, the sheriff tried to get her to return to her family, near Peoria; but her resolution was firmly taken. She had given up home and children to be near her husband, and there she determined to stay, at whatever sacrifice.

They left her alone and friendless, a stranger in a strange city, weeping as if her heart would break, but unwavering in her devotion to her husband. No entreaty of husband, or friend, or stranger could move her heart to leave him in his long imprisonment.

THE BUMBLE BEE.

Our truly native honey-maker is the "burly dozing bumble-bee," in whose natural history every country boy is interested. The first bumble-bee in spring is as interesting an event as the first bird or the first wild flower.

The bumble-bees come singly, never in pairs, and only one sex—the female. In the bee kingdoms, royalty is confined exclusively to the females. All females are queens.

Where this large queen-bee, which is the only one we see in the spring, comes from, is a mystery—apparently from a warmer region, like the birds; but the books say a few escape the rigors of the winter in a torpid state, and come out in the spring, like the frogs, &c. At any rate there is, no doubt, some special provision of nature for it, since it is only the queen that lasts over.

She goes into winter quarters in the fall, in some snug retreat or other, and lies torpid till spring.

After this long nap the queen-mother appears fresh and new, hunts out some abandoned mouse-nest in the meadow-bottoms or in a stone heap, or some such place, and sets up her household gods solitary and alone. A few rude cells or sacks are constructed, eggs deposited, and in due time, say in early June, the young appear.

These are neuters, neither male nor female, but workers. These proceed to build other cells and fill them with honey, relieving the queen of all care but the laying of the eggs.

This first honey is very delicious, being clear and white, like the clover-honey in the hive, but of a different flavor. Ordinarily, the quantity found in a single nest is very small, scarcely more than a large tablespoonful.

One summer, when a boy, by making it a point, I collected quite a boxful in the comb, making, when pressed out, about a pint of clear honey, and representing the labor of two or three dozen swarms.

Near midsummer the males are hatched; these are the stingless, white-faced bees of the boys. The nest is not abandoned till the latter part of August, though the honey is gone long before that time. The bees then come out on the warm days, and dart, and hover, and pursue each other about the entrance of the nest, making a loud humming noise. It is at such times the queen-bee appears, and is pursued by the males.

Through September the bumble-bees lead a roving, homeless life, wallowing languidly in thistle-blows, and usually passing the night and weathering a severe storm on the lee-side of one, till they finally die from cold and exposure. The royal scion, in the meantime, has stowed herself away, no one knows where.

HEAVY SHOES.

When the celebrated physician Abernethy died, report said that besides a will of some interest to his heirs, in a pecuniary point of view, there was found among his effects a sealed envelope, said to contain the secret of his great success in the healing art, and also a rule for living, the following of which would insure longevity. The sealed envelope was found to contain only these words:

"To insure continued health and a ripe old age, keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the system open.'

Dry feet are warm feet, generally, if the system is healthy. To keep the system healthy, the circulation must be good. The circulation is not good without exercise—and exercise can only be really valuable when obtained by walking.

Riding in a carriage is not exercise at all; it is merely inhaling the air. This is very well as far as it goes, but the lungs are not in full play without the individual is walking. Horseback exercise is very good, and is an improvement on carriage riding, but it is not the kind of health-creating play of the muscles nature demands. It is action—action of the entire body—and walking only will procure it.

Now, the ladies of Europe, particularly those of England, understand this thing. They walk miles per day, and if any of our pale beauties desire to know how the English ladies keep up their fine color, clear complexion and superb busts, we tell them that it is out-door exercise; walking in the open air; filling the lungs with pure oxygen, by rapid movement on a sharp October day, when the sun shines brightly and the clear blue sky is above. This is the secret of the rich blood of the English women and their almost universally fine looks and matronly beauty at fifty, when at that age our American women are pale, sallow and wrinkled.

To enjoy a walk, thick soles are needed. Stout, well-fitting, calf-skin, high gaiters, neatly laced, will always "set off" a pretty foot, and improve a homely one. To guard that sensitive portion of the human frame, (for the sole of the foot is keenly sensitive to the changes from heat to cold, or dryness to dampness) the boot sole should be thick and as well made as human ingenuity can do it. Then, even in moist weather, or in a rain storm, the foot can be protected; that insured, all is well with the body.

Girls should walk more; take long walks; get tired; no matter how tired; tired muscles, in any woman, eighteen or forty-eight, only prove that they need to be used; flabby muscles prove that action is wanted; and such muscles also prove that the system lacks tone.

EXAGGERATIONS.

Thackeray used to say that the drollest and most thoroughly American thing that he heard in this country was from a New Yorker, who, on introduction, thus addressed him: "Glad to see you, Mr. Thackeray. I should like England very well, if it wern't so confoundedly small. I am always afraid to go out at night over there, for fear I shall step off."

The passion for comparing one's own country favorably with another is an interesting characteristic. The Irish often exhibit it in a comical way. A grocer in Providence, R. I., employed an Irishman who seemed to take special delight comparing whatever American objects he might see, unfavorably with those of his own country. Even the apples, the potatoes, the pumpkins were very much larger at home than here. The grocer, becoming impatient at Paddy's exaggerations, resolved to play him a trick.

One night he went to an apple tree in the yard, and tied to the boughs a number of large pumpkins, and then called the Irishman.

"Here, Pat, take a lantern and come here."

Pat made his appearance.

"Did you ever see any apples in Ireland as large as the fruit on this tree?"

Pat looked at the pumpkins, and for a moment was taken aback, then resolving that "ould Ireland" should suffer no disparity from his tongue, exclaimed,—

"An faith, mister, those are pretty large, but I believe that I have seen some apples in Ireland larger than that!"

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE REPENTANT BURGLAR.

The world of fiction hardly contains a more thrilling chapter than an incident which marked the life of the late Rev. Mr. Lee, Presbyterian minister, of the village of Waterford, N. Y.

Mr. Lee was sitting in his study about midnight, preparing a discourse to deliver to his congregation, when he heard a noise behind him, and became conscious that some one was in the room. Mr. Lee exclaimed,—

"What is the matter?" and turning around in his chair, he beheld the grim face of a burglar, who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had entered the house by a side window, supposing all the occupants were locked in slumber.

"Give me your watch and money," said he, "and make no noise, or I will fire."

"You may put down your weapon, for I shall make no resistance, and you are at liberty to take all the valuables I possess," was Mr. Lee's calm reply.

The burglar withdrew his menacing pistol, and Mr. Lee said,—

"I will conduct you to the place where my most precious treasures are placed." He opened the door and pointed to the cot where his two children lay slumbering in the sweet sleep of innocence and peace.

"*These*," said he, "*are my choicest jewels*. Will you take them?"

He proceeded to say that as a minister of the Gospel, he had few earthly possessions, and that all his means were devoted to but one object—the education of the two motherless children. The burglar was deeply and visibly affected by these remarks. Tears filled his eyes, and he expressed the utmost sorrow at the act which he had been about to commit.

After a few remarks by Mr. Lee, the would-be criminal consented to kneel and join in prayer; and there in that lonely house, amid the silence of midnight, the offender poured forth his penitence and remorse, while the representative of religion, of peace and good-will, told him to "go and sin no more." Such a scene has few parallels.

SLANG.

We hope, for the credit of their good sense, that all our readers will be as slow as the Dutchman's friend was to see any thing witty in this stupid piece of slang, now so often heard "How's that for high?" The incident here related is a capital burlesque of the popular phrase, and the Dutchman's blundering way of putting it exposes its nonsense exquisitely:

A few days since a waggish gentleman was walking down Broadway, when opposite Trinity church, whose spire is two hundred and eighty-five feet from the ground, he met a German, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Good morning, Schneider."

"*Wie geht's den*."

"Do you know what church that is?"

"Yaw, dos is der Drinity church."

"You see the steeple and that little *cross w-a-y up there?*"

"Yaw, I saw him."

"Well, how is that for high?"

The German looked pleased, scratched his head, and said,—

"Dot *is* goot! Der best I hear dese six weeks, yaw, dot is very goot!"

The wag went his way, leaving the German smiling, scratching his head and gazing abstractedly at the little cross so high in the air. While thus standing, a smile over his face, a friend came along, and he thought to give him the same good thing and have another laugh, and said,—

"Hollo, Fritz—how you was, eh?"

"Goot. How was it going to be mit yourself?"

"Goot all der vile. Do you know what church am dere?"

"Yaw, dere am der Drinity; I know dere church more as a dozen years already"

"You see dem stheeples, und der leedle cross on der top of dem stheeples *w-a-y* most mit der glouds?"

"Yaw, I see der leedle cross."

"You see him? *Vell*—I shust ask you—*how high is dot?*"

Then he laughed and laughed, while the other man replied,—

"I don't know; but what for you make so much laugh?"

"It's the schoke—don you see him—the schoke—yen I ask you *how high is dot?*"

"No, I don't see der schoke."

"Vell, dot is funny. A man just told dot to me, und I make laugh all ter schoke. I dinks you peen a bumming round all night, und you can't see notink!"

ROYAL WIT.

It is said England has had few wits upon the throne, but the following anecdotes of "the merry monarch," Charles II., have lived ever since his day, and are generally regarded as genuine wit. The satirical epitaph written upon the King at his own request by his favorite Earl of Rochester, is said to be equally severe and just:

"Here lies our sovereign lord and King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

What could have been more witty than the reply:

"The matter," Charles observed, "was easily accounted for—his discourse was his own, his actions were his ministry's."

Did ever Broadbrim receive a rebuke in a more witty and gentlemanly style than that administered by Charles to the founder of Pennsylvania? When Penn stood before him with his hat on, the king put off his.

"Friend Charles," said Penn, "why dost thou not keep on thy hat?"

"'Tis the custom of this place," replied the monarch, "that never above one person should be covered at a time.'

Here is one that is good. Charles was very much in favor of extemporaneous preaching and was unwilling to listen to written sermons. On one occasion he asked the great Stillingfleet, how it was that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed that he always preached without a book elsewhere. Stillingfleet said something about the awe of a great congregation, and added,—

"But pray, will your majesty give me leave to ask you a question? Why do you read your speeches to Parliament when you can have none of the same reasons?"

"Why, truly, doctor," replied the king, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked the two Houses so often and for so much money that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

These are specimens of true wit, and are none the less so because they came from a king.

TWO STRANGE ADVERTISEMENTS EXPLAINED.

Last December all the papers were talking about the sudden death of a young sailor who, it was claimed, had been identified as an immensely wealthy young nobleman who had run away from his home and long been utterly lost to all his friends. All means were used to find him, especially by his anxious mother, and mysterious notices posted far and wide through the public press for "Dod" and "Methlick" now prove to have been, the Yarmouth *Register* says, her longing appeals of love to the missing son. All were in vain, however, to awaken a single revealing word, till death overtook the young victim of his own roving passion while serving under a feigned name on the high seas.

A year ago there appeared in the "Personal" columns of many newspapers, in this country and Canada, an advertisement which excited no little comment, and its meaning has, until this time, remained unexplained. Unlike most advertisements of its class, it was continued month after month, and read as follows:

DOD—I am well, but we are in affliction, and I long for you, that we may comfort one another. There is a letter for "Dod" at the Post Office, New York. MA.

Soon after another appeared in its place, which was also continued for a long time, as follows:

METHLICK—July 12, 1869.—I have been seriously ill; getting better, but very weak; come if you possibly can, immediately, for you are more needed than you can think. MA.

It now appears that these advertisements were inserted to attract the attention of the "Missing Earl of Alberdeen." The key was in the address, "Dod," which was the familiar pet name by which the absent earl was addressed in the family circle. If his eye had ever rested upon it, it would have struck him at once as a voice from home. That he gave it no attention whatever is conclusive proof that he is one of the few who never saw it. "Methlick" was the title of one of the baronetcies held by the earl, and the one most familiar to him. The advertisement, however, failed to draw out any response, save the jesting comments of the idle readers who saw in it only a communication between criminals who shunned more direct methods of correspondence. A half a million dollars is said to have been spent to find the wandering earl, but the only clue to his fate that can be discovered is that which traces him to the bowsprit of the schooner *Hera*, from which he was lost and drowned. The mystery of "Dod" and "Methlick" is thus unravelled.

OUR NERVES.

One of our exchanges talks as follows about those unseen telegraphs that run through the territory of the human body. Did David think of nerves among other things, when he said "I am fearfully and wonderfully made"? (Ps. 139: 14.)

Nerves are about as great a mystery as electricity. It is as easy to tell their north, south, east and west, whence they come and whither they go, all they do and how they do it, as it is to explain the marvellous, mystical warnings of the electric fluid.

Bones—any one can understand bones,—bones stout, real bones, next thing to stones—bones stout, strong, substantial, sensible though senseless, matter-of-fact, phlegmatic, dumb pillars of the human body. Muscles, tendons, cords and sinews, too, are a goodly company of tangible somethings, self-contained, calm, sober, faithful, staying where they are put and doing what they are told.

But the nerves—the fly-away, fanciful, fitful nerves, fragile and delicate, dancing all over one, and like fabled pygmies binding great Gullivers,—who can catch one and hold it up and say "Behold!" Nerves are the brain's feelings; they are made out of feeling, and are a mazy network, often a crazy fretwork. Do we eat millions of nerves in fish, flesh and fowl? or have they departed with the life? All other parts of the chicken we can find, and the nerves are not taken out with the crop by the cook.

Swift little messengers, busiest of gossips, transmitting news to the brain a million times an instant, would a very powerful microscope reveal them to be very minute carrier doves, or the pygmiest of newsboys astride a speck of a velocipede? They are shadowy somethings and vague nothings, as exquisitely delicate, and perhaps not wholly unlike a spider's web. We have wondered, as a spider spun out his web, if he was not spinning out his nerves.

BOARDS AND SHEEP.

The two common styles of binding upon books have these names, designating the *paste*-board covers and the sheep-*skin* covers. This funny anecdote is told to show some people's ignorance of this meaning:

An agent, soliciting subscribers for a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who, after reading, "One dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep," declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

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For the Companion.

GEORGIE'S PORTRAIT.

"Georgi-ana! Georgi-ana Rob-in-son! Come up here and let me paint your portrait!"

Georgiana Robinson, a very small young lady for such a long name, was busy making mud pies when she heard the voice calling her, and she looked all around to see where it came from.

"Look up, Georgie!" cried the voice again, and Georgie stared at the sky till a merry laugh caused her to glance at the top of the next house. And there, leaning from the attic window, was Willie Bond, greatly amused by her puzzled looks.

"Why, Willie!" exclaimed Georgie. "What are you doing up there?"

"Painting," answered Willie. "This is my studio. Come up here and I'll take your picture."

"If my mamma 'll let me," said Georgie, delighted, and she ran in to ask her. Pretty soon she came back and called to Willie. "She says yes. How can I get up there?"

"O, I'll come down and show you the way," said Willie.

Willie led the little girl up to the attic and showed her the inscription,

WILLIE BOND,
STUDIO OF HIGH ART,

painted in large black letters on the door.

"I did that myself," said Willie, proudly.

Within, the walls of the room were nearly covered with pictures which Willie had cut from illustrated papers, and pinned up there. Some of the pictures had received a coat of paint from Willie's brush, and looked very bright and gay.

Willie allowed his little visitor to admire them as long as she chose. Then he showed her his box of paints, his brushes, and the easel his brother Sam had made for him.

Willie was sick a great deal, and could not play out of doors like other boys, so his friends did all they could to amuse him and make him happy. Georgie liked to play with Willie, he was so gentle and kind.

When she had looked at the pictures and other things all she wanted to, Willie brought a box for her to sit on while he painted her portrait.

"There," said he, "sit just so, and look right at me."

"Can I wink?" asked Georgie, solemnly.

"O yes," laughed Willie; "wink just as much as you please."

So Willie sat down at his easel and began the picture.

Georgie sat up very straight and stiff, looking as grave as an owl. But after a while she grew tired, and wanted to get up and look at it.

"Does that look like me?" she asked, in rather a dissatisfied tone.

"O, it's only just begun," said Willie. "You wait till it is done, and it will look better. Now go back and sit down, and I'll tell you a story while I paint."

Georgie went back to her seat, and Willie began.

"Once there was a little boy who was very anxious to go to Santa Claus' house, and see him, with his elves, making the Christmas presents. But he didn't know where to find it. He asked a great many people, but no one knew any thing about it.

"At length a little bird promised to show him the way, if he would promise never, never to tell. So one morning the little boy slipped carefully out of the house, and started on his journey. The bird flew before him, so that he might not get lost.

"And so they travelled and travelled, till they came to a great forest. Here the bird hopped along on the ground just before the little boy, till they were in the very middle of the woods. Then the bird stopped and told the boy to walk very softly and peep through a clump of trees and bushes which grew close together like a wall.

"The little boy crept carefully along and parted the leaves so that he could see through. And there he saw a large, smooth field, surrounded on all sides by the thick wall of leaves and vines. In the middle of the field was the house and workshop of Santa Claus, full of queer little figures darting about as if they had oceans of work on hand.

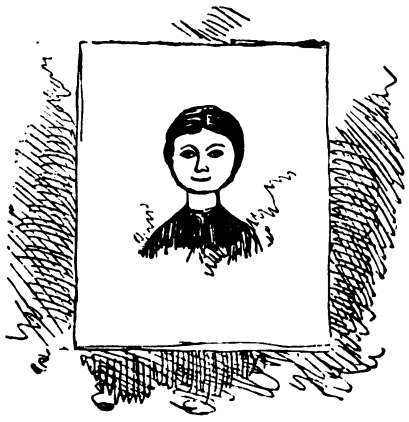
"The little boy had only time for one little glance, for just at that minute Santa Claus himself popped his head out of the door and saw the boy's face in the bushes.

"In a moment the house and workmen had disappeared, and the little boy saw only a white cloud, which slowly melted away. But the boy remembered some words he had seen over the doorway: 'Nobody ever enters here who lies abed too late.' So he resolved to go home and get up early every morning for a year, and then try again."

"And did he?" asked Georgie.

"Yes, I believe so," said Willie. "I'll tell you the rest next time. But I've got your portrait done. Come and see it."

Georgie ran to look at the picture, and said she thought it was very good indeed. What do you think?



VOICES OF ANGELS.

In a corner playing
Sat my little May.
Playing with a kitten
In a merry way.

All at once, upspringing—
Hushed her noisy glee—
Said she, "Mamma, darling!
Did you speak to me?"

"No," I answered, wondering
At the strange surprise
Shadowing the beauty
Of her tender eyes.

"Then it was an angel;"
And her voice dropped down,
And the lashes, drooping,
Touched her cheeks of brown—

Brown with summer kisses—
And she bent her head;
"I was hurting kitty;
'Don't!' a low voice said.

"Was it not an angel?"
"Yes, they're always near,"
Said I, "speaking to us,
If we'll only hear.

"In our hearts their voices,
Very sweet and low,
Urging love and duty,
We may always know.

"In our hearts, when straying
From the better way,
Words of earnest warning
We may hear them say.

"Always heed them, darling,
For it is the Lord,
Present with the angels—
Speaking in their word."

Children's Hour.

LITTLE BUNNY-RED.

One day some men were pitching hay in a barn near our house, when they came upon a little red squirrel, so young, that his eyes were not yet open. They did not know where his mamma was; so they brought the poor little thing to our cat.

Now Tiptail, the cat, instead of eating the squirrel, took him into her basket, and nursed him with her kitten. Bunny soon got his eyes open, and began to run on the floor. The kitten began to run and play about the same time; and the two used to have nice times together.

Bunny-Red, for that is what we named the squirrel, got so tame, that he would sit on my shoulder, and eat beech-nuts from my hand. But by-and-by he began to take long walks. Sometimes he would go away in the morning, and not get back till night.

A man who came to our house, one day, said we ought to put Bunny in a cage, or he would run away. And sure enough, at last, after he had eaten all our nuts, he did run away, and never came back.

"HE STICKS TO IT SO."

Little Willie had been taught by his mother to pray, and she had often told him that to pray to God was to *talk* to Him, and tell Him just what he wanted.

At night, after he had repeated the Lord's Prayer, he used to make a short prayer of his own. Though he was generally a good boy, and loved his father and mother, yet it sometimes happened that he needed correction; for, like all children, he wanted to have his own way.

Once, he didn't mind his mother, and she was obliged to punish him, for she did not wish her little boy to grow up wicked and unruly.

When it was time for him to repeat his prayer, he could not forget his naughty conduct; and, as he had been taught, he *talked* to God about it in the following manner, feeling all the while very serious, though his language was so childish:

"O Lord, bless Willie, and make him a good boy, and don't let him be naughty again—never, no, never! because, you know, when he is naughty, *he sticks to it so!*"

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A VEILED SUN.

The telescope is a tubular bridge by which astronomers are able to cross the immense spaces separating us from those islands of light with which the sea of the sky is so thickly studded, and bring back many curious facts that may serve as golden pegs on which to hang their various theories.

In the northern heavens, besides the Demon Star, which every three days is half eclipsed, there is the star Mira or Wonderful, in the constellation of the Whale, which acts no less strangely. For a fortnight it shines out steadily like any other star, but then for three months it is being swallowed up, and at last, like Jonah in the whale, it is lost altogether from sight, and so remains for five months or more. What becomes of thee, O Mira, when for five months, like Elizabeth of old, thou hidest thyself?

The greatest of the celestial mysteries are the mists, or the *nebulæ*, as the astronomers call them. Laplace (pronounced *Laplass*) thought they were the flour of which the stars are made, like dumplings, by a process of rolling over and over. The principal lump forms a sun; the smaller ones, which fall off from it, form the planets and their moons. But others have declared that to take the nebulæ for mist is a mistake. Many of them, when looked at through powerful telescopes, are seen to be clusters of stars, which only on account of their immense distance from us appear like silver dust.

There is also the Milky Way, which the sky wears like a scarf of bright gauze across her shoulders. The Welsh call it the Way of the Wind, from the notion that like the end of a light scarf, it indicates the point of the compass from which the wind will blow on the morrow. The Scandinavians call it the Road of Winter, doubtless from its resemblance to a drift of snow. These names, however, are only figurative. They do not tell us what the galaxy really is. Whether it consists of innumerable stars or not, it is thickly set with them, especially in the southern heavens, where the sky seems so much nearer to the earth than with us. The Milky Way has also dark spaces in it, where the milk has given out and its place is supplied by water. To make up for these deficiencies there are brighter spots, which may stand for clots of cream. Not far from the four bright stars which form the Southern Cross is one of these spots, known as the nebula surrounding Eta Argus.

This star, Eta Argus, mi ht be regarded from its name as a brilliant young lady, and recent d scoveries indicate that she is on the point of getting married, or, at least, is enveloping herself in her bridal veil. Seventeen years ago Eta was shining in the southern sky with twice the splendor of the most brilliant of our northern stars, rivalling even Sirius itself. At the present time she is scarcely visible to the naked eye. Once before she showed a disposition to leave her state of singular brilliance. In 1838 she displayed a joy-illumined face, shining as brightly as the southern star Canopus, but gradually diminished her splendor. Before long, however, she changed her views, as young ladies will, and allowed her beauty to blaze forth again.

Now the individuality of Eta Argus is almost lost among the surrounding galaxy, and we all call this star a Veiled Sun, because astronomers have lately come to the conclusion that it is in some way or other connected with the nebula, which seems to cling to it. This nebula is described as a diffuse mass of cloudy light, with a face six times as broad as the moon's, and which, like the moon's, is not all equally bright, but has dark streaks on it, as if badly washed. In the midst of the brightest part is a dark vacancy, with a figure like a keyhole. Unfortunately, we have no key to fit it, and as it is dark beyond we can see nothing through it. It seems, however, as if the celestial dairywoman had spilt more than a quart of her milk over this quarter of the Milky Way. Sir J. Herschel counted no less than twelve hundred stars on a small part of the nebula. These are the myriad eyes of the Argus, peering though the mist.

Astronomers have of late been much mystified by this misty fire. Formerly it was so modest that it hid itself from the naked eye. Now it has grown so bold and domineering that it may be seen even in twilight, which puts out stars below the third magnitude. It has also greatly changed its shape, as though it had been drifted by the wind, and the stars strewn on its surface have altered their positions, as in a lively dance. Supposing it to be no further off than the nearest of the fixed stars, we may calculate its size. If it be somewhat of a globe in shape it must have a surface of at least fifty millions of millions of millions of square miles—surely a good round sum. And now we learn by the spectroscope that all this vast mass consists of burning gas;—its spectrum being formed by a few bright lines.

As the star Eta Argus and the nebula vary at the same time, and in a wonderful manner, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that they belong to each other. This distant sun wears a luminous veil, inconceivably more magnificent than that of any earthly bride, and dims its brightness as that of the light mist increases. Science is making such rapid strides through the sky that it may yet tell us *how* and *why*.

VARIETY.

EAT SLOW.

Rapid eating is so notorious a fault among Americans that it is a common saying with foreigners, "Americans bolt their food." Never eat on the run, unless you are *forced* to. The Toledo *Blade* says:

On Sunday, while one of our prominent citizens was dining at a hotel, upon roast turkey, his eating was suddenly stopped by the "knife bone" of the fowl lodging within the throat. Amid his painful choking, the man hastened from the room, and then followed a violent attack of vomiting. Though this was terrific enough to clear any passage, still the bone held its place, bearing its sharp edges into the sensitive throat with keen torture. Medical aid was sought forthwith, by the distressed man being conveyed to the office of Dr. Samuel S. Thorn. With due haste the latter examined the difficulty, and finding that the withdrawal of the obstruction by instruments was impracticable, the feat of thrusting it downward into the stomach was undertaken.

To accomplish this a small piece of sponge was firmly secured to the end of a long, slender whalebone, and the crowding process was slowly executed, the patient, in the meantime, suffering with a pain which, to say the least, is not to be desired, and with such a fear of sudden exit into the other world as cannot be described. But the reaching of the entire whalebone down the passage to the stomach dropped the bone into the latter, and the agony unutterable was over.

WOULDN'T CARRY RUM.

It is pleasant to hear of a good, true man who can be consistent even when it costs him something. The Boston *Journal* tells this story of a temperance captain:

An incident was recently related in the life of a sea captain, whose strong and earnest feeling respecting the use of intoxicating drink sometimes caused him to make any sacrifice of pecuniary profit rather than seemingly to favor, by any action of his, the destructive habit. He happened, a few years ago, to be at Santa Cruz, in the West Indies, with his vessel, when the season for shipping the products of that region was past, and nothing remained to go forward except a cargo of rum. He was offered the freight at a handsome price, but peremptorily declined it, on the ground that his conscience would not permit him to accept it. The consequence was that he came to Boston in ballast.

On his arrival he estimated the loss to the vessel by his refusal, adding that he was willing to pay them their proportion of the freight money which had been lost by his conduct. The respect in which the captain was held, however, prevented the acceptance of his offer, and he was continued in command, but care was taken that, if possible, his voyages should be thereafter so arranged as to avoid all "rum" ports. The captain is now in charge of a fine ship, which is on the way from Europe to this port, and although somewhat advanced in age, he still adheres to his old-time principles.

FUN UNDER THE FERULE.

Wit has saved many a rascal's back. Why not a mischief-loving school-boy's, now and then?

A good story is told of Richard Mulcaster, who, several centuries ago, was in the habit of *indorsing** the precepts of the wise king upon the ingenious youth of England. One day as he was about to inflict punishment upon a pupil, he paused awhile, and there, according to the chronicler, "a merry conceit taking him," he said,—

"I ask the banns of matrimony between this boy on the one side and Lady Birch on the other side; and if any of you know lawful cause or impediment why they should not be joined together, let him speak, for this is the last time of asking."

Thereupon a good, sturdy boy, and of quick wit, stood up and said,—

"Master, I forbid the banns!"

"Yea, sirrah, and why so?" exclaimed the master.

"Because both parties are not agreed," was the answer.

The old pedagogue, who enjoyed the joke, admitted the validity of the objection, and pardoned the fault of the one pupil and the presumption of the other.

* *Indorse* (in Latin) means to "put on the back."

HOW HAWTHORNE SAVED THE LAMB.

When Nathaniel Hawthorne was a boy, living at Raymond, Me., he kept a journal. The Portland *Transcript* has published parts of this, and among its many pleasing and characteristic things is this pretty little story of his heart:

Maj. Berry went past our house with a large drove of sheep, yesterday. One, a last spring's lamb, gave out—could go no further. I saw him down near the ledge. The poor dumb creature looked into my eyes, and I thought I knew just what he would say, if he could speak, and so asked Mr. Berry what he would sell him for. "Just the price of his pelt, and that will bring sixty-five cents," was the answer. I ran and petitioned mother for the money, which she soon gave me, saying, with a smile, that she tried to make severe but could not, that I was a great spendthrift. The lamb is in our orchard now, and he made a bow, (without taking off his hat,) and thanked me this morning, for saving him from the butcher.

NUTS TO CRACK.

An exchange says that country editors are bothering their wise heads over the following problem:

If four dogs with 10 legs can catch 89 rabbits with 27, in 14 minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from 8 dogs with 32 legs, in 17 minutes and a half, allowing 365 days in the year?

The editors ought to be pitied. Here is another proposition that looks easier, notwithstanding the discouraging statement with which it is introduced:

A prominent dry goods merchant of Boston worked half an hour on the following and failed to give the answer: "If four men build a *stone* wall in nine days, how long will it take five men to build a like wall in six days?"

A WISCONSIN paper mentions a case where burglars broke into a store, but the goods were marked so high that they would not take any away.

"Loss of a China packet ship!" exclaimed a literal-minded old lady, as she laid down a newspaper. "I should think so, when even iron ones are not always safe."

"A MAN who'd maliciously set fire to a barn," said old Poyson, "and burn up a stable full of horses and cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to be the one to do it."

As illustrating the humorous, Prof. Lowell mentioned an advertisement that caught his dye some time since: "Wanted, by a boy, a situation in an eating-house. He is used to the business."

"MAMMA, can a door speak?"

"Certainly not, my dear."

"Then why did you tell Alice, this morning, to answer the door?"

"It is time for you to go to school, my dear."

Two sailors sat on the gunwale of their ship, drinking grog.

"This is meat and drink," said Jack, and fell overboard as he was drinking.

"Now you've got washing and lodging," coolly remarked Tom.

AN Irish woman appeared in the county court of Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian of her child, and the following colloquy occurred:

"What estate has your child?"

"Plaze your honor, I don't understand you."

"What has he got?"

"Chills and fever, plaze your honor."

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For the Companion.

OVERCOMING.

By M. A. Denison.

"The addition of one little 'ought,'" muttered Richard Poland, to himself; "only a little thing like that, and I am safe."

Even as he spoke the blood receded from his cheeks, and his lips worked convulsively.

Was there another presence in that neat little room? Every thing had been made comfortable and attractive for Richard in his uncle's house, even to this, his sleeping apartment.

"Let him have a good room," Mr. Poland had said, when he decided to take his widowed sister's only son, to teach him the business in which he himself had been so successful. "The outside world will have fewer charms for him, if he is settled amidst pleasant associations."

So his good wife had a room prettily furnished; had placed good and interesting books on the shelves, and a few pictures on the walls. Richard was delighted with his quarters, at first, and for a long time remembered his mother's admonitions, wrote affectionate letters to her, weekly, and boasted that the temptations of the city had no charm for him.

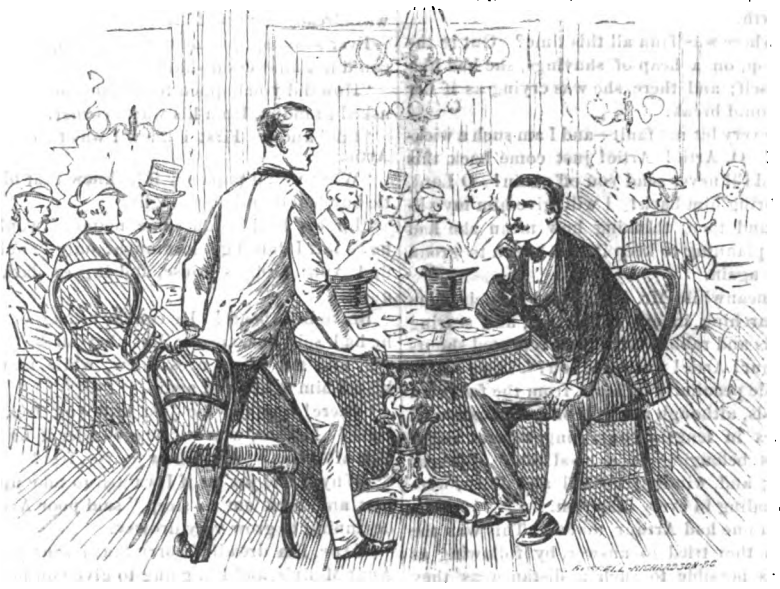
But there was a serpent in this paradise, so subtle, so evil, that upon whomsoever he fixed its basilisk eye the victim was almost sure to fall into the snare.

This was one of the senior clerks, and his name was Sydney Wright. Older, by several years, than Dick Poland, he affected the manners and simplicity of youth. He saw that Dick was guileless and unsuspecting, and through him he saw also access to the money of his employer, if he could work his cards right. He was a person of handsome address, twenty-eight years old, and particularly gentle and amiable in appearance. So deep was his nature, that he had already injured two of Mr. Poland's best young men, and yet was never suspected.

It is needless to describe how Dick fell into his toils. The conquest was an easy one. Resolve after resolve was broken. Dick was persuaded to go to the theatre, just for once. The ice broken, a passion was begotten that almost mastered him. Wright treated him, after the performances were over, to nice little suppers, and gradually introduced wine. Then, under pretence of showing him the ins and outs of the city, his feet touched the pestilent threshold of a gambling hell, and another passion which he had never dreamed existed, awoke within him—the passion for cards and games of chance. Little by little the tender warnings of his mother faded out of his mind, until, two years only from the time he entered his uncle's counting-house, he sat in his room with certain papers entrusted to him spread out before him, in debt to Mr. Wright five hundred dollars, with the terrible temptation urging him on, to add just one touch of his pen, one little name written in black ink, and so commit the final act that would ruin him for all time.

There was another presence in that room. Richard had placed himself under the influence of evil counsellors, consequently, indirectly, he had solicited the presence of the spirit of evil. There was a tempter at his left, a sorrowful angel at his right, whose power for good he himself had limited. Long he sat there, his whole future, his soul itself, at stake. Twice, three times he dipped his pen in the ink, and then sank back, shuddering. It was the image of his mother that, with each impulse, seemed to stay his hand. He could see her pleading eyes; he could hear her soft, low voice, and then he could have cursed himself bitterly that he had ever put aside her admonitions, and listened to that which she had told him he might hear but must never heed.

"I won't do it to-night," he muttered, flinging his pen down; "but it must be done. It shall be the last time that I will ever lend myself to such wickedness. I'll reform, after—to-morrow; I'll tell Wright, dead. He has led me into this thing, the deceiving villain—I hate him, but all



OVERCOMING.

the same, I must pay him. I would not let Uncle Poland know of my scrapes for all the money he is worth. Good heavens!" He pressed his throbbing temples, and presently a few tears rolled over his cheeks, tears of bitterness and almost despair. Then he flung the papers into his desk, shut the lid, and rising, walked back and forth, moodily.

Then he went out. He had an engagement to meet Wright at a gambling "hell," where they had often met, and where the money had been gambled away, that was now causing him such fearful apprehensions.

In a brilliant room his companion awaited him. The poor young man was in no condition to resist the gratification of occupying his mind with other thoughts than those that filled him with dread. The two clerks sat at a table, played several games, but Richard could not be induced to hazard more money. Somehow his good angel restrained him, and Wright, after a time, insisted that stakes should be put up. Until Richard, with sudden resolution, started from his chair and threw down the cards, saying,—

"No, I will not risk more money—I cannot and I will not do it."

"Very well," replied Wright; "as you choose. I'll not press it. But remember the five hundred dollars due me, I need, and must have. Don't delay. I *must have* the money. Get it somehow —*but get it*. I think you understand me. You are altogether too squeamish. But time will kill that tender conscience of yours."

Richard started. The man's manner angered him. It was a sneering exhibition of consciousness of power, and a determination to use it to his injury—if he did get the money. The poor boy was almost driven to desperation, as he saw the horrible toils that were thrown around him, and turning abruptly, hurried, without a word, from the room, to his home.

Dick was changed, his aunt said, at the breakfast table the next morning; what was the matter? How could she know that with the connivance of the servant, who was liberally paid for his trouble, Dick was let into the house at all hours of the night? She could not tell what caused his headache, a plea with which he often came down to a late breakfast.

"Richard is very ambitious, I see, and studies hard," she said to her husband, once or twice. "I often find books on his table, with marks in them."

"I shall do well by the lad if he improves himself," his uncle often said; "there's no reason why he may not at some time come into the firm; it lays with himself."

Poor Dick! that was the career they would build for him, while he was building on sand.

"It must be done to-morrow night," muttered Dick, bitterly, "for Wright has me completely in his power. O, why did I not see before what kind of a man he was? He threatens to expose me to my uncle; then comes disgrace. I should be sent to my mother with a blackened character; it would kill her. I know just how she would receive me, try to shield me and save me, but her heart would break. No, I will not let this happen. Before God I will promise, once out of this last scrape never to be caught in another."

And so he went to bed, but not to rest. More wretched than pen of mine can describe, he tossed on a sleepless pillow, or dreamed such dreams that by the sheer force of horror he was awakened, only to think of the danger that threatened him in another form.

The next day he was almost ill. His temples throbbed, and he entered his uncle's counting-house more like a criminal crossing the portal of a jail. His uncle met him.

"Dick, you're not going to get sick, are you?" he asked.

"I hope not, sir," and Dick avoided his uncle's eye, "but I am not feeling very well."

"I think I shall take you into my office, to-day; was his uncle's kind reply. "I have some papers to copy, and you can take your time about them. If at any moment you should feel worse, go home and nurse yourself; your aunt has all sorts of remedies."

Dick went, nothing loth, into his uncle's counting-room. He did not want the eyes of any of his fellow-clerks upon him; he was in too great agony of soul. Above all things, he loathed the thought of meeting with Wright. He sat down to his papers, and tried to give his whole attention to them. In vain; his mind wandered, his temples beat hard, his hand shook.

Presently his uncle came in. Dick trembled, for there was a change in the merchant's countenance. Some one came in with him, a servant in the establishment.

"Send Mr. Murray here," said Mr. Poland, sternly. Mr. Murray was one of his most valued clerks. In a few moments the young man entered, pale as death, and his employer confronted him with a forgery.

Then Dick witnessed a scene he never could forget. He saw to what a pitiable condition guilt, and terror, and remorse can reduce a man. He saw Mr. Murray fall like a corpse at his uncle's feet, and witnessed his departure, more dead than alive, in a carriage summoned by Mr. Poland.

Not long after, the young wife of this distracted man came, praying for mercy, which was granted, on certain conditions, but that night, unable to endure the shame, Mr. Murray shot himself, bringing poverty and misery upon his helpless family.

"Well, you brought the money?" said Wright, as Dick met him next day, according to promise.

"No," said Dick, in a low voice.

"Then you know what will follow."

"I know what you have threatened. You can tell my uncle, if you wish, all you know about me, or wait, perhaps years, for payment of the debt. I will not do another dishonorable deed."

"Then I'll lose you your place."

"Very well, you can do your worst. I will not add guilt to reckless folly. From this time forth, you and I are strangers."

Dick waited with fear and trembling, but nothing came of it. Either Wright had thought it safer to keep silence, or his uncle had forgiven him, and from that day, Dick lived an honest and a blameless life.

For the Companion.

HOW ARTIE WAS LOST.

By Mrs. O. W. Scott.

"Tina! Tina! Where is the child, I wonder?" said the sweet-faced old lady, who stood in the farm-house door, looking this way and that, with her hands above her eyes.

"Here, grandma!" and a little girl with black eyes, and brown hair tied back with pink ribbon, jumped up from behind a pile of boards which occupied one corner of the great door-yard.

"Well, I want you to take this bundle of yarn and run over to Aunt Molly's with it. I've hired her to knit your pa some stockings for next winter. You know the place; right through the woods and down over the hill."

"Yes, grandma, I know the house," and Tina took the bundle and went slowly back to her corner.

"Aint it too bad, Jennie? Just as I've got my children all into bed with the measles, I've got to go over to Aunt Molly's."

Miss Jennie, a round-faced country lass, who had come to spend the afternoon with Tina, and was just now rocking one of the "measley children" to sleep, looked up with a little scowl.

"Mean! Can't he go?" and Jennie nodded toward a neighboring sand bank, where a sturdy little fellow in sailor hat and linen apron was hard at work.

"I don't believe but what—say! Artie, won't you go over to Aunt Molly's for me?" cried Tina, leaning over the garden fence.

"I want to finish my saw-mill. Can't you go?" said he.

"O, now, Artie! My children's all down with the measles. If you'll go, I will give you—my —village."

"Honest? Well, then, I will!" and the little boy threw down his shovel and came running to the fence.

"Now you know the way, don't you? Through the woods, and over the big hill, and there you are. Don't you lose the yarn, either."

"Well, I won't," said Artie, and he rubbed his hands thoroughly on his apron, seized the bundle and started off in great glee; for Tina's village, with its church, its houses, trees and animals, all made to move at pleasure, had been for a long time the desire of his heart.

He was a darling fellow, this little Artie, with a sweet face, big, honest blue eyes, and flaxen hair, that curled all over his head. Pet names stuck to him even closer than the molasses candy he sometimes carried in his pocket. He was grandpa's "Tow head," grandma's "Old mischief," papa's "Trotter," and mamma's "Sunshine;" but when, once in a long while, he did something that was really naughty, then she would look sober and say, "Why, Arthur Bellingham Joslyn!" and that was his real name.

After Artie left them, Tina and Jennie took care of their children to their hearts' content; and the poor dolls were given liberal doses of catnip, tansy and caraway seed, which seemed at last to have the desired effect; for, as soon as Jennie said, "Let's play they're well," there they

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were, sitting up in their chairs, their cheeks as red as ever.

At length Tina said, "It seems too bad for me to give my village to Artie, just for going over there—such a little way—doesn't it?"

Then Jennie wanted to see it, and Tina brought it out, took it from its nice little box, and set it up on the projecting end of a wide board.

"O, it is the prettiest thing you've got! Don't you hate to give it away?" asked Jennie.

"Yes, I do, and I don't believe I will. I can't, so!"

"But you promised it, didn't you?" asked Jennie, again.

"Yes; but then, Artie is so good-natured that he will give it up if I say he must. I'll give him one of my old picture-books instead," and Tina moved her men and animals about under the trees, trying to feel that she was doing just right.

But the afternoon slipped away very quickly, and at six o'clock grandma came out and hung a towel on the well-sweep, which was the signal for grandpa to come from the field; and seeing this, the girls picked up their dolls and went into the house.

"We're as hungry as two bears, aint we, Jennie?" said Tina, scanning with longing eyes the well-filled table.

"But where is your brother?" inquired Mrs. Joslyn.

Tina rolled her eyes toward Jennie with a look of sudden surprise and remembrance. "Why, he ought to be here! You see, my dolls was all down with the measles, and he just as soon go!"

"Go where?" asked the mother, with sudden apprehension.

"Why, to Aunt Molly's, with the yarn. He went instead of me."

"Tina Joslyn! How could you send that little *precious* away over there? He don't half know the way. Mother, did you know that Artie had gone to Aunt Molly's?"

"No, indeed!" said grandma, as she came into the room. "I sent Tina; but then, I guess we needn't worry at present, for likely as not he's come across Sylvester. Sylvester was going to put up the line fence through the woods this afternoon."

But when grandpa came in he inquired for his little "Tow head," and made them anxious again by saying that, as it was Saturday night, he had given Sylvester leave to go home at five o'clock, to see his sick mother.

Supper did not taste as well as usual, for they all missed the curly head that was always near grandpa, and perhaps the old man himself missed it the most, for after a very light meal, he took his hat and cane, saying that he would walk over toward Aunt Molly's, and perhaps meet Arthur coming home.

"I'll go with you, father, it is such a lovely time to walk," said Arthur's mother, and Tina begged to go too, so the three started.

Down across the bridge, through the woods, over the hill and even down to Aunt Molly's weather-beaten little cottage they went; calling, "Artie! Precious! where are you?" every few minutes.

Aunt Molly, all bent over with the weight of many rheumatic years, opened her door as she saw them, and they eagerly inquired for their little boy.

"He haint been nigh here, to-day," said she.

"Hasn't been here? Father! where can he be?" and Artie's mother looked up anxiously into the old man's face.

He looked sober for a moment and then said, cheerfully, "O, I dare say he's just strayed a little way into the woods, and got to sleep. We will look sharp as we go back."

And so they did. At every little opening beside the path, they stopped and peered into the bushes and behind big logs, calling, meanwhile, as loud as they could, to the little wanderer. But the shadows of evening were gathing very fast, and they began to stumble over roots of trees and into damp places, in their eager haste.

"It's no use! We will go back to the house, and I'll get Gray and his boys to come out and help me," said grandpa.

Poor Mrs. Joslyn! a cold chill ran through her at those words, they seemed so like what she had read so many times of preparations to search for lost children. Was her little Sunshine lost? She grasped Tina's hand, and the two ran to the house, eager to help the men off.

In a little while Mr. Joslyn started again with neighbor Gray and his three tall sons, old Growler, a half blind house dog, and a good supply of lanterns. He would not let Artie's mother go. "O, no," he said. "You stay here and get every thing nice and warm for him, and I'll warrant we shall bring him to you within an hour."

So the poor anxious mother got Artie's "nightie," and hung it near the fire, which was kept burning brightly for his sake, and then, throwing a shawl over her head, she went down to the bridge and stood there, looking up to the twinkling stars, and listening, listening so intently for the faintest sound from the woods.

Left once more to herself, grandma heard the cows lowing in the yard, impatient to be milked; so she went out, carrying a flickering lamp to light her path, and soon her pail was brimming full of the warm, sweet milk that Artie loved so well.

"Bless his little heart! He shall have his milk the minute he gets home," said she, wiping her eyes as she spoke; and then she filled his tin cup; but, not satisfied with that, she trotted to the best "china closet" and took down a quaint little mug, brilliant with gilt and crimson flowers; and into this she poured the milk. "He shall have it to-night, if he breaks it all to smash," putting the cherished heirloom down on the hearth.

But where was Tina all this time? Out in the workshop, on a heap of shavings, she had hidden herself; and there she was crying as if her heart would break.

"It's every bit my fault—and I am such a wicked girl! O, Artie! Artie! just come back this once and I'll never send you off again! O Lord, please bring him back! I will give him my village!" and then, thinking how mean she had been in planning to keep it, she began to groan and cry again.

But meanwhile Mr. Joslyn and his neighbors were searching in every direction, and scaring the birds and rabbits with their repeated shouts of "Arthur! Artie! where are you?" Their search was made peculiarly difficult, from the fact that the woods, although not wide or dense, extended for miles in length, containing several sugar orchards belonging to a good many different farmers; and, winding up hill and down, were paths leading in every direction.

Which one had Arthur taken? This was the question they tried to answer, by following as many as possible to such a distance as they thought he could possibly have reached; but all in vain!

At length Grandpa Joslyn started toward what was called "Shad's Swamp," saying, in his perplexity, "I'll just let Providence lead this time."

A most unpromising route it seemed, here and there choked with cranberry and blueberry bushes, then leading into mud and mire—and again catching the patient old feet that stumbled through it, with twining and clinging vines. But grandpa never thought of these things, save to get out of their way as soon as possible; he went on, shouting every now and then, "Arthur! Arthur! Come to grandpa! Where are you, sonny?"

Down upon one knee he went, at last, and almost lost his light, as he scrambled out of a deceitful hole in the path; and then he sat down for a moment; breathless, bewildered and heart-sick, when he thought how far "Tow head" might have wandered while he had been toiling thus far.

But a faint sound just then reached his ear. He leaned forward — listened — and heard it again. A little piping voice, but O, how sweet!

On he went, as fast as possible, and pretty soon he could catch the words. It was a little verse that Artie had partly learned, and finished out to suit himself. How many times the family had laughed as he sung it, just as he was singing it now, out there in the dark swamp:"

"I am Jesus' little lamb;
So secure and safe I am,
In His arms I safe reposes,
And His love to me He showses;
Me He watches from on high.
By lo baby buntin' by!"

"Precious lamb! Grandpa's coming, sonny!" shouted the old man! And then he just lost his voice, and his strength seemed to fail for a moment, he was so happy.

But Artie had heard him, and shouted back, as well as he could, "I thought you'd come, grandpa, if I sung my little verse. I'd got most tired waiting, though."

And then he saw the light, and exerting all his strength, he struggled through the bushes, and there he was, all safe in grandpa's loving arms.

"What makes you cry, grandpa? 'Cause you're glad you've got me? I want to go right straight home, 'cause my legs ache, and I've lost one shoe, and the yarn, too."

Then the old farmer had to laugh in the midst of his tears, for Artie was muddy and wet from head to foot. His hat was gone, and not only was one shoe lost, but two or three disconsolate little toes peeped out of his torn stocking.

But the laugh did not last long—something cut it short—and he said, in husky tones, "Put your arms right round my neck, cling tight, and I'll carry you straight home."

When they reached the path, Farmer Gray met them, and his sober face lighted up wonderfully when he saw the precious burden on grandpa's back.

"Let me take him—you must be clean tired out, neighbor," said he, kindly. But no! nobody could be trusted with the little stray lamb just then. So, tired as he was, Grandpa Joslyn trudged along; but not far, for soon a voice came from the shadows by the bridge,—

"Have you got him, father?"

"Yes, Annie, he's all safe!" and then Artie cried, "Mamma! mamma!" and with swift feet she came to clasp her boy, never so precious before, to her heart.

Ah, what a happy time they had when, at length, all were gathered in the old kitchen again! Grandma trotted about to make ginger tea for "father," to fill Artie's mug again, and then stopped to give him a squeeze and a kiss; for mamma had stripped off the muddy clothes and was already bathing him in soft warm water.

Ever so many questions were asked, but Artie could not answer one-half.

"How did you happen to get into the swamp?" asked grandpa, from his warm corner.

"I do' know. First I knew I was there," said Artie.

"What would papa say if he knew that his little boy had been lost to-night?"

"I guess he'd laugh some, mamma, wouldn't he? But I didn't get lost much; only I couldn't find Aunt Molly's house, and it grew dark too quick."

Brave little heart! He couldn't imagine what he had said to cause it, but they all began to cry, and rub their eyes anew, while mamma kissed him again and again.

"There! now tell me just how you feel, precious! Mother, won't it be a wonder if he isn't sick after this? Artie, how do you feel?"

"Why, I feel jus' as if I wanted to take up my legs and rock 'em to sleep," said poor Arthur, beginning to grow very drowsy.

"Artie, I'm dreadful sorry that I sent you to Aunt Molly's, and I'm going to give you my village, sure," whispered repentant Tina, as she knelt beside him.

"Course you will; that's what you promised; and I thought of it ever so many times," and Artie's eyes flashed wide open again.

Tina hadn't the courage to make a confession, as she had intended, for she felt that her little brother had full confidence in her word.

"Come, dear," said her mother, "it is almost midnight, so now kiss brother and run to bed."

Tina did so, saying to herself, as she went up stairs, "Artie never shall know how mean I meant to be; but I guess I sha'n't forget it!"

And she did not. She remembered those terrible hours of waiting in the old work-shop, long after Artie had forgotten all about being lost, save the fact of his drinking milk from grandma's "painted mug," and being rocked to sleep in his mother's arms.

For the Companion.

BECKY'S THINGS.

By Alice Robbins.

Margaret Grayson was at her wit's end. She wanted a new bonnet.

"How shall I get a new bonnet?" was her anxious query night and morning. A trifle, you will say, to be troubled about, but then perhaps you have a new bonnet as often as you want it, and five dollars may not be a very large amount of money with you. But it was not so with Margaret Grayson. She was poor, *but* respectable—that qualification must needs come.

Margaret's father worked very hard. He was not of the prosperous kind. If a barn was burning, you might safely run in the direction of Joe Grayson's premises, unless he was visiting, and then it was best to make for the place he was staying at. Joe had met with more accidents, gone through more fevers, drank more whiskey than any other person in Greenville, and perhaps the whiskey was the cause of it all. The man who kept the only tavern in Greenville, a sleek, well-to-do, smooth-speaking, selfish man, who never patronized his own bar, said it was "Providence."

But Joe was done with all that now, and was really trying to live a better life. Margaret, since she had grown into a comely lass, had had much to do with his reform. "Marget," as he called her, was old Joe's idol, and, new bonnet or old, calico or silk, (if she had ever worn silk,) Margaret was always beautiful to him.

Margaret's mother was worn out. She had laid seven little ones to sleep under the old church-yard sod, and she had broken her heart, long ago, fretting over Joe. Now she sat in her arm-chair a good deal, while Margaret and her little sister did nearly all the work, with the occasional help of Joe.

I suppose our readers will not think any less of this broken-down, but now upright Joe Grayson, if I tell them that he wrung out all the clothes, carried all the water for washing, and on occasions swept floors and washed dishes.

Poor Joe lived on hired land, and managed to plant enough corn and potatoes to eat, and let him pay his rent. That was all, though. Margaret had raised chickens, and sold eggs, and kept her mother, sister and self clothed in homely calico. She was a sensible girl, and took a practical, common-sense view of her position. She had studied much, learned much, knew how to make a little go a great ways; dyed faded ribbons, knit her own collars, made her own bonnets—but now!

She took out her bonnet. It was her last year's and all the years before that—up to *ten*. It had been her mother's, and was made originally of good velvet and nice lace. Indeed, it was a present from a newly married sister, and was once thought a marvel of beauty.

"Land sakes, how that bonnet does hang on!" exclaimed Aunt Liddy, an old pensioner, who sometimes spent the day there. Margaret was looking it over."

"Yes," said Margaret, pathetically; "it's dreadfully shabby. I've been trying to make it over, but the lace falls to pieces, and the velvet is quite threadbare, and the ribbon! O dear!"

"Well, I dunno as I ought to stay," muttered the old crone, rising.

"Yes, do," said Hannah, her kind, cheerful heart shining in her sweet face. "You like mush and milk, you know; that's pretty much all we shall have for dinner. Stay and keep mother company."

"Well, mebby I'll come back," said Aunt Liddy, with a curiously contented smile. "'Pears to me, mush 'n milk tastes better here, than roast turkey over in squire's kitchen; but I must go hum a minute t' see t' somethin';" and off she went, her lean, twisted body jerking along spasmodically, for Aunt Liddy had a "twistification of all the jints," she said, "owing to inflammable rheumatiz."

"O dear, Marget!" exclaimed Dot, her twelve years old sister. "How could you invite her to dinner?"

"Yes; I didn't care perticler 'bout her comin'," murmured her mother.

"Well, you see she's so lonely," replied gracious Margaret, "that I thought it would do her good. Besides, she does seem to enjoy our poor little dinners so. I'm going to stew some pears; we've got plenty of them, you know."

"O yes, she enjoys our dinners because she saves her own," retorted Dot, who was not as generous as her sister. "People say she has got money laid away."

"Well, I don't want any of it," laughed Margaret—"at least—well, if I had just enough for a bonnet! My old merino will do for the winter, with some fresh ribbon, and I can clean and color the old crimson bows. But O dear, the bonnet! This is hopeless!"

She held it up, and Dot laughed at it.

"O, if you only could get married to a rich, rich man!" cried Dot; "then you wouldn't have to fret over gawky old bonnets, would you?"

"But who knows what worse things I might have to fret over, dear?" queried Margaret. "Every thing will come right in God's time," she added, thoughtfully.

"Except that bonnet," mocked Dot.

"Well, I don't know, even that," said Margaret. "Who knows?"

"Suppose there were fairies!" murmured Dot. "There ought to be, or else story tellers ought forever to have held their tongues. Why, just fancy how beautiful, if just at this moment a lovely little creature, with golden locks, and—and"——

She looked up. It was Aunt Liddy's shadow. There stood the old lady, a huge bundle in her arms.

"What a fairy!" whispered Dot.

"Let this stay here t'll I go hum?" queried Aunt Liddy, placing the huge package outside, in the little hall.

"Certainly," said Margaret; "and now I'll go and boil the pears."

So Margaret put away her bonnet, with a little sigh, and went briskly about her duties. Aunt Liddy sat down by the fire, with the mother, and crooned away about old times; and sometimes the two laughed, in their cracked voices, talking of incidents that recalled the days of their youth.

"You 'member Becky, don't you?" peeped Aunt Liddy. "Becky was a master hand for a dress. She would have a new black silk, when she a'most knew she'd never git off her sick bed. She was desprit fond of the fashions, if she was my sister."

"I've heerd all her things went to the second wife," said Mrs. Grayson.

"Well, I guess not," laughed Aunt Liddy; "there was a few that I got my fingers on. But

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la, that was ages ago! Why, Becky's been dead these twenty odd year. Curus girl, Becky was. She loved her clothes, but I reckon she went to heaven."

Aunt Liddy enjoyed her dinner. Margaret had a "knack" at cooking, as at almost every thing else; and she had especially aimed that day to please the old lady's palate.

"I'm goin' over t' squire's, awhile," said Aunt Liddy, as she wrapped herself up after supper. "An' Marget, that bundle's for you."

"For me!"

"Yes, child, 'taint much; 't least 'twouldn't be for or'nary folks, but mebby you kin do somethin' with it."

She hurried out. Margaret opened the bundle. Dot looked on, and then danced round the room, screaming with laughter, with an old velvet bonnet on her head, all trimmed with plumes and lace. Without exaggeration, the bonnet came down to her shoulders.

Margaret was breathless, and there were tears in her eyes, too.

"Why, Dot, there's velvet enough in that old bonnet, good velvet, too, to make you, and I, and mother a bonnet apiece. And only see, real ostrich feathers, and real thread lace!"

Next came a silk dress, soft and lustrous, with immensity of skirt and scarcely any thing of waist; and then a rich brown thibet, elaborately trimmed.

"It's a little fortune," murmured Margaret, as she lifted pieces of old lace, scarfs of thick ribbon, collars, finely worked, and yellow with age, gloves, scarcely worn. "I can't believe it."

"Why, that dear, horrid, blessed old fairy!" cried Dot, still wearing the mountainous bonnet. "I never dreamed it was in her."

"Leetle old-fashioned, eh?" said a voice close to Margaret's elbow; "but them's good. Becky wouldn't never have nothin' but what was the best. I ben thinkin', year arter year, for more'n twenty years, I'd have them things made over, but la, what's the use? I aint got the sconce o' Marget."

"Dear Aunt Liddy! Why, how good you are!" cried Margaret.

"Well, I dunno, child. Like begets like, and sense you was knee high to a cabbige stalk, I don't know the time when you wa'n't good to me."

"Marget's the best child under the sun," said her mother, fondly; "and Dot," catching a glimpse of the child's sober face, "is growing up just like her."

Dot's face cleared, and she made a resolution.

Margaret got her bonnet, and nobody in all Greenville looked sweeter or more beautiful than she.

For the Companion.

IN THE MANGROVES.

A Tale of Ecuador.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. V.

The Indians seemed in no haste to capture the two adventurers, who were in the canoe on the margin of the water. At least they waited till their companions joined them, and then together they advanced towards the canoe of the white men, which was sticking fast in the mud. It might be difficult for them to come close up, as their canoes were large, and deep in the water, but the tide was rapidly rising, and during their brief delay had risen an inch.

Up to this moment neither party had spoken. The Europeans had placed themselves in a posture of defence, but the Indians still silently advanced.

The doctor now thought it time to put an end to this suspense. A warning might still do some good. With his double-barrelled gun in his hand he stood in the stern of the boat and cried, defiantly,—

"What do you want here, Cayapas? Why are you shutting us in in this way? Are you robbers? The first that puts an oar in the water, I'll give him a dose of lead in his body. It's no joke. Take care."

The Indians faltered for a moment, for they knew the deadly effect of a gun, but it was too late to retire. The one who seemed to be the leader addressed his men in their own language, and then, turning in anger to the whites, said,—

"Do you ask why we pursue you, when you take our dead from their graves? Kill one of our comrades, and in less time than you can speak we'll smother you in the mud. Give yourselves up. You are lost. Forward, men!"

At the same instant they all bent to their oars and drove the smooth canoes over the soft and half liquid mud.

The doctor did not answer, but without hesitation drew the left trigger of his gun. Snap went the hammer on the damp percussion-cap. Snap also went the other.

"Fire, Torquato, or we are lost!" he cried, while he felt in his wet pocket for dry caps.

Torquato raised his gun, but both barrels missed fire. The Indians uttered a cry of triumph, for they knew what this meant, and made fresh efforts to reach the adventurers.

The doctor, in the meantime, had put on fresh caps, and again attempted to fire. In vain. The rain and sea air together had rendered their weapons useless. But Torquato did not intend to fall into the hands of the savages and be smothered in the mud. Calling on his companion to follow, he sprang from the extreme point of the boat with a desperate leap up the bank.

Here he stuck fast, but fear of death gave him extraordinary powers, and working with his hands and feet, he wriggled along towards the roots of the mangroves, by means of which he hoped to reach the land.

The doctor saw that nothing else was left for him—the enemy's canoes almost touched, and, gun in hand, he followed in wild haste. He knew it was madness, for the half naked savages could easily overtake them, but he felt that he had his knife at his side, and this was the only mode of escape which presented itself.

He had now reached the upper bank. The mud still reached half way to his knees, but he heeded it not. On he pressed—he was already out of sight of the enemy.

Suddenly a loud cry pierced his ears, and he knew what it meant. The Indians had reached the canoe and found the sack. On, on, away. He picked up the gun Torquato had dropped—this must not fall into their hands; he cast a rapid glance over his shoulder to see if they were followed. No, not yet. The Indians were busy with the recovered bones. On, on, only a few steps to the land—above the bright green of the mangroves he could see the darker shade of the forest trees.

Torquato struggled on before him; he stopped and listened—not a sound to be heard. Were they holding a council of war? He changed the caps again—they should not find him unprepared—but not an enemy showed himself. Still not a sound. The mangroves lay as in the silence of death; only below the unearthly smacking sound of the crabs, and above the flap of the pelican's wing as he flew past from the sea.

It was terrible wading through the mud with the fear of Indian revenge to drive them on—but still not a call to be heard; the world seemed dead. Slowly and with great difficulty they struggled forward towards the land, for now they encountered the elastic roots of the mangroves, so grown together as to form a network. These were also one or two feet above the mud, slippery with sea-foam, and yielding to their weight.

Again and again they slipped off and fell, with one arm extended deep into the morass. It would take time for the Indians to surmount such obstacles as these. Presently their eyes were gladdened by the sight of a palm, though still distant, but between it and them Torquato perceived water.

How was this? Could it be that they were on an island of mangroves? They had not noticed such an appearance. No, it must be only a jutting point of land.

But forward! The tide was threatening to overtake them. Again they toiled through the mud and slime, and in ten minutes reached the bank, which at high water they would have mounted directly from the canoe, and before them stretched an arm of the sea, beyond which were indeed palms and forest trees, but to be reached only in a canoe or by swimming.

The fugitives gazed long, in silence, at this new misfortune, for thus the way to the land was pitilessly cut off. So dreadful was the disappointment that neither could speak, and both now knew why the Indians had not pursued them. They were acquainted with the place, and were only waiting till the fugitives should return to their canoe.

As he became convinced of this, the doctor was filled with rage, and called on his companion to look well to his weapon, for this time they must not miss fire.

"But what will you do?"

"What can we do but go back to our boat, even though the savages swarm there? We will show them that they have reckoned without their host, if they think we cannot put our guns in order again."

With these words the doctor seated himself on a root, drew the damp charge of powder, and loaded with a fresh one, and taking some dry caps out of a leathern pouch, felt assured the weapon would not fail him this time. Torquato's, also, was treated in the same way.

"And now back—we have no time to lose."

This was the fact, however hard it seemed. Experience had taught them something about travelling in the mud, and, stepping in their old footprints, it was but a short time before they stood on the edge of the bank.

"Make ready to fire," whispered the doctor. "I will shoot first, and you must follow instantly."

All was quiet. Perhaps the Indians were hiding under the bank. With guns raised they made a few steps forward. Still not a movement. A few paces more, and the lagoon was before them. They could see right and left, but not a sign of their canoe. The savages had disappeared and taken the boat with them—*and the tide was coming in.*

"Heaven pity us!" said Torquato, "we are lost."

"Wretches!" hissed the doctor between his teeth; "they were too cowardly to attack us, and have left us to a more miserable death. But we may still escape. Torquato, the island must connect with the main land, else we should have remarked an islet, and when it comes to the worst, you can swim, can't you?"

"Yes; but do you think I shall venture into water where I have seen such gigantic sharks and alligators? There! do you not perceive a strong odor of musk, now?"

The doctor stood motionless on the bank, over his ankles in mud. The water was rising—six inches more and it would cover the bank. What was to be done must be done quickly.

There was no help for it, they must now try to reach dry ground. Back in their double footprints, step by step, the waters filling these as they left them. It was scarce an inch behind when they reached the upper bank, and around them nothing but the dreadful mangroves.

The bank was now swarming with black and orange colored crabs, which were taking refuge from the fishes, and almost covered the roots and sprouts; the traces of a large snake were also plainly visible.

The deserted pair continued their march, but the water now covered the whole ground, and it became so soft that they sank in deeper and deeper, till at last the Italian sank exhausted on a root.

"The Indians were right," he whispered; "we shall perish in the mud. A just punishment for desecrating their graveyard! We took a skeleton, and who knows in how many hours the crabs and fishes may be gnawing ours? Doctor, we are lost, and the best thing now is, to shoot each other through the head before the powder gets wet."

The Frenchman was filled with remorse at having involved his companion in such a fate, but he would not give way to despair, and put forth all his remaining strength to help his friend up into a tree.

This was no easy matter. None, except the alligator-mangrove, which grows only in deep water, has properly any trunk. They consist entirely of roots, which unite, indeed, into a sort of knot, and then spread upward; but some of these branches drop down again into the watery soil. The roots, also, being so constantly in the water, are covered with slime, so that it is scarcely possible to obtain a footing on them.

The doctor selected a tree, of which the ascent presented the least difficulty, and which would afford the most convenient seat; and making his friend mount on his knee and shoulder, helped him up first and then clambered up himself.

Now they had to endure a fresh torment in the gnats, with which the foliage of the tree was swarming, and which fell savagely on their prey. Not a spot did they leave free from their bites, which are more poisonous even than those of mosquitos. To add to the misery was the thought that the tree was so far from the river that even if a boat passed, they had no chance of seeing or being seen, and it seemed now as if they must fall a prey to the gnats or the sharks.

After spending some hours in this wretched plight, watching the kingfisher diving, and pitying their own species because not provided with wings, they noticed that the tide had fallen and the bank was again uncovered. They now determined to make an effort to reach the mainland, keeping, however, along the edge of the bank, so as to have the river continually in sight. But they found that though no open channel separated them from the land, there was still deep water between, so covered with mangrove roots interlacing with each other, that to them, in their exhausted state, not having tasted food since morning, it formed an impenetrable barrier. If they could force their way through they would all the while be exposed to the attacks of snakes and alligators, and might as well venture to swim across the inlet.

Their last hope now was in a passing boat—but if they hailed one it might prove to belong to their enemies.

Fortunately the doctor's little telescope still hung suspended from his neck, and they concluded to make their way back to the point nearest the village and wait till some boat should come to their relief.

As the tide ebbed, not only the bank but a large space beyond was left bare, and on this they hastened to run out. The doctor looked all around with his glass, but could see nothing save water and mangroves. They were able, however, to satisfy their hunger with muscles and oysters, of which they found plenty in the mud.

Now the tide began to flow again; slowly, indeed, inch by inch, but relentlessly. They were compelled to retreat, step by step, up the bank. They had reached the thickets, when the sky became overcast, and it began to get dark. The heavens also opened their windows and discharged torrents of rain.

It was time to choose a tree for the night, before it was quite dark. They had quieted their hunger, but they were still vexed with thirst. The rain, therefore, was welcome.

They stretched out their tattered clothing till it was soaked, and then wrung out the moisture into their mouths.

Night now set in. The insects, lively by day, raged now in full fury. Two or three times they thought they heard the splashing of oars, and shouted for help to the utmost capacity of their parched throats—but no help came.

At one time the odor of musk became strong, and there was a great splashing among the roots of the tree in which they sat. The water here emitted such a phosphorescence that they could tell the exact spot where the brute lay.

The doctor aimed his gun at it and fired. Instantly the whole mud bank seemed on fire—liquid silver danced about the roots and splashed high into the air. They could see the dark body of the amphibious giant move off, and again all was still. As soon as the tide permitted, they descended from the tree, that they might use their hands against their torturers, though they began to feel indifferent to whatever might happen.

At five in the morning the rain ceased and a fresh wind set in from the sea. Torquato was leaning against a tree and gazing through an opening in the leaves at a single brilliant star. Suddenly he felt the doctor's fingers on his arm.

"Torquato, do you hear nothing?" he whispered, in a scarcely audible voice. "Again." The next moment he fired the second barrel of his gun and gave a prolonged cry.

For a moment all was still—no answer came—not even the sound of oars. Then a voice from the river: "Hollo, there! Who's there?"

"Help! help!" cried both at once. "Two men lost in the mangroves."

Now the oars again splashed in the water; the boat could scarcely be a hundred yards distant, and the two men sprang in wild haste over roots and mud into the open space, even till the water rose to their arm-pits. But what did it matter? There came the boat, rowed by four Ecuadorians, and steered by a fifth, directly towards them.

"For Heaven's sake," cried the senor in the stern, "who are you? and how did you get there?"

"Water, water," was the answer of the two forlorn creatures, who could no longer help themselves, and had to be dragged into the boat. Stiff with mud, almost perished with thirst and exhaustion, they needed, first of all, to be refreshed before they could give an account of themselves; and having taken a draught of water and *agua ardiente*, they lay down in the bow to rest.

Fortunately, the boat was from Concepcion, on the river Santiago, and bound for Esmereldas. That night they landed at Rio Verve, and on the second evening were set on shore at Esmereldas, where they were gratified to find that no one recognized them, so swollen and inflamed were their visages with the poisonous bites of the insects.

When the companions separated, to go each to his own quarters, the Italian, giving his hand to the doctor, said, "Thank God we are here, *amigo*. I shall not make another excursion with you."

TRUTH CANNOT BE KILLED.

Many a school-boy has spoken the well-known lines of Bryant:

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers,
> But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies amid her worshippers."

There is a Latin saying that "Truth, by whomsoever spoken, comes from God. It is, in short, a Divine essence. The following fable is among the writings of the great Milton: Truth came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a most perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when He ascended, and His apostles after Him were laid asleep, there straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Tiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four

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winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Tiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, nor ever shall, till her Master's second coming; He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.

WHAT I SAW IN ENGLAND.

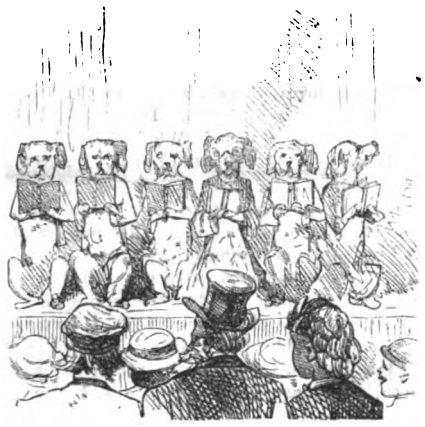
From a Correspondent.

We went to the Crystal Palace yesterday, and on our way had a view of lovely English gardens. High walls hide the fairest spots from the eyes of the tourist, but in the cars one has the advantage of getting hasty peeps at luxuriant vines, double roses, trim borders, queer shapes in box, and apricot and peach trees trained against the brick walls.

The palace pleased me very much. We found a variety of performances on the bill, as it happened to be a holiday, and a "great deal" of London was out sight-seeing. To the inexperienced traveller this gigantic show place is a great treat, though it seemed rather funny to sit in great circles, and hear the grandest music for an hour or two, and then simply turning about, to face some other stage, where Madame this, or Signor that, perform their sleight-of-hand tricks, or play in pantomime.

After this there was a dog show. The trained animals, some six in number, were far more entertaining in their gambols than the trained men and women of the pantomime. They marched, and danced, and jumped through great hoops that had been saturated with alcohol and set on fire.

They kept school with exceeding gravity. They minced along, like fine ladies, parasol in hand; in short, they were extremely entertaining, and so thought the crowd of English urchins, who were in raptures of admiration.



I was occupied nearly all the time by witnessing the pleasure of two British youngsters, with the soft blue eyes and clear complexion of their country, who sat on either side of a grave, professional looking man. They were little gentlemen in embryo, and the handsome matron at home—I am sure she must have been handsome, the mother of those boys—little knew with what admiring thoughts our stranger heart regarded the work of her hands.

I know that to these boys, so gentle-mannered, so affectionate, so affable towards each other, as well as to the grave husband and the dependents of the family circle, she must of necessity be the guardian angel, the almoner of all kinds of beautiful charities and household blessings.

"Papa, dear, will you kindly sit a little this way?" whispered the elder son. "I don't think Eddie can see over that tall hat;" and papa smiles and comes up a little closer.

"Isn't it jolly fun?" whispers little Eddie. "Papa, Fido is quite as intelligent as those dogs; don't you think we could teach him to do some of these things?" he asks, after a grave pause.

"You can try, my dear," says papa.

And Eddie and his brother exchange a look which says, as plainly as if they spoke, "We'll begin just as soon as we get home." I have no doubt they did so, and that by this time Fido can go through a series of dog-gymnastics, that quite astonish less favored canines.

Suddenly the great organ set up a jubilant strain, and every body appeared on the instant to be thrown into a tremor of excitement.

"Where is he? Where is she? O, if I could only see her!" sounded on all sides, and people ran hither and thither, and hustled, and elbowed, and pushed, and still we were in the dark as to why the great organ had so suddenly pealed forth "God save the Queen!"

We were soon given to understand that her majesty, or her majesty's daughter, or his royal highness, Prince of Wales, was somewhere in the building; that some work of art was to be inspected by them; in short, that some part of the royal household was surely present. Papa did not care, or feel the peculiar interest that I did in the matter; he is too old a traveller.

I have heard people flippantly declare that they should care no more about seeing the queen than meeting any ordinary woman. I never could say so myself, though I am an ardent lover of my country, and yield to no one in my admiration of republicanism; but I must confess that I wanted to see Victoria, and in just this way, without the formalities of St. James' Palace. I think a grand presentation would be too much for me.

So we pushed, also, and tried to be civil, but it was hard, with such stickings of elbows into one's sides, and such jerks forward; and at last we were favored, but not in the way I expected.

Indeed, we had given up all hope of progress in the popular direction, and left the surging crowd. We retraced our steps, saw a small, rough boy in the background, cutting meat and feeding the dogs, who, to the number of six (and a comical picture they made) were gently yelping for more. They were trained, I suspect, to suppress their musical voices.

Presently we came upon a group of three or four persons, near which stood a couple of cockneys, looking on in stupid admiration, and papa said, "There is the queen, leaning on the arm of the Prince of Wales."

I had a good look without seeming impertinent. Before me was the first lady in England, and (so called by courtesy) the first gentleman of the land.

Victoria's face was very quiet and uninteresting, until she happened to smile. But though it changed her expression, the smile looked very, very sad to me. She is large, and some of the people are irreverent enough to call her their fat queen. As for me, I could not look at her without a strange sensation, that filled my eyes with tears.

"I just love her," a pretty English girl once said to me, "because she is so constant to the memory of Prince Albert, and people may say what they please, but to me she is the best and noblest woman in England."

I asked papa if he remembered a little poem of his that he read to me, years ago, soon after the good prince was taken away. In looking over my scrap-book I find it, and will copy it here.

England's Widowed Queen.

A mother sat in a robe of gray
Reading the paper, one autumn day;
A child looked up at her sudden sigh—
"Mother, dear mother, what makes you cry?
What does it say in the paper, there?"
"It tells of a lady, royal and fair,
A lady as gentle as true, I ween,
Victoria, darling; old England's queen."

"Then why do you cry? for the queen must be
The happiest lady across the sea.—
No care, no trouble, but always joy."
"Ah little you know of her grief, my boy;
And little you think that a crown may be
Like thorns on the temple of royalty;
And the 'stately steppings' bring tears and gloom
From the dull, cold door of a royal tomb.

"And now I read that she kneels alone,
The light and the joy of her hearthstone gone;
She leans no more on the manly arm,
The voice is mute that could sweetly charm;
The heart is nerveless, the lips are dust,
And fled the soul she could ever trust.
How vain seems rank in the hour of gloom!
A prince uncrowned, and his throne a tomb.

"We know by the darkened households here,
The orphan's sorrow, the widow's tear,
How cheerless the trappings of state may be,
When the heart holds a woe man may never see;
That though priceless treasures are left behind,
We mourn for the lost one we cannot find.
My boy, let us pray, as we bow unseen,
Heaven's blessing on England's widowed queen."

"But we don't care for a queen, you know,
Her royal trappings, her pomp and show."
"Who feeleth thus," said the mother, grave,
"Is neither gentle, nor wise, nor brave;
For whatever in future, my boy may be,
There is blood in his veins from across the sea.
And while true to his country, he e'er should stand,
I would have him proud of his father's land.

"But listen, my darling; we love the queen
For the gentle woman that she has been;
The faithful mother, the noble wife,
And we honor her for her unstained life.
She has sent the grace of her fame abroad,
By walking humbly before her God;
And wherever pennon or flag is furled,
Her name is honored throughout the world.'

I did mean to say more of the palace, of its acres of glass and floods of light. I meant to speak of the lovely views from its windows over Sydenham; its splendid grounds; the statuary and many fine works of art within; its bazaars; the beauty of its illumination, when, as it seems, miles of stars twinkle down from its lofty roof; but I have already trespassed on the space allotted me, and must say good-night.

Sydenham. ALICE.

THE END OF THE WAR,---AND THE TERMS OF PEACE.

The war between Germany and France, which began in July last, came to an end at the beginning of March, 1871.

The terms on which peace has been made are very hard upon the French,—but they are not harder than it was supposed they would be, and not so hard as at one time they were reported to be.

In the first place, the Germans compel the French to pay them a war indemnity of five thousand millions of francs, which is a sum equal to about $960,000,000 of American gold dollars. This is an enormous sum, and is unparalleled even in the history of all such proceedings. France, however, has agreed to pay it, and must pay it, and will pay it.

In the second place, France has ceded to Germany a part of her eastern territory, said to include all of Alsace, and a portion of Lorraine.

The territory thus ceded to Germany includes the strongly-fortified town of Metz, which, in the hands of a good soldier, is capable of holding a great army at bay for a long time.

Metz has belonged to France ever since the year 1552, when it was taken by Henry II. The French feel the loss of it very bitterly, and were willing to pay two hundred million dollars to retain it; but the Germans, who know from experience how strong it is, would not listen to them. So the place has changed character, and instead of threatening Germany, it threatens France.

The people of Metz are opposed to the change, and so are the people of Alsace, all of whom are strongly attached to France; but this makes no difference, the people's inclinations, in such cases, never being consulted. The Germans are strong enough to take what they please and do as they please.

The other articles of the treaty provided that the German army should enter Paris, which it did on the 1st of March; and that a certain number of German troops should hold certain places in France till the war indemnity should be paid.

It is stated that a commercial treaty has been made between France and Germany,—but the details have not transpired.

The preliminaries of the treaty of peace were signed on the 26th of February, by Count von Bismarck and M. Thiers, by whom the arrangement had been made.

M. Thiers then went to Bordeaux, which is now the seat of the French government; and the treaty was reported to the National Assembly, by a committee of that body, to which it had been referred.

The committee recommended that the Assembly should ratify the treaty. This recommendation was accepted, and the treaty was ratified by a vote of 546 to 107.

So the business was concluded, in respect to the preliminary treaty,—but a definitive treaty is yet to be drawn up, and signed. It is said that that treaty will be made at Brussels, the capital of the kingdom of Belgium.

Thus the war is over, after having existed for seven months and a half, counting from the fifteenth of last July, when it was announced in the French Chamber of Deputies. It has left France the poorer by $2,000,000,000,—and she has lost 2,500,000 of her people, most of whom live in the territory ceded to Germany. The rest are victims of war. She has paid more for defeat than victory could have been worth.

PURE AMERICANISMS.

An exchange contains a list of what it calls "pure Americanisms—unknown in England," from which we take the following:

Store. This word is unknown in England, as applied to a place where things are sold. They say "shop," instead, as book-shop, grocery-shop, drug-shop, etc.; whereas, in this country, we use the word "shop" to designate a room where mechanical work is done.

Pantaloons. In England, "trousers."

Baggage. Used to signify the trunks, clothing, etc., of a traveller. The English say "luggage," deeming it more unpretentious.

Bogus. An American word, and a very convenient one, too. We are compelled to admit that the opportunities to use it are by no means few.

Fix. In England this word is never used in the sense of putting in order or mending.

Dry Goods. This is a very convenient term in this country, but it is entirely unknown in Great Britain.

Fall. In England they say "autumn," and in this they do not include November.

Corn. In England this word includes all cereals, especially wheat, rye, barley and oats.

Dead-head. No such word is known in England, but there is great need of it.

SOMEBODY TROD ON IT.

"Somebody trod on it when it was a little thing," said a wee girl, as she bent over a poor, sickly bush that was trying its best to live, though its small, tough, knotted limbs took the most grotesque directions, and had neither grace nor beauty.

I thought of that saying when I met a woman whom the neighbors call Aunt Suke. She lived alone, in a most forlorn wreck of a cottage, that had little but decay and rubbish for its surroundings.

One day, pitying the lone creature, I thought I would give her a call. That some curiosity mixed itself with my motives, I will not deny, but I wanted also to show a neighborly interest; to make her feel, if I could, the beauty of Christian charity, and with these feelings predominating, I opened her door at the harsh sound of her voice.

"Well, who be you?" that was my first salutation.

"A friend," was my reply.

"I aint got no friends; I don't want no friends," she said, gruffly.

"May I sit down and rest?" I asked.

"Just as you've a mind to; I aint used to receiving callers, I aint. Do you want any money to send to the heathen, or any sich? I don't have no money to throw away; I'm a poor, lone woman."

"O no; I don't want money; I only came to see you. Knowing you lived so far from any neighbors, I was anxious to know if you were comfortable."

"Ugh, very kind," she grunted, getting up and moving to the fire. "Well, I reckon Old Suke can get along. She does for herself, that's one blessing. Do you see that there door? Well, there's wood enough in that room to last a year or two, and I picked and piled it, every stick. I don't ask no favors, I don't. I've got a patch of ground, and I keep it myself."

There was a sturdy independence about the little, forbidding, uncouth creature, that pleased me. The fire in the small, restless eye spoke of years of suppressed soul-growth, while at the same time, it gave token that the forces of life were unspent. For some moments I was at a loss for words, but presently my wits brightened.

"You have the most lovely mosses in your yard that I have ever seen," I said; "if it wouldn't be asking too much, may I gather a few for a vase I have at home? I love mosses almost as well as flowers."

"So do I, and a plaguy sight better," was her forcible if not elegant reply. "Why, I take as much pains with that stuff as some do of the finest roses. I used to like mosses when I was a poor, crushed-down little girl, and hadn't any thing else to like, I guess."

Ah! I was getting at the secret of Old Suke's crookedness and oddity.

"Then perhaps you don't like to part with any of them."

"Well, I reckon I aint stingy of the Lord's things," she retorted, almost angrily: "them's of the Lord's plantin', not mine. Take as many as you want."

I really began to like this forbidding woman.

Her name was Claney; a bright thought struck me as I was going.

"I wonder if I ever knew your mother. There was a dear old lady I just remember, whom I called Grandma Claney! Every body loved her."

"My mother!" she muttered, almost bitterly; "no, you didn't know my mother; I didn't know her myself, never did. When I was a baby, I was bound out, and beaten, too, you may believe, and ground down and hated. No, you never knew any of my kin; if you did it was more than I did."

There it was; trodden upon when it was little, poor soul. Every kindly emotion of my heart rushed out towards that poor tortured spirit. I could forgive every thing, because the tender little plant had been given no chance to grow straight and beautiful; some dreadful foot had pushed it down so ruthlessly.

So whenever you see what appears to be wilful deformity in those around you, try and find

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out if there may not be many extenuating circumstances; and if you learn their history it will make you charitable towards countless failures, for very many souls are trodden upon when they are little. ALMA.

LOVELY WOMAN.

So the poets style her, but at home she is called "Dear wife," "Dear mother" or "Dear sister." Woman is nowhere more petted than in our own country, and this is perhaps the reason why there are more advocates of woman's rights here than in any other part of the globe. As the Scripture saith, "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked."

The girls who read the *Companion* all know that it is often the case that fathers and brothers endeavor to relieve the "women-folks" in their families from all hard labor. They will, perhaps, prize more the advantage of being nurtured like tender plants on American soil when they learn how differently the weaker sex fare elsewhere.

The Indian women have to carry their pappoose, the tent, the bedding, and the cooking-utensils all on their backs, while their lords walk leisurely behind, smoking their pipes. The German and Swiss women are sometimes harnessed into ploughs by the side of cows and oxen, and driven through the deep, hard furrows of the fields by their tender husbands. It is these women who should talk about their rights, and wish to change their field of labor, but *they* don't.

A lady, who spent some time abroad, repeatedly saw women in Italy, carrying liquid manure of the foulest kind, all day long on their backs in jars, which did not, however, seem to jar *their* feelings, though it did hers. She often saw a woman drawing a hand-cart home from the field, with fodder for the cattle, while her superior "man" walked behind, whistling or singing; and in one case (tell it not at the Sorosis) the husband was *sitting* on a heap of potatoes in the cart! This is a new phase of woman's attraction. Why do not the woman-righters betake themselves at once to those benighted countries? They would then really get into harness.

SAVING SOAP.

An inch more or less does not make much difference in the height of a tree, but it alters vastly the appearance of a man's nose. So the sixteenth of an inch in a stroke between two words, turning a hyphen into a dash, will dash all the sense out of an expression and make nonsense of it.

A girl received a hand-bill at the door, advertising "Labor-Saving Soap." She read it Labor—saving soap, and exclaimed, "They must be very stingy with their soap. For my part, I'd rather save my labor than my soap." She only changed a hyphen to a dash, and was herself quite dashed by the change.

So to omit a comma is in some cases to become a cannibal; as in the advertisement, "Wanted two German girls for cooking."

A NEW INSURANCE.

Sweet little Jennie, the child of a clergyman in New York, was awakened from her sleep one night by a cry of "Fire!" She sprang up in her crib and called out, in a tremulous voice, "Papa, papa! Do the firemen know that we're Prethbyterianth? 'Coth, if they do, they'll put the fire out 'fore it burnth uth up, won't they?" And then she went to sleep quietly again.

She knew that her parents were Presbyterians, and thought this included all virtue and goodness. She naturally also imputed the same idea to the firemen, but we doubt whether they would set the same value on this kind of insurance.

FRIGHTENED.

The Portsmouth *Gazette* has a story of the "awful" kind, with an explanation at the end, which all such stories ought to have, to prevent their doing any harm:

A young man living in this city, one evening recently went out for a walk with his lady love. After a while the pair found themselves near one of the cemeteries, and seated themselves on a large stone by the roadside and soon became happily unconscious of the flight of time, fancying themselves in paradise, until their senses were recalled to earth by the sound of the Old North clock striking midnight.

At that moment a terrible apparition presented itself from the neighboring burial-ground—the tall, shadowy figure of a human being—with gleaming eyes and hair on end, clothed in spotless white, with ghastly countenance, and gliding noiselessly over the frosted ground.

The unhappy pair of mortals shrank into the smallest possible compass, hoping that the dread spectre might pass on his evil errand without molesting them; but the shade advanced to within a few yards of where they were cowering, and with an awful frown and in a sepulchral tone demanded,—

"What are you two young fools doing here?" adding, in a stern and warning voice, "You'd better go home!"

The ghost disappeared the instant he finished speaking—at least, neither of the young mortals saw any thing more of him, though both are confident of having been nearly suffocated with the fumes of something. But they took his advice and ran down the street, the young lady making time that was only exceeded by that of her companion and protector. The youthful pair now speak with great respect of ghosts and demons, and care nothing for evening walks.

We know a gentleman who resides near the cemetery where the ghost lives, and who, on the night in question, hearing a noise in his garden, arose from his bed, and arrayed only in slippers and a long white "garment," proceeded to drive away a cow that was raiding on his pet cabbages.

Having driven her far enough, he made a short cut home through the graveyard; and happening to see two young folks sitting on a stone by the roadside, in the damp night air, he forgot his costume, and approached to offer them some good advice, which they at once took.

This was about midnight, but the gentleman did not see any ghost; he has no desire, however, to throw any discredit upon the statements of those who did see him.

A TEACHER CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

Some nations break the third commandment so habitually that their languages fairly bristle with profanity. "*Bismillah!*" in the Arabic, and "*Mon Dieu!*" in the French, make the use of God's name as common as our "O my!" or "'Pon my word!" and seem to have about the same emphasis. The following is interesting, as showing that some good men have known and corrected the sin of it:

Cæsar Malan, the eminent evangelical reformer of Geneva, commenced his career as an instructor of youth, and though, from his childhood up, he had been of a singularly thoughtful nature, and was, early in life, the subject of converting grace, the bad habit common among his countrymen of using the Creator's name both lightly and frequently, clung to his speech.

Without knowing it, he used it in the school among his pupils, and, perhaps, might not have been aware of it, but that the example was followed by the scholars. There the name of the great God coming thoughtlessly from their young lips, struck him painfully.

He was about to reprove them, when conscience reproved him. "If I do this myself, how can I blame them?"

He instantly resolved on amendment. Calling the boys round him he told them this way of speaking was wrong; and he made an agreement that they were to watch him, and he would watch them, so as to correct what he felt to be a sinful practice.

He was very guarded for two reasons, he wished to avoid the sin, and as a schoolmaster, he wished not to give his pupils an opportunity of correcting him.

At length one day, when he was speaking with great animation to the school, he used the words *Mon Dieu* (my God). Instantly all the school rose, and very respectfully remained standing.

He inquired the cause, and the head boy replied by telling him of the name he had used.

The good master stood still for a moment, confronting his boys in a grave and sorrowful tone, and then expressed his contrition for his fault; afterwards kneeling down among them—they kneeling also—he offered up a prayer that God would pardon the past, and give His grace that in the future His name might be honored among them, and His command obeyed.

THE CHILDREN'S HORSES.

We well remember a horse called "Old Roger," which used to carry his loads alone, back into position till they were emptied, turn himself, come back and place the cart to be filled again; but the team mentioned below really deserves a newspaper immortality for going twenty years, four miles a day, without a driver:

Not many years ago, Robert Nisbett, of South Adams, owned a pet span of horses and a numerous family, who were also pets, as was every living thing under his protection. The district school-house was a mile off, over a bleak road, in a very snowy country. These horses, when colts, were accustomed to carry and fetch the children, and after a while were intrusted with the whole business. After being hitched up to the old lumber-box sleigh, they would, "of their own free will and accord," trot up to the farm-house door, receive some half-dozen or more children, who in great glee would "pile in" among buffalo skins and blankets. Then these horses, without driver or guidance of any kind, would start off briskly, (for they were smart, if not fast,) go to the school-house, turn up to the door, wait for these happy children to tumble out, then make the turn carefully and return home. At night they were sent alone for their load again, and would turn up to the school-house door and wait patiently for the children. This business was done by these horses for twenty years, and their kind master kept them until old age carried them off.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE SCOTCH CHAPLAIN.

When Jefferson was Vice-President, the Vermont Legislature had a Scotchman for chaplain. He used every day to pray for the President, but not for Jefferson. Some member said to him one day that if he did not mention the Vice-President it would be attributed to politics.

"Indeed," said he, "I did not know there was such a mon."

The member explained to him, and the next morning he prayed that the Lord would bless the President, and continued, "and the Vice-President too, O Lord, hitherto to us unknown."

A MURDERER'S TESTIMONY.

A reckless youth need go but a little ways in breaking the laws of God and man to find himself suddenly a candidate for the gallows. With the opportunity of crime wickedly kept at hand, one has little power to resist temptation. There is fearful warning in the following, from the confession of Jeremiah Bailey, which we find in the *New Jersey Republican:*

To the men, and particularly the young men and boys, I would say a few farewell words. Look at me. I am on the scaffold, about to be launched into the other world. What has brought me to this? Let me tell you, and let these words ring forever in your ears. It was *whiskey and the carrying of firearms.* Whiskey and the bearing of pistols have ruined me. If you do not want them to ruin you, if you do not want to be imprisoned, and in the end brought to the scaffold, don't drink liquor, don't carry firearms. When I am gone, gentlemen, think not hard of me; every person that has injured me I forgive from my heart, and I hope and pray that all whom I have injured may forgive me, and I beg the merciful God to forgive me. Boys, don't keep bad company. I bid farewell to everybody.

And the *Republican* justly comments on this:

If this miserable wretch had spoken with inspiration, he could scarcely have uttered greater truths.

A WONDERFUL STATE.

Egypt gave the Israelites corn and Joseph. Illinois has the credit of giving the world corn and Abraham Lincoln.

Illinois has justly been called the "Granary of the World." The Secretary of the State Board of Equalization has lately prepared an interesting table, giving the area in acres of grain harvested in 1869.

The total acreage was 9,999,529, of which 5,446,364 was in corn, and 2,514,362 in wheat. The minor grains made the total as above. The year 1870, it is thought, will show an increase in the number of acres of corn of fully 25 per cent. over the above, or 5,807,955 acres. At an average of thirty-seven bushels to the acre, the crop this year will reach 257,894,355 bushels. This average is low, and doubtless the aggregate yield for this season will go considerably above these figures, tremendous as they may appear.

Illinois ought to alter her old "coat of arms" (a floating fish-eagle) to a field of grain.

CURIOUS MODE OF MEASURING ANGER.

People are apt to "judge other folks by themselves," and in the case of the angry passions the rule is not far wrong, as "breaking things" is a too common symptom of bad temper—in Europe and America as well as Asia.

The Chinese, at one time, measured the irritable feelings of the English nation by the quantity of china broken in a year. A Chinese historian observes, "The merchants of Canton make the sale of their crockery the barometer of European passions; and, as often as the sale augments, they say, 'The last year has been a passionate one in England.'" China ware is not now imported to the extent it was some years ago; our own manufactured articles have superseded the use of the brittle ware of Asia; and the wise men of the Celestial Empire now say that the English have subdued all their anger, that they have no matrimonial strife, and therefore seldom break cups and saucers.

RATHER SPOILED IN THE SINGING.

A gentleman of the old school thus describes the rendering of a well known hymn by a modern fashionable choir:

Firstly, the soprano, in a soaring leap, sings, "Take thy pil—," followed by the alto and tenor in duet with like advice, (while the soprano is magnificently holding on to the "pil,") and as the deep bass profoundly echoes the same, "Take thy pil—," they finally unite and repeat together, eventually succeeding in singing,—

"Take thy pilgrim to his home," etc.,

greatly to the relief of both minister and people, who seem alike awfully impressed with the suggestive advice so emphatically reiterated.

WHAT TO TEACH.

Rev. Charles Brooks, father of State Normal Schools in America, was asked by a teacher this question:

"What shall I teach my pupils?"

He answered,—

"Teach them very thoroughly these five things:

"1. To live religiously.
"2. To think comprehensively.
"3. To reckon mathematically.
"4. To converse fluently; and,
"5. To write grammatically.

"If you successfully teach them these five things, you will nobly have done your duty to your pupils, to their parents, to your country and to yourself."

"Amen!" said the preceptor.

We are glad to receive contributions to this departmen from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.
My 1, 8, 12, 3, 20 is a Bible plant.
My 7, 15, 23, 5, 1 was a seaport of Idumea.
My 12, 22, 2, 19, 18 is a precious stone.
My 14, 2, 22, 24, 13 was an idol of the Philistines.
My 16, 11, 10, 9, 4 is a beautiful tree.
My 21, 3, 6, 12, 13 was a distinguished Levite.
My 25, 2, 17, 10, 14 was a king of the Jews.
My whole is a Bible command. ISOLA.

2.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in tree, but not in shrub,
My *second* is in barrel, but not in tub;
My *third* is in mince, but not in hash,
My *fourth* is in caught, but not in catch;
My *fifth* is in man, but not in boy,
My *sixth* is in sorrow, but not in joy;
My *seventh* is in wet, but not in damp;
My *eighth* is in breathless but not in pant,
My *whole* is the name of a great Indian chief.
H. DE G.

3.

HAUTBOY.

4.

HIDDEN MOUNTAINS.

1. The barque "Cucumber" landed her cargo.
2. Pray do not stir on my account.
3. Don't grab, Lue—Ridgeway's turn comes next.
4. Have you seen the golden shamrock young Campbell wears?
5. The trip afforded him but meagre enjoyment.
6. I have tried to keep hens, but the cats kill nearly all the young chickens. CHEESE KURD & I.

5.

Make a square word commencing with MICK.

6.

CHARADE.

Who does not love my *first*,
From the wintry winds secure,
And the flowers are blooming sweetly
Around us everywhere?

But a blessing is my *second*,
When my first has bid adieu,
And we nestle round our own fireside,
Parents and children true.

When in my garden walking,
Hid from my *first's* oppressive heat,
I hear the sound of talking.

The sound comes from my *whole*,
And soon my eyes do meet
Two faithful friends, who chatting are
Within its glad retreat. M. A. A.

Conundrums.

Why is a dressmaker a greater person than the King of the Cannibal Islands? One is a *man chewer*, the other a mantua maker.

When is your foot like a stable? When there's a corn bin there.

Why do we admire the pretty feet of a young lady? All's well that ends well.

What is always behind time? The back of a watch.

Why are blushes like little girls? They become women.

What creatures may be said to live on their relations? The ant-eaters.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Ape—Pen—End.
2. Good.
3. "Climb not too high, lest the fall be greater."
4. Ruby, Tin, Diamond, Lead, Amethyst, Emerald, Zinc, Pearl, Gold, Opal.
5. Us, Live, Yet, Socotra, Soft, Erebus, Sound, George, Rat, Alkali, Noun, Teledu—ULYSSES GRANT, UNITED STATES.
6. North America.
7. Fire-place.

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For the Companion.

A BUMBLEBEE'S STORY.

Hollowed out and sheltered from wind,
Room for a bumblebee's nest within,—
In a log grown old, with time's decay,
I, Bumblebee, buzzed my youth away.

Where Stumpland reaches out of sight,
Where weeds grow tall, and frogs all night
Talk together, in the marshes low,
And thick, rank hedges of thistles grow,

A stump stood tall beside my door,
Gnarled, and knotted, and dotted o'er
With tufts of moss, and a strawberry sweet,
Grew and blossomed at its twisted feet.

And every day I watched it grow,
My little berry that nestled low;
And I always thought the wind unkind,
To blow so rough on this flower of mine.

But a berry came, all tinged with red,
Out of the blossom I thought was dead;
And I rejoiced with a lover's pride,
Over the berry my door beside.

It grew in its fulness and blushes fair,
And I thought my glances had put them there;
Knew not that sun, and earth, and sky,
Loved the berry as well as I.

But, wiser and older, when the days were long,
I said in my heart, My wings are strong;
Beyond, the rim of Stumpland over,
Surely there lies some field of clover.

And I said good-by to the thistles and frogs,
The moss-grown stumps and hollow logs;
The thistles airily nodded their heads,
The frogs looked out of their sleepy beds.

I bade "good-by" to the berry that grew,
Nestled in leaves and drops of dew;
I thought them tears at the words I said,
My sweet little berry! blushing red.

So on that early summer day,
Miles and miles I flew away,
And found those far-off fields of clover,
Beyond, the rim of Stumpland over.

All through the long, bright summer hours
I hummed and buzzed among the flowers;
I gathered of honey and laid in store
For days when roses should bloom no more.

I flew through the window, open wide,
Of an old stone church the road beside,
Sought for the honey in the flowers that grew
On the children's hats in an old square pew;

Heard the story of one who told
Of words in a book that were better than gold;
Sweeter than honey and happy his look,
As if he had tasted the words of the book.

High over their heads I buzzed away
Into the light of the outer day;
The children laughed as they looked at me,
Called me "the old church Bumblebee."

And now in the chill, late autumn time,
By the old stone church where the ivy climbs,
Happy, and wise, and learned, and old,
I wait for the coming of the winter's cold;

Wait for the fields of blissful clover.
Where bumblebees dwell when this life is over,
Wait to find in its beauty fair,
Stumpland strawberry planted there.

MARGARET MASON.

For the Companion.

"SWEAR NOT AT ALL."

It is profitless. As George Herbert says,—

"It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse;
Pride and lust plead pleasure, avarice, gain;
But the cheap swearer through his open sluice
Lets his soul run for naught."

It is unnatural. "No man," says Archbishop Tillotson, "is born with a swearing constitution." Men do not swear in solitude. "I will give you a sovereign," said a pious Englishman to one who had been using terrible oaths, "if you will go into the churchyard at midnight, and repeat that language alone with God." The blasphemer went to the churchyard at the appointed hour, but the words "alone with God" rung in his ears, and he could not swear.

It is suspicious. Swearing is merely an expression of a desire to be bad. It says, "I do not fear God." Men who do not fear God are seldom honest. They are not safe.

During the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren posted on the walls the following:

NOTICE.—Whereas among laborers and others that ungodly custom of swearing is so frequently heard, to the dishonor of God and contempt of His authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, which are intended for the service of God and the honor of religion, it is ordered that profane swearing shall be a sufficient crime to discharge any laborer, and the clerk of the works, upon sufficient proof, shall discharge him accordingly.

(By order) CHRISTOPHER WREN.

It is without excuse. A clergyman relates the following anecdote:

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a pious man to a profane youth.

"He don't pay me any thing," was the reply.

"Well," added the good man, "you work cheap! To lay aside the character of a gentleman; to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people; to suffer so much in your conscience, and to risk losing your soul, and all for nothing! You certainly do work cheap—very cheap, indeed."

Says Robert Burns:

"An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended."

All irreverent words and acts are indeed a poor exchange for the displeasure of God. "Swear not at all."

A "BUS"-DRIVER'S STORY.

Mean men will swindle poorer folks than themselves without the least conscience. One way of doing is to steal free rides and chuckle over it. Sometimes they get as good as they give, and then the chuckle is on the other side:

A talkative driver in a New York omnibus line tells the following cute story:

"When I was a drivin' on the Knickerbocker," a line that ran some twenty years ago from South Ferry to Twenty-third Street, "there was a middle-aged man that used to ride reg'lar; all the fellows got to knowin' him. Well, he'd get in and hand up a ten-dollar note,—you know the fare was only six cents then,—and we never had so much 'bout us, so, of course, he'd ride for nothin'; well, that fellow stuck me five mornin's straight, and I sort o' got tired of it; so on the six' day I went to the office and says to the boss:

"'There's a man ridin' free on this line. All the fellows knows him; he gives 'em all a ten-dollar note, and they can't break it. He's rid with me these last five mornin's, an' I'm goin' for him to-day. I want ten dollars in pennies,' —you know they was all big ones then—an' they weighed some, I tell you. When I got down to Fourteenth Street he hailed me. Then the fares used to pay when they got out. So he hands up his note; I looked at it—it was on the 'Dry Dock'—an' I hands him down the pennies. Well, how he did blow about it, an' said how he wouldn't take 'em. 'Well,' says I, 'then I'll keep it all.' Well, he was the maddest fellow you ever seen; he was hoppin'!

"But he got out, an' some one inside hollers out, 'Put some one on the other side, or you'll capsize,' an' he thought it was me. He jumped on the sidewalk, an' he called me every thing he could lay his tongue to, an' I a laffin' like blazes. Says he, 'I'll report you, you old thief,' an' I drove off. Well, I told the boss, an' he says, 'Let him come, I'll talk to him,' but he never made no complaint there."

A BOY'S SERMON.

Here are a few words of advice and wisdom from a little fellow, that are worth remembering. They were reported by an editor, who says: "We know a little fellow, not far from five years old, whose father is a clergyman, and the child sometimes amuses himself by playing 'church.' One Sunday he got his little chair, and table, and books, and commenced his service, content to have only the partial attention of the other children who were in the room. After singing a hymn, the boy began his sermon, his words apparently being suggested in part by the pictures in his book, and by what he saw about him in the room. A lady in the family chanced to overhear him and took *verbatim* notes, as follows:

"'You must be good. You mustn't be naughty or wicked. You must be good. You must go to heaven. You mustn't be afraid in the dark. You mustn't cry. You mustn't kill any udder man. You must be a good boy. You mustn't do any thing to any boy when he does something bad to you. You must come right away from him. You must just kiss him, and not look at him any more. You mustn't go by any naughty boy. You mustn't whip any horse what isn't running away. You must be kind to horses. You must do what your mudder tells you. You mustn't steal raisins. Supposing you are a baby, you mustn't cry. You must laugh. You mustn't hit any body. If you are a boy, you must be elegant. You mustn't steal flowers in any udder body's garden. Supposing you know a lady—Miss Lizzie—you mustn't take any of her flowers without asking. Babies must never cry. Men must never be drunken; and boys must never be wicked: and dogs must never bite a man; and a fish must—don't kick—a fish don't walk—what does it do?'

"And here a little break occurred in the discourse, in reflecting upon the duties of a fish; so we will end our notes, which we have given, believing that the little sermon contains more good lessons than many which are listened to every Sunday, and that it will be of some interest to mothers of other small preachers."

A KANGAROO HUNT.

Suddenly, after a long march through a verdant plain, intersected by small thickets, we fell upon a herd of fifteen or twenty kangaroos of the largest size, and two hundred of the smaller; they fled, hastily securing their little ones in their pouches. I say nothing of the smaller ones, two feet in height, for they swarm in the bushes, and we have been killing them lately as one kills rabbits at home. We spurred, therefore, straight at the large ones, singling out one very fine one, and determined to ride him down without dogs. At the end of ten minutes, having made some immense jumps, the brute crossed a wood, where we lost him. Very soon he came out; I found myself alone in pursuit, driving in my spurs; but the kangaroo still kept more than a hundred yards ahead. At last I gained upon him by degrees and came up with him. But I had been fool enough not to bring any arms with me, and I dared not approach, for our hosts had warned us that the brute is exceedingly dangerous when he is brought to bay, and can strangle a man in his arms in no time. Last year they had four large deer-hounds who were all killed by the blows of an old kangaroo. At last the panting beast fell, outdone! I confess that I was fairly exhausted with hard riding; but the brute picked himself up again, and stood at bay against a tree, his ferocious eyes glaring, his great arms moving convulsively,—in wait for me. Luckily the prince had come up with me, and he was armed; he put an end to our duel by a ball through the head of the brute.—*A Voyage Round the World, by the Marquis de Beauvoir.*

COURTING THROUGH A CRACK IN THE DOOR.

Ladies are so scarce in Southern California that it costs a fee (almost) to see one—and considerably more for a young man "to pay attention" to one.—The following amusing incident is told by a traveller in that country;

When I was journeying across the continent afoot one day, approaching Los Angelos, I came to a house made of rough boards, standing absolutely alone in the vast clover plains, and there were a number of horses hitched before the door. I thought from the remarkably lugubrious countenances of the people standing about that there must be a funeral in progress. But when I went in to procure a drink of water, I asked the boy, and he told me, with much giggling and ducking of his head into his shoulders, that they were all courting his sister. This piqued my curiosity at once, and I determined, if possible, to get a glimpse of a maiden who could exercise such potent attraction.

There were only two rooms in the house, with an entry way between, so that only one visitor at a time could visit this Penelope. The rest formed themselves into a melancholy row or queue, waiting to take their turn in peeping through the crack of the door. At the end of this queue I stationed myself, and I soon found that as soon as they looked, most of them came back to their turn again. There was one poor fellow whose distress was pitiable. He could apply only one eye to the crack, and he kept dodging backward and forward, right and left, as if to plead,

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,"

or at least one of them. But presently, a brilliant suggestion seized him. He turned his head to one side and ranged both eyes on the crack at once, but this gave him such an overwhelming impression of her charms that he sighed and dropped a tear.

At last, when I was pretty near the goal, my neighbor next in the rear began to suspect there was foul play, and scrutinized me carefully, from head to foot, evidently not at all relishing the prospect of having his fourteenth chance reduced to a fifteenth. Then said he to me,—

"'Scuse me, stranger—are you a resident any where roun' these parts?"

"I have not pre-empted any government land yet, but if that crack in the door 'prospects well,' as the miners say, I intend to take up a quarter section at once," I answered.

"Well, now, stranger, 'less you've took up some land already roun' hyur you aint got no right peekin' in that ar crack, interruptin' actool settlers."

A WOMAN WITH A BIG HEART.

A writer in *Old and New* had a pleasant experience at the seaside, not long since, and wants we should enjoy it with him—at least his account of it. Real ladies, like the one praised in this genial sketch, are often found in calico, doing lots of hard work at the head of a great family:

One summer I was boarding with my family in a farm-house by the seashore. Our host was a pitiful miser, starving himself, starving his family, and, *a fortiori*, starving his boarders. Sick of human nature, sick of petty, miserable contention, a party of us started out, one day, in a wagon, for a fine beach some miles away, to try to forget our woes in the kind lap of Mother Nature.

As we approached the beach we stopped at a farm-house to ask permission to put our horse in the barn. Knocking at the door, it was opened by a motherly-looking woman of fifty, in spectacles, the glasses of which, however, far from hiding, seemed only to serve, like varnish on a picture, to bring out the light and warmth of a pair of loving blue eyes underneath. She gave us the heartiest reception.

"Put your horse in the barn? Certainly! You will find plenty of hay there. Come out to spend the day by the beach, have you? That's right! I do like to see young people enjoy themselves! Won't you eat your luncheon in our apple orchard? it's so nice, and cool, and shady there. And wouldn't you like a pan of sweet milk to have with it?"

"Bless your dear, loving heart!" I cried, internally. "Then the stern necessities of farm life do not shrivel, and wizen, and dry-rot all souls after the manner of old Grimes, we are boarding with! But perhaps this old lady has trodden a more silken path."

I looked around the room. There were milk-pans enough to make life one eternal scour. Her dress, too, was trussed up; her arms were bare, and with that battered and callous look about the elbows which betokens hard usage. "No children, probably! that accounts for it." Presently a wail from a neighboring room.

"Ah, that's your grandchild, I suppose?"

"No, that's my baby."

I was about as incredulous as Sarah of old; but she went right on. "I've had sixteen children."

"Sixteen children!" all these milk-pans, the ordinary work of the farm-house, and room still in the heart for such a reception as we had had, for such a generous "I do like to see young people enjoy themselves;" for such hearty proffers of the hospitality of the apple orchard, and of a full gallon of sweet milk!

Ah, I see it. "Where there is room in the heart, there is always room in the house,"—room for all these children, and then room to spare for a bevy of pleasure-seeking, do-nothing strangers.

VOICE AND SOUND.

It is a curious fact that musical sounds fly farther and are heard at a greater distance than those which are more loud and noisy. If we go on the outside of a town during a fair, at the distance of a mile, we hear the musical instruments; but the din of the multitude, which is so overpowering in the place, can scarcely be heard, the noise dying on the spot. To those who are conversant with the power of musical instruments the following observation will be understood:

The violins made at Cremona about the year 1600 are superior in tone to any of a later date, age seeming to dispossess them of their noisy qualities, and leave nothing but the pure tone. If a modern violin is played by the side of one of those instruments it will appear much the louder of the two; but on receding a hundred paces, when compared with the Amati, it will scarcely be heard.

The voice of man is endowed with purity of tone in a higher degree than any of the vocal animals; by which, in a state of nature, it will enable him to communicate with his fellow at a distance very remote.

Providence has bestowed upon children a power of voice, in proportion to their size, ten times greater than that of the adult. In a state of nature this serves them as a defence and protection; for it is well known that children have, by their cries, alarmed and kept off the attacks of the most furious animals.

The rule that the finest things go farthest is observed under many conditions, but nowhere more beautifully than in the different tones of sound—not finest in the sense of "gayest," but the most *refined*, we mean.

FRAUD PUNISHED.

An anecdote is related of John Eyre, a man whose name is recorded in the annals of crime, as possessing thirty thousand pounds, and yet being sentenced to transportation for stealing eleven quires of writing paper, which shows, in a striking manner, the depravity of the human heart, and may help to account for the meanness of the crime of which he stood convicted.

An uncle of his, a gentleman of considerable property, made his will in favor of a clergyman who was his intimate friend, and committed it, unknown to the rest of the family, to the custody of the divine. However, not long before his death, having altered his mind with regard to the disposal of his wealth, he made another will, in which he left the clergyman only five hundred pounds, and bequeathed the bulk of his large property to his nephew and heir-at-law, Mr. Eyre.

Soon after the old gentleman's death, Mr. Eyre, rummaging over his drawers, found this last will, and perceiving the legacy of five hundred pounds in it for the clergyman, without any hesitation or scruple of conscience, he put it into the fire, and took possession of the whole effects, in consequence of his uncle being supposed to die intestate.

The clergyman coming to town soon after, and inquiring into the circumstances of his old friend's death, asked if he had made a will before he died.

On being answered by Mr. Eyre in the negative, the clergyman very coolly put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out the former will, which had been committed to his care, in which Mr. Eyre had bequeathed him the whole of his fortune, amounting to several thousand pounds, excepting a legacy of two hundred pounds to his nephew.—*The Christian.*

NOW, GOD, TAKE BABY.

Rev. Dr. Cheever relates this incident:

At the time when President Olin was seized with that illness which was the precursor of his death, his youngest child, a babe of about two years old, was ill and restless, though the parents did not then apprehend a fatal result. The day of discovered danger the father was walking in the room where his child lay, when the babe suddenly called,—

"Papa!" desiring to be lifted in its father's arms. "Pa, take baby!"

Dr. Olin took the child, and walked up and down the room.

The child said, "Pa, kiss baby!" "Mamma, kiss baby!" and when this was done, looked up and exclaimed, "Now, God, take baby!" and immediately breathed its last in its father's arms.

Was not this a ministration from the invisible world? The believing father received it as such, and was comforted. Children and death are Divine teachers. "Out of the mouth of babes and of sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

A MAN in New Jersey has invented a stove which will consume its own smoke. Now, if he will devise a method whereby tobacco smokers can consume their own smoke, he will be entitled to the thanks of all the ladies in the land.

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For the Companion.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD'S FAIRY LAND.

Come, Dolly, to-day is rainy,
  And none of the fairies at hand,
So, if you'll be the goodest of dollies,
  We will talk about Fairy land;
Because *I* know *there are* fairies,
  For up in the lumber room
I saw one, sailing so grandly
  In a little, wee balloon.

It glowed and shone so brightly,
  Almost like a silver star;
Ma said "'Twas a mote in the sunlight,"
  I believe 'twas a fairy car.
And one morning in the garden,
  I saw the *queerest* thing,
Bob called it a "grasshopper circus,"
  I know 'twas a fairy ring.

Perhaps the Queen of the fairies
  Had had a ball that night,
And the grasshoppers were the servants,
  Setting things to rights.
Because, you see, if the clover
  Had lost a bit of its dew,
The folks would know all about them,
  I'm sure, I wish *I* knew.

And once, when we went to the meadow,
  Just by the willow ridge,
I found a fairy ladder,
  And a tiny suspension bridge,
Bob said the spiders had made it,
  And hid away in the top,
He showed me an ugly spider,
  Who, he said, kept a *butcher's shop*,

And killed poor little bugs and flies.
  But *I* knew all the time,
That the bridge was made for the fairies,
  And the ladder for them to climb.
Hark! there is mamma calling,
  And I'm tired of talking, too,
But if ever I find any fairies,
  I shall surely show them to you.

MRS. BELLA F. BURTON.

MAUD'S BIRTHDAY.

"O dear! isn't it too bad? Aunt Jane won't let me go over to Ella's, this afternoon, and they're going to have a splendid time. Ella's Cousin Susie is coming out, and all the girls will be there, I know. And it is my birthday, too.

"O dear! O dear! I think Aunt Jane is just as mean as she can be. I can't bear her, and I wish she was in the"——

Maud heard a step, and, looking round, saw Aunt Jane standing by the door. Maud's face flushed, and she felt a little ashamed when she saw her aunt brush away a tear, and quietly walk up stairs.

"Well," Maud continued; "she is good to me sometimes, but I do want to go to see Ella."

Aunt Jane had taken care of Maud since her mother died; and she loved the little girl, and always tried to promote her happiness.

Maud ate her dinner in silence, and then went up into her own room to play with her dolls, and did not say a single word to Aunt Jane.

About two o'clock, as Maud sat dressing her dolls, she heard merry voices and laughter down stairs. She went to the head of the stairs and listened, and was quite sure she heard Ella's voice above the rest, calling,—

"Where's Maud?" Won't she be surprised? I don't believe she knew one thing about it, because I invited her over to see me, and she said she'd come."

Maud stood like one petrified, until a hand was laid upon her shoulder; and, looking up, she saw Aunt Jane.

"Maud," said her aunt, "I have something for you down in the parlor. You have been such a good girl, that I thought I would let you have a party this birthday. I should have told you of it before, but I thought it would take your mind from your studies, and I was very anxious you should get up into the next class. So I planned this surprise.

"O Aunt Jane!" cried Maud, bursting into tears and throwing her arms around her neck. "I am so bad, I don't deserve this."

"Well, cheer up, and remember, hereafter, that Aunt Jane always tries to make you happy."

So they went down stairs, and there was Ella, and her Cousin Susie, and ever so many others; and they laughed and played the whole afternoon.—*S. S. Advocate.*

For the Companion.

GHOSTS.

I dare say you have all heard ever so many ghost stories, and been "frightened almost to death" by them.

But I don't believe that any little girl or boy ever saw such a thing as a ghost, or that any little reader who reads this story will ever see a ghost. But for all that, last winter I was frightened a little, one night, and I'm almost twenty-nine years old.

One cold, stormy night, when I knew no one could call to see me if they wanted to, for I live way off in the country, ever so far from any other house, I went to my chamber, took a book, and sat down by the fire to have a nice, cosey time all to myself.

Just as I began to read a story, I heard a low, steady rumbling.

If it had been summer, I should have thought it was a carriage passing, but the snow was deep on the ground, and I knew it could not be that.

I listened a long while, and tried to think what made the noise. It sounded on every side, above and below me. At last I thought it must be caused by some one in the garret.

By this time I was a little frightened, and rushed down to the kitchen, where I knew I should find mother.

We both listened, and both heard the same noise, with once in a while a little squeak.

Just then father came in from the barn, and we asked him to go and see what the trouble was.

I should have gone myself, but an old country attic isn't such a nice place to go into all alone on a dark, windy night.

You city children don't know what solitary places they are, full of all sorts of things,—long cobwebs hanging from the rafters, and little eddies of wind creeping in through cracks, making you almost feel that some one is breathing near.

Now I, being a country girl, knew all this, and so I did not feel quite brave enough to go into the attic in the dark, when that strange noise seemed to come from there.

But father went up as soon as I asked him, and I followed at a safe distance.

And what do you suppose we found? Why, way off in one corner of the attic was the old spinning-wheel, and on that sat a monstrous rat, twirling the wheel. He had worked it almost off, and just as we caught sight of the rat he saw us, and scampered away, giving a final push to the wheel, which fell off with a great bang.

And this was the ghost that had frightened me so much. How we did laugh! and father hasn't stopped teasing me yet about it.

Now I advise you all to be very careful how you believe in ghosts, till you are sure there are such things.

"YOU PROMISED."

A little boy, after having performed his allotted task, comes to the father for the promised reward. His father is busy, and puts him off, first with this excuse and then with that, and finally speaks in a way that almost silences his loved child. The little fellow, looking up to his father, the tears starting in his eyes, replies, "But father, you *promised*."

The father cannot refuse that plea.

So our heavenly Father will hear His children, if they will *do His work and plead His promises.*

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To those subscribers to the COMPANION who send the largest number of new names to the paper, up to July 1, 1871.

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Perry Mason & Co.,

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ARRANGEMENTS have been made with Messrs. J. JAY GOULD & Co., No. 35 Bromfield Street, for framing our premium Chromo, "The Doctor," at very favorable rates to our subscribers. They also keep a fine stock of Engravings, Chromos and, indeed, Pictures of all kinds, constantly on hand.

WE DESIRE to call the attention of our readers who may be afflicted with Catarrh, Deafness, Blindness, or any diseases of the Eye, Throat or Chest, to the advertisement of Dr. W. H. Carpenter, which appeared in our columns Jan. 12th. To a candid mind his list of Home Cures, then published, is no slight recommendation.

MUCH MISERY will be saved, and great anxiety, if when you are troubled with Throat Complaints, Weak Lungs, or Kidney troubles, you use at once the *White Pine Compound.*

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IT PAYS to look over the choice patterns of furniture on sale at Messrs. P. F. Packard & Sons, 56 and 58 Union Street, if you desire a reliable quality of goods. We noticed some particularly fine Chamber Sets in Ash, Walnut and Mahogany. 12—1w

DOLLAR STEAM ENGINE.—Every reader of *Youth's Companion* must have seen the Circular and picture of our Engine last week. Remember we will send it by mail, post paid, for $1 30, and the Scientific Attachment for 35c. COLBY BROS. & Co., 508 Broadway, N. Y.

WE recommend those of our readers who wish to bind their back volumes of the *Youth's Companion*, to go to Mr. CHAS. HERSEY, 179 Washington St., who will do the work cheaply and well.

$250 A MONTH. I want an Agent in every city and town in the country to introduce the American Linen Marker. Send for illustrated Circulars and samples free. W. B. GORHAM, 12 School Street, Boston, Mass. 12—1w

READ THIS!—Send $1 and receive a Household Edition United States Counterfeit Detector, illustrated with six beautiful steel engravings. LABAN, HEATH & Co., 30 Hanover St., Boston. Agents wanted. 11—4w

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*38—1yeow

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1871.
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For the Companion.

AN ADVENTURE IN NORMANDY.

During a recess from my studies at Munich, I made a brief trip into Normandy; and with my college chum, Fred Graves, spent a fortnight fishing, shooting, bathing, and enjoying the good food and wholesome recreations which the fair old province offers to the tourist.

The mode of fishing adopted by the natives of Normandy, often attracted my attention, and perhaps I may digress for a moment to explain it. Each family has what a Californian would call a "claim," that is, the exclusive right to fishing in the water that bounds a certain portion of the shore. These claims sometimes cover quite a large area—around which is a sort of stone wall, so as to form a dock of moderate proportions. After the spawning season is over this is closed, and when the young fish are hatched the proprietor has, if he is attended with ordinary luck, a stock of fresh fish upon which he can draw as often as necessary.

He has a formidable enemy to contend with, however, in a monster designated as the sea-devil, resembling the cuttle fish in structure, which, provided with nine long arms, fastens itself to the stones forming the dock, and with what appears to be incredulous force, detaches the heaviest, and causes outlets, through which the fish escape.

When pursued, this creature covers its retreat by a discharge which turns the water to an inky hue. These fish have been known to seize upon bathers and draw them into deep water until drowned, and the natives always exercise a laudable discretion in bathing.

One hazy morning I arose, jumped into my clothes, and as Fred was too drowsy to accompany me, set out alone for my customary morning bath. It was early, and few people were stirring. The industrious fishermen, who in a short time would swarm about the little beach, had not yet made their appearance; and I had the satisfaction of splashing and blowing in the tingling water, with all the ardor of a youthful hippopotamus, without fear of being questioned as to my sanity, or being rebuked by Fred for any particularly boisterous antics.

Time slipped by, and I had already been in the water longer than was good for me, when I mounted the tottering remnant of a stone pier and made a final dive!

Splash! I shot through the water like an arrow, and before striking for the shore, floated for a few moments upon the surface. Just as I struck out again, I thought one of my limbs brushed against something soft. I stopped a moment, and tried to look beneath the surface of the water; but could not see any thing. Thinking that perhaps it might have been some frightened fish, I started once more for the land.

As I did, so my leg again came in contact with some disagreeable substance, and this time I felt a sharp sting, like that produced by a wasp. I now slightly apprehended danger. The shore was no great distance off, and I made quicker and stronger strokes to reach it.

Without positive knowledge I became conscious that I was flying from an unseen foe, and increased my speed. My hands were apart, and I was on the point of making a vigorous spring forward, when I felt myself detained by an irresistible power, against which my most strenuous efforts were futile.

I knew then that I had fallen into the dreaded clutch of the sea-devil.

I struggled to free myself, but my struggles were useless. I knew I was beyond human help, and for a moment was so overcome by fear that I gave myself up to despair.

I was being dragged down, my head sank beneath the waters, and looming through the green haze, I could just discern the repulsive form of my antagonist, its tapering arms encircling and binding my feet. There was a long, roaring sound in my ears, and my consciousness was departing, when, with a superhuman effort, I threw myself completely round and grasped the monster in my hands. I tried to wrest its arms from my leg and foot, but it was like trying to wrest a vice apart. I was whirled round, and a needle seemed to be penetrating every pore in my skin. With the little remaining strength I had left, I once more tore at the clammy monster, and gasping for breath, rose to the surface almost destitute of life.

I feebly made for the shore. My leg was torn and bleeding, for in freeing myself of the fish, I had literally wrenched the skin and flesh with it. Still feeling that the fierce monster was pursuing, I made a desperate effort, and soon succeeded in reaching the land.

I have embalmed in a glass case at my house a sea-devil, (who shall say it is not a descendant of the one of my acquaintance?) which I often look at with mingled fear and hatred, as my mind reverts to my adventure in Normandy.

WM. H. RIDEING.

VARIETY.

PLEASANT EFFECT OF CONSTANCY.

Scholars *will* emulate a good teacher. It must be delightful to see a class so excellent in those first scholar virtues, constancy and punctuality—and all because of a teacher's good example:

Some years ago a young lady was teaching a class of boys in the Sunday school. She was one whose heart was in her work. One Lord's day, in the afternoon, the rain was falling heavily, and the wind was very high. It was a day of all days for staying at home. She looked at the rain and listened to the wind, and for a moment was very much tempted to leave her place at the Sunday school vacant. But better thoughts prevailed, and she cheerfully faced the storm. On reaching the school she found that all of her boys were there. Not one was missing. She of course expressed her pleasure at seeing them there. One of them said to her, in a bright, hearty way,—

"Teacher, mother said you would not be here. But I bet her a dollar you would."—*New Jerusalem Messenger.*

BEST THING TO SUSTAIN LIFE.

It is curious that a physician of France and a physician of Smyrna have both decided, recently, that *coffee* will best sustain life. To France this discovery is of considerable importance now:

The Frenchman tells us that a man may live for many months on an ounce and a quarter per diem of the following mixture: Ten quarts of cocoa powder, five each of coffee and sugar, and two of tea. Provisions, therefore, for a long siege should include these articles in a large supply. The loss of tea and coffee was the greatest of the deprivations of the Southern States during our war, and the wretched substitutes employed for the latter article, especially—wheat, rye, sweet potatoes, peanuts, Indian meal—might of themselves have reduced the disloyal drinkers to subjection.

USELESS WEALTH.

The folly of mere hoarding was never better portrayed in so few words than in the following, by a popular writer:

It is as absurd to spend one's life in hoarding up millions of wealth, which the possessor can never enjoy, as it would be to collect and lay up in a storehouse sixty thousand mahogany chairs which were never intended to be used for the furniture of apartments, or eighty thousand pairs of trousers, which were never intended to be worn.

A SENSIBLE YOUNG MAN.

The late Col. Colt was himself a practical mechanic. By his will he left his nephew an immense fortune. At the time of Colt's death the nephew was learning his trade of machinist in his uncle's shop, working diligently in his overalls by day, subject to the same rules as other apprentices. On his uncle's death he became a millionaire; but, choosing a guardian to manage his property, he continued at his labor and served his apprenticeship. Now as he walks the rooms of his fine house, or drives his handsome and costly team, he has a consciousness that if his riches take to themselves wings and fly away, he is furnished with the means of getting an honest livelihood, and may make a fortune for himself.

THE TYRANNY OF EVIL HABIT.

The troubles of an opium eater are told in a Bombay paper. A witness in the Bombay High Court, while under examination, told the chief justice that he was an opium eater, and wished to get away to eat his daily quid. The chief justice said,—

"Unless I am satisfied that it is dangerous to his health not to eat it at this time, I will not allow him to do so. If a medical man comes and tells me it is dangerous to his health that he remains here he may go, but not otherwise."

The witness was here supplied with a chair, and went on with his evidence for a time, but in reply to a question, said,—

"I don't know. It's my time of eating opium, and I am not in my senses now—I feel giddy. I don't know what I am about now. I know that opium eaters eat at regular times, and they never fail to take it."

He was not permitted to take his dose until his evidence was given.

DON'T BARK TILL YOU KNOW.

There was a disturbance in the kennel. A hound had had a bad dream, or a sudden twinge, and he began to bark. Then eyes opened, heads rose, ears pricked up, and the chorus increased till every throat in the pack helped in it, except an old hound that lay to the end. He watched and listened awhile, till his neighbor, noticing him, cried, in great excitement,—

"*Why don't you bark?*"

"What are *you* barking at?" he asked, in reply.

"At—at—I don't know; every one else is barking," said the other.

"Just what I suspected," said the old dog. "Ask up the kennel what it is for, and if you can find out, and it's anything worth barking for, let me know; it'll be time enough for me to bark then."—*Boston Traveller.*

A BUSY MISSIONARY.

An Iowa home missionary gives the following sample of his Sunday work:

I go eight miles over a very rough road; one steep hill is over a half mile long; turn round the high bluff; cross a stream; go through a piece of woods; find a stone house a mile from any house; tie my horse to a tree, put a little bundle of hay before him that I have brought in my buggy; go into the church. I find a Sabbath school and a man who has come ten miles to superintend it, *and has done so for over ten years!* When the service is over I go back to C. There is no place for dinner for me or my horse. I tie my horse to another tree, go into church, attend to another Sabbath school, and, after meeting, go a mile and a half to my home.

A COMFORTING REFLECTION.

A funny thing happened at a Presbyterian church, the other day. The new steam heating apparatus was in use for the first time; and after service, one lady, meeting an elder in the aisle, said,—"That boiler aint under our seat, is it?" "No," was the reply; "it is under the pulpit platform." "Well, if it blows up, we shall have a good man to go ahead of us," was the reply.

A MEMBER of the Connecticut Legislature was told by a fellow-member that it was a "good day for the race."

"What race?" said the shad-eater.

"Human race," said the joker.

The shad-eater was so impressed with the sell that he tried it on a friend after the following fashion:

"It's a good day for the *trot.*"

"What trot?" asked the other.

"The human *race*," shouted the joker, who flattered himself that he had said a good thing.

THIS description of St. Peter's, at Rome, contains more truth than poetry:

Every day the church seemed larger,
Till at last they were quite ready
To believe the fact that fifty
Thousand could be stationed in it,
And that it was more expensive
Than the churches of New England—
That it even cost more money
In its structure than the churches
Of these States all put together.

Doesn't that beat "Hiawatha" for sublimity?

A GENTLEMAN, fond of using high-flown language, sometimes made very laughable mistakes. He had the honor of presiding at a Sunday school celebration, and after one of the speeches, he addressed the audience, telling them that they would now have "some vocal music by the brass band."

A WOMAN lately looking at a printing-press at work, looked up in the face of her companion, and in a most earnest manner inquired, "Arrah, Tim, and them's the things as writes the papers? Be's them what they call editors?"

Sentimental Young Lady.—Pray, Mr. Charles, how is the wind?

Embarrassed Young Gentleman.—Pretty well, thank you, ma'am.

THERE is an improbable story that a New Jersey hen mislaid an egg, when another hen sat on it and hatched it, and the original hen recognized her chicken after it was hatched.

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NUMBER 13. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

MY NEPHEW.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

"Hollo, aunty!"

I stopped feeding the gold-fishes, and looked round to see a small boy, in blue coat and bright buttons, standing in the doorway.

"Malvern, I suppose. How do you do, Malvern?" said I, making a futile attempt to embrace my nephew, for he wriggled out of my arms, and, mounting a cricket, that he might bring his head on a level with the glass globes, he exclaimed, "Gold-fishes! aint they bully? Wouldn't it be fun to catch 'em on a pin?"

Before I could rally sufficiently to reply to this horrible suggestion, he spied the cat on the sofa, and pounced upon him, crying, "Shoo! shoo!"

Sphinx, who had always been treated like one of the family, and who had never come in contact with a boy before, turned his topaz eyes upon him in mute amazement, and darted from the room.

I had invited Malvern to pass the summer with me, because sister Arabella had written that he was "delicate," and that she thought a few months of our bracing northern climate would do him good.

Delicate! this bullet-headed boy! Why, it seemed to me that if he were to knock his head against a stone wall, the wall would have the worst of it.

She had called him the "flower of her flock," too! Alas for the other six!

Malvern and I had never met before, and I wondered what secret affinity it was which had instantaneously revealed our relationship to him. For any thing he knew, I might have been a neighbor dropped in to spend the afternoon; but his first salutation had been, "Hollo, aunty!"

"Malvern," said I, "how came you to know me as soon as you saw me?"

"O, by that great knob on the back of your head, and the way your nose sticks out, just like the photograph," answered the ingenuous youth.

The "knob" was the classic knot which it had cost me hours of practice at the glass to accomplish before I sat for that photograph. My nose—well—I suppose it *does* "stick out;" being a nose, it could not well do otherwise; but Malvern's reply upset some pleasing theories I was beginning to indulge on the subject of natural affection.

I had no idea one small boy would make such a difference in a household. Hitherto, if I put a thing in its place, it stayed there, so that I could lay my hand on it at any moment; but Malvern had not been with me a week, before I found it expedient to reverse my former rule, and begin my search for any missing article in the most improbable place. For the tongs, I looked under the piano; for a choice volume, on the front door-step; for a valuable lace or ribbon, in the dog-kennel. There was no spot in our dwelling so sacred or so secret, but that I found traces of my nephew's busy fingers and scheming brain there. He robbed the parrot of her best tail feathers, to deck his soldier cap, and was barely saved from making "sardines" of the gold-fishes.

To McSweeny, who ruled in the kitchen, and would have been glad to extend her dominion throughout the house, he was a simple pest. She had disapproved my sending for him from the first, saying that it was flying in the face of Providence, who would have sent us children of our own, if He had wanted us to have them. She always spoke of him derisively, as my "adopted offspring." And yet I think the triumph she experienced in every new misdemeanor of which he was convicted, must have gone far toward counterbalancing the trouble he caused her. If she did not express it in words, her whole bearing plainly said, "I told you so."

Yet there were redeeming points about the boy. With all his faults he was not malicious, and he *was* honest. He scorned to deny or conceal any of his misdeeds, but sometimes pleaded in extenuation,—

MY NEPHEW.

"Well, aunty," (anty, he called it,) "Well, anty, I didn't *go* to do it."

And I don't think he did. He seemed rather to *blunder* into mischief, without any will or consciousness of his own. His ball would fly straight through somebody's window, apparently of its own accord, and his arrow lodge in somebody's chicken, when, if he had taken aim, I am sure he never could have hit it in the world.

Yet while complaints of this nature continually poured in upon me from parents in the neighborhood, with the children he was universally popular. As a consequence, my house was continually thronged with boys of every kind and degree.

"I knowed it,—I knowed how it would be from the first," quoth McSweeny.

As a climax to our griefs, Malvern had been with us only a few weeks when he was taken down with chills and fever.

"In course,—just what you might expect of one of them seceshers," said McSweeny.

Day and night I watched by that child's bedside, administering his medicine with my own hands, and guarding him from every breath of air,—all the more anxious, because our doctor never had had a case of chills and fever before. One day, after he had begun to mend, I covered him up in bed, and charging him not to stir till I came back, went into the garden for exercise.

When I returned and opened the chamber door, a large yellow dog lay curled up on Malvern's bed, but he was nowhere to be seen. Moreover, the window was up, and a strong east wind blowing in.

"Malvern! Malvern! where are you?" I cried, distractedly.

"Here I am, anty," replied a smothered voice. "We're having a menagerie, and I'm an elephant;" and forth from an adjoining room my nephew crawled on hands and knees, with a big boy mounted on his back, while behind were several more, undergoing transformation into various animals. My striped burnoose helped make up the zebra; my gray poplin the elephant.

"Go, instanter!" I cried, "and never come back again!"

And go they did, with the yellow dog after them, and never came back—till the next day but one.

"Don't blame the boys, anty," pleaded the elephant, as I picked him up and put him in bed. "'Twas my fault. They wanted to know how I was; so they just threw some gravel against the piazza window, and before I thought, you know, I opened it for 'em to come in."

"O Malvern, how *could* you?" said I, ringing the bell for McSweeny and hot water.

"Is his shakes wuss, mum?" asked that damsel, appearing at the door with a tin dipper in her hand.

I related what had occurred.

"I could have tould you last night that something was going to happen," said she, with a mysterious look.

"Of course. Things are always happening," said I.

"I mean something out of the common," said she. "*I heered the death-watch!*"

"Hush! Nonsense! Give me the dipper and go down stairs. The 'death-watch,' as you call it, is nothing but a little beetle."

"Beetle, indeed! Well, I may be a poor, ignorant crater, but thank goodness, I aint a unbelieving heretic."

So saying, she shut the door, but opened it again to whisper, "Where shall you bury him? here, or shall you send him home?"

"I sha'n't bury him anywhere at present," said I, shutting the door upon her, but feeling a terrible sinking at my heart in spite of myself.

Strange to say, notwithstanding the exposure Malvern had undergone, he had no return of chills, but improved from that hour.

In my note-book I made the following memorandum: "For chills and fever, let the patient alternate mercury and quinine, and stand at the open window in his nightgown."

One day, some weeks after my nephew had recovered his health, as I was out walking, my attention was attracted by a crowd gathered about the new liberty pole.

"What are they doing?" I asked of the man nearest me.

"Don't you see? Little Eddie Starr has climbed half way up the pole, and is too much frightened to come down again."

"Why do they not go up and get him?"

"Because some rascal amused himself by sawing it nearly across, last night, so that it won't bear the weight of a man. There, don't you see it swaying in the wind?"

I did see it, and I saw by the anxious looks on the faces of the crowd, that they feared the worst. The boy's father stood at the foot of the pole, pale as death, with hands upraised, trying to encourage his son to descend.

"I can't, papa. O, I'm dizzy, papa," cried the child.

"We might throw up a platform," was suggested.

"A platform, and that boy, four years old, hanging, sick and faint, in mid air! All felt the hopelessness of the plan.

"Say, won't it bear another boy's weight?" asked a clear, ringing voice, and I saw Malvern step up to Eddie's father.

"It might," was the answer, hesitatingly given.

"Here goes, then," said Malvern, stripping off his jacket and gliding up the pole with the lightness and agility of a squirrel. We could hear the grating of the timber, and Malvern must have heard it, too, but he pressed on, calling out, in an encouraging tone,—

"Hold on, Eddie, a second longer.

"Now take my hand. Put your foot on that spike," he said, next. "Steady; don't be afraid."

So the two descended, the pole swaying and trembling more and more, till they came low enough to be reached by a man standing on a pile of rubbish, when they were lifted to the ground amid the hurrahs of the hitherto breathless and silent crowd.

"That's the stuff heroes are made of." So said a voice at my elbow. I turned and saw the Rev. Mr. Burnet.

And now a new character appeared on the stage; it was McSweeny. Clad in an undress uniform, consisting of a sack and skirt, her carroty hair flying in the breeze, and her arms extended, she came rushing through the crowd, and falling on Malvern's neck, nearly smothered him with kisses and embraces.

"O my darling, my brave b'y!" she cried, "come home wid his own McSweeny. Did he shinny up the old pole? Bad luck to it. The saints love and bless him!"

Strange to say, this extraordinary scene was productive of tears, instead of smiles, among the spectators. For myself, I was at a loss to account for this sudden change in the sentiments of McSweeny toward my nephew, and I afterward told her so.

"An' sure I never knowed how I loved him," said she, "till I thought he was going to be kilt, and I should never see him more."

And the heart of the mistress answered to that of the maid.

For the Companion.

THE BLUE SILK DRESS.

"Ah, Mollie Morgan, you are just the girl I wanted to see! Did you know that Helen Duncan was going to have a party?" and Nelly Raymond's bright eyes were a match for the eager tones of her voice.

"Yes. I've just got my invitation, but I thought the sociables were over for this season."

"So they are, but this is to be a great deal better than a sociable. Thursday, you know, is Helen's birthday, and there will be flowers, and music, and every thing splendid. Why, what's the matter? You don't seem a bit pleased."

"I can't go, that's all," said Mollie.

"Can't go? And why not, I should like to know?"

"You don't suppose I am going to wear my blue silk again? I don't know how many times it has appeared at the sociables. I haven't another dress that will do, and my allowance is all spent! So how can I go?"

"Nonsense, I never keep to my allowance. Your father will give you a new dress, of course, if you ask him."

"But a silk costs so much," said Mollie, who felt ashamed to tell her father that the liberal allowance he made her was so soon frittered away, for so she felt sure he would consider her numerous outlays in trinkets, perfumery and confectionary.

"Well, then," said Nelly, "get a muslin overdress for your blue silk; it won't cost much and will look lovely. You must go, somehow."

Mollie sighed, and didn't know which alternative to choose. It was hard to lose the party, and almost as hard to ask for the money.

But the next morning, after breakfast, when her aunt had left the room—for poor Mollie was motherless, and Aunt Margaret, though good and kind, did not fill a mother's place—she went to her father and laid her hand on his shoulder.

Mr. Morgan looked up from his paper. "Well, Mollie dear, what is it?"

The color rushed to Mollie's face as she said,

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"O, papa, I am afraid you will think me very extravagant, but I am invited to Helen Duncan's party, and I do need a new dress."

"Well?" said Mr. Morgan, inquiringly, while a smile lurked in the corners of his mouth.

Mollie smiled too, a very persuasive smile.

"So I must furnish the wherewithal. Is that it, Mollie? Will that do?" and he handed her twenty-five dollars.

"O, thank you, papa. Now I shall be dressed as well as any one," and giving him a kiss, she ran off, and Mr. Morgan returned to his paper.

The first thing Mollie did was to write a note accepting her invitation, then she put on her walking dress, and feeling very rich, with her purse full of bills, she set out in pursuit of the white muslin.

"It shall be the very finest that can be had," she said to herself. "Papa is so generous that I can get every thing I need. He was so good not to scold me for having spent my allowance."

She was approaching one of the fashionable dry goods stores, when, as if struck by a sudden thought, she turned round, retraced her steps a little way, then entered a side street, and presently stopped at the door of a very small but tidy looking house.

A bright-eyed little girl answered her knock.

"Ah, Janie, how do you do? Is sister Sarah at home?"

"Yes, Miss Mollie. Come in this way," and Janie led her visitor into a room where her older sister sat sewing.

It was a pleasant little room, for though the furniture was very scant and very plain, every thing was kept with the nicest care, and a picture or two and some thrifty plants, made it look cheerful.

There were bright faces generally, too, within, but to-day Mollie noticed that a cloud seemed to hang over them all.

Sarah rose to meet "Miss Mollie," who was one of her constant employers.

"I won't detain you but a minute, Sarah," said the latter. "I am going to buy a new dress, and thought I would ask you how many yards to get, and see if you can make it for me to-morrow. I want it for the party at Mrs. Duncan's, Thursday evening."

The matter was duly discussed, and Mollie was just leaving, when she again noticed that Sarah looked unusually depressed, and she said,—

"Is any thing the matter, Sarah? You look troubled."

At this Sarah's eyes filled with tears, and Mollie, surprised, begged her to tell her every thing.

"O, Miss Mollie, I did not mean to say any thing about it, but I have been almost sick for two or three days, for I have lost twenty dollars, and it is very hard for me."

Mollie sat down again, and made Sarah tell her the whole story; how she had gone out to pay her rent, and on putting her hand in her pocket for her purse, it was gone; how she had searched over and over again, turned her pocket inside out, but it was not there.

"Some villain must have robbed you," said Mollie, indignantly.

"It was such a shock to me," said poor Sarah, "I have not got over it yet, and it will take so many days to make it up, and that, too, when I need every dollar that I can earn."

"I am going to earn something for sister," said Janie, proudly. "Mrs. Jones, next door, promised me twenty-five cents a week, if I would wheel her baby in its carriage up and down the sidewalk, and perhaps I can do something else, too."

Sarah and Mollie both smiled at the eager little girl.

"I do wish I could help you," said Mollie. "If I could only afford to make up the money; it does seem very hard. Twenty dollars is a good deal for any one to lose."

"O, Miss Mollie, I did not mean —— I would not have you give me any thing; but it is nice to have one as sympathizing as you to tell one's troubles to. It has done me good already, to see you."

"Well, Sarah, if I haven't the money, I have, at least, some clothes that will do for you and the children, if you will accept them. You can look them over when you come to-morrow." And, deprecating any thanks, Mollie took her departure.

All the way to the store her thoughts were filled, not with visions of silk and muslin, but with poor Sarah's misfortune.

"I don't see how she can bear it. To have worked so hard for that money and then have it all swept away in a moment. I wonder how I should feel to be obliged to take care of myself and two little sisters, and only my needle to depend upon. And Sarah is so good, she never complains. I wish I could help her."

"I wish I could help her," was ringing in Mollie's ears, as she entered the store.

The clerk at the muslin counter thought it worth while to be very civil to the pretty girl who asked to see his finest goods, and piece after piece was unfolded for Mollie's inspection. Certainly one would have thought no fault could be found with the beautiful Swiss, the sheer organdie and the finest of lawns; but Mollie was not satisfied.

After much hesitation and deliberation, she finally decided that none of them would suit.

The clerk turned away, muttering something about people not caring how much trouble they gave, and Mollie went home empty handed.

It was the night of the party at Helen Duncan's. A number of young girls were arranging their finery and chattering in the dressing-room. Mollie was among them.

"Come, Kate," she said to one of her friends, as the inspiring strains of music reached their ears. "I can't resist that music any longer; let us go down;' and the two girls left the room.

Another, who was standing before a mirror, putting the last touches to her toilet, with a glance over her shoulder, to be sure that they were out of hearing, exclaimed,—

"Well, I should not have thought that Mollie Morgan would have appeared again in that blue silk. Why, one would think she was as poor as poverty. She has worn it more than a dozen times," and she glanced complacently at her own new tarlatan, made expressly for the occasion.

"I know it," chimed in two or three voices, "but Mollie is queer about some things. She didn't seem to care a bit."

"There is one thing," said Nelly Raymond; "she will never get a more becoming dress. She looks lovely in it."

"Perhaps that's the reason she wears it so much," said the first speaker; "but, for my part, I never want to be known by my dresses."

In the mean time, Mollie, quite unconscious of this discussion about herself, had joined the company in the drawing-room. Equally unconscious was she of the numerous compliments which she received that evening.

More than one person said they had never seen Mollie Morgan look so pretty, and all noticed how thoroughly she seemed to enjoy the whole evening. One old gentleman who had come to look on at the gayety of the young folks, asked Mrs. Duncan, who that young girl was with such bright eyes and such a sweet expression.

"Why, that is Mollie Morgan," she replied,—"one of our merriest girls."

But there was a something in Mollie's expression that night deeper than her usual light-hearted gayety. No one knew the secret of it. Not her father, who thought, if he thought at all, that the blue silk was the result of the twenty-five dollars; nor Aunt Margaret, who did not suspect that there had been any idea of a new dress; nor Nelly Raymond, who wondered if Mr. Morgan could have refused Mollie the money. Only Sarah Collins, busily sewing that same evening in her poor little room, could have explained it. Her two little sisters had gone to bed long before, and as they knelt by her side to say their evening prayers, they had prayed God to bless their dear Miss Mollie, who had been so good to them; and now as Sarah's thoughts were dwelling on her who had proven so true a friend in their distress, she, too, exclaimed, from the depths of her heart, "May God bless her!"

HOW HE LOST HIS HAT.

The useful moral, "Look out where you throw lit matches," comes in at the right place in the following tale from the Lewiston *Journal* about a young man's new hat:

"Saturday week a young friend of our acquaintance—a good, church-going lad—bought a new hat for Sunday wear. Sunday he wore it, and, of course, was measurably satisfied with himself. Sunday evening he returned home, laid his hat on the sitting-room centre-table and went to bed.

"Monday morning his father awoke as usual, arose and went to the kitchen for a match, lighting the lamp which had been left on this centre-table. Probably, after he lighted the lamp, he let drop into the hat the charred wood of the match. Without further thought he went about his morning's work.

"Some time after breakfast the young man's mother thought she smelled smoke. She went to the kitchen, thinking the chimney was out of order. She couldn't find whence the smoke came. Soon after, the smoke continuing, she went to the sitting-room, which was full of smoke, although two windows were raised. Quite a thorough search from chimney to ceiling failed to discover the source of the difficulty.

"Very soon she passed the centre-table, and stooping over to raise another window, her eyes met—what?—the charred remains of that new hat! There it was in ruins, smoking. One or two pamphlets and a part of the table-cover were involved, but that was all.

"The fire had partially extinguished itself? The father of the family positively affirms that he lighted the lamp in the kitchen, but it is more likely he is mistaken, and that the coal from his match must have accidentally dropped in the hat. It was a narrow escape from house-burning, and our young friend, in view of this fact, is glad it's no worse,—much as he needed a Sunday hat."

For the Companion.

HOW CARLO BLAKE KEPT SUNDAY.

Aunt Mary Blake was a very tidy housekeeper. Nothing could exceed the smoothness of her carpet and the gloss of her stoves when her morning work was over, or the tempting cleanliness of her table when set for breakfast, dinner or supper. As for her pantry, and dairy, and closets—those hidden sins of so many showy houses—they seemed under her skilful care to be dirt and vermin proof.

Now Aunt Mary had no children—except—well, there was a boy lived with her whose name was Frank. She always called him a "boy," though he had grown to be a little taller than she was, and wore number seven boots, and talked grum, and could whistle, and ride horseback, and swim.

Frank was a member of the family, and I suppose if I call him a foster son, I shall get it about right. He was all the child Uncle Philip and Aunt Mary had.

But what of Carlo Blake? Was he a member of the family? Well, yes, I am obliged to say that he was. And I must say further that he was not the sort of animal you are thinking of. He went on all fours and wagged his tail. So he would hardly pass for a boy. He was a dog, and a handsome dog,—an English coach-dog of full blood, mottled all over with pretty black spots.

He belonged to Frank, but had Uncle Philip's name engraved on his collar, to show that he had a right to live in the town, being a good dog citizen, and paying his taxes.

Carlo was as knowing as he was handsome, and Frank and Aunt Mary between them taught him to beg, and shake hands, and turn somersets, and pull off mittens, and watch property, and dance, and speak "polite," and even to *laugh*—so that you see he bade fair, with such a beginning, to become a very accomplished dog.

One thing, however, he was not allowed to learn, which he wished to learn very much, and that was to *go to meeting*. He often asked it as a favor, and wondered why he alone should be denied, when all the rest of the family went; but Aunt Mary invariably set her face against it.

He broke out of his confinement several times and followed the carriage, and had to be taken back in disgrace. But all efforts and remonstrances failed to make him see the moral obligation of the command, "Thou shalt *not* go to church." But Aunt Mary was firm. Whatever else was neglected in his education, she would teach him to know his place, and his place she continued to tell him, very plainly, was not in the meeting-house.

One Sunday, when Carlo was not quite a year old, she prepared herself for church, and when it was time to go, locked the dog in her dining-room. When the family drove off, Carlo watched them through the window till the carriage was out of sight, and then turned away feeling as wretched as if he had lost his last friend.

He looked out of all the other windows, but could see no one. How still it was! and O how lonesome! He trotted a turn or two round the dining-room, and looked out of the windows again. It was stiller and lonesomer than ever. Even the sound of his own whine made him lonesome. He came to the conclusion that he, Carlo Blake, was the most ill-used puppy in the world.

The thought of his wrongs worked him up so, that he fairly got on a rampage at last. He must get out, and he would get out; and as the most promising point to attempt this was where he could *see* out, he set to work on the windows.

If the lights had been large fifty dollar ones, instead of the small, old-fashioned squares they were, set in stout, thick sashes, I verily believe the desperate little jumper would have gone through one of them, without stopping to mind the cuts. As it was, he could only paw, and scratch, and climb, and you may be sure he did his best at that.

One window after another he tried, executing prodigious exploits at each, until he had tried them all, and left the prints of his feet on the very tops of the casements, to show the folks that he knew at least one trick more than they had ever thought him.

By the time he had exhausted his efforts here, the windows looked as if they certainly belonged to anybody else in the world than tidy Aunt Mary Blake. The painted sills were soiled, the sashes were scrabbled, and the casings bore damaging testimonies of Carlo's toe nails. He had even managed, in some unaccountable way, to punch his paw through one of the nice curtains, furled high as it was on the roller, and leave a round eye in it, like a big bullet hole.

Add to these marks sundry capsized flower-pots, books, scissors, pincushions, &c., scattered at odds and ends about the carpet, and the proofs were sufficiently abundant to the vigor of Carlo's endeavors, and the struggle it cost him to fail.

He now turned his attention to the doors. He knew how to open doors. Hadn't he done it scores of times? Why hadn't he thought of it before? First one, then another he tried, leaving his record with his toes as he went along. But somehow the doors wouldn't swing. Evidently they had been fixed so that they couldn't. Ha, what is this? As sure as you live, the pantry door flew open, thanks to a weak latch, or an oversight of careful Aunt Mary, and Master Carlo, gratified at his new enlargement, walked into the forbidden sanctum of sweets.

He now discovered that he was hungry—chiefly, I suppose, because he perceived, on looking and smelling around, that he could afford to be hungry as well as not.

Carlo sniffed the savory air, and forgot all about being lonesome, in the sense of his sudden good luck. He wasn't sure, after all, but this was better than going to meeting. There was a spice of lawlessness about it that made it all the more charming, for he knew Aunt Mary had never allowed him in there, and had every reason to believe she would hustle him out in a hurry if she could see him now. On the whole it was quite a good thing to have her go off to meeting and lock him up in the dining-room; and the merry idea actually made his tail wag.

There was meat somewhere up high, but he had done climbing enough for the present. He would see what was on the floor.

Lard?—yes, he would try some lard. He had heard that lard was good for little dogs, when they were growing. It would prevent him from having a kink in his tail, perhaps, such as Pontos Jones had. Accordingly, without more ado, Carlo thrust his nose into the doughnut kettle, and ate away like a pig.

After a few minutes it occurred to him that he would like something a little more highly flavored. Lard was good, but variety was better. He licked his chops and considered, studying the shelves with his eye all the time. Ah, there was some pork! Carlo measured the distance to the plate, and, by a well-directed grab, brought down the meat. Capital! When had he ever tasted any thing so rich as that? Surely, pork was made on purpose for puppies to eat.

He soon finished the meat, and felt that he had room for something more. Why shouldn't he, when there was plenty more to eat? He would make the most of his chance, and get a big dinner now, anyway.

But what next? The rest of the family generally "topped off" with knicknacks. Why not he? There was a nice row of pastry overhead, and he could just see the edges of the flaky crusts as he looked up. How to get them was the question.

But Carlo was equal to it. A few lively leaps at the coveted shelf dislodged one of the treasures, and sent it rolling, and tumbling to the floor. For the first time in his life Carlo had a pie all to himself—a real pie! Other dogs might go pick their old bones now. *He* would never growl for them. And in the height of enjoyment, puppy feasted and smacked over his stolen pastry, till he had licked up the last crumb.

Several more pies, quite as delicious as that, waited on the shelf to be eaten, and Carlo gave a wishful look at them that seemed to say "Thank you; I don't care if I do."

But, alas, there is an end to all good things. The little fellow didn't hold but half a peck, at the utmost, and it was useless to think of swallowing a bushel. He felt like the little boy who had stuffed his stomach with pudding, and his pockets with pudding, and his apron with pudding, and his cap with pudding, and then cried for another place to put pudding. Carlo had no pockets, nor apron, nor cap to put pie in, so he had to give it up.

He walked out of the pantry, lapping his lips soberly enough, and beginning to think he had kept Sunday rather too much. Lard, and pork, and pie altogether and all at once, was possibly overdoing it. At any rate, his Sunday dinner would set better if he had something to wash it

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down, and he made his way towards the water pail.

To reach the water required some engineering, for the pail stood high enough to be out of his way, and he was not so spry as usual now that he had gormandized himself "even full."

He made the attempt, however. And a wofully unlucky one it was, for he pulled the pail over with his paws, and soused himself with water from head to tail.

Poor puppy! He was in an evil case now, certainly. It was all in vain to whine and shake his spotted coat. That brought him no comfort. He wished he had been a spaniel instead of one of the English coach breed, for then he wouldn't have minded the wet.

Finally he moped to Aunt Mary's clean cushioned arm-chair, and, climbing into it, curled himself down there shivering,—a badly demoralized dog.

Just then the sound of wheels was heard at the gate. The door opened and Aunt Mary came in. And *such* a room as she saw! Carlo sprang out of the chair, but he left the mischief all behind him—the "tidy" bedraggled and the cushion soaked.

"You dirty dog!" And there Aunt Mary was right. A celebrated professor has happily defined dirt to be "matter in the wrong place;" and that was just what Carlo was. He was dirty, and he was in the wrong place. Aunt Mary knew more than many people about propriety and good order, but she was obliged to own that she had made a mistake this time; and as she stood surveying the sorry condition of her floor, and windows, and pantry, and cushion, where Carlo had been keeping Sunday in his own fashion, she declared she would as soon think of turning her vinegar into her milk-pans, or her matches into her stove-pipe, or her pig into her potato-patch, as of ever again locking up her dog in her dining-room. WALES.

For the Companion.

A SCRIMMAGE WITH A BEAR.

It was in February. We were getting up our "winter's wood."

In the remote towns of Maine, where the people have huge fire-places in their houses, and burn wood instead of coal, the "getting up" of the year's wood, makes quite an important part of the winter's work. You would think so, were you to pass one of the farm-houses about the first of March, and see the piles of "eight foot" logs and "limbs" before the door. Sometimes the house can scarcely be seen behind the wood-pile!

The farmers boys have something to do to cut all this wood, so that it can be used in the house. Through March and April you can hear their axes going in every little neighborhood, from morning till night.

Sometimes there is quite an earnest rivalry among them to see who will get his wood worked up first. Frequently they "change works," as they call it, for the sake of each other's company, and make "bees." You have heard of "apple bees." These boys have wood-cutting bees.

It is a merry sight to see one of these gatherings—composed of a dozen or twenty boys working away at one of those great wood-piles, on a fine March day. What a clatter and chip-chop their axes make! Some are chopping the great logs, making the white chips fly briskly in all directions. There two boys are cutting limbs over a chopping-block, one whipping them off at a single blow as the other rans them along.

What is in that basket up there on that pile of split wood? Red-checked "Baldwins," a whole bushel of them, from which the boys help themselves as they like.

But here comes a roguish-looking lass, from the low porch door. Her cheeks are as rosy as those of the apples, and she is bringing a great pewter pitcher full of something, together with some well battered tumblers of the same metal. The boys glance knowingly from her to the pitcher. Cider? Yes, I'm afraid it is; for she is telling them they must not drink much, so as to love it and become drunkards.

But these huge wood-piles must first be brought out of the woods. That is usually done in January and February. The snow then lies upon the ground from three to four feet in depth.

Our wood-lot was on a ridge, about half a mile from the house. We had to break a road into it with oxen. When this is done, all the wild, vicious steers on the farm are hitched into the team, to take the "kinks" out of them; for they cannot run away very well in snow four feet deep.

We had broken our road and had hauled some half-dozen loads to the house, when one afternoon Jud Robbins, a boy neighbor of mine, came over to "change works" with me; that is, he was to work for me that afternoon and I was to help him the next. Father was willing enough; for Jud was famous for being "smart with an axe."

After dinner, we yoked up the team and started for the wood-lot. There were four of us,—father, my older brother Will, with Jud and I. One load had already been cut; and after rolling it on the sled, father and Will prepared to go with it to the house, leaving Jud and I to chop while they were gone.

"You may 'take down' that birch while we're up with the load, boys," said father, "that great, gnarly one. See if you can have it down by the time we get back. Fell it across the old log-fence there, to keep it out of the snow."

It would take them an hour or an hour and a half, to go to the house and come back.

"It's a pity if we can't get it down long before they come back," said Jud, slashing off the curled bark.

It was a pretty large tree, though, full three feet through at the butt. But on going round to the farther side of it, we saw there was a great hole in it, large enough to creep into, but partially blocked up with snow. We found that this hole opened into a cavity that apparently went a long distance up the trunk. Certainly it was a hollow tree, for our first strokes with the axe indicated it Here and there, on the trunk, great gnarls and wood-warts bulged out. But if it was hollow it would be the less work to fell it; and thinking we had an easy job, we trod down the snow and struck into it, in such a way as to make the hole count in our scarf.

Two minutes chopping, and my axe went through into the cavity within. Jud had cut into it a moment ahead of me.

"It's nothing but an old shell," said he. "It's a wonder it hasn't blown down long ago!"

But it still stood firm at the corner of the scarf.

"Cut away!" cried Jud; and we were again plying our axes, when a deep growl startled us! "What's that?" exclaimed Jud, looking hastily around. "Didn't you hear something?"

"Yes; something growled."

"That's what I thought."

There was nothing in sight. After a careful look around, not omitting a glance to the tree-tops to see if any prowling wild-cat was lurking up there, we concluded our ears must have deceived us.

"Strange!" muttered Jud. "But hurry up and off with that corner. They'll be back before we get the tree down."

But before we had struck a dozen blows, there came another growl, louder and seemingly nearer than before.

"Hear that?" cried Jud. "Where did that sound to you?"

"Behind me."

"So I thought. It's close to the tree, too. Strange we can't see him!"

Strange, indeed! Axe in hand we walked cautiously a few steps from the tree, changing our position so that we could look behind every low hemlock or stump that might conceal the growler. Not a trace or a track of any thing larger than a rabbit was to be seen.

Completely puzzled, we went back to the tree again, when, with our very first strokes, we heard the same harsh growl, but now accompanied by a great scratching and clawing, apparently over our heads.

"Something's up in the tree!" shouted Jud; "inside of the tree!"

Just then a shower of punk and rotten wood came rattling down, flying out at the hole and about our scarf. The creature, whatever it might be, was coming down with a great scraping and growling. The blows of the axe, at the butt of the tree, had thoroughly roused and maddened it.

"For pity sake don't let him get out here!" cried Jud. "Stand at the hole with your axe. We mustn't let him get out. He'll have us by the throat, if we do. What can it be?"

With axes raised, we stood ready to cut at him the moment he showed his head.

"Here he comes!" exclaimed Jud.

A black paw slid down into the scarf, then a great black muzzle and head glared out at the hole.

"Knock him!"

We both struck, hitting him, partially, as he drew back.

"Pay on! Cut into the hole!" screamed Jud, striking at the paw, through the scarf.

And we did "pay on," with such vigor and noise that the beast beat a hasty retreat up the tree again.

Several blood-drops dripped out upon the white scarf; and we could hear a great snarling and grumbling in the hollow.

"We've marked him," said Jud. "But be ready for him; he may try it again."

Presently the growling stopped; and just then we heard the sled creaking, and looking up, saw the team coming, with father and Will.

"What are you doing, boys?" said father. "Can't you get the tree down?"

"Yes; but there's a bear, or something, inside of it," said Jud.

"Nonsense! Cut it off."

"But he'll rush out! He tried to once."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes—partly."

"O! cut away! cut away, you little scare-crows! It's nothing but a squirrel, or a 'coon, possibly. Cut away! I'll look out for him."

So we cut off the corner; and with a great rearing crack, the tree fell over upon the log fence.

"Now where's your bear?" demanded Will.

Nothing had stirred in the tree.

"Killed him, I guess, when the tree fell," said Jud.

"Yes! No doubt!" laughed Will.

"May be a 'coon's in there, possibly," said father. "Get up on the trunk, Kit, you and Judy. Now walk along toward the top and strike on it with your axes. We will stand here and knock him over—if he comes out."

"*If* he comes out," repeated Will.

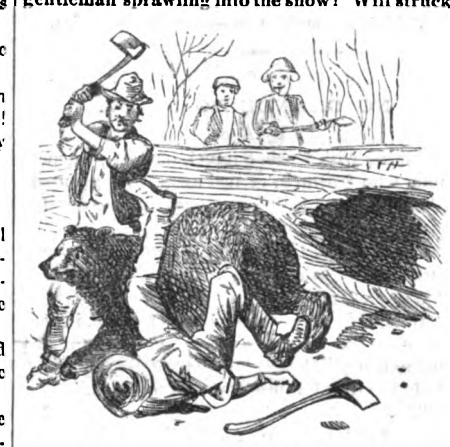
"Well, you had better look out for him, both of you," said Jud.

"Yes, yes; we'll look out," laughed Will.

We made our way slowly out toward the limbs, pounding as we went. All at once there was a great scrabbling and scratching under us.

"Look out, there!" cried Jud; for they were standing carelessly before the hole at the butt.

The next moment, out leaped a great, black fellow, in their very faces, and knocked the old gentleman sprawling into the snow! Will struck



at it with his axe, but missed; and away went the animal, bounding heavily through the deep snow.

"After him, boys!" shouted father, struggling to his feet; and we all gave chase.

It must have been a ludicrous sight! The snow was so deep we could but just waddle; and at every leap, the bear went down almost over his back. On we went, all four of us, now floundering in the snow, now jumping from log to log and from stump to stump, with bruin wallowing on some three or four rods ahead.

After wading some thirty or forty rods, the bear suddenly faced about with an ugly growl, then clapping his black paws around a big hemlock, he *shinned* up out of sight, among the dense green boughs.

"Down with the tree!" shouted father, and he and Will soon cut it half off.

"Now, boys," turning to Jud and I, "you finish cutting this, while we stand ready for him when it falls."

It was a leaning tree. A few more strokes, and it began to crack, and then swung, rustling through the air, toward the earth. We heard the bear growl; and as the tree went over, saw him spring out from a great limb near the top.

There was another hemlock standing near. Perhaps he meant to jump into that. But the momentum of the falling tree was so great, that he was flung headlong into the hemlock and struck with a tremendous force against the trunk, and then fell stunned into the snow. Before he could recover himself, a knock on the head from Will's axe, did his job. Bruin was dead.

"How do you like that for a raccoon?" asked Jud, winking to me.

"Rather bigger than we were looking for," said father. "Why didn't you say it was a bear, if you had seen him?"

"We did, and you wouldn't believe it."

"Well, well, he's dead, now. Gave me quite a bump, though!"

"How came he to be up in that old birch?" said I.

"O, bears spend weeks in that way, in the winter time, either in dens or in hollow trees. He was up there taking his winter's nap."

Twisting a withe around his neck, we dragged him to the sled and then took him to the house. He was rather lean, as bears always are in the winter season; but he weighed two hundred and seven pounds, and if fat, would have weighed three hundred.

We received four dollars "bounty" for killing him. By that I mean that the State gives every body, who can prove that he has killed a bear four dollars. C. A. STEPHENS.

For the Companion.

HABITS IN CHURCH.

By Rev. E. E. Hale.

Perhaps I can fill a gap, if I say something to young people about their habits in church going, and in spending the hour of the church service.

When I was a boy we went to school on week-days for four hours in the morning and three in the afternoon. We went to church on Sunday at about half past ten, and church "let out" at twelve. We went again in the afternoon, and the service was a little shorter. I knew and know precisely how much shorter, for I sat in sight of the clock, and bestowed a great deal too much attention on it. But I do not propose to tell you that.

Till I was taught some of the things which I now propose to teach you, this hour and a half in church seemed to me to correspond precisely to the four hours in school,—I mean it seemed just as long. The hour and twenty minutes of the afternoon seemed to me to correspond precisely with the three hours of afternoon school. After I learned some of these things, church going seemed to me very natural and simple, and the time I spent there was very short and very pleasant to me.

I should say, then, that there are a great many reasonably good boys and girls, reasonably thoughtful, also, who find the confinement of a pew oppresssive, merely because they do not know the best way to get the advantage of a service, which is really of profit to children as it is to grown people,—and which never has its full value, as it does when children and grown people join together in it.

Now to any young people who are reading this paper, and are thinking about their own habits in church, I should say very much what I should about swimming, or drawing, or gardening; that, if the thing to be done is worth doing at all, you want to do it with your very best power. You want to give yourself up to it, and get the very utmost from it.

You go to church, I will suppose, twice a day on Sunday. Is it not clearly best, then, to carry out to the very best, the purpose with which you are there. You are there to worship God. Steadily and simply determine that you will worship Him, and you will not let such trifles distract you as often do distract people from this purpose.

What if the door does creak? what if a dog does bark near by? what if the horses outside do neigh or stamp? You do not mean to confess, that you, a child of God, are going to submit to dogs, or horses, or creaking doors!

If you will give yourself to the service with all your heart and soul,—with all your might, as a boy does to his batting or his catching at base-ball; if, when the congregation is at prayer, you determine that you will not be hindered in your prayer; or, when the time comes for singing, that you will not be hindered from joining in the singing, with voice or with heart,—why, you can do so. I never heard of a good fielder in base-ball missing a fly because a dog barked, or a horse neighed, on the outside of the ball-ground.

If I kept a high school, I would call together the school once a month, to train all hands in the habits requisite for listeners in public assemblies. They should be taught that just as rowers in a boat-race row and do nothing else,—as soldiers at dress parades present arms, shoulder arms and the rest, and do nothing else, no matter what happens, during that half hour,—that so, when people meet to listen to an address or to a concert they should listen, and do nothing else.

It is perfectly easy for people to get control and keep control of this habit of attention. If I had the exercise I speak of, in a high school, the scholars should be brought together, as I say, and carried through a series of discipline in presence of mind.

Books, resembling hymn books in weight and size, should be dropped from galleries behind them, till they were perfectly firm, under such scattering fire, and did not look round; squeaking dolls, of the size of large children, should be led squeaking down the passages of the school-room, and other strange objects, should be introduced, until the scholars were all proof, and did not turn towards them once. Every one of those scholars would thank me afterwards.

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Think of it. You give a dollar, that you may hear one of Thomas' concerts. How little of your money's worth you get, if, twenty times, as the concert goes on, you must turn round to see if it were Mrs. Grundy who sneezed or Mr. Bundy; or if it was Mr. Golightly or Mrs. Heaviside, who came in too late at the door. And this attention to what is before you is a matter of habit and discipline. You should determine that you will only do in church what you go to church for, and adhere to your determination until the habit is formed.

If you find, as a great many boys and girls do, that the sermon in church comes in as a stumbling-block in the way of this resolution, that you cannot fix your attention steadily upon it, I recommend that you try taking notes of it. I have never known this to fail.

It is not necessary to do this in short hand, though that is a very charming accomplishment. Any one of you can teach himself how to write short hand, and there is no better practice than you can make for yourself at church in taking notes of sermons.

But supposing you cannot write short hand. Take a little book with stiff covers, such as you can put in your pocket. The reporters use books of ruled paper, of the length of a school writing book, but only three inches wide, and opening at the end. That is a very good shape. Then you want a pencil or two cut sharp before you go to church. You will learn more easily what you want to write than I can teach you. You cannot write the whole, even of the shortest sentence, without losing part of the next. But you can write the leading ideas, perhaps the leading words.

When you go home you will find you have a "skeleton," as it is called, of the whole sermon. And, if you want to profit by the exercise, you may very well spend an hour of the afternoon, in writing out in neat and finished form a sketch of some one division of it.

But, even if you do nothing with the notes after you come home, you will find that they have made the sermon very short for you; that you have been saved from sleepiness, and that you afterwards remember what the preacher said, with unusual distinctness. You will also gradually gain a habit of listening, with a view to remembering; noticing specially the course and train of the argument or of the statement of any speaker.

Of course I need not say that in church you must be reverend in manner, must not disturb others, and must not occupy yourself intentionally with other people's dress or demeanor. If you really meant or wanted to do these things, you would not be reading this paper.

But it may be worth while to say that even children may remember to advantage that they form a very important part of the congregation. If, therefore, the custom of worship, where you are, arranges for responses to be read by the people, you, who are among the people, are to respond. If it provides for congregational singing, and you can sing the tune, you are to sing. It is certain that it requires the people all to be in their places when the service begins. That you can do as well as the oldest of them.

When the service is ended, do not hurry away. Do not enter into a wild and useless competition with the other boys, as to which shall leap off the front steps the soonest, upon the grass of the church-yard. You can arrange much better races elsewhere.

When the benediction is over, wait a minute in your seat; do not look for your hat and gloves till it is over, and then quietly and without jostling leave the church, as you might pass from one room of your father's house into another, when a large number of his friends were at a great party. That is precisely the condition of things in which you are all together.

Observe, dear children, I am speaking only of habits of outside behavior at church. I intentionally turn aside from speaking of the communion with God, to which the church will help you, and the help from your Saviour which the church will make real. These are very great blessings—as I hope you will all come to know. Do not run the risk of losing them by neglecting the little habits of concentrated thought and of devout and simple behavior which may make the hour in church one of the shortest and happiest hours of the week.

DRAW, DON'T DRIVE.—It is much better to overcome an obstinate or angry animal by gentleness than to subdue him by beating or scolding. Human nature is a good deal like brute nature, and will yield to coaxing sooner than to threats. The following incident has a moral:

"A wagon was passing, heavily laden with slates. The horse stopped, refusing to be urged or cajoled into starting. Of course I expected, as usual, to see the driver use his whip, or, perhaps, his heavy boots, with an accompaniment of shouts and oaths, to remind the animal of his neglect of duty. He went to the wagon, and commenced fumbling in its depths. Now, thought I, that poor horse will receive a most tremendous beating; and I waited the issue with bated breath. But instead of the heavy stake which I anticipated, he drew out an old wooden bucket, the outside covered with meal, the remains of former lunches, ran along the road for some distance before the horse, and set it down. The animal, true to his instincts, forgetting his former obstinacy and whims, hurried towards the well remembered receptacle of former enjoyments, and the battle was won by a little quiet management, saving pain and trouble for both man and beast. Now, thought I, as I went on my way rejoicing, here is a lesson for educators. Don't drive, and push, and swear, and scold, but accomplish your object, whether it be with child or 'dumb animal,' by means of some incentive to the performance of duty, which shall recall pleasures past, or be an earnest of joys to come."
—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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For the Companion.

NO CHANCE TO GROW.

By Alma.

Walking with Uncle Samuel, one day, we met a man who frowned, turned away, and grunted rather than said "good-morning," in answer to my uncle's kind salutation.

"If I were you, Uncle Samuel, I wouldn't speak to that man," said I, hotly.

"Why not, my dear?"

"Why, he's an awful looking creature, in the first place, and seems to have drank himself almost to death."

"He has drank himself almost to death."

"Well, he dresses in rags, and ought to be ashamed of himself to drink so."

"Yes, poor fellow!" sighed Uncle Samuel; "I pity him."

"Besides," and I was waxing more and more indignant, "he don't seem at all grateful for being noticed by such folks as we."

"Such folks as we," laughed Uncle Samuel, with a comical little chuckle.

"Well, I guess we are somebody. Isn't grandpa the minister, and papa the doctor, and aren't you the mayor of the town—and I should like to know if we are not somebody?"

"Sometimes I think we are very pompous nobodies," replied Uncle Samuel; "very dignified, respectable, titled vagrants. Why, my dear, do you suppose in God's sight your soul and mine are worth any more than old pauper Ike's?"

"I don't know any thing about that," I retorted, inclined to be sulky. "I only know that mamma, or you, or anybody don't want me to play with any of the Black Hollow boys, because they are worthless, and ragged, and dirty."

"Not worthless, perhaps, my dear," was the gentle reply. "God may yet see fit to place some of them above us in the future. We are only fearful that being familiar with them, you may insensibly adopt their habits, and manners, and profanity. I am very sorry for these boys, and always endeavor to treat them with politeness, as you saw I did old Ike. I can excuse a great deal in that poor old man.

"In the first place, he was born in the poorhouse, of miserable parents. His father died a drunkard, before his birth, and he was early thrown upon his own resources. Unfortunately, he was bound out to very cruel people, who laid terrible burdens upon him, and very nearly starved him to death.

"At the age of fourteen, my uncle took pity on him, and got him a decent place in a store. He was doing well, then, and bade fair to become a useful man. He went to church, joined a lyceum, and developed some genius for speaking. Finally, as time went on, he became engaged to a very charming young lady, and was to be married on the next increase of salary.

"Just at that crisis it was found that the shop-till had been systematically robbed. The wretched young man who was the real thief contrived to fasten suspicion upon Ike. He succeeded so well that a part of the money was actually found in Ike's possession, and he was sent to jail, where he suffered, unjustly, for two years.

"When he came out, confession had been made by the real thief, in the midst of his death agonies, for he had lived a wild, wicked life, and had reason to fear the worst.

"The young girl to whom Ike had been engaged was married, and he was crushed and ruined.

"Since then he has never succeeded. The strength was not in him and he fell. Many a time a helping hand has been extended to him, but he has steadily and pitiably failed to make a man. I am exceedingly sorry for him, and believe that God's judgment is more merciful than man's, and that only He can heal the poor, wronged, broken spirit. Now you see why I am always polite to him. It is the remnant of the shame and sense of dishonor that crushes him, and makes him seem forbidding to most people. Do you wonder that I treat him as I would treat a gentleman?"

I could not speak, but that little incident has moderated the natural hardness of my judgment many, and many, and many a time. Often am I disposed to ask myself,—

"Why hath God made us to differ?"

The good Father, He will right all wrongs.

FINAL FALL OF THE BONAPARTES.

It seems to be the general sentiment of Europe, that the power of the Bonaparte family is now finally destroyed, and that its influence will never again be prominent in European politics.

When the war broke out, last summer, no one thought it would lead to the ruin of Napoleon III.; and most men supposed one of its effects would be to fasten his dynasty upon France for many generations to come. The idea of his fall was something the general mind could not easily entertain. Yet it was so near at hand that the war had been waged but a brief month when it occurred. It was on the 2nd of August that the then Emperor of the French took his son and heir under fire at Saarbruck, and on the 2d of September he was himself a prisoner to the Prussians.

It is seldom that things move so rapidly in war,—but this is an age of railways, and steamships, and electric telegraphs, and every thing else is in keeping with the rapidity that characterizes them.

The captive Emperor held himself still to be an Emperor, and referred his captor, the King of Prussia, to the Regency at Paris, (at the head of which was the Empress Eugenie) when that successful sovereign said something that looked like a desire to treat for peace. Evidently, he supposed that a treaty would immediately be made by the Regency, and that he would be restored to his place in Paris, as Emperor of the French,—but with France considerably cut down.

But the Parisians were not inclined to submit to a Prussian prisoner, and so they overthrew the Regency, and drove the Empress, and all the members of the Bonaparte family who were on French ground, into exile. They then established a republic.

The only chance that the ex-Emperor then had of a restoration was this: the Germans might treat with him, and restore him, should they find the conquest of France very difficult to perform.

Probably they would have done this had not Paris surrendered at the close of January last. By the terms then arranged between the Germans and the Republican leaders of Paris, a National Assembly was to be called.

The Assembly met in due time, and its composition showed that the fallen Emperor had nothing to hope from its action. Had that body chosen to restore him, probably the Germans would have been pleased; for his restoration would have advanced their purpose, and they might have been glad to see it effected by the French themselves,—but they (the Germans) neither could nor would take the responsibility of restoring him.

On the 1st of March, the National Assembly took action on the subject. By a unanimous vote, it was decreed that the Empire was overthrown, and that Napoleon III. was the author of the misfortunes of France.

Whether the ex-Emperor was or was not the author of the misfortunes of France, the vote of the Assembly proclaims no more than is believed by most of the people of that country who are intelligent enough to form a sound opinion on public affairs. The ignorant peasantry might pronounce differently,—but they know little or nothing of the matter.

The action of the Assembly confirms the course of the people of Paris in overthrowing the Bonapartean dynasty, and gives to that overthrow a legal character that previously it lacked.

As the fall of Napoleon III. is associated only with the complete defeat, the utter disgrace, and the thorough degradation of France, no chance for a Bonapartean restoration exists. When the first Napoleon fell, the French recollected the great things he had done, and that he had been twice overborne by armed Europe; and they cherished his memory, and restored his dynasty.

But Napoleon III. did little that was great, and he was conquered in a month by one European nation, not larger than France. He will be remembered only as the humiliator of France, and over that country his son never will reign.

ALEXANDER, OF RUSSIA.

The reign of the present Emperor of Russia has been gloriously distinguished by the emancipation of the serfs. By one stroke of his pen (it was surely a golden one) sixty millions were liberated, and twenty million families, instead of being owned *by* the land, could themselves become owners *of* land.

The serfs were not, like the slaves in our country, the property of the landholders, but being attached to the land and unable to leave it or engage in any occupation without the landholder's permission, it amounted to much the same thing. One of the richest noblemen in Russia, Count Scherametieff, owned the land on which four hundred thousand serfs were employed, and by the Emperor's decree he had to give up at least one million acres in order to furnish homesteads for them.

The story is told of this nobleman, that on one occasion, wishing to procure some oysters for a grand dinner in St. Petersburgh, and being unable to get them in the ordinary way, he made it known that any of his serfs who would supply him with what he wanted, should receive his freedom.

It so happened that one of his serfs had become a merchant, and though he had offered a large price for his freedom, had never been able to obtain it. By the exercise of great tact and energy, he succeeded in getting the oysters, and thus purchased his freedom. At the present time this merchant is worth six millions of dollars.

The noble character of the Emperor is shown by the fact that in this great work of emancipation he was carrying out a plan which he formed even when a boy of nine years.

Sitting, one morning, at breakfast with the late Emperor and Empress, he was observed to be thinking instead of eating.

"What are your thoughts, my son?" asked his mother.

After some hesitation, he replied that he was thinking how, when he became Emperor, he would free all his poor countrymen who were slaves.

His parents were startled by his answer, and earnestly questioned him whence he obtained this idea. He assured them that he had learned it in church and from the Word of God, which teaches us to love our neighbor as ourselves.

The subject was not again alluded to, but no sooner had Alexander succeeded to the throne than he sent for a man of well-known piety and talent, and with his aid devised the vast scheme, which has been a source of happiness to so many millions.

It is a proof how greatly this measure has conduced to the prosperity of the country, that since it was effected, over eleven thousand miles of railroad have been built, and eight thousand miles more are in process of construction. Better still, the liberated serfs have already established over fifteen thousand schools for their children, and the number is still increasing.

The Emperor's noble nature seems to be inherited by at least one of his sons. Some time ago the ship on which his third son, Alexis, was serving as midshipman, was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. The admiral had the lifeboats lowered, and ordered Alexis to take charge of the first. But this the midshipman refused to do, saying that it would not become the son of the Emperor to be the first to leave the ship. He should remain till the last. Notwithstanding the admiral's threat to put him in arrest for disobedience, he persisted in his determination, and on their reaching the shore the rigid discipline was enforced. The Emperor was informed as soon as possible of the facts, and telegraphed in reply:

"I approve the act of the admiral in placing the midshipman under arrest for disobedience of orders, and I bless and kiss my son for disobeying them."

WHAT AN OLD NEGRO WOMAN DID.

The truly good are found to be great in noble deeds, however humble and poor they be:

"There was once," says Dr. Smith, "a colored woman who used to sit in one corner of the gallery on the Sabbath, and single out some young man, as he came in at the door, and pray for

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him, till she saw him come forward to join the church. Then she dropped him, and singled out another and prayed for him in like manner, till she witnessed a similar result. Then she dropped him and took a third, and so on, till at the end of twenty years she had seen twenty young men join themselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant; young men with whom she had no personal acquaintance whatever. This fact was disclosed to her pastor on her death-bed."—*The Christian.*

A JAPANESE ENVOY SENT TO THE UNITED STATES.

An envoy, or diplomatic agent, has been sent by the government of the Empire of Japan—as we call it—to the United States of America; and he has taken up his residence at Washington, where he has a "diplomatic family."

The name of this gentleman, or his designation, is Jugio Arinori Mori. He arrived at Washington about the close of February, and we need not say that he was well received by our government.

Soon after his arrival in the United States, Mr. Mori made a visit to the North. He was in Boston in the first week in March, where he visited our public institutions, particularly the schools, in the condition and conduct of which he showed a great and most intelligent interest, he well knowing that it is upon the training of the young that the welfare of nations now largely depends. Mr. Mori is capable of judging of the character of American schools, as he has devoted himself to the study of educational systems,—and he has observed and inspected the schools of European nations.

The Japanese feel a more than ordinary interest in the processes of American school-training, taking the term in its broadest sense, because a large number of young persons from their country are studying in our schools, or academies, or colleges.

Mr. Mori's arrival in this country, as the representative near our government of Japan, may be said to mark an era in the world's history, and to be a most interesting incident in the progress of mankind; for he is the first ever thus appointed by that government. Ministers have been appointed by many governments to represent them in Japan, but the Japanese government has not reciprocated till now; and in sending the very first diplomatic representative to Washington, they have evinced a desire to stand well with the United States, and have paid our country no common compliment.

One would suppose they would have sent their first representative to London, as England is very powerful in the East, while we have no power there, and are known only in the most ordinary fashion,—as merchants, and, as we may say, miscellaneously.

But the Japanese not only passed over their old acquaintances, the Dutch, but the English as well,—the strong in Europe as well as the weak there,—and selected this country as that with which they would begin a system of full diplomatic intercourse and thorough international relations.

Thus the most Eastern of nations—the *Rising Sun*, as it calls itself,—decided to favor the most Western of nations—for the United States form *Algarve*, or the West, there being nothing beyond their occidental line but the ocean and its islands, till Japan is met, where the West sinks into the East—when it definitely entered upon a new phase of existence, the consequence of the breaking up of the old system of exclusion under which Japan had so long lived.

Another significant fact is this: The next country to have a Japanese Minister is Russia, the newest of all the European powers. For though Russia is an old country, it is not yet two centuries since she began, what we may call, her European career. It is not yet quite a century since she began that partition of Poland, the success of which made her of so much importance in Europe.

Thus Japan begins with the new nations of Christendom,—and it is to be noted that the United States and Russia are close friends. Altogether, the business has a strange face.

AN OVERWORKED EDITOR.

Editing a paper is hard work with the best conveniences. But in a new country, where a raw settler attempts to play editor, and is obliged to be a dozen other things at the same time, the additional business must be rather an up hill one. The editor of the Palo Alto *Democrat* apologizes for the lack of original matter in his paper, and, in view of the following formidable list of reasons, ought to be excused:

We live six miles from our office, and have to go and come on horseback, rain or shine. We have at home one wife and four babies—sundry cattle, horses, colts, pigs, dogs and cats, all of which require a little looking after. We are County Treasurer, Deputy Recorder, (have just been cured of this last disorder) Justice of the Peace, President of the School Board, Town Trustee, Agent for D. M. V. R. R., and the McG. and Mo. R. R. Co's., partner of W. H. Shea in law and land business, and do a heavy banking business.

Now, lately, our wife has been weaning the baby, which somewhat interfered with our sleep. We have been trying to get our books posted for the January settlement. Have been overcrowded with tax-paying. Have had a bad cold and the measles all at once, and to crown all, there is such a lot of loafers always around our office that it is next to impossible to work at all.

Now, if any ambitious young man or maiden thinks he or she can get up a good paper under such circumstances, we say "the situation am open."

SAVED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world akin,"

but nothing can be so grateful to an unfortunate man as the kind offices of his own child. The following beautiful scene of filial affection is rich in both truth and poetry:

In a lawyer's office in this State lay a mortgage for one thousand dollars, which was within a few days of being due. One morning, the man against whose place the mortgage was held, called and inquired if the payment could not be put off for a short time.

He was a man somewhat advanced in life, and very intemperate. He pleaded for a time but to no purpose. Overcome with emotion, he sank into a chair, and there sat for two hours, apparently unconscious of any thing that was passing around him, when a young woman entered the office. After standing a few moments looking at the old man with interest and emotion, she spoke.

"Father, how do you do?"

The man looked up. "O Sarah, I am well but sad. I am glad to see you, but sorry for your aged mother and sick sister. I can't return to them, for it will be to tell them they have no home, and this I cannot do. It will kill your poor mother."

"Father! father!" cried the daughter, "could your live a temperate life if this were paid? Would you join the Sons of Temperance?"

"Yes, yes, I would! But this cannot be, for I have nothing to pay it with."

"Now sign the pledge, and here is the money."

The old man, with trembling hand, affixed his name to the redeeming, the saving pledge, and departed to his home with a happy heart.

The daughter had saved the eleven hundred dollars by working in the factory.

AUDUBON'S GREAT BOOK OF BIRDS.

We cannot help a feeling of regret when we see the master-pieces of one generation become worthless in the next. The New York *Tribune* says:

The large copper-plates from which Audubon's "Birds of America" was printed were offered for sale, last fall, in New York. They had come from Louisville, Ky., and were to be sold to benefit Mrs. Audubon, who, since the death of her husband, had been in reduced circumstances.

Messrs. Putnam & Son acted as her agents gratuitously. It was found that the value of the plates could not be obtained, because those who could use them had not the capital to spare. They were, therefore, held over, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to induce the Board of Education to appreciate their value in connection with the public schools.

Subsequently the plates were bought by Phelps, Dodge & Co., of this city, who paid for them what they were worth simply as copper, and it was arranged that they should not be melted up until it was evident that they could not be better utilized.

Phelps, Dodge & Co. have endeavored to sell them to some of the wealthier publishing houses in Europe, who, however, will not buy them because there are newer methods of producing the same style of work, rendering the use of the plates too costly for profitable business enterprise. The present owners of the plates now intend to have some of them framed for public exhibition as curiosities. They were made in Europe, and it is said that they cost originally about one hundred thousand dollars.

"I ACKNOWLEDGE THE CORN."

This familiar phrase, much in use among our rustic population, is said to have had its origin in Congress as long ago as 1828, when a member found himself obliged to "own beat" after a speech by Hon. Andrew Stewart. In a recent public address the old man told the story himself, thus:

I was trying to show the farmers of the country that they were purchasing foreign agricultural productions in the form of goods, while they left their own produce at home without a market. I said Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky sent their haystacks, corn-fields and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale.

Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, jumped up and said,—

"Why, that is absurd. Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman to order. He is stating an absurdity. We never send haystacks or corn-fields to New York or Philadelphia."

"Well," I said, "what do you send?"

"Why, horses, mules, cattle, hogs."

"Well, what makes your horses, mules, cattle and hogs? You feed a hundred dollars worth of hay to a horse, you just animate and get upon the top of your haystack and ride it off to market. (Laughter.) How is it with your cattle? You make one of them carry fifty dollars' worth of hay and grass to the Eastern market."

Then I came to the hog question. I said,—

"Mr. Wickliffe, you send a hog worth ten dollars to an Eastern market; how much corn does it take at thirty-three cents per bushel to fatten it?"

"Why, thirty bushels."

"Then you put that thirty bushels of corn into the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the Eastern market."

Mr. Wickliffe jumped up and said,—

"Mr. Speaker, I acknowledge the corn."

We fear the members of our modern Congresses are not so manly to own up—always.

WILLING TO TAKE MONEY IF HE WAS URGED.

People generally get laughed at who alter their minds after they have been generous, but it will do for a little boy who doesn't know any better—and we can laugh at him without hurting him:

One afternoon Tommy G. was at work with Capt. S., stowing hay. The job being finished, the captain asked the boy what he should pay him for his labor.

"O, nothing, sir," replied the boy, quickly.

"But, Tommy, you have done well this afternoon. I did not expect you to work for nothing."

"You are quite welcome, sir," returned the lad, as readily as before.

A few days after the captain met Tommy coming out of the village store.

"Capt. S.," said the boy, "if you were urging me to take my pay for helping you stow hay the other day, how much should you be willing to give?"

"How much?" repeated the captain, "why, twenty-five cents, perhaps."

"Yes, sir, well—*I think I should be willing to take it.*"

Of course a quarter was at once forthcoming.

BELOW ZERO.

"A little knowledge" is indeed "a dangerous thing;" at least it very often tends to make its possessor ridiculous. The following conversation among some Ohio River boatmen, which was overheard by our informant, is a sample:

First Boatman.—That was an awful cold winter, now I tell you. The river froze tight at Cincinnati, and the thermometer went down twenty degrees below Cairo.

Second Boatman.—Below *which?*

No. 1.—Below Cairo, you timber-head! Don't you know what that means?

No. 2.—It don't mean any thing, you fool! There's no such thing.

No. 1.—I say there is. You see when it freezes at Cairo, it must be pretty cold; so they say so many degrees below Cairo.

No. 2.—Ho, ho! *You* pretend to know! Why, you've got the wrong word entirely.

No. 1.—What is it, then?

No. 2.—Why, so many degrees *below Nero*, of course. I don't know what it means, but I know that's what they always say when it's dreadful cold.

ALL ON A LEVEL.

Religion levels men as men. Drunkenness levels them as brutes:

The Atlanta *Advocate* told this incident of what it calls "Whiskey Equality," as occurring in the streets of that city. It will yet occur without the whiskey in its Christian churches and parlors:

"On Christmas we saw a noisy group of drunken men, white and black, in about equal numbers, mingling in the most unrestricted hilarity. We suppose, however, that this was not 'social equality,' or 'nigger equality,' but only whiskey equality. Men of all grades when sober, are about equal when drunk."

OLDEST AND YOUNGEST.

Mrs. Stowe says: "The first child in a family is its poem—it is a sort of nativity play, and we bend before the young stranger, with gifts, 'gold, frankincense and myrrh.' But the tenth child in a poor family is prose, and gets simply what is due to comfort. There are no superfluities, no fripperies, no idealities about the tenth.'

It is a curious fact that many of the greatest poets, wits, and even philosophers that the world has produced, have been the youngest of large families of children.

SIGNS OF THE TENDER PASSION.

A very high Dutch author recently wrote of love, and gave the following symptoms in the case of a young man who "had it:"

He becomed extravagand, und got a shave und a shampoo efery day, und his pillow greadly resempled like dere vas a pig dere, dere vas so much greases spilled off his head, und altogedder he agded as if his prains vas loose.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL.

A London paper tells of two rival travelling dentists who arrived together at a fair. One hoisted a banner inscribed, "Facile Princeps." The other immediately painted up on his booth, "Facile Forceps," and drew the crowd.—*Independent.*

And so it is in all the professions of life, practical men with "easy forceps" draw the crowd.

We are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

CHARADE.

My *first* is an insect.
My *second* makes anxious days and sleepless nights.
My *third* is complete.
My *whole* is an admonition in two words which I often receive from my mother. F. W. B.

2.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in wisdom, though wanting in wit;
My *next* is in panic, though absent from fear;
In heaven my *third* is, though sunk in the pit;
In your eye find my *fourth*, though not in your ear,
My *fifth* is in nothing, my *last* in excess.
Sphynx utters the riddle, my *whole* you must guess.
A. B. G.

3.

WILLY WISP.

4.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a large body or collection.
My 2, 3, 4 is a quadruped.
My 1, 2, 3, 12 is a part of a ship.
My 5, 6, 7, 10 is a pain.
My 6, 8, 12 is a cleft.
My 9, 10, 11 is to be fixed hard.
My 9, 10, 2, 12 is to rest.
My 2, 12, 10 is the goddess of mischief.
My 2, 12, 6, 7, 10 is the value of 6 or 7 mills.
My *whole* is one of the United States. H. A. M.

5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A country in Africa.
2. A small animal.
3. The people of a certain nation.
4. A lake.
5. A sea.
6. A river.

My *initials* make an ancient country; my *finals* its capital.

6.

BLANKS.

Fill the following blanks with words pronounced alike but spelled differently:

1. He will —— the bell while ——.
2. They will —— the plan of the ——.
3. The wooden —— was injured by ——.
4. —— victory was —— by him.
5. He neither —— nor ——.

GAY AND HAPPY.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a farmer and a seamstress? One gathers what he sows, and the other sews what she gathers.

What washerwoman does her work the most quietly? Sal Soda.

Why are a ball and a would-be wag alike? They never have any point.

Of what trade is a minister at a wedding? A joiner.

How do locomotives hear? Through their engineers.

If a man and his wife go to Europe together, what is the difference of their mode of travelling? He goes a-broad, and she goes a-long.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. "Hate the evil and love the good."
2. Tecumseh.
3. "No brook will flow to the sea,
   When my soul thinks not of thee;
   All stars shall cease to be,
   But still I'll sigh for thee."
4. Cumberland, Iron, Blue Ridge, Rocky, Green, Catskill.
5. Mice, Idol, Coal, Ella.
6. Summer-House.

DRINK AND LAZINESS.

What do you think the warden of the Massachusetts State Prison says? "Eight out of every ten come here by liquor; and a great curse is, not learning a trade. Young men get the notion that it is not genteel to learn a trade; they idle away their time, get into saloons, acquire the habit of drinking, and then gambling, and then they are ready for any crime."

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For the Companion.

TWO PICTURES.

When the April sunshine
Poured a golden flood,
Norah by the road-side
Made her pies of mud,
On her bits of earthen,
Mottled, brown and green,
Singing quaint old snatches,
Happy as a queen.

In her eyes of azure
Mirth danced like an elf,
Or 'neath silken lashes
Shyly hid itself.
Tangled curls of auburn
Crowned the shapely head
Of the Irish maiden
Cabin-born and bred.

In the golden sunshine,
By old nurse's side,
Dainty little Katie
Took her morning ride;
Saw and envied Norah,
Playing in the dirt,
With her brown feet peeping
From her homespun skirt.

Norah's joy to grieving
Turned that April day,
Bitter thoughts of Katie
Spoiled her childish play.
But that night the angels
O'er their pillows bent,
And two little faces
Smiled in sweet content.

W. P. R.

THOSE FOUR WORDS.

All who have ever had a temptation and escaped it, will appreciate the following beautiful story. Our readers who are Sunday school scholars, can easily tell where in the Bible the four words are found which came with such power to the little boy. The story is from the *Christian Register:*

My father grafted a pear tree; it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore but one pear. As there were no more that year, my father was the more anxious about it. He hoped that no rough wind would blow it off; he looked at it every morning and evening, and was glad to find it all safe.

He told all the children on no account to touch it, for the fruit was tender and must not be handled. I do not believe the thought ever struck him that any one of his children could wish to steal it.

Every one that came to see my father was asked to look at that pear; and they all agreed that it was likely to ripen into a first-rate fruit; they also said that the tree would bear many more next year, and that he had made a capital graft.

I never touched the pear with my fingers; but my eyes were often fixed upon it, and my heart coveted the taste of it. I did not keep my heart from this wicked coveting, and therefore I became a slave to it. The desire of that pear was my master.

One night, after we were all in bed, that master would not let me sleep. I crept up and went to the window. My father and mother were not at home, but the back door was left open for them to get in, if they came late.

I put my head out of the window and saw the tree; after a while I saw the pear. I thought my mouth was parched, and I must have something juicy to moisten it.

I crept down the back stairs on my naked feet, out at the door, and to the tree. A thought came to my mind: "What will father say?" and I answered, "He will not know."

So I had already settled it in myself that I would take the pear and eat it. I stood under the tree; I looked up with my hand stretched out, and I saw a star looking down upon me through the leaves. All at once it was as if I heard the four words:

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.'

I put my hands before my eyes, and ran as fast as I could to the opened door, up the back stairs, and to my bed.

There I stood trembling. I knew that God had seen me, and I thought my father and mother, and the servants, and the neighbors must know of it, and that every body would call me thief.

But I crept into my bed, and after a while I felt so glad that I did not take the pear; and I fell asleep and slept sweetly. As soon as I saw my father, on the following morning, I marked his face, it was so pleasant; he said the pear was ripe; it might be taken down and eaten; who was to have it?

I cried out, hardly knowing what I did, "God is to have it!"

This was so strange an answer, that my father and mother looked wondering; and father said, very gravely, "What put that into your head?"

I felt that my cheeks were burning hot, tears came into my eyes, and a trembling came over me again. I began to sob, and to tell all about it; how I was tempted to steal the pear, and how I was kept from it.

My mother cried aloud; father himself wiped his eyes, took me very tenderly to his breast, and said, "Then it shall be as you say; God shall have the pear, and it shall be a treat to one of God's dear children.

"Are you willing," he asked mother, "that we should give it to poor little Annie, who has been so long on her sick-bed, often with parched lips, and rarely with any thing to refresh her but cold water?"

Mother consented willingly enough. She herself went with me to carry the pear to the dear, patient sufferer; and O, how she joyed and thanked us! It did me more good than if I had really had a dozen such pears given me freely, to eat without fear or trembling.

THE DYING REBEL BOY.

One who was a member of the Christian Commission relates the following reminiscence of the battle of Gettysburg. He says:

While I stood near a score or more wounded rebels, who lay beneath the shelter provided by the broad branches of a huge old oak, I noticed a youth, of fragile form and girlish look, lying a little to the left of the rest. Standing around him were a group of Philadelphia soldiers, belonging to the famous brigade of which the 71st, 72d and 69th form a part, whose encampment was near at hand.

This boy was then in the agonies of death. His chestnut curls were matted and wet, and thrown rudely back from a forehead of pearly whiteness—the deep blue veins looked purple under the surface of white, and as he raised his large, lustrous eyes, and extended a tiny hand with a beseeching expression of countenance, begging some one to "rub it, as it cramped so," it made a picture that can never be realized by portrayal.

After this and other little favors had been done for his comfort, he requested that his head be raised, and in answer to an interrogatory, said,—

"I am not a rebel, but they made me fight. My mother and I were both for the Union."

Halting a moment in his breath, which had come short, thick, and evidently painful, he raised, or endeavored to raise, his head higher upon the blanket which had been doubled for him, and said, with a sweet smile,—

"A drink, please."

This was given him, and, after another brief pause, he rallied his speech, and asked if any of those present would take his name and send it to his mother.

The assent was given, and he furnished it, and the town and county in the old mother of States which bore Washington and others of the patriots.

An inquiry was made as to whether he had any message to send. His eye brightened and his lip quivered, as he tremblingly replied,—

"Yes; please to tell my mother to meet me in heaven." And as if the labor was too great, or the excitement too much for him, he sunk back exhausted, and for a moment we thought that his spirit had passed away.

Around the dying boy stood grim heroes who had fought many battles—men who had never shown fear in the face of death, or even flinched in meeting him. They all uncovered their heads to the dying boy, and tears stood in their eyes.

In a few minutes all was over. The little rebel lay stiff, though beautiful even in death. His voice was hushed and his eyes sightless to the noise and confusion that prevailed around his rude bier. The shrill trumpet that had so often called him into action sounded now in vain. On the outskirts of Gettysburg he lies buried, near where he fell, there to await the final trumpet which shall call him home.

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

In *Good Words for the Young* there is this account of a skirmish between a hunter in Kaffir land (South Africa) and

"The mighty boa-constrictor
That has scared us in the pictur':"

Happening to be out shooting, and in search of buck, about six miles from Natal Bay, I was riding with a friend and attended by a dog. This dog was of the pointer breed, and was very fond of turning a buck out of cover.

The country over which we were riding was like an English park, in which were small patches of brushwood about the size of a comfortable dining-room.

At one of these patches of bush, my dog stopped, and commenced acting in a very unusual manner. He pointed at the bush, then wagged his tail as he looked round at me, then drew back as though afraid, and so on.

I at once knew that some strange game was in the bush, and I suspected that it was either a leopard or a porcupine; so, dismounting from my horse, I ran to the bush ready for a shot, my friend doing the same. On looking cautiously into the bush, my friend started back, exclaiming, "It is an enormous serpent!"

At the same instant I saw the heavy, thick body of the python gliding towards my dog. Raising my gun, I sent a charge of shot into the snake's body, and jumped back so as to avoid any attempt of the creature to spring at me.

Having loaded the empty barrel, I approached with great caution, holding my gun ready, and peeping among the leaves and branches to catch sight of my enemy. It was well I did use caution, for the instant I moved the branches the serpent lunged forward, making a dart at my face as rapidly as a cat springs on a mouse; his enormous jaws open and extended wide enough to take my head in them.

I was just beyond the monster's reach, or he would have pulled me down on the ground and probably have crushed me before my friend could have cut or shot him. Before, however, another dart could be made at me, I sent a charge of shot into the python's head which at once killed it.

On dragging out, with considerable difficulty, the serpent from the bushes, I was surprised at the beauty of its coloring and its enormous size. The size at first is deceptive; when an animal is seen on the ground among trees and bushes, it looks small, but when it is handled or seen near, it looks far more formidable. So was it with this python.

At first I fancied it was little more than twelve or fourteen feet in length, and that probably I could have dragged it along the ground or knocked its head against a tree if it had attacked me, but when I found that two of us could scarcely drag it along the ground, and that whilst as big round as a man's thigh, it was twenty-one feet in length, I realized what a formidable monster it was, and how poor a chance a man would have if he once allowed a serpent of this size to coil around him.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ROOSTER.

The possession of sly or comic talents is a great temptation to "cut up didos." The Norwich *Bulletin* says:

One day last week, a well-known amateur ventriloquist was a passenger on board a Hudson River Railroad car, which was in charge of Conductor Fales. As the train proceeded, the ventriloquist began the imitation of a rooster in a sort of "chuck-et-et-taw" style.

A couple of repetitions brought the conductor in a hurry, followed by the brakeman, who insisted that the "rooster" be taken into the baggage car, where it belonged.

Of course none of the passengers had a "rooster" with which to accommodate the zealous officers. The conductor and brakeman then waxed wroth, and vowed they would find that "rooster," any way.

They walked up the aisle, carefully glancing at the feet of each passenger for the basket or parcel in which the "rooster" was roosting. In the middle of the car they found a woman with a big basket in her possession.

"O! here is the game" (rooster) said the conductor.

"Jes so," said the brakeman, "let's put him out."

The ventriloquist sat directly opposite and threw his voice apparently into the basket.

"It's here, sure," said the conductor, with a significant glance at the brakeman, and addressing the lady, he inquired, blandly, if she had any objections to the removal of the basket and contents to the baggage car. The old lady didn't understand the joke at all, and thinking it against the rules to carry a basket in the passenger car, permitted the conductor to take it away.

He had hardly started for the door when the "rooster's" voice was heard in the rear of the car.

This was too much for Conductor F., who suddenly comprehended the joke, and quickly returning the old lady's basket, started for the nearest door as if on an important and pressing mission. The passengers set up a loud laugh as he disappeared, and the employees of the road have taken up the "rooster" story at occasional intervals, to the disgust of the vigilant car conductor.

A "JAP" SCHOOL-BOY'S COMPOSITION.

A Western paper prints a "composition," which it says was written by Takejiro, a Japanese boy of seventeen, and sent by his teacher to her father in Madison, Wis., all the way from Yokohama. Takejiro has not studied English quite a year yet:

The composition is written on a peculiar kind of paper called rice paper, which is unruled; the lines are quite straight, however, and the writing is very well done—is much more easily read than that the editor is writing now. No one had corrected it, and we copy it as nearly as we can. Some mistakes will be found. One or two words are not spelled right, and some other mistakes are made, which show that he is not yet used to our language. But we very much doubt whether any of our young readers could learn, in less than one year, to write in Japanese as good a composition as this is.

The composition is interesting for another reason. It tells us how bees are kept in Japan. At the end of the composition is a picture of a bee-hive like those he describes:

THE HONY.

Henry was one day walking on a hill in the country with his uncle. When he saw a small box made of wood; hanging from the limb of a tree, on the lid of the box are many little holes, from which many bees flew out, and flew back to the holes. He pointed it out to his uncl, and asked what it was

"It is a bee hive," replied his uncle, "but is made by men." "Why, uncle, I heard my father says, that a bees can make hives themselves; but can not this bees make hive?" "no," he replied, "I will tell you now about that.

A man who wish to get a many hony, make this box, and put a some sugar in it, and then hang it up some tree, under which are great many frowers

A bees, which have found that, there is a suger in the box, live in the box, and they make hony in it. And, when the box was ful of hony, he nock the lid of it. As the bees heard a noise, they were so much shocked that they all hid behind the hony, then he took off the lid, and get the hony, but a half of it, for if he took all the hony, they could not make again

If you wish to make hony make a box like this. You could get great many hony at one box.

WONDERS OF SMALL LIFE.

Lewenboeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven million would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers and fruits. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a single scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces its way out like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like oxen in a meadow.

THAT CIRCULAR SAW.

The editor of the Niagara *Journal* having just so much space to fill out in his paper, seized an item about a stolen saw, and made as much as he could of it. Boys can study this and learn how to hammer out a small story so thin that it covers considerable space.

We are informed by a gentleman, who says a man told him who received his information from a boy who saw the occurrence, that a man came in from the country early Saturday morning to get his saw filed. When he got close up to the saw establishment, he saw that the saw establishment was closed up. Being told by a young man whom he saw standing near, that the owner of the saw manufactory lived in a house not far distant, he went for the house, leaving his saw in care of the young man. He had no suspicion that the young man would steal that steel saw. Arriving at the house, the man saw that he had been sold, for the people there never sold saws. The young man that he saw last with his saw, could be seen no longer; and he circulated around some time to find the thief who buzzed off with his circular saw.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I used to think the Lord's Prayer was a short prayer; but as I live long and see more of life, I begin to believe there is no such thing as getting through it. If a man in praying that prayer were to be stopped in every sentence until he thoroughly prayed it, it would take him a lifetime. "Our Father"—there would be a wall a hundred feet high in just these two words to some men. If he might say "our tyrant," or "our monarch," or even "our Creator," he could get along with it, but "our Father,"—why, the man is almost a saint who can pray that.

You read, "Thy will be done," and you say to yourself, "O, I can pray that," but God says, "How is it about your temper and your pride? How is it about your business and your daily life?" This is a revolutionary petition. It would make any man's shop or store tumble to the ground to utter it. Who can stand at the end of the avenue along which all his pleasant thoughts and wishes are blossoming like flowers, and send these terrible words, "Thy will be done," crushing through it? I think it the most searching prayer to pray in the world.

ESQUIRE

Was originally applied to the armor-bearer of the knight in the days of chivalry. Tenants of the crown in England, who held by knight's service, were feudal esquires. Subsequently the eldest sons of knights and baronets became entitled to the name by birth, and so did the sons of the younger sons of dukes and marquises, and their eldest sons.

After this came esquires by profession—officers in the army and navy, barristers and doctors of law, and doctors of medicine, but no surgeons; besides esquires by office, for justices of the peace are vulgarly called "'squires," meaning esquire. In the course of years, the title of esquire, or Esq., became an appendage to the name of every man in England not a tradesman or shopkeeper, and thus it came to this country. Here we still more democratized it, and bestowed it on every man without discrimination. It is now regarded as a somewhat obsolete custom here.

Vulgar people still write Esq., and get offended if not so addressed; but it is rapidly becoming the general custom to address a person as plain "Mr." So-and-so.

MR. LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ORATION.

One of Mr. Lincoln's private secretaries has the original rough draft, with all the interlineations and erasures, of the Gettysburg oration. At that time the President was very anxious on account of the illness of his boy "Tad," and under these circumstances, in a little country hotel, in view of the battle-field, Mr. Lincoln wrote the greater part of the immortal oration which has been read with admiration wherever the English language is read or spoken. The first part of the oration, which had been prepared before leaving Washington, was written with pen and ink, but the part composed after his arrival at Gettysburg was written with the short stub of a lead pencil, on straggling sheets of paper, of unequal breadth and length. Mr. Lincoln was disappointed in Mr. Everett's machine oratory, and complained that it reached everybody's ears and nobody's heart. He was not aware that he himself had said any thing that men would not willingly let die.

IJIJI.

Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, is still in Ijiji. He has stuck there for a long time, and if he has as much trouble to get through the remaining letters of the alphabet as he has with the "ij's." we fear that a life-time will be too short to enable him to reach y z and go home. There is, however, no reason to doubt that in time we shall have more letters from him.

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For the Companion.

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I wants a piece of cal'co
To make my doll a dess;
I doesn't want a big piece,
A yard'll do, I guess.
I wish you'd fred my needle,
And find my fimble, too—
I has such heaps a sewin'
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsey tored her apron
A tum'l'n' down the stair,
And Cæsar's lost his pantnoons
And needs anozzer pair.
I wants my Maud a bonnet,
She hasn't none at all,
And Fred must have a jacket,
His ozzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's,
You promised me I might.
I know she'd like to see me,
I wants to go to-night.
She lets me wipe the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wants some newer mittens—
I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my finger freezes,
They *leaks* so in the fum.
I wore'd 'em out last summer,
A pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie,
I'm hungry's I can be.
If you hasn't pretty large ones
You'd better bring me free.
I wish I had a p'ano—
Won't you buy me one to keep?
O dear! I feels so tired,
I wants to go to sleep.

GRACE GORDON.

For the Companion.

JACK STONE'S GOOD TIME.

I have had a good time, a very good time. I've been over to grandpa's. My Cousin Dick is there.

My father and Dick's father are real brothers. They are stopping at grandpa's.

I like Dick. He's a city boy, and knows a great deal. He wears fine clothes. They are almost too nice to sit down in, and his boots shine so you can see your face in them.

He's older than I am. He's taller. He owns a sweet little pony. I should wish it was mine if it wasn't wicked to do so. He says he would like to live on a farm. They don't have farms in Boston, where he lives. I wonder where they get eggs, and butter, and other things.

Dick has got parlor skates. They have rollers on them, and you can skate in the house. He brought me a large rocking-horse with a real horse's tail to it.

I make believe I am a soldier. Dick made me a soldier cap out of a *Youth's Companion*, and I tied a scarf around my waist.

Then we played highwaymen. Dick held my horse. He said I must give up my money. I did. I only had a cent, but I told him I would owe him the rest.

He said "Debt is a very bad thing." I think so too. I owed Peter Cole three pins for a rosy cake, and it worried me about paying it. The first three pins I got I gave Peter Cole. He thanked me. He said I was honest. I was little then, and I meant to say "Monesty is the best policy." But I didn't. I said "Honey is the bees policeman."

Peter laughed out real loud.

Dick is a very obliging boy, and will do just what I want him to. We played animals, and made believe be some kind of beast, and the other was to guess what animal we meant to be.

I growled. Dick said that was a weasel's squeak. I meant it for a bear. I guess I haven't got a very gruff voice.

Dick made a growl. I thought he meant it for a lion. I said so. He said it was a rat caught in a trap.

I like that play, but it was tiresome. Then we played war.

We put two chairs together and covered them with grandma's shawl, and put three pillows behind them for men.

We threw a rubber ball at them. I killed two men. Pillow men, I mean. I shouldn't like to kill a real live man. He might not like it. I should think it was unpleasant to be killed.

Dick is a very brave boy. He is not afraid to be out after dark. We played night at grandpa's. We pulled the curtains down, and then we rolled the big cricket over the floor. That was for thunder. Dick flashed a match. That was lightning.

This was our play of a storm at sea. The sofa was our ship. Dick was captain, and I was a passenger. Dick has been in a storm, and he knows all about it. If it was like this, it must have been awful.

Grandpa came in, and we got him to make believe he was another ship. He was very willing to. He is real obliging. Our ship rolled, and I tumbled overboard. Grandpa saved me. I was very much obliged to him. He said it wouldn't do to have Johnny Punks lost at sea. I am Johnny Punks with grandpa.

Grandma came in and said she had never heard such a noise in all her born days. She was mistaken. It was a great deal noisier when they were putting up the stove in the parlor.

Grandma thinks boys are always noisy. I guess they can't help it very well. They have noise in them and it must come out.

Grandpa tells her that quiet boys are most always in mischief. I think he ought to know. He was a boy once himself. It must be a good many years ago. I wonder if he remembers it. I guess he was a very, very quiet boy, for he says he was always in mischief. He's altered since. He didn't know grandma, then.

Dick wanted to play tag, but grandma said it was too noisy for the house. We went to the barn. We looked at the pony, and Dick said we had better go to ride on it. We got on. I rode first, and Dick held me.

We rode over to mother's, and then went down to the brook. It was froze over. I guess the fishes had shut up their houses for the winter. It looked so.

We called at the store and bought two candy sticks. Dick did. He gave me one. It was very good. I would like another just like it now. It is very cheap, only one cent a stick. I should think Mr. Gooding would eat it often himself.

Mr. Gooding is our storekeeper. He says he likes me. I don't know why. I buy all my candy there. Perhaps that's the reason.

Dick and I forgot to play tag. It does not matter much.

Dick likes to see Joe milk the cows. Joe is grandpa's hired man, and he is a very good man. He's funny, and can make pictures on the barn with a black stick. He made a picture of me as I shall look when I grow up. It had whiskers. I don't expect to have any. I may alter my mind. But I have had a good time with Cousin Dick, a very, very good time.

JACK STONE.

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For the Companion.

CAMILLA URSO'S CHILDHOOD.

Camilla Urso, the charming violinist, was born in Palermo, in 1810. At six years of age, she discovered a wonderful susceptibility to the beauties of nature and art, and was regarded as one of the most interesting children in the world.

Her musical sensitiveness was so great that a light, joyful note would cause her features to become radiant with delight, and a sad one would bring tears to her eyes. Her parents marked her passion for music with surprise, and her father looked upon her as a superior being whom Providence had consigned to his care.

It was a lovely, dreamy day in Italian autumn. The mass of St. Cecilia was to be chanted at the church of the Holy Cross. The ceremonies were to be extremely gorgeous, and the music was to be unusually artistic and impressive. The father of Camilla desired to attend, and he took his little daughter with him. She had never heard an orchestra in a manner to appreciate its music, and she knew nothing of the marvellous expressions that may be produced by the violin.

Just after Camilla entered the church, tottling at the hand of her father, the low, sobbing strains of the "*Kyrie Eleison*" arose, and presently the organ rolled in its solemn harmony. Then the violins threw a tremulous sweetness of sound on the air.

The little girl, at first deeply affected, now became statue-like, as one entranced. She stood motionless, her cheek pale, and her lustrous eyes riveted on the violins. The blazing altar, the glittering vestments of the priests, the sweet signals of the bells failed to draw her attention, but the notes of the violin seemed to elevate her soul in rapture, as though an inspiration had descended upon her from on high.

The mass ended, but Camilla continued standing, statue-like, beside one of the pillars of the church.

The people passed out, but she seemed unconscious of what was going on about her.

"Come, my daughter," said her father, but she did not move.

He was alarmed. He took the little girl into his arms, and bore her from the church.

"My daughter, what is the matter?"

Her father's voice and the cool autumn air dispelled the charm.

"Father, what instrument was that that followed the organ?"

"The violin."

"I would like to learn to play the violin."

Her father procured a violin, and she soon was able to produce from it such sweet and ethereal music that her playing became the delight of her friends.

She received such an ovation at her first public concert, that her little form was nearly buried in the bouquets that the audience showered upon her.

M. B.

PLUTARCH'S GOOSE STORY.

The ancients attributed to geese rather more intelligence than the people of modern times are disposed to allow them.

Plutarch says that the geese of Cilica, when they fly over Mount Taurus, being afraid of the eagles by which it is frequented, carry small stones in their mouths, to prevent them from indulging in their propensity to gabble and attract the notice of the eagles.

It is probable that there is quite as much fiction as fact in his statement, but the question will come up with considerable force, whether it might not be well for some of us to imitate this supposed custom, and whether by so doing we should not ofttimes thus keep from doing injury to others as well as ourselves.

VARIETY.

A PUBLIC DINNER IN FIJI.

Peace or war between nations has sometimes depended on the state of the rulers' stomachs, and the character of a whole people is largely judged from what they eat and *how* they eat it:

A public dinner in Fiji is a very great affair, and you must take care how you behave at it. All the guests bear a hand in feeding the oven or stirring the pot. A floor of clean leaves is covered with cocoa-pots, on which are placed baked taro and yams "to the amount of several tons." The next tier is formed of *sakalolo*, or pudding in green leaves, well oiled. Surmounting this pedestal are the baked turtles, or two or three hogs baked whole.

On one occasion there were fifty tons of yams, fifteen tons of sweet pudding, seventy turtles, five cart-loads of *yaqona*, and two hundred tons of uncooked yams. One of the puddings measured twenty-one feet in circumference. A lord mayor's feast in Guildhall is mere fooling to this. And the turtle, too! But if you have the honor to be invited to a feast in Fiji, you must be cautious.

A chief having eaten a cocoa-nut without offering a bit to one of his followers, the latter went over to the enemy, and in the next battle singled out his former master. He asked to be spared. "Do you not," was the stern reply, "remember the nut? For that you must die." and then came the fatal blow.

Another chief sat down with his father-in-law; but on passing a dish, a cooked guana, he broke off part of its tail. "A dark scowl covered his relative's face." and at the first opportunity he slew his son-in-law, having first told him he could not put up with broken tail.—*Leisure Hours.*

THE FOOL AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

A band of rustic worthies were seated around the tavern fire, one winter's evening, consisting of the blacksmith, the barber, the constable, and the schoolmaster. After they had exhausted all the ordinary topics of conversation, the pedagogue proposed a new kind of a game, in which one was to propose a question, and whoever proposed one that he himself could not solve, was to pay the reckoning for all. Dick Dolt, whom every one thought a fool, was picked out for the first question.

"Neighbors," said Dick, drawling out his words, and looking ineffably stupid, "you have seen the way chipmonks dig their holes; can any of you tell why they don't throw up any dirt?"

That was a poser; and, after a long cogitation, even the schoolmaster was compelled to give it up. It devolved on Dick to explain.

"The reason is," said he, "that they begin at the bottom of the hole.

"Stop! stop!" cried the pedagogue, surprised out of all prudence by so monstrous an assertion; "pray, how does the squirrel get there?"

"Ah," answered Dick, "that's a question of your own proposing!"

The schoolmaster had to pay the reckonings.

LEFT-HANDEDNESS.

Many parents try to cure their children of left-handedness by using severe measures, such as whipping, or obliging the child to go for weeks with the left hand tied to the body. Some even go so far as to make it a matter of special shaming and mortification. This should never be. Left-handedness certainly produces an awkward effect, but it is not one of the cardinal sins. If a child can be taught to write with her right hand, to use her knife, fork and spoon properly, raise her glass, and offer the right hand in salutation, it is by no means necessary to cure her of using the left hand occasionally. In many cases, to be ambidextrous is invaluable to women. All needle-work should be carefully taught with the right hand as needle-holder, but left-handedness should not be treated as a crime to be punished. The child should be kindly told its disadvantages, and shown how awkward it looks. A pretty coral bracelet of beads strung on elastic, worn on the right hand, has a marvellous effect on left-handed girls, and is always worth trying. —*Hearth and Home.*

PIGEON WHISTLES.

The people of China are very fond of games of chance, and are desperate betters. Instead of horse races, they have pigeon fights. They rear at great expense, and with all manner of care, pigeons of a very large breed and with great strength of wing. These pigeons are carried away to a distance in wicker baskets, then set free at the moment agreed upon. Before loosing them a little whistle made of very light wood is fastened to their tails. This whistle has fifteen tubes of different-sized bores, so put together as to produce a sort of tune when the air is drawn rapidly through them by the birds' swift flight. The betting public await the pigeons at the entry of the pigeon-house. They know their own birds from afar by the tones of their whistles. These announce first the victor bird, and then the vanquished in the race.—*Hearth and Home.*

A TRAIN OF CARS STOPPED BY TURKEYS.

An Arkansas paper reports the following novel incident on the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad: "A flock of wild turkeys, more than five hundred in number, congregated on the track near Cadron station. The down train rounded the curve and the engineer soon discovered that the turkeys intended to hold possession of the track. Having one minute to spare he stopped his train to allow them to depart, but they were not disposed to give way. The turkeys surrounded the train, walked up and down the track on either side of the cars, evidently delighted with the novelty of their situation. No hunting party aboard and no fire-arms of any description, the turkeys were safe, but one or two short, quick whistles from the locomotive upset their calculations, and they lost no time in gaining the bushes, where they were soon hid from view, and the train moved on."

SAVED BY HIS MONEY.

A mother in Prussia, while taking leave of her son, who was starting for the army, brought him a sort of amulet, such as a good many people in Europe still believe in, to make him bullet-proof. The son laughingly pushed it aside, and taking some of the gold pieces which his parents had given him, remarked that they should be the only talisman he would take along. During the battle of Mars la Tour, the young student was struck by a bullet and fell to the ground. He thought his last hour had come, but when the pain of the first shock gradually ceased, he looked at his breast and found that the bullet had not penetrated the skin. It had been arrested by the last gold piece which the youth had in his vest pocket, and this had been completely hollowed out by the bullet.

A LITTLE HERO.

A gentleman, while passing through a street in New York, heard a child's voice from a basement crying "Help! help!" He ran in, and found a little five-year-old boy holding a bed blanket around his sister, two years younger, who had caught her clothes on fire, and the little hero had succeeded in putting out the flames. The boy, in answer to the question why he wrapped the bed-blanket around his sister's burning clothes, said his ma had told him that was the best way to put out fire, and as to why he cried "Help! help!" that he was afraid he could not do it, and wanted some one to help. He was then asked why he did not leave his sister, and run into the street, and cry for help. He answered with tears in his eyes, "No, I never would have left her. She was my sister. Had she burned up, I would have burned too."

HAVEN'T PRAYERED.

One day, on account of work going on in the house, the regular dinner was omitted, and a lunch substituted. While waiting for the family to gather, little Annette, who was already seated in her high chair, was given a piece of bread and butter. After eating a little she stopped and began calling, "Papa, papa, come! I can't eat my lunchin, 'cause you haven't *prayered!*"

DANGEROUS BACK LOG.

A family in Perryville, Ky., had a narrow escape the other day. A back log was thrown on a kitchen fire at a house a short distance from that place, which failed to burn up that night. The next morning, before renewing the fire, an unexploded shell was found in the remainder. It was imbedded in the tree from which the aforesaid log was taken, during the little affair between Messrs. Buell and Bragg at that place in '62.

THE inscription on the tomb of Dr. John Condor, in Bunhill Fields, is touching and suggestive:

I have sinned, I have repented,
I have trusted, I have loved,
I rest, I shall rise,
And through the grace of Christ, however unworthy, I shall reign.

AN Irishwoman went to a dentist's to have a tooth extracted. She inquired the price, and he told her fifty cents. "It is too much," she said; but with ready wit she asked, "Would you pull two for seventy-five cents?" to which the obliging dentist consented.

Two travellers, stopping at a Des Moines hotel, came near losing their lives, by blowing out the gas on retiring to bed. One of them, when asked if he smelt any thing wrong, said yes, but he thought it was the other fellow's breath.

"I AM going to the post-office, Bob, shall I inquire for you?"

"Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there."

AN Irish lover remarked that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."

WHY is the earth like a blackboard? Because the children of men multiply on the face of it.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

WHAT WAS IT?

We were fishing at "the Sachem's Pond,"—Jud Robbins and I.

It was some years ago, however. We were mere boys, then—not far from thirteen years old. A trip through the woods to this pond was a great exploit in those days; not a very safe one, perhaps, for it was fully five miles from the cleared lands, through the "black growth," as they call the spruce forest.

The old folks did not like to have us fish there; though after we had been and returned safely with a fine string of trout they did not say much against it. But they never would give us leave to go; and so on this occasion, I am sorry to say, we had gone without—no, not quite without it, for we had got permission to go to Bear Brook—two miles; and on the strength of that we had gone further, until we reached the pond.

Perhaps some of my readers may have had a similar experience. It is a wrong way to do, though, and often ends in trouble and difficulty.

But we had a strong temptation, for the Sachem's Pond was rare fishing-ground, full of great spotted lake-trout, or "togue-trout," as we used to call them; noble fellows, that bit as if they had never even heard of fishermen or of fish-hooks. Few sportsmen, since the old Indian Sachem, who used to have a wigwam near the pond, had fished from it; and it did not take long to pull out twenty pounds of fine trout.

It was a beautiful September afternoon. We knew the way through the woods pretty well, and were not long in reaching the pond, after crossing the old log over Bear Brook. It was not a large piece of water, certainly not more than three miles in length, and so twisted in among high, wooded ridges, that one might fail of finding it unless well acquainted with its locality.

On the side towards our settlement it is skirted by a narrow bog or flat, which, in the spring, is generally under water, but bare and firm enough to walk on in autumn. This is largely covered with cat-tails and high-bush cranberries, forming a tangled thicket to the water's edge.

Cutting some long alder "fish-poles" and tying on our lines, we made our way across the bog and dropped in our hooks. But it was yet a little too early in the afternoon. The trout bite best towards evening. So we walked along the edge of the pond, fishing leisurely and stepping from log to log, till we were opposite a high knoll that was covered with choke-cherry bushes. Here the old Sachem had built his wigwam. It had almost disappeared. A few stakes and poles only were to be seen through the green foliage.

We stood on an old tree-trunk which ran out into the water, looking at the knoll and feeling as one always will, when looking at old deserted things and places. Presently a sharp tug at my line made me turn; and a moment later I had thrown out a fine large "togue." Before I had secured him, Jud had hooked another. The fish were getting ready for their suppers and a shoal of them were after our bait. In a few moments we caught seven or eight, without stirring from the old tree-trunk, and so excited did we become with our good luck that with his fifth catch, Jud fairly shouted out—a clear, merry hurrah—when, suddenly, as if in reply, there came a deep, hollow cry—a sort of Kewroo-oo-ooh,—so near and appalling, that so startled us that we nearly fell off the log, and clutched at each other for support.

"Goodness!" whispered Jud. "What was that?"

Our eyes turned instinctively towards the old wigwam; and a strange fear crept over us.

Had the old Sachem come back to life? and was that his war-whoop? Or had some of his savage tribe returned to their old hunting-grounds and were lying in ambush ready to do us injury?

Tremblingly we stood and listened, but before we had scarcely ventured to draw our breath,

WHAT WAS IT?

another wild "Kewroo-oo-ooh" rose from the swamp behind us, accompanied by a sudden swaying and crashing among the dry rushes, seemingly but a few rods away.

It was time to make an attempt to escape, if the old Sachem was after us! We sprang from the log, and, terribly frightened, floundered through the mud and water-grass to another; in short, fled down the pond as fast as the perilous bottom would permit; still clinging to our fish-poles, which, with their lines and hooks, were dragged after us.

I don't know how far we should have run, had not my trailing hook caught into a log, bringing me up with a jerk that fairly turned me round. As I turned, the first thing I saw was a tall, a very tall white bird, standing at the place where we had first heard the whoop. While I was looking, it stretched up its long neck and uttered another Kewroo-oo-ooh!

"Hold on!" I shouted to Jud, who was tearing along for dear life, some rods in advance, "Hold on! It isn't an Indian! It's some sort of a bird!"

"Bird!" exclaimed Jud, over his shoulder.

"Yes. Don't run any farther!"

Jud halted, then came slowly and cautiously back to where I was standing.

"I should say bird!" exclaimed he, after an anxious glance. "Isn't he a big one? He's tall as a man, 'most. White, too! Gracious!" (with a long breath.) "What a fright he gave us! Scared at a bird! That don't sound well. But what a whoop he gave! I thought the old Sachem had come, sure."

Just then the tall, ghostly-looking biped, favored us with another whoop, coming toward us in a menacing manner, as if to drive us farther away.

"O! that can't be done a second time!" cried Jud. "We sha'n't run again—for you. Let's give it to him, with our fish-poles."

"Agreed."

"Untying our lines, we moved cautiously toward him with our poles upraised. Seeing our sudden change of tactics, the bird immediately reared itself to the full stretch of its body, legs and neck, ruffled its feathers, shook them and advanced to meet us with open bill and eyes aflame with fury.

I suppose our recent flight had given it a poor opinion of our courage. As Jud had said, it was really a "big one." Standing full five feet in height, with its raised plumage and majestic air, it was no mean-looking enemy.

Except the very tips of its wings, which were black, its entire plumage was white as snow; while its beak, sharp, strong and fully six inches in length, looked as if it might prove an ugly weapon in close quarters.

Seeing that we stood our ground, it stopped when within a couple of rods and uttered several loud, harsh croaks.

"Hit him," said Jud.

"No, you hit first."

"Well."

Taking a step forward, Jud dealt a long, sweeping cut at its neck. Quick as a flash the bird bobbed down its head and the pole passed over it. Observing this, I aimed at its long legs, when, with a sudden bound into the air, my pole went under them. Not so easily hit!

"Now both together," cried Jud.

Swing—sweep. But somehow we did not hit it that time.

"Strange!" muttered Jud. "He bobbed down and jumped up, too, both at once—didn't he?"

"It looked so."

"Well, again—now!"

Swing—sweep. One or the other of us did hit him this time, on the neck, knocking him over into the mud. Dropping our poles, we rushed upon him.

"Catch him by the legs," cried Jud. "Let's tie him. I'll hold his neck."

But as we sprung upon him, he struck at Jud with his bill, with wonderful swiftness, darting out his neck like an elastic cord. It was impossible to touch him without getting hit; and while we were thinking what to do, up he again leaped to his feet.

We were glad to fall back and take up our poles. But the blow we had given him must have either crazed or blinded the crane; for with Jud's very next stroke, it was again knocked down. This time we used our poles so effectively that it lay still.

"What sort of a bird can it be?" said Jud, pulling it up out of the mud and gazing, a little repentant, upon its beautiful though now stained plumage.

"Don't know," said I. "Never saw any thing like it."

"Nor I. We must take it home with us."

"Can we carry it?"

"Yes. It is pretty heavy, though. Must weigh from twenty to thirty pounds, sure. Do you suppose it had its home here among the cat-tails? Let's look."

A few yards further on, we discovered a sort of path, worn as if by footsteps coming out of the brush to the water. Following this for a few rods into the swamp, we came to a thick clump of alders, overrun with wild vines. The trail led directly into this, and as we approached, another great white bird, nearly as large as the one we had just killed, sprang out and ran off with an ominous croak.

"A nest!" exclaimed Jud; and peeping in through the tangled alders, we saw, piled up amid the stalks, a huge bunch of coarse sticks, built some four or five feet from the ground and lined with dry grass and reeds.

"What did I tell you?" cried Jud, triumphantly; and looking over the edge, we beheld two little, long-legged, gander-necked chicks, wriggling and squirming about, and opening wide their clumsy, gaping bills. They were evidently but a few days old; and in looking about the nest, we found several large pieces of shell, of a pale blue color, with brown spots.

Meanwhile we could see the old mother bird among the flags, watching our movements with maternal anxiety; uttering from time to time her hoarse croak.

"That's just what made the old male bird so ready to fight," said Jud. "He did it to keep us from the nest. I'm sorry we killed him; but he scared us so I didn't feel any pity for him. But I wouldn't touch the nest. Let the old one take care of the little wrigglers. It's too bad we've killed her mate. Any way, we might as well take him home with us, now he's dead; for I want to find out what kind of a bird it is."

So tying his long legs together, and slinging him on a pole between us, with our trout, we started through the woods. And a precious "lug" they gave us, too! It was dark when we reached home; and I reckon we should have got a "talking to," if nothing more, had the family not been astonished at the sight of that long-shanked bird.

None of our folks had ever seen any thing like it. But the next day, seeing old Hughy Clives, the trapper, passing the house, I called him into the wood-house, where we had hung our game.

"What's that, Hughy?" asked Jud, throwing open the door.

"Sho!" exclaimed the old man. "Where d'ye get him? Crane, sure's the world! Whooping crane! Some call 'em sand-hill cranes. Never saw but one before in my life. Rare in this State, (Maine,) very rare. Heard say they find them down South, winters, and up Canada way in the summer time. They breed up there somewhere. D'ye say you killed this one with your fish-poles? Well, that's curis. Must go up and see that nest myself."

"Where did you see the one you spoke of?" asked Jud.

"Up at Moosehead, years ago. Come down some rainy day and I'll tell you about it."

So it was not the old Sachem's ghost, after all, that we heard, but a whooping crane. And if they all whoop as lustily as this one did, they well deserve the name.

LANGUAGE WITHOUT A TONGUE.

This is one of the strangest contradictions, but it is well vouched for in the following account, and must be ranked with the miracles of sense sometimes observed in blind people. Nature makes marvellous compensations, now and then, to her maimed children:

"In the transactions of the Philosophical Society, published between 1742 and 1744, there is an account of Margaret Cutter, who, when four years old, lost her entire tongue from a cancerous affection; but who, nevertheless, afterwards retained the power of taste, swallowing and speech, without any imperfection whatever. She not only spoke as fluently and with as much correctness as other people, but also sung to admiration, articulating with distinctness all her words while singing. What is not less singular, she could form no idea of the use of a tongue in other persons. This remarkable case was brought before the Royal Society, under certificates of attestation from the minister of the parish, medical practitioner, and another respectable citizen well known in Suffolk, where she resided. On account of the extraordinary character of the case, the society requested an additional report upon the subject, and from another set of witnesses, named by the society for the purpose, and for whom they drew up the necessary questions and marked out the proper course of examina-

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tion. The second report coincided with the first in all particulars, and shortly afterward the young woman was brought to London, where she confirmed the account by personally appearing, and speaking and singing in the presence of the members of the Royal Society and many other persons."

For the Companion.

A WILD IRISH GIRL.

By M. A. Denison.

You have seen little shanties near steam railroad tracks, nestling by the side of wooded hollows, and looking as if they had been dropped there, tow-headed babies and all. They are not things of art or beauty, but the wide-spreading loveliness of laughing nature around, often makes up for all deficiencies of that kind.

The little cabin that Noddy Wills lived in was very rough indeed. Noddy, since she first came to America—and that was when she was ten years old—had been very industrious. Old Wills, her father, who had married late in life, was now a widower, and the care of four bright children came upon Norah; or, as they all called her, Noddy.

She was a wild looking Irish girl, and could not read a word, but she was tidy, affectionate and faithful. Her hands had trained the wild vines that made their home a bower in the summer season, and sometimes caused the passengers in railroad trains that rushed by, to look with astonishment at sight of a wilderness of green, and one or more tangled heads bobbing through to wish them good speed.

"O, that was a cabin, was it?" they would say, looking back. "How picturesque!"

Old Wills was doing very well, now, working on the road. Indeed, he was an industrious man, and fed the five mouths dependent upon him with the best he could get.

I doubt not they lived well in that homely cabin. It had but two rooms and a bit of a loft, but then Noddy remembered when their cabin was but a heap of mud thrown a little higher than the surrounding earth; when the floor was beaten clay, very cold and uncomfortable, and when the smoke often filled their one room, rendering comfort quite out of the question. She remembered, also, that once the biggin full of potatoes was all she got, day after day, and that the pigs sometimes shared with them.

You may smile when I say that the log hut seemed just a little palace to Noddy when she first saw it; but it is truth. Never went a happier or lighter-hearted princess into her castle, than was Noddy, the Irish girl, when she stepped over the sill of her new American home. She took great pride in keeping the rough floor clean and swept; she helped her father make the rude furniture; she went blithely about, singing as she worked.

On summer nights her happiness was perfect, for she could sit outside in the soft moonlight, while the old father smoked his pipe in stupid content, and the children played about her feet.

But when the track was laid; when the great snorting engine flew by, or stopped to take in wood or water just a little way beyond, then Noddy felt that she had company enough. She little thought that a great trouble was coming to her through that same curious combination of wood and metal.

"It's a foine man, that conductor," old Wills said, one day; "a very civil gintleman."

"Why, how do you know father?" asked Noddy.

"He's took me up to the bend days when I've been tired, more times nor onct," was the reply. "It's seldom them sort notices a poor man."

"It's yer gray hairs, daddy," said Noddy, hanging over him and threading her fingers through the faded locks; "it's because ye're an ould man, an' all the more credit to him."

She bent down and kissed the wrinkled forehead. It was the first time since her mother's death, more than eight years before.

It was also the last.

That same day poor Wills was run over by that down train. The conductor happened to be looking ahead from the platform of a car, and had seen him start out of the bend and fall upon the track. His efforts to stop the train were unavailing. It was too late. The engine was stopped, but not before the poor Irishman's body bore no longer the soul that God had lent it sixty years before.

The conductor's heart was touched. He saw the poor mangled body.

"He's left a young, motherless girl and four little children,' he said, the hot tears dropping on his cheeks. "If I only could have saved the poor old man! What will they do now?"

He himself went to the log cabin to carry the news. The sight of pretty, red-cheeked Noddy, crooning her old Irish music without words, almost unmanned him. How should he tell her?

"I'm the conductor on the L. train," he said, falteringly, when one of the children called her attention to the fact of his presence.

"And it's you that daddy likes so well, I'm thinking," said Noddy, turning her blushing face away. "Did he send any message?"

The silence, the sad face, the working of the stranger's lips caused the girl's face to change white and grave. The work she held in her fingers fell to the ground—her lips parted, her eyes grew wider and dusky, and her low, plaintive voice seemed wrung from the heart as she exclaimed,—

"O, it's bad news ye've come to tell me. I read it in yer eyes."

"Yes, it is bad news; the worst to a motherless family. The old man"—and his voice failed him.

"Is there any life in him?" She leaned over, touching his arm. There were no tears, but the features were rigid; the voice a hollow whisper.

He could only shake his head.

Then her hand fell, her voice grew husky, and broken, and low.

"The ould father gone," she murmured, "and —I—I kissed him only this mornin'! The ould father gone."

She tottered into the house. The children caught her gown and cried, in chorus, grouping themselves about her, but she sat there, quite tearless, still, like one stunned into silence, until they brought him in and laid him upon the one narrow cot. Then she flung herself upon him, and moaned, and wailed, and sobbed as if her heart was broken.

The conductor brought down a priest at his own expense, and paid all the funeral expenses. After that Noddy preferred to stay in the lonely place with the children. It was home to her, she said; and though they might get less to eat, and nothing to wear, unless their distant neighbors pitied them, she could not leave the little shanty. She could plant, and she could live, and the children could work, and they'd do very well, please God.

After that, every morning one or another of the little Wills children came down to the bank to get a nod from their friend, who never passed them empty handed. Sometimes it was a good wheat loaf he pitched over to them, sometimes a small package of candies, sometimes a pair of shoes or stockings; and thus it went on for two years.

Noddy worked like a brave girl, and the people for miles around loved and respected her. In berry time she never had to pay a penny to get to town. She and any of the children were welcome to a ride there and a ride home, so that most of the money she took was clear gain.

One day, at twilight, within two hours of the train's arrival, Tom, the eldest Wills, rushed into the house.

"The whole world's tumbled in, I guess; just you come and see;" and he dragged his sister to the bend, only a few yards off. There had been a land slide, and the track was heaped up for a long way ahead with earth and stones, while on the other side the bank ran down forty feet into the water.

Noddy grew as white as death.

"The train!" she cried; "O, what can we do? It'll go over; there's hundreds aboard. Children, do what I bid ye, and for the love of Heaven be quick. Bring some shavings and some wood; bring the axe; bring the ould chairs—there's but little wood cut—bring the ould straw bed. Fly, boys, or sure it's crazy I'll go, and ye'll have no sister Noddy, and no father any more."

The boys did fly.

Not long after there were two or three shrill, quick shrieks from the powerful engine, as the train came thundering on.

"Trouble ahead."

There was a blaze on the track, torches of lurid fire, one, two, three.

"Yes, there's surely trouble," muttered the conductor, and in shorter time than I can tell it the train was stopped right in front of the Irish cabin, and there stood Noddy, her face wild, her hair blowing in the night wind, the straw she held burning almost down to her fingers' ends.

Every cheek blanched with horror, when the passengers learned that they had been so near death.

"I burned the chairs up first, an' then I tore the ould bed in pieces. I'd fired the shanty if that hadn't done," cried Noddy, breathless.

"Let us make her loss good," said one of the passengers, putting his hand in his pocket.

Noddy drew herself up. The girl looked magnificent in her rude beauty.

"I don't want money. D'ye think I want *money* for what I've done this night? No; I'd laid down here and lost my life, willing, before one hair o' *his* head should be harmed."

But money was left, enough to buy three shanties, if Noddy had wanted them. And what was better, a keen interest was awakened in behalf of Noddy, herself, and she and the caildren were placed in good schools.

I don't think if you saw Norah Wills to-day, you would call her a "wild Irish girl."

For the Companion.

TWO YEARS OLD.

Two bright eyes of softest blue,
Dewy lips of coral hue,
Rows of tiny, brilliant pearls,
Wealth of sunny, golden curls;
Busy little pattering feet,
Merry voice, so clear and sweet—
More than worth her weight in gold,
Little Carrie—two years old!

Sunbeam! fairy! household pet!
We can ne'er your face forget—
Crowned with sunshine, love and light,
Never clouded, always bright;
Little heart that knows no wrong,
How we bless thee, all day long!
Fairest lamb in all the fold,
Darling Carrie, two years old!

GRACE GORDON.

For the Companion.

TAKEN BY GIPSIES.

Constance and Perry were too young to understand much of the great mystery of death when they lost their mother. They were told that she had gone to some place called heaven, which was far beyond the sky—a place which their father spoke of as "the beautiful city." He told them of the pearly gates, the golden streets, the river of life and the celestial mountains, and their next question was, "But will she never come back to take care of her little children any more?"

To this question there was only the old answer. "No, she can never come back to you, but you will some time go to her."

Perry sobbed and cried like an April shower on hearing this, but was soon comforted, while Constance, although she was much more quiet at first, afterwards pondered deeply over what her father had told her.

One evening, as she was sitting in the doorway, just as the sun was going down, she saw the spires and white dwellings of Nottingham rising up between her and the sky. In that crimson light they glittered like burnished gold, while beyond stretched a range of blue mountains. The shifting clouds might well represent the pearly gates and the jasper walls, so it is not strange that the child conceived the idea that she was looking upon "the beautiful city" whither her mother had gone.

She thought she would ask her father about it, but he was not at home, neither was nurse. Then she called Perry, who agreed that heaven lay before them, and proposed that they should start for it immediately, and find mother. "If we could only tell father first," said Constance.

"Why, it's such a little way," said Perry, "we can go there and back before bed-time."

"O, yes, I am sure we can," said Constance; so she got her hat, and the two children started forth, little thinking what adventures were in store for them.

In order to shorten the distance as much as possible, they went across the fields instead of taking the highway. At first nothing could have been more delightful. They crowned themselves with buttercups and clover, they fed on delicious berries, they saw two squirrels, a pool full of "dear little frogs," and many other equally interesting objects.

By-and-by Perry's short, fat legs began to grow weary, and, worse yet, the "beautiful city" for which they had set out was as far off as ever. Truly our little pilgrims were in a sad plight, and would fain have turned back had they not come in such a roundabout way that it was now impossible.

Presently they came to a lane which led up to a lowered farm-house. This they passed through, and peeped wistfully between the bars at the other end, into the yard. A window was open in the kitchen, and by it sat a woman holding a baby.

They determined to go and ask her to direct them home, but just as they began to crawl through the bars, a great dog came bounding toward them, barking violently. They ran to the fields, and did not look back till the farm-house was out of sight.

Then they wandered on a long time, but saw no other house, nor met a human being, and were beginning to think they must pass the night alone in those dismal woods, when they saw a light gleaming through the trees.

This gave them new strength, and they hastened toward it, believing it to proceed from some dwelling. But as they drew nearer, they saw that the light came from an open fire around which were gathered a strange, wild group of men, women and children. There were also horses tied to the trees, and two or three large dogs keeping guard. It was in fact a gipsy encampment, as the children were wise enough to guess; but they scarcely knew whether to advance or retreat. While they were hesitating, a man spied them, and called the attention of the rest to them.

"A pretty time o' day for two babies like them to be strolling the woods," said he. And then advancing toward the children, he asked them what they wanted and where they were going.

"We're going to find our mother," said Constance.

"And where is she?" he inquired.

"Gone to the beautiful city."

"To Boston, hey?" said the man, laughing, and having no idea of their meaning, "Well, I guess you won't find her to-night, so you may as well come and stay with us."

As the man seemed very good-natured, the little wanderers were glad to accept his invitation, being all the more inclined that way by catching whiffs of something very savory from the pot boiling over the fire. An old woman tended it, who was wrapped in a plaid cloak in which scarlet predominated. She, and a few of the elders of the tribe spoke in broad Scotch, but the rest used a dialect compounded of Scotch, English and Canadian French, much of which was entirely incomprehensible to Constance and Perry. They, however, understood and appreciated the pottage which was given them for their supper, and soon after eating it, forgot their weariness and homesickness in sleep—a sleep none the less sweet because their bed was only a pile of leaves with a single blanket thrown over it.

And while they were unconsciously slumbering, a man was going up and down the street of Fairbrook, ringing a bell, and crying, "Lost—lost! Children lost"—a sound which brought all the inhabitants to their doors, and soon the father of the missing ones, accompanied by every able-bodied man in town, was searching the woods for them. Before morning they must have come upon the gipsy's camp, but close by the pool where the children had stopped to hear the frogs sing, they found small footprints, and a handkerchief with the name "Constance Evans," in one corner. So they called in their forces, and spent the night in dragging the pool.

The next day the gipsies turned their faces northward, intending to pass the summer in Canada. There were various reasons why they kept the children with them. In the first place, they coveted their nice clothing and the gold chains and lockets which they wore round their necks. They also believed that a reward would be offered for their return, or if not, that they would soon be able to do enough to compensate for their keeping.

Furthermore, Ben, the man who had first spoken to them, took a real fancy to Perry, and was unwilling to part with him. So, although he saw an advertisement for the little runaways, he said nothing about it, and no one else saw it, for he was the only one of the tribe who could read.

Perry soon learned to like his new way of life, but Constance pined for home and a sight of her father's face. The confusion of the camp, the thieving habits, the rough and often wicked language, were all shocking to her, and she was continually on the watch for some way of escape. But "Grannie," for so all the gipsies called the old woman in the plaid, was equally vigilant, so while Constance seemed to be as free as the birds of the air, she was in reality as much a prisoner as though stone walls had shut her in.

Once, as they were riding in their large covered wagons, she heard Ben say to some one, "That's a bonnie heifer o' yours."

"Wal, she is a likely critter," was the answer, in a drawling, nasal voice, which sounded strangely familiar. She pushed aside the white covering of the wagon, and her heart gave a jump, for there, within a few feet of her, was Simon Meigs, the butcher's boy, who had come "up country" for a drove of cattle. An awkward, long-limbed youth was Simon, a specimen Yankee, whom Constance well knew as one of the characters of Fairbrook.

"O Simon," she called, leaning forward; but Grannie's hand was clapped over her mouth, and she was thrust back to her seat.

Simon turned his head, thinking he heard his name called, but concluded that he was mistaken, or that one of the gipsies owned the same name, and passed on.

At another time, when they had again pitched their tents, a merry young party came to visit the camp and get their fortunes told. Constance had heard Grannie tell fortunes so many times,

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that she took little interest in what was going on until some one called out,—

"Come Mabel, come Campbell, come and see what the fates have in store for you."

"We prefer to await the unfoldings of destiny," said the gentleman, answering for both.

At this the sybil frowned, and muttered wrathfully, and in order to pacify her, Mabel threw back her veil, and, without dismounting from her horse, held out her hand for inspection.

Constance started and almost screamed, for now she recognized Mabel Ward, who often visited Fairbrook. O for one word in her ear, but there was the old gipsy close beside her, and Constance dared not approach. It chanced, however, that as they were riding away, Mabel's veil floated off, unperceived by her. Constance darted and caught it up, and restoring it to Mabel, whispered,—

"Tell father we are here."

She had time to utter no more before Grannie seized and shook her violently, exclaiming, by way of apology to her visitors,—

"Sic a naughty hizzie!"

"A pretty little midget," observed Mabel to Mr. Campbell, as they rode away.

"Very; how odd to see blue eyes with such a brown skin!"

"Had she blue eyes? I did not notice," said Mabel, and, supposing the child to be a veritable gipsy, she thought no more of her or of her strange request.

At least not till long afterwards, when, taking up an old newspaper to wrap something in, she saw the advertisement of the lost children.

"Evans—Fairbrook; it must be my old acquaintance," she said. "I wonder I never saw it before!" and then she remembered the gipsy child's request.

Having once associated the two ideas she could not again separate them; so sending for her friend, Mr. Campbell, she put the case before him. He was not sanguine, but admitted the possibility that they might be on the right track, and went himself to Fairbrook to see Mr. Evans, who, although he had been many times disappointed, was ready for a new quest with even a shadow of hope.

And so it happened that one day, when the gipsies were just packing their tents for a journey across the border, the two gentlemen appeared among them.

"O, father!" cried Constance, springing to the arms, opened to receive her, although it was difficult to identify this sun-burnt, bare-footed, ragged little gipsy maiden, with the delicate child who had left him so many weeks ago.

Perry, who since the first day or two had been quite contented, was busy helping Ben pack the wagons, or rather making believe help. Hearing his sister's exclamation, he turned and saw his father, and bounded toward him, quite overjoyed. But when it came to leaving, there was a struggle between his love for his father, and his affection for Ben and a certain pony which he had been allowed to call his own. He wanted to go home, he said, but Ben and the pony must go, too. And the pony went, for Mr. Evans bought him, but Ben could not be persuaded to leave his wild life, and he and Perry parted with sincere grief.

Thus ended the search for the beautiful city; yet always as Constance turns her eyes to the far away mountains and the spires of Nottingham, glowing in the sunset light, she remembers her childish fancy, and though she has long since learned that it was but a fancy, she knows that there is "a city which hath foundations," and there she hopes at last to find her mother. R. C.

THE "GOGRAFY LESSON."

In one of our rural schools an unpromising son of some twelve years was accepted as a pupil. Here is a sample of his attainments:

"Well, my little boy," said the teacher, "where were you born?"

"In Varmount."

The teacher scarcely credited his own sense of hearing, and again asked,—

"Where?"

"In Varmount, you see."

The teacher thought the ghost of Ichabod Crane was before him and he had omitted one of his pupils, and felt impressed to help him over the words of two syllables, as Ichabod did those of his school.

After our pupil had toiled for one or two days amid the perplexities of school life, a Primary Geography was placed on his desk.

"What's that?' said he.

"It is a geography," said the teacher.

"Gografy! can't study gografy! never did such a thing in all my life!"

"Well," said the teacher, "you can look at the pictures."

Several days more passed on, when signs of new life appeared to be breaking forth from "Varmount's" mind. Not being able to attract attention by the varied movements of the arm, he was like a regular member of the House and cried out,—

"Teacher! got a gografy lesson."

The recitation of a class was now proceeding and he was requested to study a little longer. But he was not to be neglected. He had learned a lesson in geography, and the teacher must be witness of the fact. Audibly he whispers,—

"Never'd seen one afore, you see."

Head, hands, arms and legs are now called into action. His appeal this time was not to be slighted. Louder than before he cries out,—

"Teacher, got my gografy lesson."

"Well," said the teacher, as he stood by his side, "what can you see in the pictures?"

"*Keows.*"

"That's right; you can see cows, and what more can you see?"

"That's all I got," said he, and fell into his seat, evidently well satisfied with his success (in gografy) and to the great amusement of the whole school.

For the Companion.

THE WESTERN FEVER AT HOME.

"Hollo, there, stage-driver! What's a wantin'? Broke anythin'?" screamed a tall youth of eighteen from the door of the shoemaker's house in Elton. "Jim—to a younger boy—"go kick a path and see what he wants."

It was a bitterly cold night in January, in the days when there were neither stoves nor furnaces. The stage had just come in, and, for a wonder, had left a guest at the door of Andrew Dorr. The Dorrs never had company, and this event made quite a commotion at the tavern, in the post-office and in the store. It was decided, in all these places, after mature deliberation, that as there wasn't much to eat there, now that the old man was sick, company wouldn't be very welcome. But they were mistaken.

The guest who stumbled, half frozen, out of the stage was Dorr's brother, who had just come from his home in the West, to sympathize with him in his trouble. The boys, who rushed to the front door, soon knew his voice, and were rejoiced to see him. Uncle James had some money, and he was their hero.

Ben Dorr, the oldest of Andrew's boys, was a youth of staid habits, literally—for he never stirred unless he was obliged to! But he was a grand fellow to give orders! He bustled about now, and shouted so loud, that one who didn't know him, might have thought the whole shop and house depended on him!

"Here, Joe, get the lantern! Be spry, now! Hartley, what do you stand there for? Why don't you help Uncle James in with his valise? There, now, that's right! You're welcome a thousand times, uncle. Walk right to the fire!"

Poor uncle found it easier to stumble in than to walk in, so benumbed were his feet, and his countenance fell at sight of the poor, lazy looking fire of green wood, that sizzled and cried on the andirons, without giving out any heat.

When the first frozen greetings were over, Mrs. Dorr, a poor, weak, discouraged looking woman, asked, "Why, boys, can't you get up a better fire than this, to warm your uncle? Your father suffers a great deal more when the room gets so cold."

"O yes, mother," cried Ben, in a most hopeful tone, "we'll have a bright fire by the time uncle gets his things off and is ready to warm himself."

"I reckon I'm ready now," cried Uncle James, jocosely; "but if I wait much longer, I'll be beyond warming."

Ben turned round to his brothers, who were hovering again round that mockery of a fire, and said, in a subdued voice,—

"Get the lantern, and go down cellar, and knock up those two flour barrels," adding, in a loud, brave tone, "Come, now, be spry!"

"Aint no candle in the lantern, and I don't know where the axe is," replied Jim, rather too loud to suit Ben's plan.

"You can split up barrels just as well in the dark; you know the shape of the staves, and where to hit," said the superindendent, in a whisper.

"Go yourself; you've no business to leave your wood till this time," replied Jim, with more justice than politeness. "I did up all my work two hours ago, and come home to freeze for your laziness! You didn't shovel the paths, either, and mother'll have to wade up to her neck to get to the well when I aint here!"

Now, although Uncle James was keeping up a conversation—as well as he could by chattering out replies—with the poor sick man and his wife, he lent one ear to the boys, and decided on their characters before Ben went out for the barrel staves.

"I hope the boys are able to keep you comfortable in your sickness, Andrew," he said.

"Well, they've done the best they could, poor fellows," replied the father—fathers generally give their boys full credit, and sometimes a little more—"but we've had a hard pull. Ben keeps up my business as well as he can—that is, he does such little rough mending as comes in—and he splits the wood"—Uncle James turned round and glanced quizzically at the hissing logs—"and he shovels all the paths"—Uncle James stamped his feet, from which the snow had not yet melted—"and—and—well, he does the best he can, poor fellow; boys can't do much, you know."

"You and I did a good deal, brother, long before we were his age," replied Uncle James.

"So we did; but boys aint now what boys were then, you know," said poor Dorr, patiently.

"They ought to be," said Uncle James. "What's little Jim about there? He's small of his age, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he's smart, I tell you," said the sick man, his eye kindling with animation. "He does chores for two farmers up the road, and gets well paid, too. All the milk, and meal, and vegetables that comes into this house is earned by those thin little hands."

Here Uncle James looked at Jim's little hands, and then at the great brown ones of Ben, who had come back, and was piling the barrel staves on to the fire in a way that promised present heat at the expense of future cold.

The men, when once well warmed, began to talk over old times, and at length Uncle James entered into the story of his Western life, at which the three boys drew their chairs close up to him, and, leaning forward, looked earnestly in his face; for they had the impression that he had fallen upon fairy land and paradise combined, where the rocks flowed with milk and honey, and where the wild cattle walked into his pastures and tamed themselves, and where they *almost* killed and packed themselves for the Eastern market.

"You make money sitting still out there, don't you, uncle?" asked Ben, after hearing a glowing description of the prairie pastures. "I've got the Western fever on me!"

"Make money sitting still?" cried Uncle James. "No, boy; you can't do that on a Western farm any more than on a Yankee shoemaker's bench. You have to work for what you get, anywhere. God never made a spot for lazy folks. Don't He say in His Word that by the sweat of his brow man shall eat his bread? I can tell you I've sweat as hard on my farm in Missouri, as ever I did on father's farm in New England. You've got the Western fever, ha?"

"Yes, sir, strong," replied Ben; "and if father hadn't been taken sick, I should have tried to go out next spring. I'll never rest till I *get there.*"

"You'll never rest *after you get there*, I can promise you that, if you're to make any thing. You'll change the Western fever for the fever and ague, if you go out there to sit down," said the shrewd old man.

"I'm bound to be a farmer, though," said Ben.

"Why don't you go at it at once?" replied Uncle James.

"Got no farm," replied Ben.

"Haint you a piece of land here and a wood lot, brother?" asked the uncle, of Andrew Dorr.

"Well, yes; two acres and a half here, and a ten acre wood lot up on the old place. I've thought many a time I'd have to sell the land, but as it is rising in value, I've held on to it so far, hoping to give the boys a start with it by-and-by."

"How much did you make off your two acres and a half, last summer, Ben?" asked Uncle James.

"Well, I didn't work it all; I didn't try to," replied the youth in whose veins the Western fever was burning so fiercely. "It's no use to go to work on a garden patch like this!"

"Isn't it, though? Of course you raised all your year's vegetables, and cut and hauled your winter's wood."

"I ploughed up the garden, and"——

"And mother and I planted and weeded it, and had all our summer vegetables," said little Hartley, thinking he was helping out Ben's poor memory.

"I had no money to hire the wood cut or hauled," replied Ben, in some confusion.

"Why didn't you get it done on shares?" asked Uncle James.

"The men wanted too much of the wood for their work," replied Ben.

"Did they want it *all?*"

"No, sir."

"Well, how much have you laid in for seasoning?"

Now came out the fact that Ben cut and hauled a green tree to the house only when forced to do it, while hundreds of dollars might have been made from the wood lot, even if he had hired a man and a team, by taking hold with a good will himself.

"You ought to have a run of the Western fever, at home, my boy," said Uncle James.

He stayed with the family three days, during which time he set glass, screwed on loose hinges, locks and bolts, and mended the pig pen, so that poor Mrs. Dorr need not chase a truant porker all round the neighborhood when her boys were away.

When he went away he left supplies to last the family through the winter, and promised to see to his brother's comfort till he should recover from his sickness. This, he said, he felt bound to do, as he was going to take the mainstay of the family, little Jim, with him, to make a Western farmer of him.

The little place and the wood lot were, by his advice, put out on shares to a neighbor, and Ben, who might, with a little energy, have made himself independent there, was left to do such jobs at cobbling as came in his way,—for no one ever thought of putting his father's work into his easy hands.

Little Jim had the promise of a farm of his own when eighteen, and he went away with tears in his eyes, promising in three or four years to come back and move the family out to Missouri.

For the Companion.

DUNCES.

We have written a number of articles for the *Companion* concerning eminent persons who discovered remarkable abilities in youth; and have stated, perhaps, that Fisher Ames entered Harvard at the age of twelve, and Edward Everett at thirteen; that Bishop Heber translated *Phædrus* into English at seven; that Anna Seward repeated from memory the first three books of "Paradise Lost" at nine; that Lord Brougham wrote on philosophy at eighteen.

But all eminent men have not been remarkable for early attainments. Some of the grandest spirits that the world has ever known—men whose works and memory are enduring—were regarded in youth as dunces. They flowered late, but bore the rarest fruit.

It is somewhat discouraging for a boy of moderate abilities, who aims to do his best, to be told that others accomplished in childhood what he can do only by hard study in the best years of his youth. But such a boy should not relax his efforts. He will succeed, if he gives his heart and mind to the work.

That distinguished teacher, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, after speaking of those who zealously cultivate inferior powers of mind, said of such a pupil, "I would stand to that man hat in hand." He once spoke sharply to a dull boy, who replied,—

"Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can."

Dr. Arnold said that he never so felt a rebuke in his life.

Sir Isaac Newton was a pronounced dunce in his early school days. He stood low in his classes, and seemed to have no relish for study. One day the "bright boy" of the school gave him a kick in the stomach, which caused him severe pain.

The insult stung young Newton to the quick, and he resolved to make himself felt and respected by improved scholarship.

He applied himself resolutely to study, and ere long stood in his classes above the boy who had kicked him, and ultimately became the first scholar in the school.

Newton owed his pre-eminence in his philosophical studies more to perseverance and application than to any marvellous natural endowments.

Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no boy could appear more stupid, was the butt of ridicule at school. A school dame, after wonderful patience and perseverance, taught him the alphabet, a thing which she deemed creditable to her skill, and which she lived to mention with pride when her pupil became famous. He made no progress in the exact studies, but liked history and Latin poetry.

He was a sore trial to his ambitious mother, who made many fruitless efforts to quicken his wits by her sharp words. His relatives, teachers and schoolmates all told him that he was a fool, which verdict he did not dispute, but took good-humoredly. Even when he had produced the "Traveller," an eminent critic said to a friend, "Sir, I do believe that Goldsmith wrote that poem, and that, let me tell you, is believing a great deal."

Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and, when attending the University at Edinburgh, he went by the name of "The Great Blockhead." But he wasted no time on trifles, and, in pursuing a study that he loved, as, for example, history or

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the classics, he was persevering and methodical. He was one of those whose knowledge on a subject that interested him increased until it lay like a great volume in his mind. When Walter Scott began to make use of that knowledge, society gave him another name, somewhat different from the Edinburgh appellation. It was "The Great Magician."

Hutton, the antiquarian, whose knowledge of books was deemed remarkable, was slow to learn when a boy. He was sent to school to a certain Mr. Meat. He thus tells his experience: "My master took occasion to beat my head against the wall, holding it by the hair, but he could never beat any learning into it."

Sheridan found it hard to acquire the elements of learning. His mother deemed it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys. Adam Clarke was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce," and Dr. Chalmers was regarded by his teacher as an "incorrigible" one. Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who, finding himself unable to teach him anything in a satisfactory manner, settled it that the boy was "a fool."

Teachers are apt to become impatient over dull scholars, and to predict of them that they will never come to any thing. Such uncalled for prophecies ought to discourage no scholar who tries to do well. A certain Edinburgh professor once pronounced upon a student this severe opinion: "Dunce you are, and dunce you will ever remain." That student was Sir Walter Scott."

If a dull boy feels an inspiration stirring within to do something worthy in literature, or science, or art, let him set his face as a flint towards his object. Let him be patient, hopeful and self-reliant, unmoved by laughter, undiscouraged by evil prophecies.

"The slow,
Still process of the rain, distilling down
The great sweat of the sea, is never seen
In the consummate spectacle flashed forth,
A snow-hued arch upon the clouds of heaven;
So never sees the world those energies,
Strong effort and long patience, which have stirred
In low obscurity, and slowly heaved
In darkness up, till sudden glory springs
Forth from it, arching like a perfect rainbow."

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

WHAT I SAW IN ENGLAND.

From a Correspondent

Imagine a long array of glass-tenements, rows upon rows of hot-houses without flowers, only a few shrivelled, wretched plants that have neither kindly sun nor atmosphere.

That is Spitalfields, the weavers' corner of London. There the weavers, men and women, sit day after day, when the times are favorable, and throw in their subtle shades of color, that soft glow and gloss that go to make the dainty silks which you and I wear, provided we have the means to get them, for as the old folks say, "Silk is silk, now-a-days."

Perhaps you have been to the great Victoria Park, previous to seeing Spitalfields—the poor people's park, as some call it. Happy the poor, or the rich either, to have a park so spacious and beautiful.

There you have seen the pale, ill-clad woman, enjoying the beautiful fragrance of great beds of roses, leaning over the railing to watch the rippling water, upon which ride many gayly painted boats, filled with men, women and children, laughing, singing, laving their hands in the bright little waves.

Even over in yonder beautiful bower, full of flowers, and rustic ornaments, planted about with trees, the little innocent children, in their cotton gowns and stockingless feet, can play and leap, and have just as good a time as if they were dressed in purple and fine linen; nay, a better, perhaps.

Then along those wide, clean, gravelled walks, you have watched the nurses, drawing all kinds of carriages, from the little rickety box upon four tipsy-looking wheels, to that handsome little Brougham, with its dainty Afghan, which I dare say is the purchase of a hard-working father, who denied himself fine clothes that his baby might ride like a little princess.

All the walks are lovers' walks. Watch that little mother, guiding the feet of her tiny babe; what a lover she is! Wherever she goes, she carries that tender, blessed mother-heart with her—and always a pair of soft eyes are looking up in her face, and always she feels the clasp of two little clinging hands.

Papa would tell me that was too sentimental, but I can't help being sentimental, when I see the sights in that great park, where carriages seldom roll, as in Rotten Row, filled with the style, the elegance, the beauty of London's aristocracy.

But Spitalfields!

We had the good fortune to talk with some of the weavers. One of them invited us into his home to see how he lived. There were but two rooms, separated by a half-glass partition, but I can see their refreshing cleanliness, even now.

On the wall hung a curious emblem, and when I asked what it was, the weaver said, smiling grimly, that it was his family coat-of-arms.

"My great grandfather was one of the old *noblesse* of France," he went on. "He had the misfortune to offend the King, and was virtually banished. We don't look much like nobility, here."

I might have answered "You do," for I never saw a more strikingly handsome face than his. Thin, almost emaciated, but with features of singular beauty and delicacy, in fact, quite faultless, I thought, as to contour. He looked more like a lord than a weaver.

Presently a little girl came in, and caught his hand and clung to him.

"She's my only child, miss," he said, looking fondly down upon her. "I had five, but when the fever was in this part of London, three years ago, four of my children died, within two days of each other; four beautiful little girls, miss."

"O, how dreadful!" I exclaimed, shuddering.

"Well, not so dreadful as might be," he said; "so I got to thinking, after a time. You see, miss, it isn't with us as with them who knows what to depend upon, or can see a reasonable hope for the future. Some of my neighbors' girls has gone astray, I'm sorry to say. They wanted fine clothes, poor things, and enough to eat; and I sometimes think the Lord took mine from the evil to come. At all events, they're a deal better off than they would have been with me. But it was hard; it almost took my reason away at the first."

"Is your wife living?" asked papa.

"O yes; she's in at a neighbor's, now, and very poorly. She took the loss hardest—she was the mother, you know."

There was such a pathos in his words and manner that I felt the tears coming into my eyes.

"She was up with them day and night, you see, and it wore her out. I don't think she will ever be a well woman again; consumption runs in her family. She's a neat mistress, though, and a willing. She'd be working at the looms if I'd let her; but I'd rather bear double. Would you like to see the loom going? I've a bit of work on hand."

Of course we would; I was delighted, and as I watched the slender threads enfold each other, and gradually a clear, clean line of violet colored silk come into being and shine there, I thought that the weaver's home should be more comfortable, his cares less wearing.

Suddenly he looked up.

"I've often wished I could come to America, sir," he said, with an asking gaze.

"I think you could work your way there," said papa.

"Yes; I know I could. I've a turn for printing and engraving. I could go in a mill; there's a hundred things I could do, and I think I'd breathe freer the minute my feet touched the sod."

"Why don't you go?" asked my father.

He turned away with a sadder look.

"It's all I can do to get bread for our three mouths," he murmured, in a helpless way. "It's a hard country for a poor man, this, sir—a hard country. I know I'd do well across the water, sir. I like the sound of the name, Columbia, I like the free institutions. I'd like the people, who seem to be on the same level, and no ridiculous classifying, though there be rich and poor. But I'll never go, I suppose; besides, the voyage might be too much for the mistress; and there'd be no home for me there without her."

As he spoke his wife came in. She was not at all noble looking, like her husband, but she had a sweet, timid, trusting face, and seemed like a woman made for home and love.

The little girl sprang towards her and caught her hands.

"Here's company to see the looms, Hannah," said the man.

"I'm glad to see them," she said, simply, and then she coughed.

From the moment I heard the cough, I wanted to go. That poor little face, with its hectic cheeks, haunted me long afterward.

This was one of the best of the weavers' homes.

"They're not all like us," said the man, as we noticed two women in violent altercation, a few doors below. "There's them that drinks, and them that quarrels, but in the main, they are sociable, well-meaning people, and work very hard for very little money."

Sometimes they made three shillings a day, and sometimes five, he said, which only carried them through, but didn't leave enough to bury them.

How I pitied that poor weaver! Under other circumstances he would have been a cultivated, genial gentleman, and I fancied how he would enjoy books, and music, and flowers, and all the sweet and beautiful things of life. But alas! it was not so to be. ALICE.

London, 1870.

KINDLE AND SMILE.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan
"Ah, the cheerless weather!"

POLITICAL MACHINERY.

Not long since the United States Senate, after considerable debate, displaced Mr. Sumner, the senior Senator from Massachusetts, from the post of Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations.

As Mr. Sumner is one of the ablest and most prominent men of the day, and has held the place mentioned for ten years,—and as the Senate contains a large majority of the party to which he belongs,—this proceeding has caused a great deal of talk.

With the political character of the proceeding we have nothing to do, and we have no idea of discussing it; but it seems to us that the occasion furnishes an opportunity to explain some of the details of the workings of our political system.

The United States Senate, like all other legislative bodies, appoints a large number of "standing committees." Each of these committees consists of a certain number of Senators, and to each committee is referred the business that it is appointed specially to consider. The Senator whose name stands first on a committee is its chairman; and as he is, generally speaking, a man of talents and note, he is a personage of considerable importance, and wields a great deal of power.

The highest committee in the Senate is the Committee on Foreign Relations. The reason why this committee is so high in position, as well as in public estimation, is the importance of the business with which it is entrusted.

Ever since the war of 1812–15, the American nation has been gaining respect in the eyes of foreign nations. The reason of this is, because our country has been growing in population, and in wealth, and in moral influence, until it stands in the front rank among the great powers of the earth. Foreign nations, therefore, respect us accordingly. So foreign business grows in importance.

Then the Senate has, in connection with the President, charge of our diplomatic business. It helps make treaties with foreign governments, and it confirms or rejects the persons appointed to be American Ministers or Consuls in foreign countries. With all these matters the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations has much to do; and, consequently, the Chairman of that Committee is officially a very great and influential personage. Almost always he is one of the ablest men in the Senate.

Being what he is, the Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations has much business to transact with the President of the United States, and with the Secretary of State, who have immediate charge of all our political relations with foreign countries, are specially concerned with the diplomatic and consular appointments, and who, with the advice and consent of the Senate, make treaties.

It is contended that the Chairman of the Committee should be of the same views with the President and Secretary of State,—and generally he is so; but of late Mr. Sumner and the President have not agreed on certain national questions, and we suppose it was for this reason in the main, that a new Chairman was appointed.

APRIL FOOLS.

There are always fools enough in the world, but those who are so considered on the first day of April, called All Fools day, are not ordinarily very indignant at the appellation. The custom of fooling the unwary on this day seems to be a very ancient one. The Jews even attribute it to the time of the patriarch Noah, who sent a dove from the Ark on what proved to be a "wild goose chase," as it is said, on the first day of the Hebrew month answering to our April.

The old Romans observed a festival called the Feast of Fools, when they offered sacrifices to Venus, as the Queen of Laughter. A similar festival was afterwards kept by the early Christians, who adopted far too many of the old heathen practices. The antiquity of the custom shows that there is some ground for the idea that All Fools was once written Auld or Old Fools. The Hindoos still observe a feast called the Hoolee, when persons are sent on foolish errands, and expose themselves to the ridicule of being "Hoolee foolee."

An old French writer ascribes the custom of dispatching children and others on bootless errands, the sole result of which is laughter, to the time of our Lord, when the Jews sent Christ backward and forward to mock Him, from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod; but it would be strange if so ridiculous a practice took its rise in so serious a source.

Together with a good deal of folly the first of April sometimes gives occasion to a little wit, as Goldsmith tells us of the country folks of Ireland that it was on this day they showed their wit.

One very commonplace joke used formerly to be, to say, "Sir, there's something out of your pocket."

"Where? What?"

"Your hand, sir."

Or to a lady, "Ma'am, you've something on your face."

"Indeed! Dear me! what is it?"

"Why, your nose, ma'am—you April fool."

It would seem that only a very young or ignorant person could be sent to a bookseller's for the "Life and Adventures of Eve's Mother," but this also was once a favorite errand for the first day of April.

Some years ago an elaborate hoax was played on a number of persons in London on All Fools' day. A day or two before, they received a card, printed in proper style, with these words: "TOWER OF LONDON.—Admit the Bearer and Friend to view the Annual Ceremony of Washing the White Lions, on Sunday, April 1, 1860. Admitted at the White Gate."

Many thousands were thus taken in, but not at the tower, for on arriving there no White Gate was to be found. The only lion, too, was the liar who had made the hoax, and who, it is hoped, will not concoct another white lie on the first of April.

INITIALS.

The custom is so common of using the initials of a name only instead of the full appellation, that when a name is given to a child, it is a matter of importance to consider what the initial letters will be.

A gentleman named Sprague proposed to call his first boy Arthur Spencer. Fortunately, before the child was baptized it was discovered that with these names his initials would form the word A. S. S. A young lady was not so fortunate. Her initials, before she was married, spelt the word A. P. E. She became Mrs. Thomson, so that her initials were changed to A. P. T., which she regarded as an apt change.

Another father, one Mr. Long, named his son Alfred Washington. The boy's initials thus made A. W. L., and so who could tell but he would grow up to be a great bore. A man named Wood married a lady named Orton, who wished her two sons to take her maiden appellation. They were, therefore, called respectively Benjamin Or-

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ton Wood and William Orton Wood, and together their initials expressed a B. O. W., W. O. W.

Every body has heard of the famous firm in Birmingham, England, which was said to consist of Isaac Cachem and Uriah Cheetham. It was printed on their sign, "I. Cachem and U. Cheetham," and was naturally read by the passers-by as "I catch 'em and you cheat 'em," though the firm was said to be as honest as lawyers usually are.

GARDEN TOOLS.

In every trade tools must be used. The hands cannot work effectively alone. Now, like all other material occupations, gardening requires implements. To even plant a few flower seeds one should have tools, such as a rake, a trowel. When the weeds come, then a hoe, or something in its place, is needed. We cannot even cut flowers without a knife, or make a bouquet without a bit of string.

Now what sort of tools does a boy or girl need who intends this spring to set out a garden?

Let me see. First of all, a trowel should be made or bought. Not a flat, masonic trowel, but one having the edges turned up and having a strong handle.

Then if it can be afforded, spend a dollar for a shuffle hoe; that is, a hoe having two edges and a long handle. This is used to keep away the weeds. It is lighter than the ordinary hoe, and is used in a different way,—pushed over the ground without much exertion.

Then a rake is needed; an iron rake with small teeth is the best. This is used to smooth the ground and make the beds look neat.

Of course a boy will have a knife; and a girl can get one. A stout pocket knife will answer the purpose, and come into use very often. We once heard an old gardener say that "he might as well lose his head as his jack-knife."

A digging fork is very convenient in the spring and fall, and a watering-pot while planting seeds. A ball of twine and some stout sticks to fasten plants to, will be useful. One might find use for many more tools, but these are all that are really needed.

THE PIE THAT HAUNTED DICKENS.

The turbot which the boarders thought was "not so good as the one last week," and which the landlady said was "the very same one," seems to have its parallel for durability in this marvellous pastry:

Once I passed a fortnight at an inn in the north of England, where I was haunted by the ghost of a tremendous pie. It was a Yorkshire pie, like a fort,—an abandoned fort with nothing in it; but the waiter had a fixed idea that it was a point of ceremony at every meal to put the pie on the table.

After some days I tried to hint, in several delicate ways, that I considered the pie done with; as, for example, by emptying fag ends of glasses of wine into it; putting cheese-plates and spoons into it, as into a basket; putting wine bottles into it, as into a cooler; but always in vain, the pie being invariably cleaned out and brought up as before.

At last, beginning to be doubtful whether I was not the victim of a spectral illusion, and whether my health and spirits might not sink under the horrors of an imaginary pie, I cut a triangle out of it fully as large as the musical instrument of that name in a powerful orchestra. Human provision could not have foreseen the result—but the waiter mended the pie. With some effectual species of cement, he adroitly fitted the triangle in again, and I paid my reckoning and fled.—*Charles Dickens.*

READY TO CONTRIBUTE.

A young doctor in a new settlement, on being asked to contribute towards enclosing and ornamenting the village cemetery, very coolly replied that if he filled it, he thought he should do his part.

Dr. Goldsmith once declared that he would never again prescribe for a friend. He had just dismissed a vexing case, in which he had failed to satisfy his patient.

"Right," said a person who overheard the remark. "When you attempt to kill, let it be only your enemies."

Goldsmith concluded that "doctoring" was not his calling, and turned poet.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SAVING AND SPENDING.

The New Orleans *Picayune* tells the story of a printer, who, when his fellow-workmen went out to drink beer, during the working hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to drink:

He kept to this resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account and found that he had on deposit $521 86. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill-health. Three out of five of his fellow workmen had in the meantime become drunkards, were worthless as workmen and were discharged. The water drinker then bought out the printing-office, went on enlarging his business, and twenty years from the time he began to put by his money was worth $100,000. The story, whether new or old, teaches a lesson which every young mechanic should lay to heart.

MICE IN THE MONEY DRAWER.

Mice and men are natural enemies, but with all the thefts on one side and slaughter on the other,

> "The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft agley."

The following, from the Lawrence *American*, shows how ready the four-footed gentry are to do mischief (when they get a chance) where men will feel it most:

One night last August, Mr. H. J. Denham, the apothecary, lost upwards of $30 from his money drawer; the next night $5 disappeared, and subsequently scrip was missing; he read in the *American*, about that time, of a person being unjustly suspected of taking money afterwards found in the nest of a mouse, and as he had perfect confidence in his assistants, he arrived at the conclusion that his loss had been caused in a similar manner; he has had no opportunity to investigate, however, until Saturday, when, taking his counter partly in pieces, he picked up bills and scrip amounting to about $29; they were scattered about among shavings and papers, torn and partially destroyed; the bills were but little eaten, however, and are all safe; he proposes to prospect farther.

HAVE YOU PAID

For your *Companion* this year? No? Are you uncertain about it? Ask the figures against your name, on the margin of your paper. Their reply will be prompt and polite, and as considerate as brevity can possibly make it.

If you have not paid your subscription, remember that a good act is never out of season, and gratify the Publishers by sending them the amount due. The money can be sent in a letter, by mail, to the address of

PERRY MASON & Co.,
Publishers Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

A LITTLE GIRL'S QUEER SAYINGS.

The droll speeches of little children (on all subjects) come like plums in a pie. We like them, and they often make our wisdom wiser as well as sweeter:

Kitty's papa is a physician; and one night she said, in her little prayer, "O God! bless my papa, and take care of him when he goes out into the night; for, although he carries a lantern, he cannot take care of himself as well as he can in the light." Having been troubled with unpleasant dreams the previous night, she offered this prayer one evening: "O God! take away all my bad thinks; and, if I have any thinks at all, let them be pleasant ones, so I shall have pleasant dreams."

At one time, there was a lady visiting Kitty's mother who had false teeth. Seeing her take them out, one day, Kitty, with the greatest simplicity, asked, "Mrs. Morton, can you take out your *tongue, too?*"

One evening, when there was a severe thunder shower, Kitty said, "Mamma, I guess God is putting His little children to bed; for I heard Him *pull out the trundle-bed!*"

THE "SCAPEGOAT."

There is something of philosophy in the following old epigram:

> "It blew a hard storm,
> And in utmost confusion,
> The sailors all hurried
> To get absolution;
> Which done, and the weight
> Of their sins they confessed,
> Transferred, as they thought,
> From themselves to the priest,
> To lighten the ship,
> And conclude their devotion,
> They tossed the poor parson
> Souse into the ocean."

TAKE HIS OWN RECOMMEND.

It is a tolerably good test of sincerity in praise, if the one giving it is willing to back it himself. Many are complimentary or generous for the moment, just to get rid of an applicant whom they hope never to see again:

A colored man recently applied to a prominent gentleman residing on Fifth Avenue, for a letter of recommendation, by means of which he hoped to obtain a situation. The man being well known to the gentleman in question, the testimonial was readily given. It was even more complimentary than Scipio himself had expected, and that worthy, on recovering his astonishment, exclaimed, "Say, Mr. ——, won't you give me something to do yourself on that recommendation?"

HOUSE MOVING.

A man in Aroostook county borrowed his neighbor's house, and after using it a few months, hauled it back again to the owner's premises.

Sharp land-speculators at the far West sometimes borrow a small hut and move it upon their "claim" for six weeks or more, just to say to the law-officer that they have a house.

Superb Presents.

The Publishers of the Companion

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To those subscribers to the COMPANION who send the largest number of new names to the paper, up to July 1, 1871.

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10 Silver Pencils and Gold Pens, cost of each.$3.
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In Addition to a Premium for each New Subscriber,

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Is from the well known manufactory of Messrs. WOODWARD & BROWN, 387 Washington Street, this city. It is seven octave, full round corners, French action, large size, highly finished rosewood case, with serpentine moulding. A superb present.

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If you have not received a Premium List, send for one.

Perry Mason & Co.,

Publishers Youth's Companion.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

What proper name of 6 letters can be so arranged in a square as to be read 12 different ways, and also will show another proper name of 4 letters reading in 20 different ways, and still a third name of 3 letters reading 20 different ways? M. L. S.

2.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 2, 28, 35, 18, 5, 14 is an island in the Levant.
My 4, 20, 33, 10, 26, 29 was a queen of Persia.
My 6, 22, 15, 5, 12, 21 is a city of Greece.
My 9, 20, 7, 5, 12, 23 was a Jewish measure.
My 12, 5, 2, 13, 6, 7 was a heathen idol.
My 18, 36, 2, 30, 6, 14 was a benevolent woman.
My 21, 10, 11, 8, 3, 31 is a title of Messiah.
My 27, 25, 19, 5, 2, 33 were used in offerings.
My 34, 16, 1, 24, 5, 2 was a kind of wood.
My 37, 25, 12, 32, 5, 17 was a distinguished prophet.
My whole is a verse in the Bible. ISOLA.

3.

4.

CHARADE.

Old Farmer Smith he leaned on my *first*,
When his day's hard work was done;
And he looked at his field of clover fine
That he'd mown since the rising sun.

The old man talked to his hired men,
Of work to be done to-morrow;
Then looking along my *second*, he saw
A sight that filled him with sorrow.

They needn't come here with their fine drawn plans,
With their bonds and their stocks and all,
Like rockets their new-fangled schemes go up,
Like the sticks they are sure to fall.

I won't sell an inch of my land I say,
For their *whole*, which I can't abide,
I don't believe in improvements so fine,
They ruin the country side.

They call me a foolish and crazy old man,
For not doing as I am bid;
But Jeannet and I are content to jog on,
In the way our fathers did.

She wants no machine her butter to churn,
Nor I to mow my hay,
We like to use our old-fashioned arms
In the good old-fashioned way.

So we'll ride to church behind our old nag,
And content and happy we'll be;
My *whole* we'll leave to the youngsters gay,
Who are so much faster than we. M. C. D.

Conundrums.

What should farmers do with certain parts of the alphabet? Sow their P's, keep their U's warm, hive their B's, shoot their J's, feed their N's, be Y's, be Y's, and take their E's.

Why are temperance men a band of robbers? Because they rob the poor-house of its inmates, and crime of its victims.

Why is an insurance policy a queer thing? Because if I can't sell it I cancel it, and if I cancel it I can't sell it.

If I had four apples to divide equally between us three boys, how would I do it without cutting any? There would be two for you two, and two for me, too.

What is the difference between smoking a broken pipe and making a treaty with the Indians? In the one case we are smoking a piece of pipe, in the other a pipe of peace.

What word is that of seven letters, the first two of which is masculine, the first three feminine, the first four a great man, and the whole a great woman? Heroine.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. "Be Careful."
2. SPHYNX.
3. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."
4. Massachusetts.
5. Guinea, Rat, English, Erie, Caribbean, Euphrates. GREECE—ATHENS.
6. Hear, here. Alter, altar. Ware, wear. One, won. Sows, sews.

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THE LITTLE BLACKSMITH.

We heard his hammer all day long
On the anvil ring and ring.
But he always came when the sun went down
To sit on the gate and sing.

His little hands, so hard and brown
Crossed idly on his knee,
And straw-hat lopping over cheeks
As red as they could be;

His blue and faded jacket trimmed
With sights of work—his feet
All bare and fair upon the grass,
He made a picture sweet.

For still his shoes, with iron shod,
On the smithy wall he hung,
As forth he came when the sun went down,
And sat on the gate and sung.

The whistling rustic tending cows
Would keep in pastures near,
And half the busy villagers
Lean from their doors to hear.

And from the time the blue-birds came,
And made the hedges bright,
Until the stubble yellow grew,
He never missed a night.

The hammer's stroke on the anvil filled
His heart with a happy ring,
And that was why, when the sun went down,
He came to the gate to sing.

"THE JOY OF THY SALVATION."

"Since I have loved the Lord Jesus I have been as happy as an angel," said a young lady of rank, to the Countess of Huntingdon.

That is often a moment of great happiness when the heart first feels deep, warm love for God. No pleasure that the world can give is like the pleasure then experienced. Wesley sung:

"Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

Cowper expressed the rapture of his soul, when, escaping from the gloom of despondency, he realized his love for his Master. This is his song:

"Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, thou art mine.

"What thanks I owe thee and what love!
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more."

Whitefield, speaking of his earliest spiritual blessings, says: "With what joy unspeakable—even joy that was full and big with glory—was my soul filled when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God, and a full assurance of faith, broke in upon my disconsolate soul!" At another time he said: "Our dear Lord sweetly fills me with His presence. My heaven is indeed begun!"

Young reader, you are a seeker for pleasure. Have you sought the joy of *His salvation?*

H. B.

A COURAGEOUS GIRL.

Our heroine lived in Bartlett, N. H., and was a descendant of the old Crawfords. Her father was a Crawford, and followed the profession of guide among the mountains.

Her name was Bessie, and she was the only daughter remaining at home, a dark-eyed, brown-haired girl, of slight but compact frame, just entering her nineteenth year. Her mother had been dead several years, and upon her devolved the whole care of the household.

One day, late in summer, Mr. Crawford went with a party of travellers away to the headquarters of one of the many mountain streams that enter the Saco, and Bessie was left alone. Even the dogs had all gone with the pleasure seekers.

Near the middle of the afternoon, while the girl was sitting by the open window, a man came up from the road and asked her if she would give him a drink of water.

Bessie had seen the man before, and did not like his looks. He was a stout, broad-shouldered, ill-favored fellow, and the bits of moss and spikes of the pines upon his clothes indicated that he had slept in the woods.

But Bessie did not hesitate. She laid aside her work and went to get the water. When she came back the man had entered the room.

She did not like this, for she was sure he had come in by the window; but she handed him the dipper without remark. The man drank, and then set the dipper on the table. Then he turned upon the girl and drew a broad-bladed knife from his pocket.

"Look ye, my young lady," he said, "I know there's money in this house, and I know you are alone. Show me where the money is! If you don't I shall kill you, and then hunt it up myself! I'm in earnest and there aint no time to waste. Don't make a fuss, for if you do you'll feel this knife quick."

Bessie shrank back and looked into the man's face, and could see that he meant just what he said.

"If I show you the drawer where the money is, will you promise not to do me harm?"

"Show me honest, and I won't harm you."

"Then come with me."

Bessie led the way to a small bedroom on the ground floor, where there was an old mahogany bureau, the upper drawer of which she unlocked. The man, when he saw this, thinking, doubtless, that Crawford's gold was within his grasp, shut up his knife and put it in his pocket.

The girl opened the drawer, and quick as thought, drew forth a large navy revolver, one with which she herself has killed a trapped bear, and cocked it.

"Villain!" she exclaimed, planting her back against the wall, and aiming the weapon at his bosom, "many a wild beast have I shot with this good pistol, and I'll shoot you if you don't instantly leave this house! I will give you not even a second. Start, or I fire!"

The ruffian could read human looks as well as the maiden, and he could read very plainly in the firm-set lips and in the flashing eyes—but more clearly in the steady hand which held the pistol—that she would not only fire, as she had promised, but her aim would be a sure and fatal one.

And he backed out from the bedroom, backed into the sitting-room—then leaped from the window and diappeared.

Bessie kept her pistol by her side until her father and his guests came home; and when she had told her story, search was made for the ruffian. But he was not to be found. Our heroine had so thoroughly frightened him that he never came that way again.

SHADOW PANTOMIMES.

Shadow pantomimes are easily arranged, and may be made to afford much amusement, either to a hall audience, or to a home circle. Subjects beautiful or comical will readily suggest themselves to the performers, such as the ascension of Marguerite, or the extraction of an enormous tooth. The following article may be of service to some of our readers, though the subjects suggested are not the best that can be used:

Shadow pantomimes can be very effectually arranged in parlors by following these simple directions: Fasten a sheet tightly across the space between the open folding-doors. The room in front of the sheet must be quite dark. The back room, where the performers operate, must be lighted by a candle, or large kerosene lamp, which stands upon the floor.

To determine the size of the shadow required, let the actors stand within a foot of the sheet, and carry the lamp forward or backward until the right focus is obtained.

To make an actor descend from above, he must stand behind the lamp and slowly step over it The audience will first see his foot, and then his whole body gradually appear; and by stepping backward, he may be made to disappear in the same manner.

To throw an actor up out of sight, lift him slowly over the lamp, and bring him down again by reversing the process. Two gentlemen, or large boys, and one smaller one, with one lady, are enough for most pantomimes; and the properties needed are easily cut from stiff pasteboard, when they cannot be readily obtained in the house. The subjects are manifold, but at first I will describe some of the simple ones.

1. The barber's shop. The barber and his assistant descend from above, and bow to the audience. Boy arranges chair. Old gentleman enters; is placed in the chair by the boy, who proceeds to cover him with a sheet and apply soap with a feather duster. Barber approaches with huge razor. Boy trips up barber, whose razor cuts off customer's head, which is done by quickly turning up his coat collar, and drawing the razor through his neck. Consternation! They consult together, and decide to throw the body up into the air, which they do, and then, making their bows, ascend out of sight.

2. The dentist. Same opening scene. A huge tooth is drawn with the tongs from under the patient's coat.

3. A duel, in which the sword can be run through the actor by passing behind him or her.

4. Boxing match between a small boy and a tall man. The one who falls is thrown up into the air as before.

5. Witch going up on a broomstick. By stepping over the lamp.

6. The Grecian Bend; illustrated by an extravagantly panniered young lady.

7. Jack, the Giant-Killer. The giant can be made to grow or diminish, by moving the lamp backward or forward; and Jack can slowly ascend the bean-stalk, which is to be shown, and can be made to grow rapidly in the same manner.

A little practice will enable the performer to keep the scenes well in focus, and cause much amusement to both spectators and actors.

AN OLD LADY AND HER CATS.

A woman named Mary Mills, resides in the attic of a rickety old shell of a habitation on Cross Street, Boston, known as the "Stone Jar." There is a narrow and filthy passage-way leading from the street to the rear of this building, where the attic is reached by ascending three flights of frail, worn-out, worm-eaten and mutilated old stairs.

The little room occupied by this old woman is about ten feet square. The only real article of furniture in it is a little worn-out stove, the grate of which will hold perhaps a quart of coal. This, with a few old boxes, a small bed-tick filled with shavings, an old quilt, and two or three tin vessels, constitutes her entire household outfit.

But the strangest thing of all connected with the lonely attic life of this old woman is yet to be told. When let alone and not annoyed by the trials and troubles of others she is serene, contented and happy. In this one little room the old woman lives, her sole object in life being to provide food for herself and a herd of thirteen large, sleek, fat and good looking cats! She has a perfect mania for cats. She loves them and will do as much to provide for their welfare and wants as some mothers will for their own offspring. She has had as many as thirty-one cats in this room at a time.

When in the street if she sees a cat that seems to be in distress or homeless, she takes it to her home and properly cares for it. At the door there is a small ladder leading up to a scuttle upon the roof, where her cat family go for air and exercise, but they never fail to return to their home.

She is a hard working woman, going about doing any odd chore that she can get to do to earn money to buy food for those cats and herself. When hard pressed she will even strut herself in order to get food for them.

Human hearts must love something. If they cannot find a fitting object, they will take something less worthy.

THE MODERN PASSOVER.

The feast, as now celebrated by the Jews, is an attractive scene.

We see a Jewish family around their table on the eve of the Passover. Every thing is clean; all looks cheerful,—the table, covered with a white, fine linen cloth, handsomely laid out, the lamp burning brightly.

In the middle of the table you see a large dish with three unleavened cakes, one placed upon the other. The uppermost is called Cohen, the next Levite, and the nethermost Israelite, representing the three classes existing amongst the Jews.

Next to the large dish there are three smaller ones, filled with bitter herbs and sweet sauces, which are to be eaten in commemoration of the bitter labor their forefathers had to perform in Egypt, but sweetened by the hope of deliverance.

Before each member of the family is placed a cup of wine, the cup of blessing; and presently the head of the family takes the cup in his hands and says, "Blessed art thou, O eternal God, King of the universe!"

Then the whole company lay hold on the dish in which the unleavened cakes are, lift it up, and say, with a loud voice,—

"Lo, this is as the bread of affliction which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt. Let those who are hungry enter and eat thereof, and all who are necessitous come and celebrate the Passover. At present we celebrate it here, but next year we hope to celebrate it in the land of Israel. This year we are servants here, but next year we hope to be free men in the land of Israel."

They then rehearse the whole history connected with their delivery and exodus from Egypt, after which they take supper; then follow prayer, praises and hymns. They pray for their national restoration; for the coming of the Messiah; sing the well-known hymn, "The mighty God shall build His temple speedily;" and they conclude this joyful evening with calling out in Hebrew, "Next year we shall be at Jerusalem."

All this is very interesting; but the Lamb, the Paschal Lamb, is not seen here! Not even its type or its shadow remains with the Jew.

But why do the Jews not sacrifice their Paschal Lamb? They say, "Alas! now our temple has been destroyed on account of our sins, the sacrifices have ceased, we have no more a priest who can offer the sacrifice; receive, therefore, our prayer instead of the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb, and restore to us our temple; then we will offer unto thee the Paschal Lamb in its season, as thou hast commanded us by thy servant Moses."

What an excellent opportunity is here given to the missionary to bring before the Jew, Christ, the true Paschal Lamb! How often have we done so, here and elsewhere!—*Dr. Ewald.*

A LORD CHANCELLOR IN A STRAIGHT JACKET.

The *St. James Magazine* says:

There is a story told of a former Chancellor of Ireland, who wished to visit a lunatic asylum near Dublin, in order to satisfy himself upon some points touching its discipline and management. None of the officials of the establishment were to know of the intended visit, his object being to see the asylum in its every day working, and to judge for himself as to the matters that interested him.

For this purpose the Lord Chancellor repaired thither alone, and quite *incognito.* One other person only was in the secret. This was an eminent medical man whom the chancellor had requested to meet him in the waiting-room of the institution at a certain hour on a particular day.

When his lordship, punctual to the minute, got to the place, he found upon inquiry, that the doctor had not arrived. He said he would wait, as he wanted to see him particularly. Fifteen minutes passed, but the medical man did not make his appearance. The Lord Chancellor began to show signs of impatience. He was notoriously fidgetty and short-tempered. He kept looking at his watch every two or three minutes, and at length gave vent to his impatience by stamping his foot on the floor, and mutterings which bore a strong resemblance to profanity.

His manner attracted the attention of the attendant, who began to suspect the visitor must be mad.

The attendant kept his eye upon him, and prepared for an emergency. Half an hour elapsed—still no doctor.

The great man could stand it no longer. Starting from his seat, he paced up and down the room hurriedly, uttering angry ejaculations the while.

The attendant, now satisfied as to the insanity of the visitor, made a rush for him, and called out for help. One of the keepers soon appeared on the spot, and the unlucky chancellor was finally secured.

Not without a fierce struggle, however, was he secured. Against the indignity he protested loudly and lustily. He declared with all the emphasis possible that he was sane, and threatened condign punishment to the officials. But the men only smiled.

Having made up their minds that he was a dangerous patient, they at once proceeded to forcibly remove him to one of the wards. Seeing that his threats and protests were useless, and that the matter was getting serious, the chancellor thought to turn the scale in his favor by divesting himself of his *incognito.* Accordingly, he declared himself to be the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and that Sir —— (naming the physician) was his personal friend.

The officials knew better. Each gave a wink to the other.

"O yes, I dare say," quietly remarked one of the men; "we have got two lord chancellors up stairs, and also the Queen of England and the Duke of Wellington;" and not only was the chancellor removed, but he was placed in a straight waistcoat, each successive manifestation of his rage being only regarded as strong symptoms of lunacy.

Luckily Sir —— arrived at the asylum immediately afterwards. Entering the waiting-room he anxiously inquired whether a gentleman had called and asked for him.

"A gentleman had called," was the reply, "but he became so violent that it was necessary to remove him up stairs."

"What!" exclaimed the physician. "Why, it is the lord chancellor. What is the meaning of this?"

The officers were horror-stricken, and it need hardly be added that the unlucky lord chancellor was released instanter, with many apologies.

GROWING STRONG BY CLEAN HANDS.

The Bible says some things in a figurative way, for instance, in Prov. 20: 17—"Bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel," which means that all the gain one gets by cheating will at last grow very uncomfortable to him. Children have to be taught the meaning of these figurative phrases, though sometimes it does no harm to let them take them literally for a while, as in the following instance:

A little boy (whose name I shall call John) was observed to wash his hands many times a day—a most praiseworthy exercise. The unusual frequency with which he repaired to the hollow stone by the well, led his elder brother Henry to ask him why he washed his hands so frequently.

"Because I wish to be strong."

"Do you think that washing your hands will make you strong?"

"Yes."

"I hope you will hold on to that idea."

At evening, as the two brothers were sitting on the porch of the farm-house, listening to the notes of the whippoorwill, Henry asked John why he thought that washing his hands would give him strength.

"Because I read it in the Bible," was the reply.

"Where did you find the passage?"

"I will show you."

He got the Bible, and read the latter part of the ninth verse of the seventeenth chapter of Job—"He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."

John was sure his position was a firm one, for it had the support of Scripture.

Henry told him that the passage was a figurative one, and meant that pure actions and a pure character make the *heart* "stronger and stronger" against sin. The highest kind of strength is strength to do right.

NOAH WEBSTER AND THE COUNTRY BOY.

Some years ago the great dictionary maker was passing through the eastern part of New York, on horseback, to visit a brother who lived in Madison county.

When he had reached the town where his brother resided, he met a boy going to school; and the following conversation passed between them:

"My son," said the learned doctor, "do you know where Mr. Webster lives?"

"Yes, sir; and are you a relation of his?"

"Yes."

"Well," continued the boy, "you are not a brother of his, are you?"

"Yes."

"Well, it can't any way be the man that made the spelling-book, can it?"

"Yes."

"O now!" rejoined the boy, as he gazed with awe-struck wonder upon the venerable doctor, "that—that's a fish-story."

The old gentleman often recurred to this incident as one of the most pleasing reminiscences of a long journey on horseback.

RINGS.

The *Independent* recently published an entertaining article on the famous rings of history. Among the illustrations is the following:

There is a ring shown in the Isle of Wight as having belonged to Charles I., of England, of which the following story is told: When Charles was confined in Carisbrook Castle, a man named Howe was its master-gunner. He had a little boy who was a great favorite of Charles. One day, seeing him with a child's sword by his side, the king asked him what he intended doing with it?

"To defend your majesty from your majesty's enemies," was the reply.

This answer so pleased the king that he gave the child the signet-ring he was in the habit of wearing upon his finger.

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For the Companion.

YOUNG AMERICA.

I's a jolly little boy,
Wish I was a man;
I am drowing ev'ry day,
Jes as fas' I tan.
I wears boots, and I wears pants,
I have dot a knife,
And I wants to learn to toot
On my untle's fife.

Tried to smote my papa's pipe;
Meers'aum is its name,
Was so drefful, awful sit,
Dooker Palmer tame.
Loot so troog, and tleared his froat,
Wiv a bid, loud noise,
Said, "Terbatta's nassy stuff
Specially for boys."

I tan whistle lots of tunes,
Yantee Doodle do,
Tap'ain Jints of Horse Marines,
Champagne Charlie, too.
Swapped my sled, last Tristmas day,
Wiv my Tousin Nat,
For a watch that wouldn't do,
And a sutre-pat.

When I drows up to a man,
'Spect I shall be sent
Into Tondress—mamma finks
I'll be President.
I am doin' to join the band,
Drive a dreat, bid stage;
Papa says he b'lieves I'll be
The "Solon of the age."

M. P. R.

For the Companion.

ROSE.

Rose is a black girl eight years old, and has hair so curly that it fairly kinks, and a nose as flat as yours is, little darling, when you press it against the window pane to watch for papa's coming home. Her lips are twice as thick as yours, and as red as cherries, and when she laughs, which is every two minutes, there can be seen a row of teeth as white as snow, and as even as a row of pins.

And—and! How shall I tell you how black Rose is? O, I know; just look down at your little shoe, the one you have worn long enough to take the first gloss off, and there you have it. "As black as your shoe," that is Rose's color.

Rose don't like it much being so black, and she runs out of doors without any hat, and sits whole hours in the sun, hoping she'll fade out, "like Miss Lovegro's old calico dress."

Rose has the care of the chickens, and calls them hers. She feeds them twice every day, and gives them plenty of nice fresh water to drink. One day she came running in and said,—

"O, Miss Lovegro', I wish I was a chicken, like them little white bantys; I'd give any thing if I could only be one."

"Why don't you play you are one?" said Mrs. Lovegrove. "I think you could manage to roost on a pole, if you tried; you know you can do almost any thing."

"O, Miss Lovegro', can I try?"

And when she was told that she might, she hopped up and down for joy, which so frightened Tabby, the cat, that she jumped out of the window, and overturned a flower-pot, and went racing down the garden path, as if a great black dog was after her.

That night, when every thing was quiet, and it was Rose's bed-time, instead of going up to her own little chamber, she stole softly out of the back door, down the path, behind the barn, to the hen-house.

She was a little afraid of the dark, which made her hurry the faster, and in a minute she had unhooked the hen-house door, opened it and walked in. It was very dark inside, and Rose said to herself,—

"O, dear, I wish I'd brought a light;" then she thought, "Why, hens don't have no lamp to go to bed by; what a gump you are, Rose Wallace, to want a lamp! You'd better get on to yer perch, and go to sleep."

So she clucked a little, as near like a hen as she could, and slapped her arms against her sides, as if they were wings, and looked up to the roosts, and wished she could get up.

"I d'clar," said she, "'taint no use tryin' to fly with nothin' but arms. Wish I had some feathers. Nebber mind, I'll get a barrel an' stan' on."

So she rolled a barrel under the perch, and up she jumped, first upon the barrel and then upon the perch. But all she could do, she couldn't stay on. She would slip first one way and then the other, and then down she would go, to the ground.

"Dear me! I've hurt me awful," she said. "It's almost 'most as hard to be a hen as it is to be good. I declar' fer it, I don't see how them hens stick."

After awhile, by trying very hard, Rose at last found herself roosted in a corner, with her back against a beam, and one hand holding on the window bar, and feeling pretty comfortable, and quite secure, she thought she would try and go to sleep.

"'Taint quite so easy as bed, but I'll soon get used to it, and then it's so nice to be a hen. I's a good mind to try to fly down. I would, if I wasn't afraid of hitting that barrel. Law's alive, how did that yer barrel come open end up; I must have tipped it over. De very fust thing I'll do in the mornin' is to crow, jes as loud's ever I can, an' then I'll go stan' on one leg in the sun, de whole live long day."

And so thinking and thinking, pretty soon she began to dream. She dreamed that she was a splendid great hen, with gold feathers, and diamond eyes, and a top-knot as high as a barrel, and made of feathers of the gayest colors, which kept a nodding, and glancing, and waving in the wind, and which so overhung her eyes that they made her quite dizzy to look at.

She tried to look down to the ground, but she couldn't keep her eyes off the feathers, and she was growing dizzier—dizzier—every thing seemed to be whirling around—dizzier—dizzier—round and round—until by-and-by she whirled herself upon the edge of a high bank.

Round and round she went until she whirled herself off, and then round and round, down and down she went, until she brought up, with her head down in a barrel—and wide awake.

There she was—with her heels in the air, and her head at the bottom of the barrel. She could not get out. She forgot all about crowing; besides, it was still dark. So instead of crowing, she screamed,—

"Miss Lovegro'—Miss—Love—gro'!"

That frightened the hens, and they flew down, and cackled, and squarked, and fluttered about, until such a noise was made that it reached Mrs. Lovegrove's ears, who had not yet gone to bed, for it was only nine o'clock.

She called to her husband.

"O, dear, somebody's stealing our hens, or a ferret has got in and is eating them. Do go out quick and see what is the matter, and I'll go and hold the lantern."

So out they went, and then Mrs. Lovegrove knew Rose's voice—and screamed,—

"Where are you, Rose?"

"Here I is, Miss Lovegro', in a barrel, in the hen-house. Do take me out."

So they opened the door, and there were the hens, frightened half to death, and there in a corner, were two black feet sticking out of a barrel, and that was all there was to be seen of Rose.

So they pulled her out, and set her on her feet, and away she scampered to the house.

Then Mrs. Lovegrove remembered what Rose had asked her in the afternoon, and laughed heartily to think Rose had taken her in earnest.

After a good washing, Rose crept up to her own chamber, and as she went, said,—

"Good-night, Miss Lovegro;" 'taint no use trying to be any thing you aint. I d'clar for't, I'd rather be Rose Wallace than the prettiest banty in that coop."

R.

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For the Companion.

THE ROBBER SPARROWS.

Long ago, Cuvier, the most famous naturalist who has ever lived, struggling with poverty, as almost all great men have had to do, became tutor to the children of a Count d' Henri, and with them took up his residence in an old house in southern France.

Teaching he found to be weary work, and his only pleasure was in long walks before his hours of labor began.

One morning, throwing up his window, he saw that two swallows had begun a nest in one of its upper corners, and, delighted at the opportunity of watching their habits so closely, he spent much time in this way.

The birds worked as if eager to begin housekeeping, the male bringing moistened clay in his beak, and giving it to the female, who kneaded it thoroughly, adding bits of straw and wood, and shaping her new home with wonderful skill. The outside finished, the male brought feathers, moss and leaves for carpet and bed, and the nest being in order, the two flew off to a neighboring wood, where, for some reason, they remained nearly a fortnight.

In the meantime, two sparrows, perched upon a branch which almost touched the window, had watched the building with interest, and no sooner had the owners set off on their wedding tour, than they took possession, and so arranged that one was always in the nest, and, with its beak across the entrance, allowed no bird but its mate to come near.

Within a fortnight the swallows returned, and, filled with sorrow and surprise, fluttered for a few moments about the nest, uttering plaintive cries; when, full of anger, the male tried to fly into the nest, but was constantly driven back by the stout, strong beaks of the sparrows.

With head covered with blood, and his neck almost featherless, the male swallow returned to his wife, who sat on the roof, and for a few minutes seemed to be holding counsel with her. As he flew away, the female sparrow came out, and during his absence, went back and forth, apparently laying in a store of provisions, while her husband kept guard over the entrance.

Soon sharp cries filled the air, and Cuvier, watching intently, saw the roof gradually fill with swallows, to each one of which in turn the unhappy owner seemed to tell his wrongs.

Still the sparrows' sharp beaks were held before the opening, and as the cloud of swallows arose and flew off, Cuvier concluded they had given up any thought of punishment.

But in another moment his window was darkened by the crowd, each swallow bringing in its beak a bit of clay, which it threw upon the stolen nest. Blinded and overcome, the sparrows made no resistance, but sought only to keep the entrance open. All in vain. Faster than they could tear it down, the clay wall covered them, and the swallows did not end their work, till over the ruins of the old had arisen a new nest. Then with a thousand cries of joy and satisfied justice, the avenging army whirred away, and our two were left to once again begin life.

Whether any pity for the slowly dying robbers below ever disturbed them, I cannot tell you. The young ones came, grew up, and with autumn and the flock, flew far to the east.

Spring brought them back again, and in the two who took possession of the old nest, Cuvier recognized the same pair, whose habits he had studied the preceding spring. Cracks were filled up, fresh moss and feathers brought, and all was ready for the new brood, when one morning a hungry owl pounced upon the male.

Cuvier at once fired upon the enemy, who tumbled into the garden, still grasping the poor swallow, who, when released by Cuvier, proved to be very nearly dead.

Its leg was broken, and deep wounds were in its side. Cuvier dressed them as well as he could, and then with the aid of a ladder replaced the poor bird in its nest, while the female flew about with frantic cries.

For some days she left the nest only for food, which her mate in vain tried to eat. Each day he grew weaker, and at last, one morning, Cuvier was awakened by the despair of the female, who, with loud cries, beat her wings against the window. From that moment she never left the nest, but in three days died of grief, on the dead body of her mate.

A sad little story, but it brought good things to Cuvier, who related it to the famous Abbe Tessier, then living in disguise in Normandy, and acting as surgeon in the hospital of Fecamp. To him Cuvier told his observations, and the delighted abbe engaged him to deliver a course of lectures to the pupils of the hospital, and wrote to Jussien and Geoffrey St. Hilaire about him.

The two learned men then at once opened a correspondence with him, and soon, through their means, he was elected to the Chair of Comparative Anatomy at Paris. After this his career is public, and the encyclopædias will tell you all that I have not, though few know that, save for the two thievish sparrows, he might have lived and died in obscurity.

HELEN C. WEEKS.

VARIETY.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the *Sunday School Workman*, writing from Philadelphia, tells how a little boy seven years old helped a minister. It is a pleasing incident. He says:

Rev. Dr. B., who was supplying a vacant pulpit in our city, on his way to the church, being a little early, stopped at my residence. As he entered, I said,—

"Good-morning, Dr. B. I am really glad to see you."

My little boy, in his seventh year, being present, (and who, by-the-by, was a favorite of the doctor,) ran toward him to greet him with a kiss. I said,—

"My boy, repeat the little verse which you have just learned to the doctor." He did so, and said,—

"Never give up when trials come;
Never look sad or blue;
Never sit down with a tear or a frown,
But paddle your own canoe."

The doctor, being perplexed and troubled in his mind, (of which we had no knowledge) was struck with the fitness in his case of the remarks of the little orator. Catching the boy up in his arms and kissing him, he said,—

"God bless you, my child! You have comforted me! I have been in much distress of mind, and the Lord has directed my feet thither, and this child has been to me as an angel of light." Tears filling his eyes, he exclaimed, "O, you do not know how much good those simple lines have done me!"

The wise man says, "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces." And a little child in His hands is made the instructor and comforter of one of God's most useful children, who, in his turn, has given instruction and consolation to thousands.

PUSSY IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

Cats stand almost any thing, but the inside of a tight box, with a pint of air a week, is a pretty good trial of feline endurance. We doubt if even an eel or a mud turtle could show better holding out than this. The Niagara *Journal* says:

R. Stevens, a farmer living on the west line of the city limits, erected a pretty porch over his front door. The roof was of tin, securely soldered, and the ceiling of matched lumber. Thus it will be seen that the garret makes a chamber or cage seemingly air-tight.

As some members of the family were standing under the portico and admiring its beauty, a noise as of some one scratching on tin, and smothered cries were heard to issue from the space above. The roof was immediately torn off, and a hungry, emaciated cat sprung out of her prison, where she had been confined for upwards of seven days. It is a mystery, but perhaps not to the workmen, that she could ever have been thus enclosed without being detected.

CUTTING OFF THE WRONG HEAD.

An old farmer was out one fine day looking over his broad acres, with an axe on his shoulder and a small dog at his heels. They espied a woodchuck. The dog gave chase and drove him into a stone wall, where action immediately commenced. The dog would draw the woodchuck partly out from the wall, and the woodchuck would take the dog back. The old gentleman's sympathy getting high on the side of the dog, he thought he must help him. So putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, waited for the extraction of the woodchuck, when he would cut him down. Soon an opportunity offered and the old man struck, but the woodchuck gathered up at the same time, took the dog in far enough to receive the blow, and the dog was killed on the spot. For years after, the old gentleman in relating the story would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what the woodchuck killed him."

FILL YOUR LAMPS IN THE MORNING.

Scarcely a week passes but we read accounts of frightful accidents from kerosene lamps exploding and killing or scarring for life, men, women and children. A simple knowledge of the inflammable nature of the liquid will probably put a stop to nearly all the accidents. As the oil burns down in the lamp, highly inflammable gas gathers over its surface, and as the oil decreases the gas increases. When the oil is nearly consumed, a slight jar will inflame the gas, and an explosion is sure to follow—death and destruction. A bombshell is no more to be dreaded. Now, if the lamp is not allowed to burn more than half way down, such accidents are almost impossible. Always fill your lamp every morning, and then you need never fear an explosion.

EXTINGUISH THE DOG.

Talking about "fine phrases" recalls a story of a clergyman who had a fondness for long words, and undertook to instruct one of his church officers in the use of them. One night, as they were about to leave the vestry, John asked the minister if he should put out the candles.

"Put out! say extinguish," answered the clergyman.

"An'," said John, "does extinguish always stand for put out?"

"Always," replied the minister.

Next Sunday it happened that a dog began to bark in the church. John at once rose in his seat, and solemnly gave the order:

"Some one will please to extinguish that dog."

SENDING HIS LOVE BY THE SUN.

A little boy who had been carefully educated to a missionary spirit showed his interest in the heathen the other side of the world in a beautiful and novel manner:

One evening, at sunset, after a storm of several days' continuance, he was attracted by the unusually beautiful appearance, and stood by our west window some time watching, when, as if recalling the thought that the sun rose in China when it set here, as he had been told by his mother, he began to repeat in a low, meditative tone, "Farewell, sun! farewell, sun! Good by! *Give my love to the little boys in China.*"

GROWING LIKE LIGHTNING.

Electricity has been applied to seeds and bulbs to quicken growth, and render the flowering more rapid and luxuriant. One of the earliest experiments of this kind was made upon two bowls of earth planted simultaneously with mustard seed; one of which, having been electrified, was soon filled with vigorous sprouts, that reached the height of ten inches before their poor little companions in the other bowl, left entirely to mundane resources, had pushed their way up a quarter of an inch.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

An Iowa Dutch justice "administered the oath" of matrimony to a young benedict as follows:

You bromise now, you good man dere,
Vot sthands upon der floor,
To take dis voman for your frow,
And love her effermore;
You feed her vell mit sourkrout,
Peens, puttermilk and cheese,
And in all dings to lend your aid,
You vill bromote her eese? Yah

ARKANSAS INSECTS.

A citizen of Arkansas, while on board a steamer on the Mississippi, was asked by a gentleman whether the raising of stock in Arkansas was attended by much difficulty or expense.

"O yes, stranger—they suffer much from insects."

"Insects! Why, what kind of insects, pray?"

"Why, bears, catamounts, wolves, and such like insects."

IT IS TRUE of many men, whose youth is gone, that they know not how to grow old.

JOHNNY is just beginning to learn geography. He says that the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other. He knows it is so because it is marked on the map.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

OLD HUGHY'S CRANE STORY.

Thursday was a rainy day, and Jud came over in the afternoon to go pickerel fishing down at the lake—Lake Pennesseewassee—if you can pronounce the name! What limber tongues those old Pquawket Indians must have had!

Pickerel bite best on a cloudy summer afternoon,—about five o'clock. But it poured so that we concluded not to fish.

"I'll tell you what we can do, though," said Jud. "Let's go down and get old Hughy to tell us about the whooping cranes he saw once. He promised to, you know, some rainy day."

"Agreed."

So we went to the hollow, and found the old gentleman making baskets in his shop-room, with a lot of long white ash strips lying about,—"basket-stuff," he calls it.

"Hollo, Hughy!"

But he never makes a reply if he is first spoken to. Queer old stick! Just like an Indian, about that.

"We have come to hear about those whooping cranes you saw once," said Jud; "sand-hill cranes, I believe you called them. Tell us about them this afternoon, won't you?"

"Well," said Hughy, slipping a piece of skunk-cabbage root into his mouth—he used to chew *something else*, but thought it hurt him and gave it up; but his jaws, I suppose, had a habit of chewing, and to keep them at work he used skunk-cabbage in lieu of tobacco—"Well, I'll tell ye what I know. Been up to the Sachem's Pond since that day you killed the crane?"

"No," said Jud; "but we want to hear about those you saw up at Mooschead. Didn't you say it was at Mooschead?"

"Yes."

I wish you could hear Hughy say "yes" once, when he is getting his thoughts together. It stretches way out in this way—ye-air-as—and means yes and a lot besides.

"Ye-air-as; it was up at Moosehead. Old Cluey Glinds and I were on our way up to the Allagash waters, to hunt for beaver."

"Are there any beaver there now?" asked Jud.

"Well, a few, on the wooded brooks. I saw a family of 'em on the 'Beamus Stream,' last season. They were plenty enough on the Allagash, then."

"Isn't the Allagash a branch of the St. John's?" I asked.

"Yes, runs into the St. John's. We wanted to get up there about the first of September. Fur begins to be good then. Good any month of the year which has the letter 'r' in it."

"I don't quite understand," said Jud.

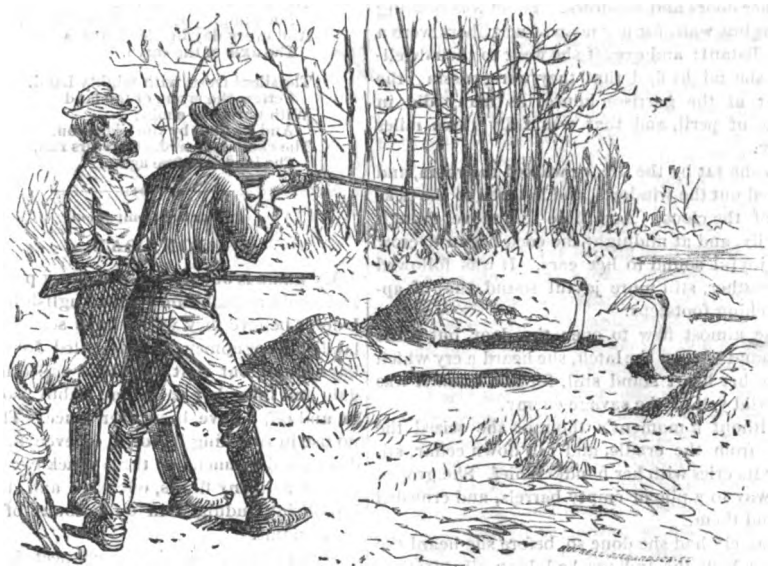
"Why, I mean that during every month spelled with an 'r' the fur of any creature is good. So you see skins can be taken off from September up to May. That's the rule we used to go by.

"Starting out from home, here, we got up to the foot of the Moosehead about the last of August. It was early for trapping; so after setting out in our canoe from the foot of the lake, old Cluey proposed that we should paddle up into Lily Cove and spend a few days on the hills, at the head of it, shooting spruce partridge; they were very plenty there, and a few dozens taken along with us might come acceptable.

"We had two dogs, a hound to run after moose and other large game, and a little cur-dog we used to call Gub, a first-rate birder, all fuss and noise. He would scare up more birds than a dozen hounds,—scare them just enough so that they would fly up on low limbs and sit watching him while we shot them.

"'Twas about sunset when we steered into the cove; and it took us some time to work our way up through the lily-pads. The water was covered with them. Had to part them with the paddle to get the canoe through. So it was dark before we got a fire started and a 'shake-down' of hemlock boughs cut."

"Did you need a fire in August?" inquired Jud.



OLD HUGHY'S CRANE STORY.

"Not on account of the cold. One of Cluey's whims to have one, though. It was a pretty wild place there."

"To keep off bears, I suppose," said Jud.

"No; bears wouldn't touch us. But at that time there was now and then a catamount strolling about. A fire is a good thing always. 'Most every wild creature is afraid of fire.

"We had taken our 'bite' and camped down. Mosquitoes and 'black flies' were pesky thick, though! Had to fight to keep from being eaten up.

"The old hound was stretched out by the fire, snapping at them and dozing; but Gub was out chasing round among the bushes. We could hear him yelping, and presently heard the whirr of wings where he had frightened up a duck from the brakes.

"The moon was just peeping up over the ridge behind us, looking red and smoky. In spite of the flies, I was just going to sleep, when Gub began barking again, off at quite a distance, in what seemed to be a bog or swamp. 'Yap! yap! yap!'

"'Drabbit him!' muttered Cluey. 'Don't like to have him whacking round so.'

"When, just as he was saying that, we heard a strange sound from the swamp!

"You've heard a loon in the evening, haven't you?"

"O yes."

"Well, 'twas a little like that; only it sounded a great deal louder and more hollow.

"I heard Cluey getting up out of the hemlock.

"'What do you call that?' I exclaimed.

"'Don't know,' said he. 'Never heard any thing like it.'

"Just then we heard it again, Kroo-oo-ooh! and a moment after a yell from Gub—then another, followed by a most piteous ti-yi-ing, which stopped all at once.

"The old hound sprung up and growled. We listened for some minutes, but heard nothing more.

"'Gub's done for,' said Cluey, looking to the priming of his gun. 'But what sort of a creatur makes that noise is more'n I can tell.'

"'Think it's a catamount?' said I.

"'No; 'taint none of their screeches. Sounds more like an Indian's war-whoop.'

"'Can't be Indians, of course,' said I.

"'I should think not. May be, though—some half-a-dozen got together up here. But no; 'tisn't likely. What a tremendous bellow that was, though! How it echoed across the cove! Any body could have heard that three miles.'

"'Is it best to go down there?' said I. 'We might lay the hound on the track and chase it.'

"'Don't just like to do that in the dark,' said Cluey. 'Might get the hound killed. No knowing what it is! Gub's gone, any how. That was his death-yell, I know by the sound of it. Better wait till morning, I guess.'

"All this time the hound sat looking toward the swamp, growling once in a while as if he saw or heard something.

'So kindling another fire, and moving our hemlock between the two, we lay down again. Cluey kept awake till after midnight, then waked me; and I watched till morning. The cry had been so strange-like that we thought it well to use caution. Gub didn't come back.

"As soon as it was fairly light, we put new charges in our rifles, and keeping the hound behind us, went towards the swamp. It was a flat bottom, overgrown with reeds and low bushes. But there were paths running through it in every direction, beaten by otters, bears and other animals. No one had ever disturbed them there.

"Going in by one of these paths, we soon came in sight of the water. The lake was lower than in the spring. A portion of the muddy bottom, extending out for several rods, was now bare.

"'What's been digging here, I wonder?' said Cluey.

"Digging, indeed! 'Twas a curious sight. The whole mud-flat had been dug full of great holes, or pits, several feet in depth. Cartloads of dried mud and old roots had been thrown up.

"'Bears sometimes wallow in the mud,' said Cluey, looking around, 'but they never dig such holes as these.'

"'Hark!' I exclaimed; for I had begun to hear a sort of tugging, scuffling noise, like that made by a dog at a root. And stepping out of the rushes a little to where we could see farther down the shore, we discerned the white backs of what we at first took for a couple of hogs, rooting in one of the holes. Queer place for hogs, certainly! We could merely see their backs over the mud-heaps they had thrown up.

"'Let's watch them a moment,' said I.

"Getting out of sight among a clump of alders, we observed them more closely. There was a great pulling and tugging going on in the hole. All at once a large plume of white feathers bobbed up in sight.

"We stared in still greater wonder; and taking a step forward to get a better view, a dry twig snapped under my foot. Instantly two great bills, followed by two very long necks, were poked up in sight, and some bright yellow eyes stared hastily around.

"'Birds! great birds of some sort!' muttered Cluey.

"Seeing no cause for alarm, they uttered several loud croaks, as if to reassure each other, and again fell to tugging and pulling at the old roots in the hole.

"'That accounts for the whooping we heard last night,' said old Cluey, chuckling. 'But do you suppose they killed Gub? Should like to get one of them. Let's fire.'

"Raising our guns, Cluey whistled. Both necks were thrust up. We fired; and with the reports one flew out with a lusty cry, and made off with a great flapping of its wings and stretching out of its long legs. We watched it fade and disappear over the lofty maples on Sugar Island. The one we had hit lay in the hole, dead. Its white plumage was smeared with mud. Otherwise it looked much like the one you killed up at the Sachem's Pond, last week; all white except the outer feathers of its wings, which were black.

"While we were examining it, a low crooning came to our ears, seeming to issue from the thick copse of the bog. 'More of 'em, I guess,' said Cluey.

"Pulling the one we had shot up out of the mud, we followed in by another of the little paths, and led by the sounds, entered a cluster of poison dogwoods. Among these, built up from a great tussock, we saw a large mass of coarse sticks. It was a nest; and on it there were two young birds, about half grown. They were not white, though, like the old birds, but of a dull gray color. Hearing us approach, they raised their heads, and after eyeing us a moment, leaped out and run off like young colts, with loud cries of terror.

"The hound was watching the one we had killed. We called him in, and put him on the track; but after running a few minutes he came back. I expect they flew when he came up to them.

"The empty nest and all about it smelled strongly of carrion. Around it we found a great number of dead frogs, and a muskrat with its head pierced through, as if with a thrust from some pointed weapon. Coiling about the dogwood stalks was a water snake, fully three feet long, but nearly dead and looking as if it had been beaten violently upon a log or stone. There was also a great heap of juicy bulbs,—water-lily roots.

"'That's just what they were digging after out there in the mud,' said Cluey.

"We were going away, when a whine from the hound called our attention. He was standing a few rods off among the reeds. Going out to him, there lay Gub! with his head pierced through, just like the muskrat's. I suppose he had come smelling round, and so they had given him his death-blow.

"You can judge from that how hard they can strike with their bills."

"Did you know what sort of a bird it was, then?" asked Jud.

"No; neither of us had ever seen any thing like it. But a month or two afterwards we were telling a Canadian about it; he said it was a 'whooping crane.'"

Since hearing old Hughy's story, Jud and I have been "reading up" on cranes, in the Natural History. We have learned that the whooping crane is the largest bird in the United States. Down South, it is said to kill young alligators, by striking them through the head with its bill.

"WE ARE SEVEN."

Wordsworth gives the following account of the composition of the well-known ballad, "We are Seven:"

"I composed it while wandering in a grove at Alfoxden. I composed the last stanza first, having begun with the last line. When it was nearly finished I recited it to Coleridge and his sister, and said, 'A prefatory stanza must be added, and I should sit down to our little tea-meal much easier if my task was finished.' I mentioned what I wished expressed, and Coleridge immediately produced the stanza commencing,—

"'A little child, dear brother Jem.'

"We all enjoyed the joke of hitching in our friend James Tobin's name. One evening he came to me with a grave face, and said,—

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"'Wordsworth, I have seen the volume that you and Coleridge are about to publish. There is one poem in it which, if not cancelled, will make you everlastingly ridiculous.'

"'Which is it?'

"'We are Seven.'

"'Nay, that shall take its chance.'"

The subject of the ballad was a little girl whom Wordsworth chanced to meet in the beautiful valley of the Wye.

For the Companion.

DEBORAH'S FRIGHT.

Deborah Darrell sat at the window, sewing, only pausing occasionally to chatter some of that tender nonsense which mothers love, to the baby on the floor.

It was an uncarpeted floor, but white as scrubbing could make it, and so was the dresser, on which stood shining rows of pewter plates and wooden ware.

The room was wainscoted with oak, and the six straight-backed chairs, ranged at equal distances against the walls, the cradle, the round table, and the spinning-wheel in the corner, were of the same material, while all had an air of rigidity and bolt-uprightness, as if imbued with something of the spirit of the generation to which they belonged. Even the baby seemed to handle his rattle as if it had been a musket, and his porringer as if it had been a New England primer.

But of the general primness Deborah did not partake. A sunny little woman was she, who could not smooth the kink out of her hair, though she imprisoned it with cords and set the tallest of tortoise shell combs to mount guard over it, nor the dimples from her face, though she thought of the Pilgrim fathers every hour in the day.

Her dress was simple enough, being, on the afternoon in question, a light blue Scotch gingham, with half high waist, and sleeves which reached the elbows and terminated in a wide ruffle. Yet she and her garments so became each other, that she seemed arrayed for some festive occasion.

"Half-past five," she exclaimed, looking up at the tall ebony clock; "they'll be in soon." So, folding her work and chirruping to the baby, she proceeded to light a fire in the fireplace and hang the tea-kettle on the crane.

This was hardly accomplished before she heard footsteps approaching, and the persons in whose behalf she made these preparations appeared. They were her husband and brother, the former a sedate looking man, somewhat older than herself, the latter a youth of seventeen or eighteen, whose brown curls and smiling face were the counterpart of her own. They had just come from the corn-field, where they had been all day at work.

"You are early to-night. Are you hungry?" asked Deborah.

"Hungry as two bears," answered her brother, Makepeace Karr, ever forward with his tongue; "so I'll just clap some potatoes down to roast. This he did, covering them with ashes. "There, they'll be done by the time we've driven in the cows and milked them."

"Here, take your weapon and leave your sister to attend to the housework," said Lieut Darrell, handing the boy a gun, and shouldering another.

"Is it necessary to take those?" asked Deborah, looking a little alarmed.

"It will do no harm," answered her husband; "they say our copper-colored neighbors have been skulking about here lately."

"I wish we might meet some of them," said Makepeace. "I should like nothing better."

"In which case we should see you crying for quarter right speedily, young jackanapes," said Lieut. Darrell.

"Let them come, that's all, and we'll see who'll be the first to show the white feather," returned Makepeace. "Good-by, little namesake," to his small nephew on the floor; then looking back as he stepped out the door, he added, "Be sure you don't let those potatoes burn, Deb."

In those days men seldom went far from home without their arms, and nothing was more common than reports of Indians lurking about; so at first Deborah felt little anxiety concerning her husband and brother, but when half an hour had passed away, and they had not returned, she began to be uneasy.

From a window, in the rear of the house, she could see far across the clearing, but they were not in sight. An hour passed, and still no signs of them; so, taking her baby in her arms, she followed the cow-path to the woods, calling their names over and over. But there was no answer save the echo of her own voice.

She was now seriously alarmed, but to proceed further was useless, and, moreover, her child was becoming weary and fretful, so she retraced her steps to the house. Every thing was as she left it, save that the fire had burned low, and the sunset glow had faded into twilight.

She had taken her brother's potatoes from the ashes before she went out—then so plump that they were ready to burst their brown skins; but now they lay on the hearth wrinkled and shrivelled, like youth suddenly bowed and smitten with old age. She had not thought that roasted potatoes could look so pathetic. There, too, was the fire-cake she had baked for her husband, his favorite fare,—in all her life would she ever have the happiness of making him another?

Common things, these, and common enough every thing about her, but none the less eloquent in their appeal to the heart of this lonely woman. She undressed her child and laid him in his cradle, and while he slept she carefully fastened all her doors and windows. There was nothing to do but wait, for her nearest neighbors were a mile distant; and even if she went to their dwelling, she might find that they were passing the night at the garrison-house, as many did in times of peril, and that was fully three miles away.

So she sat by the fire, or walked the room, and looked out the windows, and listened to the ticking of the clock. And time did move, though heavily, and at midnight the cock began to crow—a joyful sound to her ears. It was followed by another, still more joyful sound, that of approaching footsteps.

She almost flew to open the door, but while her hand was on the latch, she heard a cry which made her heart stand still, for she knew it was the wild yell of the savage enemy.

Without a moment's thought she seized the babe from the cradle, and ran down cellar, stifling its cries with her handkerchief. She groped her way to a pile of empty barrels, and crowded behind them.

Scarcely had she done so, before she heard the door, which the Indians had been all this time assaulting, give way, and they burst into the house with renewed yells. She could hear them tramping about from one room to another, and at last, to her horror, they descended into the cellar.

Once they came so near that they caused one of the barrels behind which she was concealed, to fall, and she momentarily expected to be dragged forth to a terrible death; but they moved away, and she heard them say, "White squaw gone to big wigwam," by which she knew they meant the garrison-house.

From this she took courage, and before long they went up stairs again. She intended to stay in the cellar till morning, but a red glare through the open door, and a crackling sound, told her that they had fired the house. "As well perish by tomahawk as by flame," thought she, hurrying up toward the fire. It proceeded from a pile of light stuff heaped in the middle of the floor, which she extinguished without much difficulty; and, to her relief, she found that the Indians had gone. They had feasted, first, on whatever provisions they were able to discover, and thrown the fragments about the room. The whole visit had lasted only an hour, but it is not strange that it seemed longer to Deborah.

The remainder of the night passed away without any new alarm. Early in the morning she hastened to tell her story to the garrison in the town, and to send men in pursuit of her missing ones. The men returned in a few days without having found the slightest clue to her husband and brother. During the weeks which followed, there were rumors of skirmishes that had occurred between the whites and the red men, which awakened a hope that she might yet hear from them; yet no tidings came. And Deborah, though she never gave up hope, grew thin and pale under the terrible suspense.

One day, as she sat revolving in her mind what steps she should take next, a shadow fell across the sunshine on the wall. She started, for she had grown nervous since her adventure with the Indians; but before she turned her head, a voice said,—

"Sister Deb, are those potatoes done yet?"

With a shriek she started up and threw herself into her brother's arms.

"But where is my husband?"

"The captain? O, he's all right. He just stopped to let down the bars for the cows.

Lieut. Darrell, who was always promoted to captain by Makepeace, now appeared, whereupon some more embracing ensued. Then, when the baby had been duly kissed and dandled, the wanderers told their story.

They had been met and overpowered by the Indians, and carried away captives, but had contrived to sever their bonds and escape in the night; and after many perils and hairbreadth escapes, had made their way home, almost from the borders of Canada.

"And this lad behaved like a hero through it all," said the lieutenant, laying his hand on the shoulder of Makepeace; "and is nothing so scatter-brained as he would have us think."

"I always knew he was a brave boy," said Deborah.

As to her own adventure, she would not tell them a word of it till she had spread before them a supper fully equal to the one so suddenly interrupted almost a month before.

SILENCE.

In silence mighty things are wrought;
  Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky,
  And like a citadel with towers,
The soul, with her subservient powers,
  Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
  The saplings of the forest grow
To trees of mighty girth;
  Each mighty star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
  The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
  Fetters the rivers of the land
With universal chain;
  And smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
  The lands are free again.

For the Companion.

JONADAB.

My name is Jonadab. I wish my parents had had some acquaintance with English literature, I don't believe they would have selected so outlandish a cognomen. I was called John till the boys found out that the folks called me Jonadab, and then they called me Dabby; so Dabby, on and off, I have been ever since. There was no use in frowning it down, or even fighting it down, and I remember three black eyes, the result of as many fights, offensive and defensive, I foolishly indulged in on account of my unlucky name.

My first great shock was connected with one of my young lady friends. I was at that time fully eight years old; she was six. I shall never forget my little child-idol, though thirty years have passed, and my youngest daughter is older than she was, then.

Her name was Atty Burns. She was not beautiful with the charms that make pretty children. She had neither golden hair nor azure eyes. I am afraid her locks were red. May be she squinted a little; not much, for I remember there was an expression about the eyes that took captive my young imagination, and to me she was very beautiful.

I was very attentive to Atty. I teased for a new sled, one winter, that I might draw her from school, and I was never really happy in its possession unless she was on it.

One day I overheard the following dialogue:

"Before I'd have Johnny Carson, of all the boys in this school! Why, Atty, his real name is Dabby. Just hear, now:

"Dabby Carson is my name,
  America's my nation,
Atty Burns I like the best
  Of all the whole creation."

"His name's Johnny," exclaimed Atty, quite fiercely. "Look on his sled; it's a big J and a big C, and Dabby don't begin with either."

"No, his name's Jona*dab*," cried another girl, with terrible emphasis on the last syllable. "You ask him, now, if folks don't call him Dabby."

I don't think any man ever suffered more than I, a child of eight, did, hearing this conversation.

What would Atty think of me? How could I hear her question and live? Didn't I go skulking home that afternoon, afraid to meet the little lady? For three days I avoided her, and by that time, she, thinking me offended with her, chose Harry Whitaker, a young gentleman a year older than myself, for her friend and protector; and—unkindest cut of all—from that time, she always called me Dabby.

Children have very little sympathy from their elders. If I went to my good, prim mother with the grievance, she invariably said,—

"My boy must learn that to be good is better than to have the prettiest or greatest name."

She was right, of course, as mothers generally are, but the very word Dabby drove all thoughts of goodness out of my head.

However, I worked hard to maintain myself as John. It was very seldom, after I was fourteen, that any one nicknamed me—knowing how odious it was to my feelings—except in pure fun or out of malice.

When I was fifteen, Judge Daly, who lived in the house on the hill, sent over word to us that he intended giving a party to his niece, Miss Rose Hope, who had come from a far city on a visit to him.

I had heard so much of Rose, through a friend of mine, that I was extremely anxious to see her. Rose was a beauty, she said, and one of the sweetest girls she had ever known.

I had the vanity of a boy of fifteen. My looking-glass told me that my eyes were dark and penetrating, my features handsome, my shoulders broad, my stature quite manly, and I even thought I discerned an incipient moustache on my upper lip.

The question recurred again and again to my mind, "I wonder what she will think of me?"

Ned Smith and I were pretty good friends, but our friendship had never yet been put to any very severe test. We had talked a good deal about Miss Rose, and Ned had joked me upon my superior appearance. He was not handsome. His form was badly proportioned, but he contrived generally to make himself a favorite with most people, for he was witty and social.

I was sure that he meant to ingratiate himself with the judge's niece, and it gave me no particular uneasiness; but at that time I had not seen Miss Rose.

The evening came, and I cannot put upon paper how restless, how anxious, how almost nervous I was, as I prepared myself for the entertainment. Boys may be careless of appearance in the judgment of their elders, but I have seen a neck ribbon untied twenty times, a shirt-collar buttoned and unbuttoned at least forty, and a fair shock of hair parted and re-parted, combed and dressed in a dozen different ways, and after all, nothing suited.

Just so I felt as I drew on my gloves, prepared to go to the judge's entertainment. My mother looked me over solemnly, my father gave me a quick, scrutinizing glance. They had never gone to entertainments in their youth, I read it in their faces.

"I hope you won't be too fond of such things, my son," said my mother.

"O no, I don't care much for them," I said, carelessly; and, I am sorry to say, not truthfully, for I knew in my heart that I did. I was inclined to gayety as the sparks to fly upward.

Arrived at the judge's, I was quite dazzled at the beauty of the guests and the splendor of the preparations.

The grounds were tastefully lighted by Chinese lanterns; the house was brilliant without and within, but supreme over all the attractions there presented, was sweet Rose Hope.

It is a musical name, and I am fond of musical names, having been so un-euphoniously dubbed myself.

"It isn't possible his name is Jonadab, a handsome fellow like him," was the first shock my nervous system received. I think my ears are preternaturally acute. I know the name of Jonadab from the very formation of the lips. I did not see who said it; I was only certain that it was not Miss Rose, for she was at the opposite side of the room.

I hope I shall not be accused of undue vanity, if I say that Rose Hope showed me some attention that evening. I found that she was not a silly, fashionable girl, for she talked with much discrimination, and more good sense, and I saw Ned Smith give me a good many black looks.

However, I did not care about that. Rose took me to the conservatory to show me a splendid calla lilly; she piloted me round the garden that I might see the fountain play; she was very kind and gracious. and, thinking of my unfortunate name, I was thankful to her, and enjoyed the evening more than any I remembered before.

I went home elated, sweet bells sounding on the way. In spite of my name I had been noticed; not only noticed, but made much of, and I did not observe that on our meeting, next day, Ned Smith was very cool.

It happened on the afternoon of that same day I was going down Main Street, when I saw in the distance Miss Rose walking by the side of Ned. It was evidently a casual meeting, and they were chatting very amicably together. I was pleased at the thought of seeing them both, and walked on, with heightened color, perhaps, but a ready smile on my lips, when, just before we met, Ned, pretending to have just recognized me, exclaimed, loud enough for me to hear,—

"Why, there's Dabby!" and as I could not avoid them now, he cried out, "Hollo, Dabby! off to the park?"

I don't know what I did. I felt the hot, indignant blood fly all over my face. Perhaps I bowed to Miss Rose, perhaps I did not. It might have been her little amused, surprised laugh I heard, as we passed each other, it might not; but I am sure that if a glance could have killed, Ned Smith would have laid dead at my feet.

I scarcely know how I got over that day, so indignant, so reckless I was. I said some impertinent things to my mother, of which I have ever since been heartily ashamed. I sulked and I meditated vengeance. With Ned Smith I was never again on speaking terms. I am sorry to say that I held my resentment for ten long years

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But one blessed thing my name has done for me. I believe, under Heaven, it has often kept me from dissipation. For years I felt so dogged that I hated to go into society at all. I stayed at home, curbed my restless inclinations for pleasure, fell into the habits of reading, and, fortunately, of reading useful books.

This well cultivated taste is now my solace, indeed, one of my greatest delights. I am always finding new wonders in this strange planet which we inhabit. I am always marvelling at the glorious evidences of the Creator's work.

For this my ugly name is partly responsible; but still I do not advise any doting parent to name his eldest or his youngest darling Jonadab.

For the Companion.

A QUESTION.

By Helen C. Weeks.

"He'll pop in a month, sure as my name's Stella. He'll pop in a week if I give him a good chance."

"Don't you do it, Stella. It's fun to see the agony, blushes and die-away glances, and upsetting every thing he touches. O, it's rich! I don't know any better fun in the world than just leading the fellows on; pretending to be as sentimental as they are, and then when they've wound up to the highest pitch, and offer themselves, like big geese, just saying, 'Sir, you are entirely mistaken. I have no intention of marrying at present.' They look so taken down, and so mad, and they can't help themselves, you know."

"Once in a while, I do get sorry for Harry," said the first speaker. "He's in dead earnest, you know. Why, I could have him this minute; but my goodness! I wouldn't marry him for any thing. When I do settle down, I want it to be with somebody who has a little life and fun in him. Harry hates round dances, and proses away about the essentials of real living, and all sorts of sober-sided stuff. O, we never should get on together! Why, last evening I was laughing to him about the way his Cousin Fred courted Mary Harris, and how mad he was at the way she flirted, and I told him it was all nonsense to think a girl would give up every thing, and Fred might better make himself more agreeable; and he looked at me with his big eyes a minute and then repeated,—

"'Learn to win a lady's faith,
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.

"'Fred is one of the few men who think that,' he said. 'I wish there were more idea of loyal gravity among you girls and women. You're to blame for half your troubles the women's rights people rave about.'"

"O, he's a regular stick, Stella. How you can spend evening after evening listening to that kind of stuff I don't see. Frank Blaisdell says he's given up going to your house, for there's no chance for any thing but sermons when Harry Adams is there. You might better catch Frank, if you can. There's fun enough in him."

"Good-morning, Miss Stella," said a quiet voice behind them, and a young man, bowing as he passed the two girls, walked swiftly on.

"Mercy on us! It's Harry Adams!" said Stella. "Do you suppose he heard, Anna?"

"He'd have looked red or something, if he had," said Anna Carter. "It's queer, though, he should have gone by so fast. He isn't generally in such a hurry when he sees you."

"Well, I can't help it if he did," said Stella, after a few moments silence. "I sort of like Harry, after all; but he needn't think I'd ever marry him. Here's Mary Pierson's. Let's go in a little while. I'm going to tell her just what we've been saying."

"Stella Randall! What do you want to do that for?"

"For fun!" Stella had just time to say before the door opened, and Mary, leaning over the balusters, called,—

"Come right up stairs, girls, into my room. I'm in a cloud of tarletan, and can't get out."

"What do you think?" Stella began, half laughing, after the pretty evening dress had been examined and admired, and notwithstanding one or two meaning looks from Anna, she repeated the whole conversation. "What do you suppose he will do if he did hear?" she ended.

"I should hope he would never enter your house again, unless you reform your ideas," Mary said, slowly.

Stella flushed a little.

"There you go, Mary Pierson! I knew I should catch it if I began. I'd like to know why I haven't a right to flirt a little, if I want to?"

"Because the love of a good man is too sacred a thing to play with. If you do not want it, do not act as if you did, and then throw it away when offered. You are working with all your might to make marriage contemptible, and deserve all the unhappiness you'd get, in marrying an empty-headed, selfish dandy like Frank Blaisdell. I don't wonder men lose all faith in women, when they hear them go on as you do."

"I'm not the only one," said Stella, a little sulkily. "Send a few shots somewhere else."

"I wish I could," Mary went on, earnestly. "After all, Stella, you are not so much to blame as those who educated you, and they, in turn, can be partly justified in the same way. The wrong lies in the way every body jokes about marriage; good Christian people, just as much as those who are not. Not one mother in ten thousand teaches her girls that there is much more in a wedding than new clothes and presents, and all the solemn possibilities of wifehood are jested at from the beginning. You think marriage is a joke, and so you play with all men. I tell you, girls, it seems to me more solemn than death!"

"Mary, how can you!" said Stella. "As if there could be the least comparison."

"But there is, girls. Just think a minute; death brings change to your *one* soul, but marriage affects the eternal welfare, certainly of *two* souls, who come together for life, but possibly of other souls who may be the result. You wouldn't laugh with a friend who was ill, and wonder when her time would come. Why should you laugh about marriage any more? For my part, it seems to me a sacrament, and till girls learn to think about it as such, they will enter it blindfold, and divorces and all the miseries the daily papers are filled with, will go on and multiply. I wonder there are any decent husbands, when they see the low estimate women seem to put upon the tie."

"And all this from a little flirting," said Stella, uneasily. "I'm sure I never thought there was any harm in it, but you frighten one. Why, I've had three offers already, and never thought there was any harm in getting all the fun out of them that I could. It never seemed as if there was any thing serious in such things, but I do believe there is."

"You have so much influence, Stella, that you could alter the notions of a good many girls, if you chose. You are so pretty and bright that you attract every body, and need to take more care than a plainer girl would."

"I think we've had about enough of this," whispered Anna, who had remained silent through the conversation, and who now rose to go, as the door-bell rang.

Stella was very quiet during the walk homeward, and made no answer to any criticism Anna had to make on "Mary Pierson's absurd notions," so that when they parted at Mrs. Randall's door, Anna walked away, indignant at the influence which had come between them, and determined to laugh it down, if possible.

She could not succeed, however, for a revolution was gradually taking place in Stella's mind, aided, no doubt, by the fact, that Harry Adams' visits had ended, and that it was most probable he had heard the conversation I have given you.

Some months went by. People wondered at the change which had come over Stella, and Harry, who met her now and then at sociables, most of all. Her tone still rankled a little in his mind, and Stella, who had begun to value him more than she had ever dreamed she should, feared all possibility of his again liking her was ended. So one evening, standing quietly watching the dancing at a gay little party, she was startled, on looking up, to see Harry's eyes fixed intently upon her. As their looks met, he came forward, saying, softly,—

"Come into the conservatory, Stella."

Why should I tell you any more? You know there was an explanation, and I know that Stella is now a happy wife, using all her influence in her large circle of friends, to make marriage the sacred topic that it is, and to put down, as far as in her lies, the false ideas of flirting and beaus, which fill the minds of half the girls she knows.

Help her, girls, for the good work is in your hands as well as hers.

MIGHTY-MITES.

"In one of Gulliver's tales of his fabulous travels he tells us of being pinned down to the earth by pigmies no bigger than his thumb. But they came upon him by thousands. They bound him, finger by finger, with tiny ropes no bigger than a hair. Each one he could have broken in an instant, but altogether they bound him as fast as if he had been tied with cables, and fettered with iron.

"In a Carolina forest of a thousand acres you can scarcely find a tree that is not dead and crumbling to decay. No fire has swept over it, no lightning scathed those naked, bleaching pines. This ruin was wrought by a little insect's larvæ, no larger than a grain of rice. What a hundred axe-men could not accomplish by years of hard labor, this seemingly insignificant insect sent its feeble off-spring to perform. One alone could have little power, it is true. But millions were marshalled and all the skill of man could not stay their course."—*Young People's Helper.*

One little sin or fault seems to amount to nothing, but repeat it a million times and the evil habit chokes us with threads of steel.

APRIL.

Now melts the snow upon the hills,
Unnumbered foaming, sparkling rills
Come singing, tumbling down.
Through balmy days and sudden showers
We'll search the woods for early flowers,
'Neath last year's leaves so brown.
O blissful hours of coming spring,
After rude winter's frown!

Little Corporal.

For the Companion.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE MOORS.

In the year 1852 I was on board the good bark *Anita*, from Boston, on a voyage up the straits, bound for Palermo. The winds had been light since we passed the Cape, but we were making some headway. The great ocean was crossed, and we felt so near our destined port, that we began to think we were almost there.

The current was setting in towards the coast, yet the shore was a long way off, when a dense fog came up and settled over the whole surface of the water. The captain gave strict orders to the mate, who was a heavy, lumbering, good natured dummy, to keep a bright lookout.

Early the next morning, the captain and his wife were at breakfast in the cabin, and the cautions were reiterated. The mate replied that he would not be caught napping, but would call him if there were any signs of land ahead. Not long after, down he came, slowly and deliberately, as though there was no need of any hurry, and "guessed the captain had better come on deck and look round."

The captain sprang up the companion-way at a bound, and saw, to his alarm, that the shore was very near, and the vessel heading for the rocks not far from Apes' Hill.

"Hard up your helm!" he shouted, and hard up it was put, but too late.

The headway was too much, and the vessel drove up on [illegible] fast, her stern swinging free.

"Well, this is a pretty fix into which you have brought us," said the captain, angrily, to the mate. "You've anchored us hard and fast on the coast of Morocco. If some of the bloodthirsty natives should see us, we can only say our prayers and die, for there are only two pistols and one old musket aboard, and not a pike or c tlass."

While the words were on the captain's lips, as he swept his glass around the coast, he saw a crowd of half naked figures, with flashing sabres and bayonets, leaping from rock to rock, and hurrying down to the beach.

On they came, about two hundred strong, large, powerful men, some carrying very long Moorish guns capped with bayonets, and cutlasses buckled at their waists, others with sharp spears or boarding pikes, but all armed.

Capt. Davis was not a man to be wholly overcome by an emergency, and he gave orders instantly to throw out a kedge anchor on the seaward side of the vessel, bending the whole crew to the windlass to heave her off.

There was quite a space of deep water between the vessel and the shore, and there the black fiends stopped, gnashing their white teeth and howling with disappointed rage. Then discerning what the captain was about, they levelled their pieces at half cock, and made furious signs for him to stop heaving at the windlass.

There was one among the crew who could speak Moorish, and through him the order was interpreted that the captain must lay by till the next day.

The muzzles of the guns were dropped, and the captain went forward to take counsel with the crew. The interpreter was pale with fear, and trembled as though he had the ague. He said he had been in Algiers, but he never saw such a piratical set of men before as these looked to be.

The captain's wife was in the cabin, weeping and wringing her hands in mortal terror. Suddenly the thought occurred to the captain to display his flag; and up it went, and the stars and bars floated out from the peak. This movement created quite a tumult on shore, and at first there was some appearance of indecision, but only for a few minutes.

They seemed to debate the subject, and then to come to the conclusion that dead men tell no tales, and they would never be found out if they struck at once; and up went their signal in reply—a white flag on the point of a bayonet, with crossbones—the true pirate's blazonry the world over, and we knew what to expect.

Without waiting for any more words with the pirates, Capt. Davis turned to his men.

"Come on, boys," he shouted, and led the way himself. "Heave on the windlass all you know, and let 'em fire!"

Just then one of those sudden gusts of wind so common along the mountainous coasts of the Mediterranean, struck the vessel and backed her out into deeper water, filling her sails and swinging her round into her native element. The cable was cut by a few nervous blows, and with the loss of some fathoms of good manila and a kedge anchor, we pursued our way, followed by the whistling of bullets and such hideous yells, as even now, after the lapse of years, make my ears tingle.

Our escape was almost miraculous. Had we fallen into their hands, the vessel and cargo would have been broken up secretly, and not one of us would have been suffered to escape to tell the story of the tragedy.

S. H. Gooch.

"SHE HAS OUTLIVED HER USEFULNESS."

Not long since a good-looking man in middle life came to our door asking for the "minister."

When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied,—

"I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother had outlived her usefulness. She was in her second childhood, and her mind was grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself and was a burden to every body. There were seven of us sons and daughters; and as we could not find any one who would board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I have had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us up."

Without [illegible] man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor and returned to our nursery.

We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours, those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother," and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself and a burden to every body else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest.

God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect to the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself and a burden to every body else!"

These cruel, heartless words rung in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its tongue had chronicled eighty-nine—the years of the toil-worn mother.

There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in an irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white.

He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of His tenderness when gray hairs are on him, and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and on dependence upon God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim His promises when heart and flesh failed them. "Then," he said,

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"the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms."

Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said, reverently, "From a little child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel it.

"Our mother," he added, most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all of these, her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride—that here she passed the most of her life, toiling, as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that till health and strength left her.

"God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your example before your own children; for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave.

"I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the evening of life, that you may never say in the presence of your families nor of Heaven: 'Our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us.'

"Never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that! No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures."

Adieu, then, poor toil-worn mother, there are no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed.

STILL ENOUGH TO-DAY.

It made my heart ache, yesterday, when you struck the child, *because he made so much noise.*

Is he still enough for you, to-day?

Last night, when he put up his sweet, rosy lips for a kiss, the thought came to me, how Christ-like is a little child, though all unconsciously so; He forgives seventy times seven less mother. I think I never went to see you but you complained of little Bertie's noise; I wonder if the child is quiet enough to please your most exacting wishes now?

The dear baby was a noisy child. It seemed to be inherent in his nature to pound and upset things; to shout at the top of his sturdy lungs; to improvise all manner of whoops and yells, but it was only the working of the forceful nature that God gave him. He was not a wicked child; there really seemed to be no evil in his nature. He greeted you always with a kiss.

I can see him now, springing up into your lap, his beautiful face all afire with love, tumbling your collar, rumpling your hair, disarranging your work—but O! loving you so!

And I have seen you submit to it, frowningly, impatiently, with quick words, and as if it were a task which must be endured, glad when he had got through his rough caressings, that were so beautiful to me; calling him a little bear, and wishing—I will spare you a repetition of some of the speeches you have made, O, wilful and thoughtless mother.

He is still enough, to-day!

Last night a strong angel came in the midwatches, and he took your noisy baby out of your way. There was one look of unutterable love, one flinging up of the little arms to his mother, one passing smile so sweet no mortal hand could paint it—a smile, for all the quick words and wordless shakings, the frowns, the —— blows on his pretty shoulders. Is it any wonder that their angels do *always* behold the face of our Father in heaven?

Ah, he is very beautiful as I look at him now, waxen and cold, with the golden curls that will never need your finger to twine them any more; very lovely, very unlike "that noisy little thing!"

His hands are exquisite in their fold, every dimple firmly marked, every tiny nail like clouded pearl, every lash on that softly rounded cheek distinct as perfect repose can make it. The curve of the throat, the noble arch of the temples, the singing mouth, the tender bosom, the dainty limbs, are they all still enough for you, now?

I dare not stay in your home—I dare not. Its silence would almost madden me, remembering as I do how harshly you dealt with the noble soul God gave in your keeping. I should hear his marching step, bringing down that strong little foot with the ringing noise that made you "so nervous," with military precision, accompanied by his songs without language that ended in the heartiest, sweetest laugh I ever heard in my life.

I have often pitied the little creature, but it is you whom I pity now. You never knew the worth of the treasure lent you, but you are counting it to-day with bitter tears. You are counting it on lips that never refused to respond to your kisses before; you are counting it on hands that loved to cuddle in your bosom, you are counting it on sealed eyes that always looked up to you in gladdest delight, save when their lids were widened with grieving wonder.

Still enough now.

You can knit, and sew, and read, and visit; there is nothing to hinder—save, perhaps, the memory of what will draw as bitter tears from your eyes as ever clouded mortal vision.

But your home will be very quiet..

MRS. DENISON.

THE BOYHOOD OF EMINENT CONGRESSMEN.

It may encourage some poor boy who desires to prepare himself for the best callings of life, to show that some of the men who have been prominent in our national Congress were not the sons of wealthy parents, but were obliged to work for their own support, and under this disadvantage, to find time for the improvement of their minds.

It is a remarkable fact that a large number of American statesmen have been farmer boys and apprentices. It is also an interesting fact that these boys acquired the rudiments of their education by resolute self-denial, working at their books while others were playing, idling or sleeping.

The course pursued by many of them was to obtain an education sufficient to teach a district school, and to earn money enough by teaching to pay for instruction in academic and professional studies. Self-instruction, teaching, and a course of professional training have been the three steps upon which numerous Americans have reached the most honorable positions of statesmanship.

George S. Boutwell, James Brooks, Horace Greeley, Hannibal Hamlin, John B. Henderson, James K. Moorhead, James H. Woodworth, Henry G. Raymond, Samuel A. Smith, Silas Wright, Sam Houston, Lewis Cass, Abraham Lincoln, and many others whose names have conspicuous places in American political history, were hard working farmer boys. They earned their bread by farm labor, and used their spare hours for study.

Benjamin F. Wade, only twelve years before he was elected to Congress, was employed with a spade and wheelbarrow on the Erie Canal. But his mind was at work as well as his hands, and with the feeling that God had given him mental qualities that should be used to influence others, he struggled until his aspirations were realized.

Daniel Webster knew what it was to use the axe and the hoe, and his hands bore the marks of honorable toil; but it must be admitted that he was not much of a farmer. His brother used to say that his father sent Daniel to college to make him equal to the rest of the family.

George S. Boutwell, Allen A. Brad ord, Henry L. Dawes, Daniel S. Dickenson, Cyrus L. Dunham, Sidney Edgerton, John B. Henderson, Edward H. Rollins, Owen Lovejoy, Thomas Ewing, Henry G. Raymond, Benjamin F. Wade, and very many other congressmen paid wholly or in part for their literary education by teaching. Each of these knew the vicissitudes and struggles of poverty, or the pressure of limited circumstances in early life.

John B. Alley was apprenticed to a shoemaker when a lad, but he put his mind at work with his last. James M. Ashley was self-educated, having been thrown upon the world to make his own fortune at the age of fifteen. He found employment for a considerable period on one of the Ohio and Mississippi steamboats. He repaired in part the defects of his early education by obtaining employment in a printing office.

Joseph Bailey, one of the twelve Democrats who voted for the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, acquired all of the education that he ever received, by his own exertions.

George N. Briggs learned the trade of a hatter, and his early life was full of generous inspirations and manly struggles. Nathaniel P. Banks was a bobbin boy. He aspired to be a public speaker even when he was at work amid the din of machinery and the flying of spindles, and sought to cultivate his forensic tastes by attending the meetings of a debating club.

Andrew Johnson, who was really a noble boy, was hungry for books and learning during all his early days of toil, but he was never able to attend school. He was apprenticed to a tailor. Few men ever worked more resolutely for self-improvement than he.

John B. Alley, Isaac Hill, James K. Moorhead, Millard Fillmore, Roger Sherman, and many others were apprentices. Erastus Corning was a clerk. Thomas Corwin was a penniless boy. John S. Carlyle and Thomas Ewing were thrown upon their own exertions in their boyhood. The former was educated by his mother; the latter by his sister.

A number of distinguished congressmen were left orphans at an early age, and were obliged in youth to bear the burdens that belong to mature years. Among these we may mention Augustus C. Baldwin, Simon Cameron, Alexander H. Stevens, the lamented Senator Baker, who fell at Leesburg, and Stephen A. Douglas.

Vice-President Colfax was left an orphan in childhood, and when about eleven years of age he begun to contribute towards his own support and the support of his mother by working in a store.

These eminent men worked with young hands as well as with young brains. There was no sunny, dreamy period in their lives, free from care, which answers our poetic conceptions of youth. The cares and responsibilities of life came upon them at once. They were schooled in realities, and not in pleasure-seeking.

The lesson of these examples is, that success is within the reach of earnest minds, however great may be the obstacles in the way of its attainment. Poetry never sung more truly than in the following lines of Coates Kenney:

"Destiny is not
Without thee, but within.
Thyself must make thyself.
The agonizing throes of thought,
These bring forth glory,
Bring forth destiny."

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

MEASUREMENT OF TIME.

Perhaps in no way is the superiority of man over other animals better proved than in the various ways in which he contrives to measure time.

There is nothing in regard to which thoughtful men have taken more note, than of time. As far back as human knowledge extends, we find them engaged in making machinery for its measurement,—and the work has gone on until that machinery has become well nigh absolutely perfect.

As an instance of what man can do in the business of measuring time—dividing and subdividing it till the mind scarcely can comprehend the smallness of the division effected,—take the new clock that is mentioned as having been invented by a Philadelphian, and which is a marvel that would have astonished the Queen of Sheba when fresh from the contemplation of the wisdom of Solomon.

This clock is so exquisitely made that it can measure the *one ten-thousandth part of a second!* This seems to be the wildest of absurdities when stated, and yet the fact is as stated.

The dial-plate has a diameter of sixteen inches, and is separated into five thousand parts. The indicator makes two revolutions in a second,—and thus the ten-thousandth part of a second is obtained. When we consider that there are 3600 seconds in an hour, and 86,400 in a day, we shall be able to form some idea, though but a faint one, of the exquisite minuteness of the subdivision effected. Should not this time-measurer be called the homœopathic clock? Certainly it deals in small doses of time,—so small, that none but the scientifically trained mind fairly can appreciate them.

The clock is placed on a table, under which the pendulum revolves. The number of revolutions being 172,800 in a day, the swiftness may be imagined, perhaps, but it defies description, or any attempt at it. It is stated that the entire works can be placed in a small cigar box,—rather a vague way of putting the matter, but still clear enough for ordinary purposes.

The only use to which this wonderful invention has been put, so far as we know, is that of measuring the velocity of projectiles, for which purpose it has been accepted by the ordnance officers of government. Thus it is solely employed to ascertain the time it takes to carry out a proceeding that is intended to annihilate human ability to take note of time! But such an application of its powers serves to show how admirable is the clock, for it is necessary to be very accurate in firing projectiles.

It is probable, however, that this remarkable time-piece will be used for many kindly ends, and we can understand that it can be made eminently serviceable in various departments of science, the effect of which will be highly beneficial to mankind.

Accuracy in the measurement of time is the result of progress in knowledge,—and it is, also, the cause of progress in knowledge. All peoples that have made any advance from savagery have done something to measure time, and in exact proportion to all such advances has been the accuracy of learning in most other respects.

Simple as a common watch appears, it is a most remarkable indicator of the greatness of man as a rational, a soul-possessing, and an immortal being.

THE LATE ROYAL AND NOBLE MARRIAGE.

The marriage of the Princess Louise, fourth daughter and sixth child of Queen Victoria, with the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, took place on the 21st of March. The place of the marriage was the chapel of St. George, at Windsor, a place of historical celebrity, which was splendidly fitted up for the occasion; and it was crowded by guests, consisting of persons of the highest rank.

It required no less than four bishops to perform the marriage ceremony; for the Bishop of London, who led in it, was assisted by the Bishops of Winchester, Worcester and Oxford. If bishops can make happy marriages, this one should be supremely blessed in its results.

The Princess had a large number of bridesmaids, whose names show that they belong to some of the highest families in Great Britain,—for they are mentioned as bearing the names of Campbell, Butler, Seymour, Montague, Cecil, Fitzgerald and Gordon-Lennox—all of renown in British history.

The Marquis of Lorne had but two groomsmen, one of whom was Earl Perry, son and heir of the Duke of Northumberland, and the other was Lord Leveson-Gorver.

The bride was dressed in white satin, with a white velvet train, and wore a Honiton lace veil, and a wreath of orange flowers. The bridesmaids wore silk dresses, with necklaces, and wreaths of roses.

The bridegroom was clothed in green and silver, the uniform of the Argyllshire artillery; and the groomsmen wore uniforms of the volunteer riflemen.

The accounts of the marriage ceremony say that the bridegroom, as he stood by the altar, looked pale and nervous; and that while the bride spoke her responses clearly, his could not be heard. The gentleman was possibly too self-conscious, and was thinking only of himself, while the lady was of course thinking only of him.

The marriage over, "the young folks" went to Claremont, to pass the honeymoon. On her journey, the Princess wore a travelling dress of the Campbell tartan, the plaid, that is, of her husband's clan. The Campbells, as we call them, are Sons of Diarmid, Highlanders, and to them the Duke of Argyll is not a Duke, or British nobleman, but McHainellor, the chief of their tribe, whose history goes back nearly a thousand years. In their hearts, probably, they hold that the honor done is not by the Princess to the Lord of Lorne, but by the Lord of Lorne to the Princess. Such is the pride of clanship.

We have written of this marriage, not because of the rank of the parties to it,—for in marriage it is not the Princess and the noble who are to be considered, but the woman and the man,—but because its occurrence is something that typifies our time. Fifty years ago such a union would have been held an impossibility, but times have changed, and royal families have made some advances in human feeling, and remember that they, like the rest of us, are of one flesh and one blood. The age is democratic, and while it depresses the few it elevates the many.

It is more than two centuries since an English prince married a subject in a strictly legal manner; and the number of such marriages is not large throughout the whole course of English history. But now that an English sovereign has made a match between one of her daughters and one of her subjects, we may expect to see such marriages become more common.

The effect will be to break down the partition which divides kings and princes from peoples, and so help prepare the way for the triumph of republicanism, or self-government everywhere.

A POWER OF A HOUSE.

An Irish girl fresh from Ireland was set, by the family that hired her, to washing the sidewalk, as her first work. As she went to the sidewalk she looked up at the four stories of the house, and then up and down at the eleven houses which formed the block, and exclaimed,—

"Faith, and I'd be glad did the folk at home but know what *a power of a house* I'm to 'bide in! It's twice as large again as Castle O' Corney!"

She dashed on the water, and put the strength of an Amazon to her broom, till the steps of the

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house of the lady who employed her, and the sidewalk shone, and then she passed to the next neighbor's house and did the same. By the time she was through that, and was ready for a third, she stopped to take breath and to fan herself with her apron. She smiled and nodded at a servant who every now and then popped her head out of an area, as if to make her acquaintance stealthily, and laughed as if she saw good sport in it.

Just as she began the third sidewalk, her mistress' boy came out, and she asked him,—

"Do yer mamma have the whole road washed every day, young gintleman?"

"Go right on," replied the rogue, and she went to work again where she had left off.

The girl she had seen had now gathered two or three other servants about her, and they all joined in a hearty laugh, when all of a sudden poor Biddy saw that she had made an amusing blunder.

She turned scarlet beneath the scorn of her wiser countrywomen, and cried, as she caught up bucket and broom, "Och, but I thought this was *a power of a house* for one family to bide in, and that it would break the back o' ony Christian to be washing all this road! But I see there's heaps more o' ye 'bides in it, and ye may scour yer own road! Ye're mane creturs for jeerin' at me, when ye were once as green as mesilf!"

PREPARING THE BORDERS.

This has nothing to do with "edgings," or "trimmings," or even decorating the rims of apple pies! Borders are not the edgings of any thing. The word as we use it means flower beds, or flower borders.

Every one who has a strip of ground filled with plants has a border.

Now, how are these borders made? The spring is here, and we want a few flowers this summer. The borders are the first things to be prepared. How to do it depends upon what has been done on the spot the year before. If it was covered with grass, the sods must be dug up, the soil shaken out of them, and sods, roots, grass and all carefully removed.

Then the loam that remains must be stirred and turned over with a fork or spade. If there are many stones, they must be picked up and carried away.

Then, to make our plants grow happily and look plump and cheerful, we must give them something to eat. Get some old manure that has been laying by the barn for some time, and after breaking it up fine, scatter it over the soil. Then dig it under the surface with a fork or spade. If this is too hard work, get your father or your big brother to do it for you. After raking the soil smooth, the border will be finished.

Should it so happen that you have no grass plat to tear up, take any spot you can find. Wherever the potato, corn, or even beans will grow, flowers will grow. By all means have a little border somewhere, and plant and tend your own mignonette and heliotrope.

AN ATTRACTIVE LADY.

If Eve drew the world out of its course we ought not to wonder when one of her daughters occasionally "draws houses," like Anna Dickinson, or draws ships, like the heroine of the following story:

A commander in the royal mail service found his steamer some thirty miles out of her course. He was sorely troubled and could not account for the local attraction that had sent him so far out of the way. Instruments and calculations appeared equally faultless. Sorely troubled from having passed a sleepless, watchful night, the captain went on deck after breakfast. Seeing a lady sitting (as was her custom) near the binnacle, it occurred to him that probably her scissors were resting on the ledge of it. Detecting nothing of the sort, and bent on closer investigation, he discovered that her chair had an iron frame. It also quite reasonably flashed across him that the lady's ample crinoline was extended by steel hoops. So mustering all his faculties, he exclaimed, with as much forgiveness and as little reproach in his tones as possible,—

"Madam, you have by your local attraction drawn my ship some forty miles from her course!"

A FAIRY MAIL-BAG.

The pretty apparatus described here for sending news might have been used by Queen Titania when she sent letters to Oberon. The uses of the quill in conveying intelligence have not all been exhausted yet:

The Paris *Gaulois*, of November 17th, mentions the safe arrival, on the previous day, of a carrier pigeon with dispatches. The written communications were all contained in a scrap of paper about one and three-quarters inch in length and nearly one and a half inch in breadth. This morsel of paper was inclosed in a quill, which was fastened to one of the tail feathers of the pigeon, and upon it was impressed by means of photography, in characters so small that none but the most powerful microscope would reveal the nature of the contents, an immense number of messages. The paper was ruled into four columns, the first of which was occupied by the official description of the document, and the other three columns were devoted to dispatches from the government delegation at Tours and to private messages.

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ANCESTRAL WISDOM.

In Pennsylvania, not many years ago, dwelt the descendants of Peter Van Schreubendyke, who had cleared his own farm, guarded it carefully from the attacks of Indians, and willed it to his son Jacob. Situated in the interior, and far from any settlement, the farm was transmitted in regular order from father to son, and at last became the property of Heinrich Van Schreubendyke, a good-natured, stolid Teuton, whose son Johannes, a bright and lively youth of sixteen years, was told to saddle the horse and ride to the mill with the grist, and hurry back. The grist was on such occasions placed in one end of the bag and a large stone in the other end to balance it.

Johannes having thrown the sack across the horse's back, and got the grist evenly divided, had no need of the stone to balance it. He ran to his father and cried,—

"O, father, come and see; we don't need the stone any more."

The old gentleman calmly surveyed the scene, and, with a severely reproachful look, said,—

"Johannes, your fadder, your grandfadder and your great-grandfadder, all went to de mill with de stone in one end of de bag, and de grist in de odder. Unt now you, a mere poy, sets yourself up to know more as dey do. Yust put de stone in de pag, and never more let me see such smartness like dat."

DR. FRANKLIN'S TOAST.

Dr. Franklin once dined with the English and French ambassadors, when the following toasts were drunk:

The British ambassadors said: "England—the sun whose bright beams enlighten and fertilize the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank: "France,—the moon whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then arose, and, with his usual dignified simplicity, said: "George Washington,—the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

HIS PLAN.

"How," said Mr. Munsell to Mr. Yates, "do you accomplish so much in so short a time? Have you any particular plan?" "I have, I go and do it."

All that is really praiseworthy in life comes of systematic industry. Plans and aspirations, of themselves, accomplish nothing. "For me," said Cicero, one of the most successful men of antiquity, "even my leisure hours have their occupation."

ANALOGICAL REASONING.

A writer for a high school magazine, who hopes to become a philosopher, some day, thinks that the principles of homœopathy were first discovered by Mother Goose. In proof of this the writer cites the case of the man who

——"jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes."

And then on strictly homœopathic principles,

——"jumped into the self-same bush,
And scratched them in again."

KNOW HIS NOSE.

He knows his nose. I know he knows his nose. He said I knew he knew his nose, and if he said he knew I knew his nose, of course he knows I know he knows his nose.

This reminds us of the wood-chopper's exclamation, which most of our readers have heard: "Of all the saws I ever saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws." This last sentence is a grammatical one. Parse it.

SPECIMEN FARMING.

"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"

"O yes, massa, fus-rate farmer—he make two crops in one year."

"How is that, Sambo?"

"Why, you see he sell his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell all de hides ob all cattle dat die for want ob de hay, and make money twice—dat's two crops, massa."

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To those subscribers to the COMPANION who send the largest number of new names to the paper, up to July 1, 1871.

The number of Presents that will be given is **Seventy.** The Presents will be

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1 American Parlor Organ, cost.....$200.
1 Smith's Conservatory Organ, cost.....$100.
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WILL BE GIVEN

In Addition to a Premium for each New Subscriber.

As expressions of Respect from the Publishers to the Subscribers of the COMPANION who are the most successful in enlarging its circulation.

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If you have not received a Premium List, send for one.

Perry Mason & Co.,

Publishers Youth's Companion.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

My *first* is a girl's nickname.
My *second* is a boy's nickname.
My *whole* is a ghost. W. H.

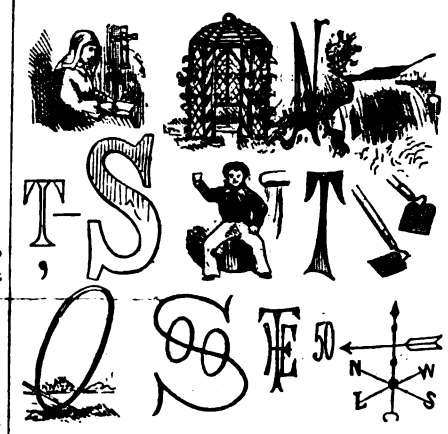
2.

NAMES OF RIVERS TRANSPOSED.

1. Noah and she.
2. A one long ham.
3. I can shoot u.
4. To scare man.
5. A son gal cap. GAY AND HAPPY.

3.

REBUS.



HAUTBOY.

4.

BLANKS.

Fill the following blanks with words spelled differently but pronounced alike.

Mrs. —— has gone to —— a friend.
—— never saw such an ——.
Come —— if you wish to ——.
The little —— is out taking the ——.
She made a —— for her ——.
I will buy the —— if you do not —— me.

JENNIE.

5.

HIDDEN RIVERS.

Jane uses paint on her face.
Mr. Edwards is to speak to-night.
Martha mesmerizes her subjects.
Charles had on his overcoat. G. G. B.

6.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of ten letters.
My 8, 9, 10 is a weight.
My 7, 5, 6 is a liquor.
My 8, 5, 6 is a metal.
My 1, 2, 3 is a verb.
My 8, 9, 1 is used in the manufacture of rope.
My 4, 2, 3 is a verb.
My 1, 5, 6, 7 part of a bird.
My whole is the name of a distinguished American.

CHARLIE AND ROBERT.

7.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in race but not in run,
My *second* in cannon but not in gun;
My *third* is in rain but not in snow,
My *fourth* is in Robert but not in Joe;
My *fifth* is in bucket but not in pail,
My *sixth* is in prison but not in jail.
My *whole* is an American explorer.

VIOLET.

Conundrums.

When is a conundrum dangerous? When it is given up by a physician.

When is a grocer like a highwayman? When he lies in weight.

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane? Because it hurts the pupil.

When does a chair dislike you? When it can't bear you.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. H A N N A H
   A A N N A A
   N N N N N N
   N N N N N N
   A A N N A A
   H A N N A H
2. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."
3. "Come as the winds come when forests are rended."
4. Rail-road.

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For the Companion.

THE BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE OF YULE.

By Hezekiah Butterworth.

My spring time of life has departed;
Its romance has ended at last;
My dreamings were once of the future,
But now they are all of the past.
And memory oft in my trials
Goes back to my pastimes at school,
And pictures the boys who once loved me
In the beautiful village of Yule.

The school-house still stands by the meadow,
And green is the spot where I played,
And flecked with the sun is the shadow
Of the evergreen woods where I strayed.
The thrush in the meadowy places
Still sings in the evergreens cool,
But changed are the fun-loving faces
Of the children who met me at Yule.

I remember the day when, a teacher,
I met those dear faces anew,
The warm-hearted greetings that told me
The friendships of childhood are true.
I remember the winters I struggled
When careworn and sick in my school,
I remember the boys who then loved me
In the beautiful village of Yule.

So true in the days of my sadness
Did the hearts of the little ones prove,
My sorrow grew light in the gladness
Of having so many to love.
I gave my own heart to the children,
And banished severity's rule,
And happiness dwelt in my school-room
In the beautiful village of Yule.

I taught them the goodness of loving
The beauty of nature and art;
They taught me the goodness of loving
The beauty that lies in the heart.
And I prize more than lessons of knowledge
The lessons I learned in my school;
The gentle embraces at morning,
The kisses at evening, in Yule.

More tender than now were my feelings,
My face was more gentle and mild,
I was nearer the heavenly kingdom
The Saviour compared to a child.
O then when the little ones tried me
By heedlessly breaking a rule,
I could pray with them kneeling beside me,
In the beautiful village of Yule.

I remember the hour that we parted,—
I told them, while moistened my eye,
That the bell of the school-room of glory
Would ring for us each in the sky.
Their faces were turned to the sunset,
As they stood 'neath the evergreens cool,
I shall see them no more as I saw them,
In the beautiful village of Yule.

The bells of the school-room of glory
Their summons have rung in the sky,
The moss and the fern of the valley
On some of the little ones lie;
Some have gone from the wearisome studies
Of earth to the happier school;
Some faces are bright with the angels
Who stood in the sunset at Yule.

I love the instructions of knowledge,
The teachings of nature and art,
But more than all others the lessons
That come from an innocent heart.
And still to be patient, and loving,
And trustful, I hold as a rule,
For so I was taught by the children
Of the beautiful village of Yule.

My spring time of life has departed;
Its romance has ended at last;
My dreamings were once of the future,
But now they are all of the past.
Methinks when I stand in life's sunset,
As I stood when we parted at school,
I shall see the bright faces of children
I loved in the village of Yule.

A NOBLE FISHER BOY.

Our readers may remember the story of "The Little Moss-gatherers," published in the *Compan on* several years ago, where a little girl six years old saved the life of some younger children at the expense of her own. The following touching account of peril and sacrifice is similar in many points, though in this case the noble young benefactor and martyr was a boy:

The 9th of October, 1877, will be long remembered among the Labrador fishermen. On that day an awful hurricane raged along the coast.

One of the fishing vessels, with a large number of men, women and children on board, was caught in the storm, and tried hard to ride out the hurricane. After a few hours of fearful suspense she dragged her anchors and was driven ashore.

With great difficulty all on board were safely landed. Drenched with rain, blinded by the snow drifts, shivering in the cutting blasts, they found themselves on an uninhabited part of the coast, the nearest huts being nearly five miles distant.

The gloomy night closed in as the last of them was dragged ashore from the wreck. Their only hope lay in endeavoring to reach the distant huts; and in the darkness and storm they staggered on through the trackless wilderness. Who can picture the horrors of that night of suffering to this forlorn band!

When the morning sun shone out nineteen of them lay dead along the shore. A group of three women and two children clasped in one another's arms and half buried in mud was found, all stiff and stark in the icy embrace of death.

During the darkness and confusion of landing, a family of four young children were separated from their parents, who sought for them in vain, and at length gave them up for lost.

A boy of fourteen, hearing the cries of these poor little ones, and finding they had no guide or protector, resolved to do what he could to save their lives. To reach the huts with them being impossible, he made the shivering children lie down, locked in each other's arms; then he set to work resolutely, collecting moss, of which, fortunately, there was a large quantity about, and piling this around them, layer upon layer, he at length succeeded in excluding partially the piercing cold.

Fortunately, too, he found on the beach the fragment of an old sail which he spread over all; and collecting more moss, he increased the rude covering until the poor little sufferers ceased to cry with the bitter cold, and declared themselves more comfortable.

Through all the dreary hours of that awful night that heroic boy stood alone by these children, replacing their covering when the wind scattered it, and cheering them with words of hope. He might have tried to escape with the others, but he would not leave his helpless charge.

At length day dawned; and then he turned his tottering steps towards the settlement to seek for aid. When about half way he met the parents of the lost children, wild with grief, coming to search for their dead bodies, as they had no expectation of finding them alive.

The young hero quietly told them what he had done to save them, and by his directions they soon found the spot where they lay. On removing the covering of moss, they found the little creatures snug and warm, and in a refreshing sleep.

What words could picture the wild joy of father and mother at that sight! But alas! on their way back, near the spot where they had parted with him, they found the noble boy who had saved their children's lives at the expense of his own, lying dead. Nature was exhausted, after the fatigue and exposure of the night, and, unable to reach the friendly shelter, he sank down and expired.

TOM STINCHFIELD AND THE INDIANS.

The early pioneer settlers of Maine were tough and hardy men, and it was well they were, for they were forced to have some tough and hard dealings with the native savages. The Lewiston *Weekly Journal*, in an account of the ancient history of the town of Leeds, relates some incidents in the life of Thomas Stinchfield, a man who reminds us somewhat of Chamberlain, the hero of "Lovewell's fight:"

He was a most powerful, athletic man, weighing some 250 pounds. He had cultivated the friendship of the Indians by his justice and kind offices, and his physique was such as to inspire their fear. Although he trusted them on all occasions, he never lost a debt, unless the Indian died. He would never trust a stray Indian.

An Indian chief made his lodge near Stinchfield's, and having imbibed too freely of *occupee*, became quarrelsome and abused his squaw. Stinchfield was sent for, and repaired to the wigwam, rope in hand.

When he arrived, the chief played possum, pretending to be sick. Stinchfield took a turn around one of his ankles, threw the rope over the lodge pole, and suspended the Indian in the air. Stinchfield would not release him until he promised never to abuse his squaw again.

The Indians had a mortal hatred of the negro. One of the Indians entered S.'s cabin, where a negro was seated at the table. He drew his knife and rushed upon the black man. S. sprang and seized his musket, declaring if blood was to be spilled upon his floor, he would spill it; and the Indian desisted. The Indian council lodge was on a knoll south of the river and west of the railroad.

Stinchfield made a visit to the tribe of Indians who inhabited the Sandy River region. He found none but squaws and children in the camp. The Indians had gone to Sandy River to trap, and make maple sugar. Stinchfield was tired and hungry, having travelled twenty-five miles on snow shoes. He had retired to rest in the guest room. Suddenly the wigwam was a scene of wild commotion. The squaws had their ears to the ground, and said they heard a tramping in the distance, and that the enemy was coming upon them.

Presently their fears were relieved by the arrival of the tribe. When they passed through S.'s apartment they only uttered "ugh," a sound expressive of rage and revenge. S. had never feared in the presence of Indians before. He saw vengeance depicted upon their countenances.

He said, "I am, and ever have been, your friend. I have never deceived or betrayed you."

The only reply was "ugh."

There was sullen silence for some fifteen minutes. In the meantime the squaws had renewed the fire, and were heating water in the kettles. The Indians took the locks from their muskets, and boiled them in the water. S. mistrusted some dire revenge was meditated. He arose and stood in their midst, and said,—

"I have been true to you for years. I swear truth and secresy to you now. Thomas never lied. Tell me what this means, and I am with you to the death."

They said, after a private consultation, "Ten days ago we carried our traps and kettles to the river to trap and make sugar—the white men have stole them. Before the sun arises on them they shall be with the evil spirit, and their wigwams shall be ashes."

S. tried for a long time to pacify them, but in vain. Their muskets were washed and oiled, and their cartouches well supplied with ammunition. S. asked them how many traps and kettles they had lost. They stated.

"Now," said S., "send some of your men with me, and I will give you as many traps and kettles as you have lost, and ten gallons of rum to boot."

They accepted his offer, and thus the white settlement between Farmington Hill and the Falls was saved from massacre. S. charged the bill to Butterfield, the principal of the white settlement, and he paid it. The whites excluded the thieves from the settlement, and it is said they went to Winthrop as outlaws.

THAT WHITE FIGURE.

People who figure in scaring enterprises are likely to get severely paid off, but here is a case where the wrong party took the fright. The good it did him, however, reconciles us to the apparent injustice of the catastrophe:

One of the most remarkable cases of sudden cure of disease was that of a rheumatic individual, with which is connected an amusing ghost story.

There were a couple of men in some old settled part of the country, who were in the habit of stealing sheep, and robbing churchyards of the burial clothes of the dead.

A certain public road led past a meeting-house, where there was a graveyard, and not far off a tavern.

Early one moonlight night, while one of these miscreants was busy robbing a grave, the other went off to steal a sheep. The first one, having accomplished his business, wrapped a shroud around him and took a seat in the meeting-house door to wait for his companion.

A man on foot passing along the road towards the tavern, took him to be a ghost, and, alarmed almost to death, ran as fast as his feet could carry him, to the tavern, which he soon reached, out of breath.

As soon as he could speak he declared that he had seen a ghost robed in white, sitting in the church door. But nobody would believe his story.

But, incredulous as they were, no one could be found that had courage enough to go.

At length a man who was so afflicted with the rheumatism that he could scarcely walk, declared he would go if the man would carry him there. He at once agreed, took him on his back, and off they went.

When they got in sight, sure enough it was as he said!

Wishing to satisfy themselves well and get as near a view as possible of his ghostship in the dim light, they kept venturing nearer and nearer.

The man with the shroud around him took them to be his companion with a sheep on his back, and asked, in a low tone of voice,—

"Is he fat?"

Meeting with no reply, he repeated the question, raising his voice higher.

"Is he fat?"

Still no reply.

Then in a vehement tone, he called,—

"*Is he fat?*"

This was enough! The man with the other on his back replied,—

"Fat or lean, you may have him!"

And dropping the invalid, he travelled back to the tavern as fast as his feet would carry him. But he had scarcely arrived there when along came the invalid on foot too!

The sudden fright had cured him of rheumatism; and from that time forward he was a well man.

AN EXPLOSION.

The steamer *S.* exploded, several years ago, with terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge. Capt. S. was blown into the air, alighting near a floating cotton bale, upon which he floated uninjured, but much blackened and muddied. Arriving at last at a village several miles below, to which news of the disaster had preceded him, he was accosted by the editor of the village paper, with whom he was well acquainted, eager for an item:

"I say, is the *S.* blown up?"

"Yes."

"Was Capt. S. killed?"

"I am the captain."

"The thunder you are! How high were you blown?"

"High enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life before I came down here."

The other started on a run for his office. The paper was about going to press, and not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, two weeks off, he wrote as follows:

"The steamer *S.* has burst her boilers, as we learn from Capt. S., who says he was up long enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he lit. We suppose he was up about three months."

CUT OFF THE WRONG HEAD.

An old farmer of Sumner, Mass., was out one fine day looking over his broad acres, with an axe on his shoulder and a small dog at his heels. They espied a woodchuck. The dog gave chase and drove him into a stone wall, where action immediately commenced. The dog would draw the woodchuck partly out from the wall, and the woodchuck would take the dog back.

The old gentleman's sympathies getting high on the side of the dog, he thought he must help him. So putting himself in position, with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the woodchuck, when he would cut him down.

Soon an opportunity offered, and the old man struck; but the woodchuck gathered up at the same time, took the dog in far enough to receive the blow, and the dog was killed on the spot. For years afterward the old gentleman, in relating the story, would always add, "And that dog doesn't know to this day but what the woodchuck killed him."

LOBSTER TRAPS.

Lobsters are caught in creels or pots, which consist of a piece of netting attached to a circular piece of iron with another piece rising up over it like the bale of a kettle, from which the bait is suspended. When dropped to the bottom of the water the rim rests on the ground, so that the lobsters crawl over it to get at the bait, and when the creel is pulled up the lobsters are caught in it and emptied into the boat or on the land.

Lobsters live entirely upon animal food, and are attracted by the meat, even if it is in a state of putrefaction. Bright and shining objects seem to attract them so, that they will often enter the pot if there is nothing in it but a few oyster shells with the white side up.

A few years ago a curious bait was employed with great success. It was very simple, being nothing but a common phial silvered on the inside. This was hung in the lobster pots and attracted them to the bait. It is probable that the glittering object attracted their attention, and that when they approached this to satisfy their curiosity, they perceived the bait and entered the trap to get it.

Lobsters part with their claws with much indifference, and often will *shake them off* on hearing a sudden noise. It is said that the captains of certain vessels were accustomed to levy a toll upon the lobster fishermen, threatening that unless a certain number of lobsters were furnished them, they would fire cannon over the lobster grounds, and make them shake off their claws.

When fishermen find they have wounded a lobster, they have recourse to a strange but efficacious remedy. If one of the claws is wounded, the creature would soon bleed to death unless some means were used to stop the flow of blood. So they twist off the entire claw, when a membrane immediately forms over the wound; and from the centre of the scar sprouts out a new limb to take the place of the old one.

DEAD IN JESUS.

Mr. Corderoy, speaking of a Sunday scholar at Walworth, says, "There was a little girl, not long ago, severely scalded. She was taken to the hospital, and only survived a short time. There lay the little sufferer, all her last night on earth, in the doleful sick ward of that hospital; nothing was heard to break the stillness of the hour but the ticking of the great clock. By-and-by there arose from her bed a low but sweet and beauteous melody:

"Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all my guilty fear,
And turns my hell to heaven."

All was still again; nothing was heard but the ticking of the great clock in the ward. At length the voice broke out again, and even more sweetly than before:

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

The nurse hastened to the bedside, but she was too late; angels had been there before, and the happy spirit of the child had gone from singing "Behold the Lamb!" on earth, to see Him in His glory above. Sunday school teachers, there are results worth striving for, and such as will well repay all your toil.—*Biblical Treasury.*

"I PLAN TO COME."

A thought beforehand is an excellent thing for boys, but not many take it in season:

"How is it you are never late at Sabbath school, Edwin?"

His Sabbath school began at quarter before nine in the morning, and I concluded many of the children found it hard to be prompt, as they came straggling in all through the beginning exercises. Edwin, never; he was always on time.

"How is it, Edwin?"

"O, I always *plan* to come," said Edwin. "I put the shine on my boots over night. I find my Bible, and question and library books, and put them together in a safe place beforehand. I brush and put on my Sunday clothes before breakfast. So after breakfast and prayers I have nothing to do but just go to school, and I start in season to get there before the superintendent rings the school to order."

A BOY'S TOBACCO SPEECH.

I go against tobacco because it goes against me. I eschew it; I will not chew it. I will tell you why.

1st. I do not like the taste of it. It tastes worse than the bitterest medicine ever put to my lips. It is such sickening stuff.

2d. I don't like the looks of it. In the words of another, "When I see the tobacco, I pity the mouth that chews it; and when I see the mouth which chews it, I pity the tobacco. It has not a taking color. It is of a dirty dirt color."

3d. I don't like the effect of its use. It makes the teeth yellow and brown, when they should be white; it makes the breath sour and offensive, when it should be sweet; it injures the voice, so that those who chew cannot sing and speak to advantage. The voice breaks, and the chorister croaks like a raven when he should sing like a bobolink; the orator merely barks, and tobacco bark is very disagreeable.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

For the Companion.

STORY OF THE SQUIRREL.

A little gray squirrel, who lived in a wood,
Picked up all the nuts and apples he could,
And hid them away in an old hollow tree,
To eat in the winter; wise squirrel was he!

He worked very busy collecting his store,
Enough for the season, perhaps even more;
And when he had finished, his work being done,
He thought he'd go off for a nice little run.

So one autumn morning, a bright, pleasant day,
This brave little squirrel from home went away.
He climbed every tree in a neighboring wood,
And seemed very happy, as all squirrels should.

He found some red berries that tempted him quite,
For squirrel was blest with a good appetite.
He feasted on apples and had a nice treat,
And hid what was left when no more he could eat.

But when he went home for a nice little rest,
Some naughty, bold robber had been to his nest
And carried away all his nice winter's treat,
And left little Bunny with nothing to eat.

Poor Bunny! he scolded and chattered loud, too;
For that is the way angry Buns always do.
But finding that scolding did no good at all,
He rolled himself up in a little round ball.

He went off to sleep in his snug little nest,
And 'woke up next morning quite calm and refreshed.
Then he set out again on a wonderful tour,
To find a new home from the robbers secure.

While searching about in a forest quite nigh,
He found an old shagbark that grew very high.
Now up scampered squirrel, without any fear,
For surely no robber could ever reach here.

A hole he soon found on the top of the tree;
"Ah, this is the place," said the squirrel, "for me."
He found some sweet acorns that lay on the ground,
And plenty of nuts, too, lay scattered around.

So when winter came he'd enough and to spare,
And oft with his neighbors an acorn would share.
And Bunny still lives in his nest on the tree,
Nor would he exchange it, so happy is he.

Not so with bad Billy, who robbed little Bun;
He was not quite happy at what he had done.
He hid all his nuts in a hole in the wall,
And little brown chipmunks soon pilfered them all.

AUNT CLARA.

For the Companion.

MT. VERNON.

Bertrand and Molly had come with their father to Mt. Vernon to pass a holiday. Standing before the tomb of Washington, they gazed for a time at the marble sarcophagus which contains his remains, and the one by its side containing those of his wife, and then passed on to the old tomb.

"I like this best, after all," said Molly; "for here is where they put him when he died. Here beautiful Mrs. Martha came in her widow's weeds, and the Washingtons and Custises came all dressed in black, too, and the slaves stood round crying. O dear, I can seem to see just how they looked, this minute!"

"It would make a good potato-pen, wouldn't it?" remarked Bertrand, peering into the tomb.

"Come, children," called their father, who was already on his way to the house, "we have no time to spare."

The first room shown them was the chamber in which Washington died. On the window of another chamber they saw the name "Jane Custis," cut with a diamond, and the date 1782. Then they went into the attic, and even to the portico, although there were no stairs leading to it, but only a ladder with rounds remarkably far apart. Descending once more, they visited the two parlors, the library, and the great dining-room. In the latter were Washington's pistol holsters, the tripod he used when an engineer, and the harpsichord given by him to his adopted daughter on her marriage.

"What is that great key kept in a glass case for?" asked Bertrand, as they passed through the hall.

"That is the key of the Bastile, given by Lafayette to Washington. Do you know what the Bastile was?"

"A great, gloomy prison in France," said Molly.

Having seen all that visitors are allowed to see in the house, they went into the grounds. An old colored man stood at the garden gate, who said he belonged to Bushrod Washington, and that he came there eighteen months after the General died. He had flowers to sell, and Molly's father bought her a bouquet as a souvenir of Mt. Vernon. While their father was talking to this old man, the children ran about the garden by themselves. Presently they spied a long, low building, unlike any thing else on the place. It had small windows, partially boarded up. They stood on tiptoe and peeped in, but only saw darkness. Then they ran round to the other side, and found that it had doors to it, and ever so many small windows just alike.

"It must be a stable," said Molly.

"O, Gen. Washington wouldn't keep his horses in such a place as this," said Bertrand; "besides, there's a fireplace all tumbling to pieces."

Just then there appeared at one of the doors an old negro woman; O, *very* old, and with such a face as one sees in the nightmare.

The children stood still, because they were too much frightened to run, but the old woman courtesied, and asked them to come in, in a very pleasant voice.

"This is where *the people* lived," said she. She meant by that, the slaves. "That is where they did their cooking," said she, pointing to the fireplace which occupied one side of the room. The children stepped into it, and looking up, saw the blue sky through the chimney.

The floor was without boards, the walls without plaster, the windows so small that they admitted little light. Besides this room there was a very small sleeping-room, and the old woman said all these cabins were alike.

"Did you always live here?" asked Molly.

"No; only since the war. I came from Bull Run," said Aunt Prue.

"O yes, there was a great battle there, but it was ever so long ago; almost before I was born,'" said Bertrand.

"Uncle George was killed there," said Molly.

"And many another nice gentleman," said Aunt Prue, shaking her head.

Although the old woman spoke so kindly, they were glad to get out of the cabin, and ran to their father as fast as they could.

Then they all sat down under a shady tree and had a picnic dinner.

"To think that Washington walked over this very spot where we are sitting; and he was the best and greatest man that ever lived," exclaimed Molly.

"Nothing to Napoleon," said Bertrand.

"Napoleon, indeed," said Molly.

"Yes, Napoleon; he fit harder and killed more folks," said Bertrand.

"Well, I don't care, he wasn't so good; and good is better than great."

"You call it good to keep slaves, don't you?" said Bertrand.

Molly's countenance fell, and as she could think of nothing to say, her father answered for her.

"We must consider the time when Washington lived. People had not thought about slavery then as they have now. He was beyond his time even in this, for he freed his slaves when he died."

"There now!" exclaimed Molly, her eyes sparkling; "and wasn't he greater and better than anybody else?"

"Except Lincoln," said her father, smiling.

"There now!" exclaimed Molly, again.

In his secret heart Bertrand agreed with them. If he had not, I should be quite ashamed of him, but he did not want to admit it, so he jumped up, crying, "There's the bell, there's the bell; the boat's going to start."

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LADIES OF THE MIDDLE AGE.

By these we do not of course mean middle-aged ladies, but those who beamed with their gentle smiles, in the period sometimes called the Dark Ages. To know much of their ways and doings, it is necessary to study ancient chronicles and manuscripts, ivory carvings and the tapestry, so much of which they made with their own fair hands.

The Anglo-Saxon women were far in advance of the British who lived in England before them. It is said that the ancient Britons wore no clothing, but dyed their bodies blue, which seems to us needless, seeing they must have been blue with the cold. When the Romans invaded Britain, the ladies, at least, became ashamed of themselves, and took to dressing. They also began to wear ear-rings, necklaces, &c., but perhaps, like other savages, they did this before, while they were still naked.

The Anglo-Saxon ladies also liked ornaments, and sometimes dyed their cheeks. Their dress, however, was always modest. They wore a *camisia*, a tunic, a kirtle, and over all a mantle. There is no account of any ever presuming to put on the breeches, nor are bonnets mentioned. Stockings and gloves were in use, the latter being called hand-shoes, as they are still by the Germans.

The nuns, even in those days, were in the habit of dressing well. We have a description of a lady abbess, who was not only robed in scarlet, and loaded with jewelry, but had her face rouged and her hair curled with irons over her forehead. The chief points about her, however, were her nails. These were long and sharpened to a point, to resemble the talons of a hawk. It is to be hoped that her character did not correspond, or the nuns must have suffered.

The marriage ceremony in these early days was very simple. It was called a *hand-fastening*. The couple pledged themselves to constancy by taking each other's hands in the presence of friends.

As among the Anglo-Saxons every body was considered to have a money-value, according to his rank, the bridegroom had to pay the lady's father a sum of money when they became engaged. This led to engagements being frequently broken off after the money was paid. The clergy, therefore, ordained that if a girl refused the husband provided for her, she must go into a convent, or as they called it, become a bride of the church. This was a severe measure for the girls, and doubtless made them careful how they became engaged.

Other ceremonies were afterwards introduced into the form of marriage. The bridegroom changed the engagement-ring from the maiden's right hand to the first finger of her left. The father gave the bride's shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her head with it. This, it is said, came from the custom of placing the foot on the neck of a captive or slave, and is preserved in that of throwing an old shoe after a newly-married couple. The marriage-tie was thus associated with the shoe-tie. The morning after the wedding the husband made his wife a present, called a morning gift.

The Anglo-Saxon women were very industrious. They made all the clothes, and had to be forbidden from sewing and shearing sheep on Sundays. Their needle-work was highly prized, even by the Normans. In the tapestries they are generally represented as spinning, and *spinster* thus came to be the regular name for an unmarried woman.

According to the feudal system the people were all gathered in clusters about a castle and owned the dominion of its lord. When the lord was absent the lady took his place, and thus became a very important personage.

During the wars, and especially the crusades, the lords were often absent for many years at a time. Then the ladies took charge of their husband's property, governed their retainers and defended their castles against attacks from enemies.

Their amusements were in accordance with their position, and as we should think now-a-days, of rather a masculine kind. They were very fond of hunting the hare, hart, wolf and bear. They rode on horseback, but did not always use a side-saddle. Hawking, that is, catching birds by means of trained falcons, was considered quite a lady's accomplishment. They even carried their hawks to church with them, so as to have a little sport by the way. They were also in the habit of catching rabbits with ferrets, and sometimes shot them.

The ladies were evidently much stronger than they are in these days, and so also were the perfumes they used. The principal was saffron. In the thirteenth century, it was the custom always to take off gloves in company and before shaking hands. About this time false hair began to be common, and was arranged to resemble horns. A bishop, preaching to ladies, told them that Noah's flood was occasioned by extravagances of this kind, and that the devil made his ordinary seat between a woman's horns.

In those days, as at present, it was a question on which there was much difference of opinion, whether learning was good for ladies. There were probably as many lady authors, in proportion, then as now, but there were comparatively few readers. Intelligence is now far more generally diffused, and if ladies are not so strong and masculine as they used to be, they are more feminine, which is more to the purpose.

VARIETY.

NEW ENGLAND'S CLIMATE.

It has long been the saying that a man going out of a morning in New England should take an umbrella and a linen duster, a flannel shirt and a fan, to be ready for the changes of weather before night. Hon. Rufus Choate once hit off this peculiar climate as follows:

Cold to-day, hot to-morrow; mercury at eighty degrees in the morning, with a wind at south-west, and in three hours more a sea-turn, wind at east, a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of forty degrees of Fahrenheit; now so dry as to kill all the beans in New Hampshire, then floods carrying off the bridges and dams of the Penobscot and Connecticut; snow in Portsmouth in July, and the next day a man and a yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island—you would think the world was twenty times coming to an end. But I don't know how it is; we go along; the early and the latter rain falls each in its season, seed-time and harvest do not fail; the sixty days of hot corn weather are pretty sure to be measured out to us; the Indian summer, with its bland south-west wind and mitigated sunshine brings all up; and on the 25th of November, or thereabouts, being Thursday, three millions of grateful people, in meeting-houses, or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty and happiness.

RAISING WOLF SCALPS.

A correspondent of the *Green County* (Wisconsin) *Republican* says:

It seems that this county has been paying the sum of five dollars for every wolf scalp exhibited to the clerk of the County Board, and the State a similar amount, so that a wolf scalp was worth ten dollars. This handsome bonus for scalps caused a number of men to go into the business of wolf hunting, and some of them made it pay a good return. They managed something in this wise: The first thing was to find a wolf's retreat or lair; then wait till breeding season, and, when the she wolf had borne her young, to visit the lair, take the whelps, kill and scalp them, present them, and get the usual bounty on each. Sometimes a man would succeed in getting two or three litters during a season, with a half-dozen or more in each litter. The whole number of the 'wolferines' multiplied by ten would represent the net profit of the season's work. Of course the she wolf was not molested; but was preserved for future harvests.

FUNNY SITUATION.

It is always dangerous to "poke round" a neighbor's house in the night, however friendly the intention. The accidents related here which proved so laughable might have been fatal to two men:

A citizen of Lyons, N. Y., recently stopped at the house of a friend to get a drink of water. No one responding to his rap upon the door, he raised the window, intending to enter and help himself. Just as he introduced his head the sash fell, and being unable to raise it again, he found himself a prisoner. The owner of the premises hearing the noise, and thinking only of the burglars and murder, fled "fast and far" to the yard, but in his flight fell into a hogshead of water, which his fright had caused him to forget. No. 1, hearing the splash, and divining the cause, began to laugh immoderately, notwithstanding his unpleasant position, and thus attracted the attention of a passing friend, by whose exertions both parties were released from their ludicrous situation.

A MURDER DOUBLED.

A Montreal paper says that Mrs. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose sudden death was announced a short time back, never fully recovered the shock of her late husband's death at the hands of an assassin, and that she soon afterward showed symptoms of heart disease. It was only a few days previous to her sudden death that her medical adviser informed her that she might die at any moment.

When a man commits a murder there is always a terrible probability that he has killed more than one victim.

MRS. GRUNDY AND THE EQUATOR.

A little school girl up in Massachusetts asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterwards the teacher asked the geography class to which this little "bud of promise" belonged—"What is a zone?" After some hesitation this little girl brightened up, and replied, "I know; it is a belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."

PIGGY'S SWIM.

It has been the unanimous opinion of even the "oldest inhabitant" that a pig was incapable of sustaining itself for any length of time by swimming, from the fact that from their peculiar mode of using their forelegs the sharp hoof would cut their throat. The following will tend to disabuse such impressions: "The lugger George and William Hunter, of Lowestoft, when seven miles off Southwold, picked up a live pig. Poor piggy had had a long swim, for there was no vessel to be seen near the spot.'

THE tongue of a church bell in New Hampshire having been struck from its place last summer by lightning, a local preacher alluded to the event as a most remarkable case of *lapsus linguæ* (slip of the tongue.)

"MA," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor folks live together when they go to heaven?"

"Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there."

"Then, ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here?"

AN old lady who recently visited Oneida, was asked, on her return, if the canal passed through the village. She paused awhile, and answered, "I guess not; I didn't see it; and if it did, it must have gone through in the night, when I was asleep."

POETICAL.—A Western rhymester, surcharged with the "divine afflatus," seeks relief in some affecting stanzas, of which the following is a specimen:

"'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Is rising in the wide, wide west;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog is on his downy nest;
The pensive goat and sportive cow
Hilarious hop from bough to bough."

A GOOD THING TO TAKE.—"Will you dake sumding?" said a German teetotaller to a friend, while standing near a tavern.

"I don't care if I do," was the reply.

"Vell, den, let's take a valk."

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

THE SMUGGLER'S TRAP.

By Prof. James de Mille.

Hubert had accompanied his father on a visit to his uncle, who lived in a fine old country mansion, on the shore of Caermarthen Bay.

In front of the house spread a long beach, which terminated in precipitous cliffs and rocky ledges. On the afternoon of the day following his arrival, he declared his intention of exploring the beach.

"Don't get caught in 'The Smuggler's Trap,'" said his uncle, as he mentioned his plan.

"'The Smuggler's Trap?'"

"Yes. It's at the end of the beach, where you see the cliffs. It's a hollow cave, which you can only walk at very low tide. You'd better not go in there."

"O, never fear," said Hubert, carelessly, and in a few minutes he was wandering over the beach, and after walking about two miles, reached the end of the beach at the base of the great cliffs.

The precipice towered frowningly overhead, its base all worn and furrowed by the furious surges that for ages had dashed against it. All around lay a chaos of huge boulders covered with sea-weed. The tide was now at the lowest ebb. The surf here was moderate, for the sea-weed on the rocks interfered with the swell of the waters, and the waves broke outside at some distance.

Between the base of the precipice and the edge of the water there was a space left dry by the ebb tide, about two yards in width; and Hubert walked forward over the space thus uncovered, to see what lay before him.

He soon found himself in a place which seemed like a fissure rent in a mountain side, by some extraordinary convulsion of nature. All around rose black, precipitous cliffs. On the side nearest was the precipice by whose base he had passed; while over opposite was a gigantic wall of dark rock, which extended far out into the sea. Huge waves thundered at its feet, and dashed their spray far upward into the air. The space was about fifty yards across.

The fissure extended back for about two hundred yards, and there terminated in a sharp angle formed by the abrupt walls of the cliffs which enclosed it. All around there were caverns worn into the base of the precipices by the action of the sea.

The floor of this place was gravelly, but near the water it was strewn with large boulders. Farther in there were no boulders, and it was easy to walk about.

At the farthest extremity there was a flat rock that seemed to have fallen from the cliff above in some former age. The cliffs around were about two hundred feet in height. They were perfectly bare, and intensely black. On their storm-riven summits not a sign of verdure appeared. Every thing had the aspect of gloom, which was heightened by the mournful monotone of the sea waves as they dashed against the rock.

After the first feeling of awe had passed, Hubert ran forward, leaping from rock to rock, till he came to where the beach or floor of the fissure was gravelly. Over this he walked, and hastened to the caverns, looking into them one after another.

Then he busied himself by searching among the pebbles for curious stones and shells. He found here numerous specimens of the rarest and finest treasures of the sea—shells of a delicacy of tint and perfection of outline; sea-weeds of new and exquisite forms, with rich hues which he had hitherto believed impossible.

In the hollows of the rocks, where the water yet lay in pools, he found little minnows; and delicate jelly fish, with their long, slender fibres; and sea anemones; and sea urchins, with their spires extended; and star-fish moving about with their innumerable creepers. It was a new world, a world which had thus far been only visible to him in the aquarium, and now, as it stood before him, he forgot all else.

THE SMUGGLER'S TRAP.

He did not feel the wind as it blew in fresh from the sea,—the dread "Sou'wester," the terror of fishermen. He did not notice the waves that rolled in more furiously from without, and were now beginning to break in wrath upon the rocky ledges and boulders. He did not see that the water had crept on nearer to the cliff, and that a white line of foam now lay on that narrow belt of beach which he had traversed at the foot of the cliff.

Suddenly a sound burst upon his ears that roused him, and sent all the blood back to his heart. It was his own name, called out in a voice of anguish and almost of despair, by his father.

He sprang to his feet, started forward, and rushed with the speed of the wind to the place by which he had entered the enclosure. But a barrier lay before him. The rolling waves were there, rushing in over the rocks, dashing against the cliff, tossing their white and quivering spray exultingly in the air.

At once Hubert knew his danger.

He was caught in the "Smuggler's Trap," and the full meaning of his uncle's warning flashed upon his mind as in his terror he shrieked back to his father.

Then there was silence for a time.

While Hubert had been in the "Trap," his father and uncle had been walking along the beach, and the former heard for the first time the nature and danger of the "Smuggler's Trap." He was at once filled with anxiety about his son, and had hurried to the place to call him back, when, to his horror, he found that the tide had already covered the only way by which the dangerous place might be approached.

No sooner had he heard Hubert's answering cry, than he rushed forward to try and save him. But the next moment a great wave came rolling in and dashed him upon the cliff. Terribly bruised, he clung to the cliff till the surf fell back, and then ran on again.

He slipped over a rock and fell, but, instantly regaining his feet, he advanced further, and in his haste fell into a hollow which was filled with water.

Before he could emerge, another wave was upon him. This one beat him down, and it was only by clinging to the sea-weed, that he escaped being sucked back by the retreating surge. Bold and frenzied though he was, he had to start back from the fury of such an assault as this. He rushed backward and waited.

His eyes searched wildly around. He noticed that the surf grew more violent every moment, and every moment took away hope. But he would not yield.

Once more he rushed forward. The waves rolled in, but he grasped the rocks, and withstood the surf, and still advanced. Another followed. He bowed before it, and clinging to the rocks as before, came forth triumphant.

Already he was nearly halfway. He sprang upon a rock that rose above the level of the seething flood, and stood for a moment panting and gasping. But now a great wave came rolling in upon him. He fell on his knees, and clung to the sea-weed.

The wave struck. It hurled him from the rock. He rolled over and over. Blinded, bruised and half drowned, he felt himself dashed against the cliff. He threw his arms wildly about, but found nothing which he could seize. The retreating wave sucked him back. But a rock stayed him. This he grasped, and was saved.

Then hastily scrambling to his feet, he staggered back to the place from which he had started. Before he could get back, another wave threw him down, and this time he might have been drowned had not his brother plunged in and dragged him out.

Of all this Hubert had seen nothing, and known nothing. He waited for some time in silence, and then called. There was no answer. He called again and again. But at that time his father was struggling with the waves, and did not hear him. At last, after what seemed an interminable time, he heard once more his father's voice. He shouted back.

"Don't be afraid!" cried the voice. "I'll get you out. Wait"

And then there were no more voices.

It was about two o'clock when Hubert had entered the gorge. It was after three when his father had roused him, and made his vain effort to save him. Hubert was now left alone with the rising tide, whose waters rolled forward with fearful rapidity. The beach inside was nearly level, and he saw that in an hour or so it would be covered with the waters. He tried to trust to his father's promise, but the precious moments passed, and he began to look with terror upon the increasing storm; for every moment the wind grew fiercer, and the surf rolled in with ever increasing impetuosity.

He looked all around for a place of refuge, and saw nothing except the rock which arose at the extremity of the place, at the foot of the overhanging cliffs. It was about five feet high, and was the only place that afforded any thing like safety.

Up this he clambered, and from this he could survey the scene, but only to perceive the full extent of his danger. For the tide rushed in more and more swiftly, the surf grew higher and higher, and he saw plainly that before long the water would reach the summit of the rock, and that even before then the surf, in its violence, would sweep him away.

The moments passed slowly. Minutes seemed, in his suspense, to be transformed to hours. The sky was overspread now with black clouds; and the gloom increased. At length the waves rolled in until they covered all the beach in front, and began to dash against the rock on which he had taken refuge.

The precious moments passed. Higher and higher grew the waters. They came rolling into the cave, urged on by the fury of the billows outside, and heaping themselves up as they were compressed into this narrow gorge. They dashed up around the rock. The spray was tossed in his face. Already he felt their inexorable grasp. Death seemed so near that hope left him. He fell upon his knees, with his hands clasped, and his white face upturned. Just then a great wave rolled up, and flung itself over the rock, and over his knees as he knelt, and over his hands as he clasped them in prayer. A few more moments and all would be over.

As hope left—a calmness came—the calmness that is born of despair. Face to face with death, he had tasted the bitterness of death, but now he flung aside the agony of his fear, and rose to his feet, and his soul prepared itself for the end. Just then, in the midst of the uproar of wind and wave, there came a sudden sound, which roused to quick, feverish throbs the young lad's heart. It was a voice,—and sounded just above him,—

"*Hubert!*"

He looked up.

There, far above him, in the gloom, he saw faces projecting over the edge of the cliff. The cry came again; he recognized the voice of his father.

For a moment Hubert could not speak. Hope returned. He threw up his arms wildly, and cried,—

"Make haste! O, make haste!"

A rope was made fast about Hubert's father, and he was let down over the edge of the cliff. He would allow no other than himself to undertake this journey.

He had hurried away and gathered a number of fishermen, whose stout arms and sinewy hands now held the rope by which he descended to save his son.

It was a perilous journey. The wind blew and the rope swayed more and more as it was let down, and sometimes he was dashed against the rocky sides of the precipice; but still he descended, and at last stood on the rock and clasped his son in his arms.

But there was no time to lose. Hubert mounted on his father's shoulders, holding the rope, while his father bound his boy close to him. Then the word was given, and they were slowly pulled up.

They reached the summit in safety, and as they reached it, those who looked down through the gloom saw the white foam of the surf as it boiled in fury over the rock where Hubert had been standing.

MAKING PINS.

Pins are little things, but it gives a great deal of trouble, and requires very nice machinery to make them.

"Birmingham, into which the trade was introduced about a hundred years ago, is now the headquarters of the pin-manufacture. Then a pin passed through fourteen pairs of hands in the operations of straightening the wire, pointing, cutting into pin lengths, twisting wire for heads, stamping heads, cleaning pins, whitening, washing, drying and polishing, winnowing, paper-pricking, and, finally, papering up.

"Adam Smith, arguing on the advantages of the division of labor, can find no better illustration than that afforded in the making of a pin. Not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades.

"One man draws out the wire, another straightens it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth

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grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on is a peculiar business, to whiten the pin is another; it is even a trade by itself to put them into papers; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which in some manufactories are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them.

"I have seen a small manufactory of this kind, where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day.

"There are in a pound upwards of four thousand of a middling size. These ten persons, therefore, could make among them, upward of forty-eight thousand pins in a day."

For the Companion.

LATE PEACHES.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

When the first beams of the October sun turned the meeting-house spire into gold, and its crested rooster into sparkling diamonds, Mistress Watkins threw open her windows, and put her head out as if to bid the world good-morning, now that she and it had awakened from a night's repose. Her countenance, as befitted the hour and the occasion, wore a benign expression, which, however, quickly changed to one of chagrin, and she exclaimed, in a heart-rending tone,—

"Prudence, they've stolen my peaches!"

"Not *all*, I hope," said Prudence; and straightway another head appeared at the window,—a head with a glory of rippling hair around it,—"not *all*, Aunt Dorcas."

"No; they had sense enough to leave the green ones, more's the pity—wish they were inside of 'em now, stones and all; but they've taken every one that was turning the least bit red."

"How did they contrive to select the ripe ones in the dark?" queried Prudence.

"O, boys are like owls, when there's any mischief afoot," said Mistress Watkins, and drew in her head, as it was high time she should, for the neighbors were now stirring, and it was not meet that a respectable woman like her should appear before them in her night-cap.

And we, although privileged characters, will not intrude further upon the privacy of these two ladies, but while they are making their toilets, I will mention some facts necessary to the full understanding of this story.

Mistress Watkins was a gentlewoman of independent means. I do not mean by this that she could afford five hundred dollars for a single dress, or fifteen hundred for a cashmere shawl, but simply that she had enough to supply all the wants of a lady of good family in a retired country town—her precise position. And if that isn't being independent, I should like to know what is.

Her house, which was of two stories, fronted the south, and had, at the same time, the good fortune to front the street, also, which was not always the case in those days, when houses were placed with reference to the sun, and not the highway.

The front yard, from Fast day to Thanksgiving, was abloom with flowers, while the kitchen garden, in the rear, supplied Mistress Watkins' table with vegetables the year round.

The peach tree, already alluded to, belonged properly to neither, for it grew in a kind of recess under a back window, and was yet separated from the garden by a high picket fence. People often wondered, who tasted its fine fruit, how any one came to plant it in such an odd little nook, but the fact was, no one did plant it there of set purpose, but it chanced thus:

Years before, a young Watkins sat at his chamber window eating peaches. He flung away the stones, and one of them dropped into a hole. Somehow, it got itself covered up—say that the hens scratched the earth over it, then the rain beat on it, and the sun shone on it, and the first young Watkins, or anybody else, knew it had struck root and was a thrifty little tree.

From which we see that we cannot even fling away a peach stone, but the consequences, for good or evil, will meet us years afterward.

"To think that those little rascals should have stolen my peaches," said Mistress Watkins, who had now finished her toilet and her breakfast; "but never mind; I'll fix 'em, I'll fix 'em."

"But Aunt Dorcas, I'm sure you don't grudge them a few peaches. I dare say they never get any at home," said Prudence, coaxingly.

"Child, I was saving them for Parson Oldboy," returned her aunt, severely.

"O, I didn't know that," said Prudence, well aware that this was "a settler;" for of all mortal men, she knew that the parson stood foremost in her aunt's estimation. She had met him once or twice on a former visit, and, what with his white cravat, his clerical coat, and his precise manners, she had thought him a pedant and a prig; but she would no more have said so to her aunt, than she would have whispered aught against the Pope's infallibility in the ear of a devout Catholic.

What she did say was, "There are ever so many more left; and see, they are already turning red."

"Yes, and the minute they are fit to eat, those boys'll be here again; and I hope they will, I do. O, I'll fix 'em. They won't come again to-night, though."

"How are you going to 'fix 'em?'" asked Prudence.

"Wait a few days and you'll see," was the reply.

And she *did* see; and so will you and I.

With the help of old Abraham, who carried on the place, she contrived a slip-knot of rope, which was so arranged that any youngster who attempted to leap the palings by the peach tree, must inevitably be caught by it. Then she placed a bucket of water and a dipper by the chamber window.

"Now," said she, grimly, "let 'em come."

But they did not come, although the peaches grew daily more mellow and tempting.

"I guess they smell a rat," said she.

"Well, prevention is better than cure," said her niece.

"In some cases," replied Mistress Watkins; "but in this one I should prefer the cure. Hark! I heard a noise. I believe my heart they're there."

So saying, she laid down her work and crept stealthily up stairs to the chamber window without a light, her niece following to witness the *denouement*.

It was evident that some one was struggling in the noose, but who it was could not be discerned, although the new moon was blinking, and the stars were winking as hard as they could.

Not a word spake Mistress Watkins, but seizing her dipper, she began deluging her victim with cold water.

"Ugh! Ugh!" accompanied by a spluttering sound, was the only response.

"O, I'll teach you to steal my peaches, you rogue," said Mistress Watkins, still splashing the water at her prisoner. "You think because I'm a lone woman, you can do *any thing*, don't you? Well, you'll know better, next time."

"Really, madam"——

"O yes, we're very polite all at once, but *really, sir,*" mimicking him, "I haven't got half way to the bottom of my water pail yet."

"Really, Mistress Watkins"——

"You needn't think to beg off yet awhile. You've got to tell your name and ask my pardon first. Though as to your name, no need of that. I know who you are well enough."

"You do!"

"Yes, I know you for the worst young jackanapes there is in town; and if I call for Holdfast Bean, what have you to say to that?"

"I have to say that this is most extraordinary treatment, and that my name is Jonathan Oldboy, madam."

"What! Eh?"

"O aunt, I really believe it *is*," cried Prudence, grasping that lady's arm, as a tall figure rose up beside the fence.

"Parson Oldboy!" exclaimed Mistress Watkins, faintly, and for a moment I think she would have been glad to put her head in the water pail and drown herself; but being a woman of nerve as well as sense, she quickly recovered her self-possession, and hastened with all speed to release her captive.

Having cut the rope, which held him fast by the leg, she led him into the house, pouring out a flood of fragmentary and disjointed apologies on the way. "Mercy on me!" "O, dear sir!" "Did I ever!"

Thus far the scene had been wholly tragic to all parties, but when the dignified clergyman stood in the full light of the open fire and two wax candles, hatless, drenched and bespattered with mud, a smile began to dimple round the lovely mouth of Prudence. (Forgive her, she was only eighteen.) The parson saw it; an answering smile quivered on his lips, and then both he and Prudence burst into uncontrollable laughter, while the elder lady looked on with amazement.

"Prudence, I'm ashamed of you," said she. "I've the greatest mind to send you to bed."

"I know it's rude," said Prudence, trying in vain to compose herself; "but I couldn't help it, it's *so* funny," and glided off into another paroxysm of laughter.

"Don't be severe upon her, Sister Watkins," said the parson; "the young are prone to be mirthful, and I think, myself, the affair has its ludicrous side;" and the reverend gentleman again joined his voice with that of Prudence.

"Well, well, it won't do for you to sit in your wet clothes all the evening," said Mistress Watkins, her own countenance beginning to relax, and leaving the room for a few minutes, she returned with a brocade dressing-gown and a pair of velvet slippers which had belonged to some bygone Watkins. Her guest being speedily invested therein, she drew the large stuffed chair to the fire, and bidding him be seated, again vanished. When next she reappeared, she bore in her hands a salver loaded with various eatables, and, *O tempora! O mores!* a steaming punch-bowl in the centre!

Bear in mind that all this occurred in a past generation. Had Parson Oldboy lived in these latter days, he would no more have partaken of the contents of that bowl, than you, or I, or John B. Gough; but the times and the customs being different, he took what was set before him and was thankful.

Prudence, feeling quite at ease with the man whom hitherto she had regarded at an awful distance, now ventured to ask the question which had long been trembling on her aunt's tongue.

"Please, sir, how did it happen that you were taking a stroll through our kitchen garden so late in the evening?"

"O yes, I forget that I am yet under suspicion," said he, his eyes twinkling mirthfully; "but the truth is, I had been visiting Goody Shay, at the foot of the lane—poor woman, she is lying at death's door, I fear—so I took the nearest way to your dwelling; but another time I think I shall remember that 'the longest way round' may be 'the shortest way home.'"

"Prudence, remind me to take some marmalade to Goody Shay, to-morrow," said that young lady's aunt.

On the following Sunday Parson Oldboy preached from the text, "And him that taketh away thy cloak, forbid not to take thy coat, also," dwelling forcibly upon the duty of loving enemies, and returning good for evil.

"I suppose it's sound doctrine," observed Mistress Watkins to her niece, "and if I'd followed it, I shouldn't have caught that blessed man in a slip-noose; but, after all, there's a good deal of human nature in the old Jewish doctrine, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'"

THE ENGLISH PARLOR MAID'S STORY.

In Three Chapters.—Chap. I.

It was a great day with me when Miss Wright, who had been my schoolmistress, and always had a regard for me, because I gave her little trouble, got me the situation of parlor maid at the Pines.

It was a great day with my mother, too, though she found it hard to part with me, for I was her big girl, the eldest of seven children, and just turned fifteen.

The Pines was the most genteel place in all our part of the county, Suffolk; not exactly a mansion, but a large, old-fashioned house, standing in the midst of its garden-grounds, and sheltered from the east wind by a grove of tall pine trees, from which it took its name.

The family who lived there were called the Denbies; they had been gentry for many a generation, and had been wealthy in former times; but their grandfather was a spendthrift, and they would have been hard up but for the Pines, which belonged to their grandmother, and came to them in a curious way.

There was a gentleman in the neighborhood called Mr. Morley; his father had made money as a merchant in London, and had left it to him. He was fond of a country life, but all his time was passed in buying, selling, and losing on land.

It so happened that old Mrs. Denby wanted I don't know how much money for some family scheme, and to raise it, she sold the Pines to Mr. Morley for the term of her own life, after which the property was to come back to her eldest son. She went to live with her eldest son, and by-and-by money got scarce there, too. They got into all sorts of debt, and went abroad very suddenly. The old lady went with them, much against Mr. Morley's wishes. They say he had bought the Pines on the prophecy of Mother Hicks, the wise woman of Hedingham, that old Mrs. Denby would not die before her ninetieth year, and he wanted to make sure of it by keeping her in the country.

But nothing would part her from her son and his family, and Mr. Morley got as little warning as the rest of the neighbors when they left. He had cause to be sorry for their going—I think it was to France—and he always blamed the climate, for in less than two years he got news of old Mrs. Denby's death, and also that the family were coming home to live at the Pines, and pay their debts.

Home they came as quickly as they went, and got possession of the Pines in spite of all that Mr. Morley and three lawyers could do.

All that had happened when I was quite a child; but the whole country knew it, and the old people used to talk of Morley's foolish purchase about their firesides. However, the Denbies were very genteel and well-to-do, giving large parties three or four times a year, to get the daughters off, it was thought.

There were three daughters and one son. Mr. Denby had saved nothing, and the Pines would go to the boy, of course; but Mrs. Denby was a managing woman, and would get her girls married, everybody said, by hook or by crook; and it was known that young Mr. Morley, notwithstanding his father's great wrath against the family, was in the habit of dropping in at the Pines of late.

People could not say which of the daughters he was paying attentions to, and it made their hair stand on end to think of what the old gentleman would do when he came to find it out.

But to come back to my own story. I had got the week to make myself ready, and was to go to the Pines and begin my service on Monday, when, coming home from church on Sunday evening, who should I meet but old Sarah Jones, a neighbor of ours, who went out charing, and was the greatest gossip in the country. Being young, and rather uplifted, I told her all about my going to the Pines.

"Indeed!" said she, with a very discouraging look. "Aint you frightened to go there, my dear?"

"Why should I be frightened?" said I.

"Well, hon account of what they says is to be seen about the house. In course it's not true, but I has been told that old Mrs. Denby, the grandmother, as sold the place to Mr. Morley, and died in France, walks about there every night. Martha Jenking left her sitervation of housemaid, to my sartin knowledge, from a sight she got in the store-room, though the Denbies said it was hon account of a young man. However, my dear, I hope you'll never see more ink worse than yourself; and I wishes you a good-evenin'." And off Sarah went.

When I got home, and told my mother what the old woman said, she called her a good many names, and an old fool was the best of them, for frightening her girl, and slandering a genteel family, because she could not get work at the Pines, and wanted the parlor maid's place for her daughter Betsy. "But, Jane," said my mother to me, "if you see or hear any thing you don't like, don't stay, my girl, no matter what Miss Wright says; you'll be welcome home, and we'll try to find another place for you."

I promised to do so, but made up my mind to stay if I could. There were mouths enough at home, and little for them. The Pines was a respectable place; and Mrs. Wright had taught me out of her useful knowledge books that there never was such a thing as a ghost.

That was my thought when I went on Monday morning, and began parlor maid's work in my first situation. There was a good deal to learn and a good deal to do; the large, old-fashioned house was kept as clean as a new pin, though of the whole family there was not one that seemed to be of any use in this world, except the mother.

She was a tall, handsome lady, with black hair, and a fine, upright carriage; but either her wonderful managing, or the trials and disappointments she had met with, had given her a look half sour and half scornful, as if she was not pleased with the world in general, and despised everybody about her.

It always appeared to me the person she despised most was Mr. Denby. He was tall and handsome, too, but had a fair complexion, light sandy hair, and a slow, simple, hesitating way as if he had neither judgment nor will of his own.

The daughters, Miss Maria, Miss Ellen and Miss Charlotte, and the one son, Mr. George, took after their father. They had the same sandy hair and the same fair complexion, but the plainer young ladies were not to be seen in a day's travel; and if Mr. George had the full complement of common-sense, he did not look like it.

However, nobody could have a higher opinion of themselves than the Misses Denby and their brother. I am not sure that every one of the three didn't believe she was a beauty; and Mr. George had such a notion of his own abilities that half of his time was spent in the library.

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he said, composing history, and the other half in setting people right.

They had manifestly enough to do with their income, and aspired to more fashion and finery than they could well keep, but it was done by close carving. Every thing about the house that did not come before their genteel company was on the saving system; and I soon found out that if Mrs. Denby was director up stairs, Esther the cook was manager below. She was a gray-haired, hard-featured woman, with a remarkable habit of grumbling and showing the worst side of things, but just and honest to a hair.

Except myself, the Denbies had no servants but her and her family. Her daughter was housemaid; her son was man-of-all-work, called gardener, coachman and butler, by turns; her grandson was errand boy; and her sister came in for laundry work.

Esther had a good deal of her own way, and told her mind pretty plainly to all the Denbies. I often wondered to myself that the mistress, of whom all the rest stood in such awe, took with her so well, but she did; and there seemed to be an understanding between them that the one was not to interfere with the other.

Esther took me in hand from my first coming, taught me my duties, and was civil to me on the whole, for I did my best to please her, seeing that she was second mistress in the house, and kept her son, her daughter, her grandson and her sister as much in order as Mrs. Denby kept the five up stairs.

Esther had a great pride in the family she served; her father and mother had lived with the old generation of Denbies before their estate was run through. She had been with the present people all her life. I suppose it was natural for her to hold the Denbies high. Their grandeur was the one subject she did not grumble at or see faults in; and as I was the only stranger in the house, she was forever letting me know what great people they were, and what luck I had in getting into their service.

I took it all in, of course, that being my best policy; but the simplest parlor maid would have noticed that for all their conceit of themselves, and their vieing with the county gentry, the Denbies were a dull, solitary family.

I never heard a laugh among them while they sat together at the table or the fireside. They didn't exactly quarrel, but their time was spent in small, fretful jangles about every trifle; and they had all got a nervous, frightened way of starting and getting disturbed at every passing sound or shadow.

From long living with them, Esther and her family got the same habits. In short, it was a dreary house above and below; and in spite of myself and all the sensible teaching I had got from Miss Wright, old Sarah Jones' talk would come back to my memory as the days grew shorter and the nights lengthened, for I had gone to the Pines in the harvest time.

One thing greatly helped to make the place cheerless—there were almost no comers or callers. Rich or poor, there was always such a ceremony and fuss about letting them in. The county families seldom came, except to the grand parties. The Denbies had no relations that they were not on bad terms with. No followers were allowed or wanted in the kitchen; and no friends came to the parlor but the gentleman that came unknown to his father, young Mr. Morley.

It was a wonder his comings were not found out at home, for Morley Lodge was not a mile from the Pines, and the old gentleman was always about, looking after his farms and his tenants. But there he was every second evening at least. Just as the night began to fall, we would hear his ring at the gate. All the house knew it. He was always welcome with the old folks. I never heard Mr. George setting him right. And the fluster the young ladies got into at his arrival was something uncommon. What they saw in him to be taken on with, I could never make out, except that he was heir of Morley Lodge and lands, his father being a widower. and having no other child.

He was a small, sharp-looking man, that might have been any age, though they said he was under twenty-five, with no color about him but a sort of turnip white, a broken nose, and a pair of eyes like needles.

Any girl will take notes of a courting business, and as young Mr. Morley could be coming on nothing else, it was but natural for me to take notes of him and his doings. Nobody has better opportunities for the like than a parlor maid; but, watch as I would, it was beyond my powers to make out which of the young ladies he was after. Esther was clear that it was Miss Maria. Certainly he did stand behind her at the piano—Miss Maria was the singing and playing one of the family—turned the leaves of the music book for her, and looked up all the while as if he heard an angel.

But I saw him the next minute bending over Miss Ellen's drawings at the other side of the room, and whispering something that put her all in a simper; and after that he would be admiring Miss Charlotte's embroidery, and squeezing her hand under the work-table.

It puzzled me, and it made all the sisters jealous of each other, though each was half sure of young Morley, and noticed that he kept his tricks well out of the old people's sight, and always talked sensibly and neighbor-like to them and Mr. George.

From that talk I learned that he had come back from his travels at the beginning of the year, a little before the country gossips began to wonder at his going to the Pines; that he had been at the same places where the Denbies lived when they were abroad, and had seen their grandmother's grave in a French burying-ground.

He used to speak of that with a great show of feeling; I couldn't help thinking it was because his father lost the Pines by her death, that Mr. Morley took to the subject often; but somehow, though the Denbies all tried to look as though they liked to be sympathized with for the loss of the old lady, it was plain to me that they would rather have heard him on any thing else.

I don't know if the young gentleman observed me watching him, but I had cause to blame myself for it, as he soon began to watch me.

At first it was taking notes in his turn, though one might wonder what he could find curious about a parlor maid; but by-and-by I got nods, and winks, and admiring looks, always given behind backs, and I never saw the man that could screen himself better from eyes he did not wish to be seen by, and that was manifestly the Denbies and all their servants. My mother had brought me up wisely; Miss Wright had taught me well; and I had sense enough to know that a gentleman's notice seldom brings good to a poor girl.

But all that might not have served me if I had not from the beginning taken a sort of dislike, or bad opinion, of young Mr. Morley. As I have said, he was no beauty; his eyes were cunning as well as sharp, and his crafty way of courting the three sisters warned me, young as I was, to have nothing to do with him.

So his nods, and winks, and looks were taken no notice of, though I couldn't help seeing them, and no doubt he knew I did, for one evening when I happened to open the gate for him, and nobody was looking out, it being almost dark, he caught hold of my hand with, "Jane, I have something very particular to say to you; will you meet me to-morrow evening in the Orchard Lane?"

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

A RIDE ON A RIDGEPOLE.

We were visiting in November, 1858, at the fine old homestead of Capt. Bartlette, which stood on a high bluff, commanding a fine view of the sea.

We stayed longer than we meant to, for a wild storm set in which forbade us taking a buggy-ride of seven miles to the stage road. We had now what the captain had promised us, a view of the sea. But such a view! It seemed as if a thousand fairies had met on sea and shore, and were warring in terrible wrath with each other. The wild howls of defeat and despair seemed to rise from all points of the compass at one moment; and the waves rolled up in gigantic proportions and dashed against the rugged shore as if to tear it in pieces.

We had spent all the day looking on the sea and listening to the wind. At nightfall we gathered around the great fire of logs before which the shining andirons and fender gleamed like sunlight, reflecting in their great round balls the wax candles that burned on the table.

After "Dolly" had brought a basket of apples and a dish of cracked nuts "to be ready when wanted," the captain brushed the hearth with a long-handled brush, and then seating himself in his leather-covered chair, exclaimed,—

"Who'll tell a story that can beat this storm?"

As no one volunteered, the captain went into the kitchen and broke two or three straws from Dolly's broom. These he broke again into pieces of various length, saying, "Draw, now, and whoever gets the shortest is in for a wild story that will match the night!"

Before drawing, some one suggested that a cheerful one would be more agreeable on such a wild night; but no, the captain said he liked things to match—"love stories in sunshine and moonshine, but rough stories on a night like this. I like to see people's hair stand up, whether it's in the chimney corner or at the mast-head."

To the delight of all present, the shortest straw remained in the hand of the merry old captain, when all the others had been drawn. He gave out a jovial sea-laugh, and then composed himself in the great leather-covered with his ample feet stuck up triumphantly on the shining brass fender. Then he said,—

"When I was a boy, this house didn't look much as it does now. There were no blinds and no piazza; and the house was painted red, while barn and shed had never been painted at all. My father despised land quarters, and didn't think them worth looking after. So while he was sure to keep the schooner Polly Bartlette in fine order from stem to stern, the farm and farm-house his father had left him here, were left for the sun and the storms to look after.

"When he died at sea, we, who had always lived in plenty, were left with barely enough wind to fill our sails, and my mother, who was a grand and a brave woman, resolved to work this rocky farm, which he never would do while he lived.

"Dolly's mother lived with us then, a girl. She'd been engaged to Jack Corwin, my father's cook, for years and years; and was making bed-quilts at the time my reason first began to dawn! She had a pile of them, and no prospect of their ever keeping any body warm but herself, for Jack slept in a hammock nineteen-twentieths of his time.

"She was married at last, saying that after thirteen years' acquaintance, she might venture to trust Jack.

"Dea. Joe Cummins now volunteered to find a farmer for my mother when he took his semi-yearly trip to Boston—eighty or ninety miles—for goods. And when he came back he rejoiced us boys—who felt the loneliness of death, though our father died a thousand miles away—by bringing in a tall, stout young fellow with a very merry face, who had agreed to take all the care of farm and chores off mother and the old Dolly.

"His pockets were full of peanuts, and raisins, and candy, commodities rarer in country stores then than they are now. He had three chains to his watch, and as many as half-a-dozen pocket knives, most of which had several blades.

"I was about seven years old then, and Sam was five, and two happier fellows you never saw than we were that night. We could hardly sleep for joy, and had begged mother to let us sleep with our new hero. But she kept us close to her, as she always had done. I went to sleep in the trundle-bed, to dream that I had found a ship wrecked on the bar, loaded with watch-chains, jack-knives and confectionery.

"The next morning we were up at break of day, and in Nathan's room before he was dressed, hoping to get a peep into his trunk, which we had—in imagination—invested with a stock of boy-treasures.

"But his trunks hadn't come yet, he said, but when they did, he'd make us rich! He had Robinson Crusoe, and Jack the Giant Killer, and more story books than ever we'd heard of! Then he had gold watches, and chains, and little waterwheels, and pistols—well there was no end to what he had in those five trunks!

"Young as I was," continued the captain, "I thought it strange that such a rich man should come there to work, and I told him so.

"'Well,' said he, 'that's the joke of it, boys. I've run off! I wanted to work out of doors, and the folks were bound to keep me in the house, so as to save my fine clothes and keep my hands white. But you mustn't tell this to your mother, or she'll tell it, and then they'll come for me and you'll never get your books nor your watches.'

"I remember hoping in my heart that he wasn't a thief; but I banished the suspicion and bound Sam over to secrecy.

"Nathan and we spent the morning wandering over the fields and pastures, 'looking at matters,' he said. When we went into dinner mother said,—

"'Well, Nathan, Dolly and I will leave you and the boys to keep house this afternoon, as we're going up to the village to sign some papers at the squire's office. I wish you'd put on the kettle at four o'clock, and we'll be at home in time to get tea. As you won't begin work to-day, you will amuse them; and they must mind every word you say to them.'

"We promised obedience, and could scarcely wait for them to be gone before we took possession of the house.

"As soon as they were out of sight, I escorted Nathan up stairs and initiated him into all the mysteries of my mother's dressing-room. I opened her bandboxes, and trunks, and drawers, exhibiting her clothes, her ear-rings, and my father's gold watch and ring, which the mate had brought home from Calcutta. There was nothing too sacred, nothing too ridiculous to show the hero; so we exhibited our absent grandmother's false curls and told him she had her false teeth with her!

"Then Nathan told us that his father's horses, just out of Springfield, all wore false curls and had false teeth.

"I said, 'I aint such a fool as you think I am. I don't believe that.'

"Then he laughed so loud and so long that I got tired, and wished he wouldn't laugh any more.

"All at once, two men who had business with our mother, drove up to the door in a buggy. He started up and said,—

"'Let's go up garret. Those men are robbers, come to murder us!'

"I at once forgot that they were friends, and began to shake with fear of having my head and Sam's cut off with mother's new carving-knife.

"Nathan caught Sam in his arms and we rushed up to the garret and into a little room where grandmother's old wheel and other trash were kept. Here was a ladder leading to the roof, and up that he drove us in front of him.

"He put Sam out astride the ridgepole and me after him. Then he sprang up himself like a cat and ran along the sharp edge as if he was on the public highway.

"'I'll walk,' said he, 'and you both ride, for your lives, and so we'll get away from them!'

"Young as I was, I knew then what ailed our new farmer, and I was wise enough to do what he told me and to make poor Sam do the same. So we held on to the ridgepole with trembling fingers and hitched along on the loose, curled shingles, several times across the length of the roof, he occasionally springing over our heads in his own imaginary flight from robbers.

"All this time we heard the men pounding, first at the front and then at the back door, with the butt end of their whips. At length, they went away, and then he became calm and sat down beside us, saying,

"'Now we can rest awhile. But the minute we see any body coming over the hill we must start again.'

"Poor little Sam looked very pale, and now he began to cry for mother. Then Nathan grew angry and shouted out,—

"'Here, you young hyena, if you bellow out that way to draw the robbers back, I'll push you off the house and break your neck!'

"There we sat, trembling, for a long hour more, while Nathan sang, and whistled, and laughed. He mounted the chimney and shouted down the sooty opening, 'Come up here, spirits of evil! I'm ready for you! I've got seven knives with four blades apiece, ready to stab the whole crew of you!

"'"Hey diddle, diddle,
The cat's in the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,"

and so can I when the moon rises! Ha, ha, ha! I played a Yankee trick on the robbers!'

"When our mother, on her way to the lawyer's office, passed the tavern, a young hostler came out of the stable and said to her,—

"'Mrs. Bartlette, isn't that fellow rather out of his head, that the deacon took to your house last night?'

"'He's uncommonly boyish for a man,' said my mother.

"'I should think he was,' replied the hostler. 'He told us here last night that the deacon had been to the Russian dominions after him, because he had been there learning to raise crops on beds of stone and ice. He said he worked his farm with camels, and the deacon told him that you would buy a span or a yoke of them here for him.'

"You may guess our mother signed her name quick at the squire's office. Then she got a carriage, and two gentlemen from the village came down with her to coax the new farmer back to the tavern with them. The hostler drove, and you may judge of their feelings when they reached the top of the hill and saw us on the ridgepole!

"I expected then to be thrown to the ground; but the moment Nathan saw my mother, he cried out,—

"'Now we're safe! Hollo! she's brought company home to tea with her.'

"My mother fainted dead away when she got into the house; and old Dolly came up garret and shouted,

"'Come down, now; we've got beefsteak for tea.'

"Nathan obeyed the call, forgetting us; and then the gentlemen reached us and drew us into the scuttle, for we were by this time more dead than alive with fright.

"Nathan was taken to the deacon's, who offered to keep him—as a penalty for his own carelessness in bringing down a perfect stranger—till he could find out his friends. That he did soon, in an advertisement for a young man of twenty-three, who had escaped from the insane hospital!

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I've had many a ride since then on the angry waves," continued the captain, "but I've never had, on sea or land, such a ride as poor Sam and I had on the ridgepole of this house. Come, friends, let's try Dolly's nuts and apples, and thank Heaven we've got our reason."

TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

From a Correspondent.

In my last letter, I believe I left my readers at the "Imperial" Inn, where we were trying to keep our heads warm under pillows and blankets!

The next morning, bright and early, we breakfasted, and then prepared to start for the city of Ku Cheng. Our coolies had indulged freely in opium, and when we were in our chairs, they detained us by getting into a row with the landlord, and came near having a fight.

A Chinese row is something to hear! From the noise made, one would think little short of murder would be committed. In this case it proved mainly a tongue fight, and the bearers finally got safely off without any broken heads.

The scenery was varied, and before noon we passed a majestic cataract, called by the natives, Dragon Pit. It was impressive beyond description, notwithstanding its unpromising name.

About noon the gentlemen of the party began to look for a suitable place to "tiffin" in. We came to a beautiful clump of trees on the bank of a stream, and were soon seated upon the ground under them, discussing bread and butter, salt beef and pickles, mince pies and oranges.

We were now not many miles from Ku Cheng, and as we approached the city, we met more or less natives, to whom we were wonders indeed!

Just before we reached the city we stopped at a pavilion and arranged the order of our procession.

The People Surprised.

Mr. B—— was to lead the way, Mr. L—— to bring up the rear, the ladies and the children filling up between. We were careful to observe order, and to avoid every occasion of confusion or offence. I settled myself back among the bedquilts of my chair, prepared to observe the effect of our appearance upon the people.

Ku Cheng is a walled city, and as we entered at one of the gates, the news began to spread that foreign ladies were coming. Yet we came upon most of the people unexpectedly, and the effect upon them was irresistibly comical. I laughed in spite of my desire to be grave.

They were generally engaged at their avocations in front of their shops, as usual. The noise of our approach, with the gathering crowd following, attracted their attention. Lifting their eyes, there they became fixed in whatever position they happened to be in,—hands half raised, mouths open, one foot lifted, just like persons suddenly petrified. It was only for a moment, however. They soon recovered themselves, and either contributed to the crowd of our followers, or called to their wives and children to come and look.

We reached the Mission Chapel in safety, with the crowd at our heels. Hurrying out of our chairs, we slipped through the door into the chapel as quickly as possible, the gentlemen successfully keeping the crowd back, until the door was closed and barred. This was done so suddenly and violently that one unlucky urchin had his foot badly pinched in the process.

Some of the natives remained at the gate, insisting upon seeing us, until dark, when they went away unsatisfied.

What Occurred on Sunday.

The native assistant, Sing Mi, who spent some time in New York, obtaining an education, with his wife, a Canton woman, welcomed us heartily, and soon made us feel at home. They had expected us and had arranged every thing with reference to our comfort.

The next day was Sunday, and rising early, we found our heathen neighbors killing pigs in anticipation of the *terng-chaik*, the great winter feast, which was to take place the next day. It is one of the great festivals in this part of China, and is observed with feasting and offerings to idols.

At the usual hour for worship we attended services in the little mission chapel. They were similar to those at home on the Sabbath, only the congregation was arranged to conform to the Chinese ideas of propriety.

The women did not sit with the men. That is thought very improper. They have a little place screened from the audience room, where they are seated by themselves. This little enclosed space is entered from the rooms in the back of the chapel.

The foreign ladies conformed to custom and sat in the enclosure, though we were careful to have the intervening doors opened so that we could see and hear all that was going on.

The chapel was not opened to the public, as usual, as we feared the rush of the people to see the foreign females; and knew it would be difficult to control them.

Chinese Curiosity.

On Monday we rose at daylight, hoping to get out of the city and on our way home before the people in the great city were astir. As the whole city probably knew we were there, we anticipated more trouble in leaving than we had when we entered it, for then we took the people by surprise.

We therefore arranged with our coolies to be ready to start at daylight, and took our breakfast as soon as we could see, put on hats and bonnets, and waited anxiously for our coolies.

Hour after hour passed. The chairs at the door notified passers that the foreign women were to take a ride, and the crowd began to collect, growing larger and more boisterous every moment.

Messenger after messenger was sent for our coolies, but in vain. They were smoking their opium, and would not move until they were satisfied with their drug.

At length, at ten o'clock, they made their appearance, strong in their *drug furnished* by *Englishmen* and *Americans*. We bade our kind friends good-by, and, reluctantly enough, faced the great crowd in the street.

It was not easy to make our way to our chairs. We, however, got safely into them, but it was some time before our bearers could make room in the crowd of staring Chinese to lift the chairs to their shoulders. We started. The crowd rushed after us. The half-grown boys, the most obtrusive element in every mob, hooted and yelled after us, apparently in very good humor. I could not help advising one ragged, dirty specimen, to stop his noise and go home and wash his face!

I think our open chairs saved us from violence; certainly the people would have torn covered chairs to pieces, but that they would have seen us. They followed to the city gates and some distance outside, when Mr. B—— turned and thanked them for their great politeness in accompanying us so far, telling them we would not trouble them farther. This they received with great good humor, knowing very well we did not desire their company, and very soon the last one was left standing and staring at us.

Very thankful were we when safely out of the city. Mr. B—— drew a long breath of relief, and told me he had scarcely slept for the last two nights, imagining all sorts of terrible treatment for us at the hands of wicked men.

Home at Last.

About noon we approached the cataract and again paid our respects to it, but at night we did not stop at the "Imperial," but went on to the next village and stopped at the only inn. This was filthy beyond my powers of description. I am sure cabbages would have flourished well on the floor of our room. The landlady was amazed at our hint to sweep. There was no help for us. We must remain and endure the filth, for it was nearly dark and we were all tired. By one o'clock the next day we reached the river, dismissed our coolies and took rapid boats for Chiu Ken.

This was a pleasant change. The beauty of the river and its banks, the smooth motion of the boats, compared with that of the chairs, the excitement of going over the rapids, and efforts of the boatmen to keep our little bark off the rocks, all were delightful. These boats were open and shallow, and made especially for rapid navigation. They are used for conveying rice in large bags from Lu pang to Chiu Ken. We had such bags for seats, sitting back to back for support. After making one other change to a larger boat, we reached our home at Foo Chow in health and good spirits, not many hours afterward.

Foo Chow, 1870.

LIGHTNING.

In these days there is a great reluctance among some people to use the rod, not only on naughty children, but also to teach the lightning to behave itself. But two sentences are equally true. Spare the rod and spoil your child, and spare the rod and spoil your house.

It is a well-ascertained fact that before rods came into use, the lightning was very badly conducted. A church in Carinthia was struck on an average four or five times a year. At last, in a tremendous thunder storm, the lightning fell on it several times in one day, so that it had to be taken down and rebuilt. It was then provided with a rod, and the lightning was, so to speak, dead beat. It made one more attempt, but it was only a flashy affair, and no harm was done.

The lightning seems to be especially jealous of its rivals, the light-houses, but fears a rod. A light-house in France was, however, severely injured in spite of its conductor. It was found that the rod ended in a tank, which being lined with cement, which is a non-conductor, prevented the electricity from digging its own grave in the earth, as it ought to do, after its brief though brilliant career. This shows that there are good grounds for the lightning-rod always ending in the ground.

The lightning-rod is a sceptre, which does not wield a very extensive sway. Its dominion reaches only to twice the distance of its height above a building. If the top is twenty feet above the chimney, it protects a space of forty feet in every direction. Hence a large building, like a long train of cars, should have several conductors, sharp, also, and not too rusty.

We give our readers this advice. When a heavy storm is lightning keep within doors. Be careful not to cross an open space except on all fours. Stand aloof from walls and trees. Lying down is the best position. A dry ditch has not a pleasant sound, but no safer place has yet been found.

THE DWARF OF KING CHARLES I.

This celebrated dwarf, whose name was Jeffery Hudson, was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, in 1619, and about the age of seven or eight years, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh-on-the-hill.

Soon after the marriage of Charles I., the King and Queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffery was served up at table in cold pie, which, when cut open, presented to the astonished royal visitors the diminutive Jeffery armed cap-a-pie. This pie was purposely constructed to hold the little fellow, who, when the duchess made an incision in his castle of paste, shifted his situation until sufficient room was made for his appearance.

The Queen expressing herself greatly pleased with his person and manners, the duchess presented him to her majesty, who afterward kept him as her dwarf. From the age of seven years till thirty, he never grew taller; but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there remained.

Jeffery became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court; and Sir William Davenant wrote a poem, called "Jeffreidos," on a battle between him and a turkey-cock, which took place at Dunkirk, where a woman rescued him from the fury of his antagonist. In 1638 was published a very small and curious book, called "The New Year's Gift," presented at court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, (commonly called Little Jeffery,) her majesty's servant, &c., written by Microphius, with a portrait of Jeffery prefixed.

Before this period, our hero was employed in a negotiation of importance. This was, to procure from France an attendant for the Queen; but on his return with the lady who was to fill the position, with many rich presents to the Queen from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dunkirkers; and besides what he was bringing for the Queen, he lost a large amount of valuables, that he had received in France, on his own account, from the Queen's mother and ladies of that court.

Jeffery lost little of his consequence with the Queen on this misfortune, but was often teased by the courtiers and domestics with the story of the turkey-cock, and trifles of a similar description. His temper was not the mildest, and at last, being greatly provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued. Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged, that a real duel followed. The appointment was on horseback, with pistols, to put the antagonists more on a level. Jeffery, at the first fire, shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he attended his mistress in the troubles.

He was afterward taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold for a slave in Barbary; but he did not remain long in captivity, for at the beginning of the civil war he was made captain in the royal army; and in 1644, attended the Queen again into France, where he remained till the restoration.

At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the popish plot, he was taken up in 1664, and confined in the Gate-house, Westminster, where he ended his life, at the age of sixty-three.

NAPOLEON IN ENGLAND AGAIN.

The gentleman who used to be called Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, and so forth, is now a resident of England, a country in which some years of his ante-imperial life were passed. He has changed his business, and that change necessarily involved a change of residence.

He left Paris in the latter part of last July, meaning to be in Berlin some time in the following August,—but he arrived in London on the 20th of March, not having visited Berlin on his way to the English capital.

He made a great mistake in his calculations, being beaten by the Germans, whereas he had intended to beat them. He caught a Tartar,—that is, the Tartar caught him, and kept him.

Captured at Sedan, at the beginning of September, 1870, he was sent by the Germans to rusticate at the palace of Wilhelmshohe, near Cassel. That palace is one of the finest in the world, having been built without regard to expense, by the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, who paid for its construction largely out of the moneys he received from the English government for having furnished it with many thousands of Hessian troops, to help fight its battles in the war of the American Revolution. He received a bounty for every Hessian killed, so it was for his interest to have as many of his subjects shot by Americans as possible.

Napoleon remained in the Hessian palace almost seven months. He was liberated on the 19th of March, some time after there had been peace made between France and Germany. His position was a strange one after that peace had been made,—for Germany did not want him, and France would not have him.

So he determined to go to England, where his wife and child had been for six months or more. He left Cassel on the 19th of March, and at noon on the 20th he arrived at Dover. He was received well in England, the people shouting when they saw him,—but they would have shouted all the same had they seen the Emperor of Germany instead of seeing the ex-Emperor of the French. He reached London on the 20th, and while there he predicted his early restoration to the French throne. To translate a saying of the French, "Who lives shall see."

He had not been in England since 1854, when he visited the British sovereign, he being at that time Emperor of the French, and France and England being then in alliance, and waging war against Russia. Times have changed since that year, and men have changed with them,—at least they have had changes in their positions, which is much the same thing.

England, for the last seventy or eighty years, has been the place of refuge for exiled sovereigns. Among those who have lived there may be named Louis XVIII., Charles X. and Louis Philippe, from France; and now Napoleon III. is added to the number; the last of the Vasa Kings of Sweden; Don Carlos, who claimed to be King of the Spains; the Prince of Orange, who afterward became King of the Netherlands,—and others. She would not allow Napoleon I. to land on her shore, the only refusal of the kind, we believe, she has given in this century.

In receiving so many exiled French sovereigns England is only paying a debt, as France used to receive and support her royal exiles,—particularly James II., who was most munificently entertained for years by Louis XIV.

CURIOUS DERIVATIONS.

HOGSHEAD.—Doubtless many have puzzled their brains why a large cask should be called a hogs-head, to which it has no resemblance. In the East skins are used for holding water and wine, the largest being the skins of oxen. There is, then, no doubt that the word hogshead is a corruption of ox-hide.

DEMIJOHN.—Another vessel for containing fluid, which many persons have supposed to mean half a John, whatever that might be. In France the same large bottle is called a Dame Jeanne, or Lady Jane. The name was, however, derived from the place Damajhan, in Persia, where there were formerly large glass works, and where these bottles were first made.

PUNCH.—A word which is naturally connected with the previous one. It denotes a beverage compounded of five ingredients, *punch* or *pauch* being the Hindee word for *five*. A part of India is now called Punjaub, or five Waters, being watered by five rivers

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TEE-TOTAL.—This word seems very puzzling until we know that the first advocate of total abstinence, at Manchester, in England, was a stammerer. He urged his hearers to practice tee-tee-tee-total abstinence, and hence those who followed his advice were styled tee-totallers.

FUCHSIA.—The beautiful plant of this name was so called after one Leonard Fuchs, a German, who published Commentaries on the History of Plants, as long ago as A. D. 1542.

GYPSIES.—These wandering people are so designated because they were supposed to have come from Egypt. In France they are called Bohemians, being believed to have originated in Bohemia. But their language proves them to have originally come from India.

THE SPRING GARDEN.

April days have come, and in the country gardens begin to be thought of. What to plant, how to plant, and when shall we begin, are the questions asked. The first thing to avoid is—haste. Do not be in too great a hurry. Do not put your seeds into the ground too early. More seeds are lost by early than by late planting.

Many a girl has blamed the seedman for sending her poor seeds, when the reason the seeds did not germinate, lay more in her haste than in his carelessness. Now how shall we know when the time has really come to plant our flowers? How can we know when the ground is ready?

If the thousands of readers of the *Companion* all lived in one town in New England, and all planted and tended one great garden, we might refer them to the almanac for the exact date for spring planting. As they do not, but live scattered from Maine to Florida, we must give them some other way by which they may know when to plant. In the first place, frosty nights must have gone; secondly, the ground must be perfectly dry; lastly, look at the forest trees. If their young leaves are bursting out, and the woods look as if there was a green mist among the tree tops, the time has come. It is "really and truly" spring, and you may begin to plant.

A COW OR A PIANO.

A writer from over the water says the passion for being *ladies* has seized the farmers' daughters in some of the most out-of-the-way places in Great Britain, and the idea is growing that to be a lady, one must have a piano.

In one farm-house she visited, the long, low room beyond the great kitchen where the thrifty farmer lived with his family, had hitherto been devoted to the housing of crops. Now it was partially cleared, and in one end were heaps of cabbages, beets and carrots; at the other a pianoforte.

In another house the farmer's wife was sorely vexed with a question of duty, and asked her advice as to whether they ought to invest their spare funds in a cow or a piano! Which, think you, was the most needful for a farmer's family? Music is most desirable, as are also beautiful pictures, to refine the taste and cultivate the heart; but we should use our common sense in all these matters, remembering that we can do without melody and art, better than without bread and shoes.

QUOTE CORRECTBY.

The necessity of quoting correctly, if a person attempts to quote at all, was amusingly illustrated by an English lawyer, who, to enforce an argument in court, wished to repeat Erskine's well-known passage:

"An Englishman's house is his castle, no matter how humble. The winds may whistle around it, and the storms may enter it, but the king dare not."

By an unlucky mistake, he transposed the two first clauses of the second sentence, and said,—

"An Englishman's house is his castle. The storms may enter it, and the winds may whistle around it, *but the king dare not.*"

"Stop, stop!" said the judge, "I am not willing to admit that."

BON SNORE.

There is no greater or more disagreeable affectation, than the habit some school girls have of using French phrases in common conversation, especially when they are addressed to those who speak only their own tongue. A few words of mispronounced French may seem very fine to the ignorant, but sensible people only laugh at it.

A lady who was travelling with a party of friends, mentions the way in which one of the maids astonished her equals by bidding them "bon snore," on going to bed. She had heard her mistress, who spoke French as well as English, say *bon soir* when parting with her friends for the night, and deciding that it had some reference to sleeping, imitated her as well as she could.

Some young ladies do not succeed much better. We have a noble language of our own; let us use it, at least till we can speak another correctly.

HINDOOS AND SACRED FISH.

Even among the early Christians some of the less enlightened churches held fishes in a sort of reverence, from the silly discovery that the first letters of the five principal titles of Christ spelt "fish," in Greek. That fish were sacred to the ancient Hindoos was almost a matter of course, since they regarded *all* animals as more or less so, believing that the souls of human beings passed into them.

Ancient Hindoo ceremonies connected with fish may be traced almost everywhere in Hindostan. When a flood overspreads the earth, Vishnoo, in the form of a fish, is reputed to have rescued the sacred Vedas from the watery waste, and as this god deigned to locate his spirit in such a tabernacle, the pious of the same creed consider that in the transmigration of souls a fish's body may be a receptacle for their immortal souls.

It is with this view that in some Hindoo States, as in Travancore and Cochin in the Madras Presidency, the destruction of these animals is nominally prohibited for the three days succeeding the death of a rajah.

It is not two years since a native ruler, who was ill in Central India, was reported in an Indian paper to be spending large sums of money in having "Sri Ram" written daily on thousands of small pieces of parchment, when each, having been placed inside a bread pill, was thrown to the fish in a sacred tank, in hopes that the deity would mercifully cure the prince's indisposition. In some portions of India fish appear to be adored.

AN ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.

It is said that the deposed Emperor Napoleon has an extraordinary memory for names, figures, faces and miscellaneous facts, and it is related that it is his invariable habit, on having communicated to him a name or a number, or any brief fact which he wishes to remember, to write it down in a note book, and then tear the leaf out of the book, read it over once attentively, and then tear the leaf up. After impressing a fact on his mind by this process, he never forgets it.

The key to this extraordinary faculty of memory doubtless lies in the fact that, during his long years of imprisonment in early life, he did not dare to carry important memoranda about him. He was obliged to rely on his memory; but that he did not at first trust it altogether, is seen by the fact that, through the force of habit, he is still obliged to make sure of a fact by writing it down, and so fixing it in his mind, instead of trusting entirely to the sense of hearing to act upon his memory.

Except in the few cases of independent memory, writing is always a useful assistant to the mind in retaining a fact or date. We know an ignorant man who used to pretend to write the text of every sermon he heard, running through the shape of the letters and figures on his knee with his fingers. And he *always remembered* it, too.

YANKEE EATING.

Let me tell you, that during my six years' residence in America, I saw nothing which surprised me so much as the way in which the Yankees eat and drink. Why, I really think it is worth an admission fee to stand at the end of a dining-room and see a hundred Yankees at the dinner-table. Each one has something to eat in one hand and something to drink in the other. When the food hand goes up, the drink hand is down, and when the food hand goes down the drink hand goes up. It always reminds me of one of those walking beams on a steamboat—when one end is up the other end is down. Now, sir, I think this is the reason that the American people are such dyspeptics. Why, sir, I believe that in a world's exhibition of dyspeptics your country could show more in number, and stronger in quality, than all the rest of the world."—*Dio Lewis Talks About People's Stomachs.*

TOUCHING APPEAL.

There is something very beautiful and touching in the speech of Effie Deans, the young Scotch girl who walked from Edinburgh to London to intercede with the queen for the life of her sister:

"O, my leddie, when the hour of trouble comes, that comes to mind and body, and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, it is no what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others that we think of most pleasantly."

The story of Effie Deans is tenderly told in Scott's "Heart of Midlothian."

MARTIN LUTHER AND THE BIRD.

"This little fellow," said Martin Luther, of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging; calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God alone to think of him."

"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap," &c.

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Perry Mason & Co.,

Publishers Youth's Companion.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A river in Europe.
2. A bird.
3. To turn away.
4. The border.
5. To penetrate.

GAY AND HAPPY.

2.

PUZZLE.

If from my *whole* two fives you take
But one remains behind,
Yet two and one the whole can make,
Required—that whole to find.

A. B. G.

3.

FAMILIAR SURNAMES.

He is building a new ell to his house.
Upon her brow never was seen a frown.
During the war rents were high.
Blacking is a desirable article.
He is a silversmith by trade.
There was a great clapping of hands.
He had a book in which to put names.

J. C. C.

4.

REBUS.

WILLY WISP.

5.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 11, 10, 2 is an article of commerce.
My 7, 2, 16 is food for cattle.
My 7, 2, 12 is a covering for the head.
My 6, 2, 14 is a kind of carriage.
My 1, 2, 11 is a kind of rug.
My 3, 2, 1 is a boy's name.
My 12, 8, 14 is a wooden vessel.
My 6, 15, 11 is an animal.
My 7, 5, 1 is an article of food.
My 7, 8, 14 is a quadruped.
My 3, 10, 5 is a natural division of water.
My 7. 8, 12 is a small house.
My 6, 8, 14 is an animal's young.
My whole is the name of a body of water.

JAMIE P——.

6.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An animal.
2. A nymph.
3. Self-moving.
4. To torture.
5. A machine.
6. A flag.
7. A summary.

My initials and finals read downwards give the name of a celebrated author.

C. M.

Conundrums.

Why should Arabs not be subject to insanity? They are a no mad race. (Nomad.)

Why is the horse a curious feeder? He eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

How is it that the summer goes so quickly? There is so often an evening mist.

Why have the French bankers stopped speculation? Their capital is invested.

Why will next year be like last? Because last was 1870, and next year will be 1872 (too).

When is a chimney like a chicken? When it's a little foul.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Phan-tom.
2. Shenandoah, Monongahela, Housatonic, Sacramento, Pascagoula.
3. "None are born faultless; greatest are those who possess the least."
4. Nourse, nurse. I, eye. Here, hear. Heir, air. Bow, beau. Meat, meet.
5. Neuse, Red, Thames, Don.
6. Washington.

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A BALLAD.

Wordsworth's poem, "Fidelity," which was composed in 1805, relates an incident that really happened in the English Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland. A young man greatly beloved for his stainless character and amiable dispositions, slipped from a high rock while wandering among the wilds of Hellvellyn, in early spring, and was dashed to pieces on the crags below. Three months after the accident, his remains were found by a party of excursionists. During the whole of the time, the body had been watched by a faithful dog, the little favorite of the unfortunate wanderer. The young man's name was Charles Gough.

Wordsworth, with Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Walter Scott, ascended Hellvellyn, in the following autumn, and visited the spot where the young wanderer perished.

Both Wordsworth and Scott were much affected by the incident, and the former composed a poem entitled "Fidelity," and Scott a poem entitled "Hellvellyn," in each of which the story is very beautifully told.

Scott's "Hellvellyn" is one of the finest ballads in the language:

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay,
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, O, was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,
Unhonored the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

"BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR."

1st, The Lord will preserve him.
2d, The Lord will keep him alive.
3d, He shall be blessed upon the earth.
4th, The Lord will not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.
5th. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing.
6th, The Lord will comfort him (make all his bed) in sickness.—*Psalm* 41.

Matthew Henry, the commentator, was a man of benevolent temper, and devoted not only his intellectual gifts, but his substance, to the good of others. He said, "Withholding from the poor, is like grudging the seed to the ground."

St. Jerome was a man of wide observation and extensive reading. He says, (and this remark deserves to be made a subject of thought,) "I do not remember to have read that ever any charitable person died an evil death."

Few men have been more largely blessed in their lives, or more widely respected and honored after death than John Wesley. He sacrificed every luxury when a student that he might help the poor. When he became a minister, and received £30 a year, he lived upon £28 and gave away two. The next year, receiving £60, he still lived on £28, and gave away the remainder. The fourth year, receiving £120, he gave away £92. In the course of half a century, he is supposed to have given away £30,000.

In 1776, this good man received a government circular informing him that he was suspected of having plate on which he had not paid duty. He replied:

"SIR,—I have two silver spoons at London, two at Bristol; this is all the plate which I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread. I am, sir, your humble servant, JOHN WESLEY."

The benevolence of John Eliot was remarkable. He gave to the Indians the greater part of his annual salary (£30) which he received from the society for propagating the Gospel, and lived himself on the cheapest and coarsest fare.

An amusing story is related of his self-sacrifice. On one occasion the parish treasurer, knowing that Mr. Eliot needed his salary for his own use, and that he would be likely to give a part of it away on his journey home, tied the ends of the handkerchief into which he put the money in as many hard knots as possible. The good man at once called upon a destitute family.

"God has sent you relief," he said.

He endeavored to untie the handkerchief, but the knots sorely tried his patience.

A new idea struck him. Stepping up to the mother, he said, with great cheerfulness, "Here, my dear, take it all; I believe that the Lord designs it all for you."

This good man lived to a great age, and, although he suffered greatly from exposure during his labors among the Indians, his decline was scarcely attended with pain. His death was regarded as a public calamity.

"BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR." H. B.

LAFAYETTE'S MEMORY OF FACES.

The Richmond (Va.) *Whig* contains the following from its Danville correspondent:

It was often remarked of Gen. Lafayette when he was on his tour through the United States, in 1824, he possessed, in a very extraordinary degree, the faculty of recognizing at a glance his old companions in arms, whom he had not seen for more than fifty years. He could call all by name, as well the privates in the ranks as the highest officer of the line.

The following incident was related to me in the year 1832, by the late Judge Brooke, of the Court of Appeals of this State, who had been a captain in the war of the Revolution.

While Lafayette was in Richmond, a guest of Virginia, an obscure individual living in Person county, N. C., who was known in the army as Sergt. Hood, who belonged to the company commanded by Capt. Brooke, and who, on account of his singular daring and uniform good conduct, was a pet of his officers, visited the capital for the purpose of greeting his old commanding general.

Judge Brooke said that on walking across the Capitol Square one morning, he met an old man who inquired of him if he could direct him to the quarters of Gen. Lafayette, adding that he had fought under him when he was a youth, and had come one hundred and fifty miles to see him.

Before the judge had time to respond the stranger said to him, "Is not this Capt. Brooke to whom I am talking?"

On receiving an affirmative answer he said, "You do not appear to recognize me. I am Sergt. Hood, who belonged to your company during the Revolutionary war."

The judge told me that he was immediately filled with the most pleasant recollections of the sergeant's many deeds of valor performed under his own inspection; that he gave him a cordial grasp and went with him to Lafayette's room.

On entering, and before a word was spoken by any one else, the marquis, who was in a remote part of the room, eagerly approached the strange old man, and, exclaiming, "Sergt. Hood," fell on his neck and wept tears of joy.

He recognized this humble private in an instant, and recounted some of his deeds of daring to the astonished company.

That he should have recognized any of his brother officers after a separation of more than half a century, during which time they must have undergone the usual change wrought in one's appearance by old age, while his own eyes must have "grown dim," was a matter of no little surprise, but that he should have hailed an humble private in the ranks by name excited the astonishment of all who were present.

The judge remarked that it was one of the most agreeable and joyful reunions in which he ever participated.

A FISH FROLIC.

The finny people "in the waters under the earth" have their amusements as well as we, but it is seldom that human eyes get a sight of their holiday gambols, as a writer in the *Maine Democrat* says he once did. The description reminds us of Sternhold and Hopkins' lines:

"Up from the sea, ye dolphins, leap
And wag your tails about."

It was twenty years ago last May, that the good old ex-whale ship *Anna* was bearing two hundred wandering souls on a voyage on the Pacific Ocean. Of this number I was about the smallest person on board, having just completed my first dozen years.

We were perhaps five hundred miles west of the Mexican coast, and our eyes had not been blessed with a sight of land for forty days, at least. The day was a beautiful one. The wind was dead and the afternoon sun shone brightly on the glassy water.

The passengers were lounging about the deck, chatting, reading, smoking, sleeping—perchance dreaming of far-away home and friends, or of the strange land for which we were searching.

The ship was rocking lazily, moved by the swells, which in open ocean seldom cease, and the sails were hanging about the mast. In short we were in a dead calm. There were to be seen only our solitary living freight, the water upon which it floated, and the overarching sky, which seemed to close about all.

Judging by what could be seen, we could not tell whether or not there was any life in the deep blue water about us. Suddenly we had proof that it was overflowing with living things.

A ruffling of the smooth surface was noticed by those on the lookout; then here by the prow, there by the stern, yonder in the distance, everywhere, from horizon to horizon, it seemed, great fishes, monsters of the deep, five to twenty and more feet long, as if shot from mortars, leaped into the air, described a half circle, then plunged head-foremost into the depths again, doubtless to gather strength and to get a new *fin and tail hold* for another leap in the air; for they kept up the fun for ten minutes or more, and each must have taken several leaps, or there must have been an innumerable host of fishes.

Such a wonderful sight I never have seen among beasts of the field or fowls of the air. How they did enjoy their sport! And as they rapidly and gracefully curved from the surface to the surface again, they shone in the bright sunlight like burnished points, and wedges, and shafts of silver and gold. We could hear only the rushing of the water as they left it, and the splashing and the plunging as they entered it again. But so many were there that it made a continual rush, splash and plunge.

They left for the depths below as suddenly as they came, leaving the ocean surface foaming with the commotion they had made.

I need not say there were no loungers, sleepers or dreamers on our ship while this grand sight was witnessed, nor again that day, so thoroughly did it wake us to newness of life.

THE BEST PET.

This is an important question to boys and girls who can have but one. The *Hampshire Gazette* thinks a lamb is preferable—to a dog, at any rate; and quotes a very good example:

Many a farmer's boy, no doubt, keeps his dog, to which he is naturally attached. We know very well how fond the boys are of the dog that follows them everywhere, good company when other company is wanting. But how much better it would be to make a pet lamb! The sheep is an animal of positive and real value to the human race. Most men could get along very well without the dog. Here is what a lady says in the *Maine Farmer*, and we give it here because it is so easy to imitate. She says:

"A few years ago, a friend made me a present of a small dog, to which I became much attached; but my father, not liking a dog, and wishing to get rid of this one, told me that if I would have the dog killed, he would give me a lamb; to which I agreed, if he would keep it for me ten years. So the dog was killed, and a little lamb two weeks old became mine. This lamb I gave the name of Nina: she is a cross of the Merino and Cotswold. My lamb was five years old last spring—now I will tell you how much profit it has been to me. When she was two years old she had one lamb, which sold for $4; the next year she had two, which sold for $7; last year she had one, which sold for $6, and this year one, which sold for $4 50—making in all $21 50. Besides this, my sheep has averaged four pounds of wool a year. I think this a pretty profitable sheep, and would advise all the boys and girls that have a dog, to exchange it for a lamb."

How easy it would be for any boy to try it and make a little money!

PRESERVING MEAT.

A correspondent of the *Gospel Banner*, travelling in Canada, fell in with a quaint old farmer, who described one way the natives there have of making the best of a severe climate:

It is shocking cold here, much colder, sir, than with you. But the cold is not without its advantages. We kill all our *fresh* meat in the fall—beef, pork and poultry, and we pack it in great boxes or sometimes in large tubs filled with barley or some other kind of grain.

Do ye see, sir, this is the way we do it. We take a spare-rib, a roaster of beef, a turkey, a goose, a chicken, and all the other things, and we tie to them different colored strings which we fasten to nails; and so you see, sir, we know the different articles by the different *colored* strings.

I want a turkey, and so I go and pull on the *white* string, and by-and-by the turkey, which is way down in the grain, will come up. I want a spare-rib next, and I pull on the *red* string, and it comes. When I want a roaster, I pull on the *black* string, and I bring him, and so with the whole.

Do you see, sir, that the color of the string brings the kind I want? And when you kill him in the first of the winter, you save his keep all the winter by putting him in the grain, where he keeps good, and comes out nice and tender. So you see the cold helps us very much.

THE QUEEN'S PARROT.

A charming letter from Mendelssohn, giving an account of his visit at Buckingham Palace in 1842, has just been published in a German periodical by his son. The following extract gives a little domestic picture of the royal family of England:

I must add that I begged the Queen to allow me to dedicate my A minor symphony to her, as that had really been the inducement to my journey, and because the English name on the Scotch piece would look doubly well. Also, I forgot to tell you how, just as she was going to begin to sing, she said,—

"But the parrot must go out first, or he will screech louder than I shall sing."

Upon which Prince Albert rang the bell, and the Prince of Gotha said he would carry it out, and I said, "Allow me," and carried the great cage out, to the astonishment of the servants.

There is plenty more to say when we meet; but if Dirichlet goes and thinks me a little aristocrat because of these long details, I declare I am more radical than ever, and call to witness, Grote, Roebuck, and you, my dear little mother, who will be as much amused by all these details as I am myself.

ASK.

One of the most hateful habits for a boy or girl to grow up with is that of taking things without asking. It would be well for all to have some such early lesson as the lad received in the following story:

When I was a boy, I was playing in the street, one winter's day, catching rides on sleighs, and it was great fun. Boys would rather catch rides any day than go out regularly and properly to take a drive. I jumped upon one sleigh and then another, sometimes having a nice time, and occasionally getting a cut from a big black whip, until at last I fastened to a countryman's cutter.

An old gentleman sat alone on the seat. He looked at me rather benignantly, as I thought, and neither said any thing, nor swung his whip over me; so I ventured to climb up on the side of the cutter. Another benignant look from the countryman, but not a word.

Emboldened by his supposed kindness, I ventured to tumble into the cutter and take a seat under his warm buffalo robe beside him. He then spoke. The colloquy was as follows:

"Young man, do you like to ride?"
"Yes, sir."
"Do you own this cutter, young man?"
"No, sir."
"It's a pretty nice cutter, isn't it?"
"Yes, sir, it is, and a nice horse drawing it."
"Did I ask you to get in?"
"No, sir."
"Did you ask if you might get in?"
"No, sir."
"Well, then, why did you get in?"
"Well, sir, I—I thought you looked good and kind, and that you would have no objection."
"And so, young man, because you thought I was good and kind, you took advantage of that kindness, and took a favor without asking for it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Is this ride worth having?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, now, young man, I want to tell you two things. You should never take a mean advantage of the kindness of others; and what is worth having is worth at least asking for. Now, as you tumbled into this sleigh without asking me, I shall tumble you into that snowdrift without asking you."

And out I went like a shot off a shovel, and he didn't make much fuss about it either. I picked myself up in a slightly bewildered state, but I never forgot that lesson.—*Gospel Banner.*

"DIED AND MADE A WILL."

Men accustomed to nice accuracy of speech are very sensitive sometimes to verbal awkwardness in other people, and may possibly feign obstinate dulness for the sake of setting the blunderer right.

A gentleman, some few years since, wishing to consult the celebrated Thomas Addis Emmet in relation to his father's will, commenced with "Mr. Emmet, my father died and made a will," when Mr. Emmet said, "Stop, sir! I do not understand you." He made another attempt to get the lawyer to hear, but with no better success. The same answer was the result—"I don't understand you, sir."

Leaving the office in despair, he met a friend, and related to him the nature of the interview with Mr. E.

"Did you fee him?" asked his friend.

"No," he replied.

"Then go back and place a fee upon his table, and no doubt you will meet with better success."

He returned, and placing a ten dollar bill before the legal gentleman, he again said,—

"Mr. Emmet, my father died and made a will."

"Stop, sir, one moment," said Mr. E. "You mean to say, your father made a will and died. Go on, go on; I fully comprehend you now."

AN INDIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

"Blood will tell," and so will one's bringing up. As sure as the taste of blood will make a tame tiger wild, the wrong second nature that comes from evil training will start up at every return of its old enticements. The *Young Folks' News* gives the following incident, and justly says:

It is ten times easier to get rid of a good habit than it is to loose the chains of a bad one. When you think the latter is entirely dead, it may start to life suddenly in some moment of temptation, and destroy your peace forever.

It is related that in the early days of New England a child was stolen from his parents, and brought up among the Indians. He was afterwards recovered, and became a Christian minister. In those disturbed times a hasty muster of all the men was made, one day, to resist an attack from the foe. The minister went out to the battle-field, and when he returned there was blood on his white sleeve. Thinking he was wounded, a friend sought to examine his wounds, which he seemed as desirous to hide. Drawing his hand from his bosom, he saw the object he was hiding was a *bloody scalp.*

Horrified, his friend started back, but with the single cry, "I could not help it!" the minister fled away to the Indians, and came no more among his white brothers.

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For the Companion.

TAKING AIM.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

There were four little boys
  Who started to go
From the very same spot,
  To make tracks in the snow,—
John, Harry, Phil, Donald,
  Were one in the plan,
And he that walked straightest
  Should be their "best man."

They started together,
  But lo! before long,
John, Harry and Donald
  Began to go wrong;
Only Philip went right,
  And they looked and they wondered,
When four strove alike,
  Why three should have blundered.

Then Philip replied,
  The reason you see,—
Though no harder I tried
  To succeed than you three;—
My eye on the tree, there,
  I fixed as I came,
And so while you straggled,
  I had a straight aim.

Take note of it,
  Though I don't want to preach,
If you'd prosper in life,
  And the victory reach,
In all undertakings,
  When once you embark,
Keep your eye on the purpose,
  And follow your mark.

For the Companion.

AUNT CARRIE'S FOURTH OF JULY.

I had no sister until I was six years old, and so had only my brothers to play with when at home.

They were all older than I. There were four of them.

They were very kind to me, and used to take a great deal of pains to make me happy, although in those days I did not know it as well as I do now, for I often thought I was slighted. Indeed, I always thought so, if I could not go with them everywhere they went.

The first day of July, in the summer that I was five years old, I heard my brothers talking about going to the city on the Fourth. I thought certainly that I must go too, but on speaking of it, found they had no idea of my going.

I teased and teased, but each one told me "no."

Father and mother said the same. Still, I knew that if the boys were willing, father and mother would trust me with them, and I made up my obstinate mind that I would go, any way, and I told the little girls at school so.

It was very foolish in me, of course, to think of a five years old girl undertaking to go with four large brothers, and keep up with them through a whole day of sight-seeing. But there were soldiers to be seen, a children's concert on the common, a balloon, a boat race, and fireworks in the evening. I must go. I might get a little tired, but thought if I did, good brother Sam could carry me in his strong arms, as he often had done, in our walks about home.

The night before the Fourth we all went to bed early. The last words said to me were,—

"Do not say any thing more about it, Carrie, for you cannot go!"

What a naughty little tease I had been! still I expected to go.

They were going to walk to the city in the morning, because they wished to get there before the first train would. So there was a two miles walk to begin with.

One of the reasons given me, and more than twenty had been given for my not going, was, that I could not be up so early in the morning. I had an idea that if I should be up and dressed, when they were ready to start, I should go, after all.

So what did I do after mother had gone down stairs but hop out of bed and get my best clothes out to put on in the morning? The moon shone in at the window, and I could see well enough.

After getting in bed the second time I chanced to think that I might get nearer ready before going to sleep.

I knew I should wake up early enough, for a friend of my brothers was to fire off some crackers under their windows at three o'clock.

I was not so sure of getting dressed as soon as they, for I never dressed myself entirely, and I wanted to be all ready before they knew any thing about it. So I put on my shoes and stockings.

Then I thought I could put on all my clothes but my dress.

After that, remembering that I always had to have it buttoned for me, I put that on to try to fasten it. I could not. So I turned it around, the back on the front side, and buttoned it nicely. It would not show under my cape, I thought.

Then I put on my cape, and next my bonnet.

My plan was to place the pillows so I could partly sit up in bed, and then lie so very still that I should not muss the trimming on my bonnet.

All little girls wore bonnets, then, quite large bonnets, too.

I put a comb in my pocket to comb my hair on the way, and as my brothers had told me that the grass would be wet, I put on my overshoes.

Then I went back to bed and lay down, or rather *up* on the outside of it, fearing nothing more serious than jamming a pet rosy on one side of my bonnet, and went to sleep, pretty sure that I was going to the city the next day.

My eyes flew open with the first fire-cracker, and I was out of bed and down stairs in a twinkling.

It was not yet daylight.

Very soon the boys came down. As soon as they saw me they began to laugh.

Contrary to my plans, I had rolled off my pillows in the night, and jammed both sides of my bonnet, rosy and all.

My cape was white muslin, nicely stiffened and ironed when I put it on, but then it was very much wrinkled.

My dress was longer in front than behind, and my hair was "all over my eyes," as they say. No wonder they laughed at such a naughty, wilful little fright.

Well, they went, and I did not.

Cannons boomed, guns fired, bells rung, crackers snapped, but better than any thing else in town that tried to be noisy, I did my part.

By-and-by I heard father and mother say I had had my own way too much, and something must be done. Very soon something was done, for I had a whipping.

Then I stopped crying just as soon as I could, kissed father and mother, loved everybody, was sorry I had been so naughty, went to a little girls' picnic in the afternoon, and had a nice time.

I begun that day to try to be a better girl. It was time, wasn't it?

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ONE WAY TO MAKE AN ALLIGATOR USEFUL.

Nelly's father had a young alligator sent to him. One day, while travelling in the cars, he fell in with a lady friend who had just returned from the Southern States, and had brought with her several curious mementoes of her visit. Among these, she said, were several young alligators, one of whom she politely offered to give him to amuse his daughter Nelly.

He laughed, and said he would take it, and so a few days after, a large box came to him by express, that looked as if it might contain a half-grown bear. The mysterious package was cautiously opened, and there, inside, sprawled the little crocodile, ugly enough to see, but quite peaceable, and evidently not at all troubled about what was going to be done with him.

He was taken out and placed in a tank of water, with stones scattered about in it, to remind him of his native "roosting" places. Here he seemed quite at home and grew as thriftily as any pig in his pen. He would lie for hours in the sun, stretched upon the stones, watching the flies and snapping at them with his powerful jaws.

He was perfectly gentle, and never offered any injury to his young mistress when she came to bring him food, or stood looking at his clumsy motions.

A queer pet, indeed, he was, for a little girl, but young lions, and even tigers, have been made pets of, and they are more dangerous, though they might be called prettier.

Mr. Alligator grew bigger and no prettier every day, and showed considerable enterprise as he grew; for once he got out of his tub-cage and was missing so long that his owner began to think he had "gone for good." After a resolute search they found him in the cellar. Perhaps he longed for his sunny South, and thought that the way to get to it would be to go down a hole in the ground, like Johnny Whopper.

He was captured and put in his pen again, and the place was strengthened to keep him in. The scaly fellow seemed likely to prove more bother than fun to Nelly—and her father, too. If he could only be useful in some way, to offset his ill looks, he would become more of a favorite, certainly.

Well, we shall see how Nelly contrived to make him useful. With two or three of her schoolmates she planned to hold a "fair." The little girls were to arrange it and carry it on themselves, only their mothers were to provide the cakes, candies, fruits, &c., to be offered for sale. Some special attraction was wanted, and it occurred to Miss Nelly to exhibit her alligator at so much a sight.

The other girls voted the idea an excellent one, and Nelly, after consulting her father, decided to announce the reptile for a show. In due time the "fair" opened, and plenty of children came in with their fees. All wanted to see the "monster," and were willing to pay for a peep at him.

Mr. Alligator lay on the stones in his tank and conducted himself very quietly and creditably while the youngsters looked him over and made their comments on his big jaws, and rough back, and long tail. After the children had satisfied their curiosity, and finished eating their cakes and goodies, they returned to their homes, leaving Nelly and her friends to count the proceeds of their fair. For admittance to the alligator show, they had received nearly ten dollars, and for refreshments twelve more. Twenty-two dollars!

They were delighted at the result. What should they do with so much money? As they had designed the entertainment for a benevolent purpose, that question was soon answered. So the next day they went together to the Orphans' Home, an institution where friendless children are cared for, and gave to the matron the sum which they had obtained, to be used for the comfort of the orphans.

The success of the fair, besides the benefit to the poor children in the "Home," was quite a recommend for the alligator. As we should say, it was "a feather in his cap"—if alligators wore caps. That this uncouth animal should have come all the way from his native home in the sunny South to assist in a donation to an orphan asylum, added vastly to his merit in the view of his little mistress, and you may be sure she treated him none the worse for it.

Good living, however, seems not to have made him entirely contented, for after awhile he ran away again, and could never be found. Possibly it occurred to him that he was an orphan, too, and that he had better help himself than run the risk of being called upon again to make money for others.

M. A. G.

VARIETY.

QUEER FANCIES OF A STARVING MAN.

Almost any disorder or abuse of the body will produce disorder of the mind. Extreme hunger, one of the worst of torments, produces different mental effects on different people, though in most cases insanity comes at the end.

A Mr. Evarts, who got lost amid the mountains of California, wandered about for many days, and was finally discovered when nearly perishing for want of food, had strange fancies come over him toward the last of his wanderings, which are thus described: "He does not admit of the idea that he was deprived of sound mind, but at the same time he fancied that he had plenty of company; thought his right leg was one man, his left leg another, his arms two others, and his stomach a fifth; thought they were good fellows, and was sorry he could not give them all they wanted to eat. He was surprised that when thistles were to be dug, fires made, wood brought, and meals cooked they would not help him. Every thing he ate tasted good except grasshoppers. His stomach had not been educated up to that point. He frequently ate raw fish, and esteemed them delicious; caught one snow-bird, and had a rare meal; chased a toad for two days, but without capturing it. In his dreams he used to cook some of the most delicious meals he ever ate in his life."

BAD CURRENCY.

He who takes guilty coin or wicked barter should not grumble when he finds himself cheated. An old story says the devil once paid a man a hat full of gold guineas for some service, but the next morning they were found all turned to slate stones. The following reminds us of it:

The Bangor *Whig* hears that the master of a fishing schooner, down river, thinks Bangor is a hard place for a trade. He brought, this season, about $50 worth of fish for sale. He found a customer, after considerable trouble, who wanted to pay $40 in rum, saying that the police were so sharp that there was no chance to retail it in Bangor, and the skipper, though doubtful at first, was persuaded to trade on the offered terms. The purchaser removed his fish on Saturday, and late in the evening came down in great haste with the rum barrel, which he pushed on board, telling the skipper that the police were on his track and he had better put off at once. The captain put off at once, and, after working until himself and men were tired, thought he would tap the barrel. He did so, and found it contained well-water and brackish at that.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

The terrible accidents which so often happen to children who are allowed to go near machinery in motion, ought to teach other children caution, and certainly ought to teach parents and older friends to take care of those under their charge. In most cases of fatality or injury like the following the victim should have kept away entirely:

The *Journal* Portsmouth correspondent says a severe accident and most miraculous escape from instant death occurred Saturday afternoon, at the Portsmouth Steam Planing Mills. Near the engine, and in a separate room, several large grindstones are run by power from the engine. Two of these are connected by an iron shaft, the distance between which stones is five feet. The stones are set on sleepers, and there is a well hole twenty-two inches deep between the sleepers.

A boy named John Barrett, Jr., aged eight years, went into the room alone and unobserved, as he says, to sharpen his knife. Cries were heard by Freeman Snow, an *attache* of the concern, who upon entering, saw the boy caught and revolving on this shaft at the rate of seventy revolutions a minute.

He at once threw off the belt and took the boy off. His clothes were literally torn from his body, and one of his boots taken from his foot. Yet, strange as it may seem, only having twenty-two inches on the under side to pass through, he only met with a badly broken arm. He had probably passed around at least twenty times.

A BRAVE BOY.

The Watertown (N. Y.) *Re-union* has the following account of the action of a brave and generous boy whose name deserves to be honorably mentioned:

When the wind and storm were raging furiously the startling cry was raised in the village of Cape Vincent that a man was afloat in the river in the utmost peril. The snow was driving so thickly that nothing could be seen on the river, but the cries of the apparently doomed man for help were distinctly heard. There was much agitation and confusion, but to launch out in the river to attempt a doubtful rescue was perilous.

But young Hinckly, hearing the cry for help, unobserved and undaunted, "pushed his light shell off from shore." Blinded by the driving snow, and tossed by the raging flood, which taxed his utmost skill to keep right side up, he followed the cry of the imperilled man, and soon found him afloat on a frail craft, without oars and helpless, on which he had ventured from shore to save some barrels, and having lost his oars, was at the mercy of the current and waves.

With much effort and danger the imperilled stranger was transhipped to young Hinckly's craft, and was brought to shore and landed amidst the vociferous applause of a large concourse of people. When asked how he dared to venture out in such a storm, he replied, "I could not bear to hear a man cry for help and not help him." Such daring benevolence everywhere deserves honorable mention.

THE OWL AND THE EAGLE.

An owl sat blinking in the trunk of a hollow tree, and arraigned the brightness of the sun. "What is the use of its beams," said she, "but to dazzle one's eyes, so that one cannot see a mouse? For my part, I am at a loss to conceive for what purpose so glaring an object was created. We had certainly been much better without it." "O fool!" replied an eagle, perched on a branch of the same tree, "to rail at excellence which thou canst not taste; ignorant that the fault is not in the sun, but in thyself. All, 'tis true, have not faculties to understand nor powers to enjoy the benefit of it; but must the business and the pleasures of the world be obstructed, that an owl may catch mice?"

Narrow minds think the system of the universe should have been contrived to suit themselves alone, and find fault with it whenever it fails to accommodate them.

A LITTLE BOY'S TABLE PRAYER.

Little Walton F—— was visiting in the country. There were many guests, and the children had a separate table. While waiting for a blessing to be asked, he found the meal was commenced. "Why don't you pray?" he exclaimed, surprised out of his politeness. "Well, Wattie, suppose *you* pray."

It was an unexpected turn of affairs, but he was equal to the occasion. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want: for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen," he said, promptly and devoutly, Was it not beautiful? How direct and practical the application of a favorite verse. How close the connection between the provision for his comfort and the watchful care of the heavenly Shepherd, who is ready to feed the soul as well as the body!—*Child's Paper.*

HOW CHICKENS COME.

A boy in North Carolina writes as follows: I have a little sister who says and does many sweet and odd things. One day not long ago, she found a hen's nest in an odd place, and took the eggs out of it and carried them in the house; but soon after a thoughtful look passed over her face, and she said,—"I wish I had left them in the nest and let the old hen clucked up some little chickens out of 'em."

THE SHORTEST SERMON.

The Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg's sermon at the funeral of the late Robert B. Minturn, Esq., in New York, is the shortest on record, though several are recorded with as few words. He read the words of the Prophet Micah: "He hath shown thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" And then added, "So did he."

THE HORSE AND THE CHURCH BELLS.

A friend writes to us from Massachusetts, of an old family horse belonging to the son of a Baptist deacon, who, while standing at the door, waiting for the family to get into the carriage, one Sabbath morning, suddenly heard the church bells commence to ring, and at once started for church of his own will, evidently determined to be in season to hear the first prayer himself, if the rest of the family were not.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

JIM BROOKS' REVENGE.

By M. A. Denison.

"Revenge sweet? Not a bit of it, my lads. If any body talks such nonsense, tell 'em it aint so, and Jim Brooks says it. Wish I had time afore the wagon comes, I'd tell ye a story; but I guess it 'll keep till to-night."

Harry Skipper and I, Bob Haines, were cousins, who had come down to spend the holidays at our Uncle John's farm, and Jim Brooks was Uncle John's head man.

I can see him now, his wiry little figure, tough as a pine-knot, his iron-gray hair cropped short, his black, bushy eyebrows lowering and lifting over light blue eyes, his nervous lips, thin and sensitive.

"I guess it 'll keep till to-night, boys." How often we thought of that during the day. We knew that Jim could tell a story, so we frollicked in the old barn, and went fishing, and came home dirty and hungry, only the edge of our pleasure taken off by the toil of sport, because we were going to hear Jim tell a story in the evening.

There was a great flame in the kitchen fireplace that night, for Jim had piled on two extra logs in honor of our coming. He had also placed a few great rosy apples in roasting order, and brought a pitcher of cider,—not for us, though, for we belonged to a society that prohibited the drinking even of that beverage.

Then he sat himself down in a chair that had been made nearly two hundred years before, of toughest oak, by a man then long past his prime, tilted himself back, folded his arms on his chest, and began.

"You see I was a roguish sort of a chap, boys —little, but full of the mischief. Mother died when I was seven years old, I reckon, and I'd never seen my father. He got lost at sea afore I was born.

"Well, I was 'lotted out to this place 'n that, and saw hard times afore I was old as either of you chaps. There was one family as took me, that when I went to their home, I just seemed to be in heaven, and when I went to live with some other folks I could tell ye of—well, I 'peared to find myself in 'tother place.

"However, that aint neither here n' there.

"The wust people ever I got with, was the Daggets. Father, mother and son was a poor brood, not wuth trading off, in my estimation, for old iron.

"I don't know that they set out to be mean, but they was, in the cruelest way. It seemed to me that Miss Dagget didn't know what pity meant. Though she had a man to do heavy chores, she'd git me up afore daylight to do the most unheard of things. Sometimes she'd start me to the store, five or six mile off, after dark, and I was mortal afraid of her.

"A little bit of a woman she was, too, but I tell you, boys, her voice had a hard ring to it. I'd allus run if I could, when I'd hear her voice. I've often thought the matter over, whether she wanted to be cruel, or whether she was thoughtless, or, hevin' to support me, she was afeard she shouldn't git work enough out of me.

"Dick was her son, and although he wa'n't a bad boy, yet he took the cue from his mother, as boys will, and sometimes he was a tyrant. He was near two years older nor me. He had curious ways, that boy, but mebby 'twas 'cause his mother made an idol of him. I never see nothin' equal to the love she had for that boy. He might do jest what he pleased, in the house or out of it. The man, you see, was easy like, and the woman ruled from garret to cellar.

"One day she beat me, and for a thing did by her own boy. You see she wouldn't hear to the rights of the story, and Dick had been full of mischief all that day.

"After I'd done milking, and had a splendid pail full, he wanted me to go to the house from the barn-door through a little patch of woods, and said he had some squirrels to show me.

JIM BROOKS' REVENGE.

"'It's longer,' he said, 'but I'll help you carry the pail, and there's the dearest little bunny with pink eyes.'

"Now he knowed I had a passion for animals, same's I have now, you know, Harry. I'm allways happier, and always was, among dumb cattle than among humans, and any body could lead me by the nose that said rabbit, or squirrel, or horse. So I took up my pail and on I went. We'd most got to the house, when jest as he pretended he was going to show me bunny, over I went, milk and all, and Dick run away laughing.

"You see the boy had tied a string to two stakes in the long grass, and had led me right on to it. Well, I didn't know what to do. The milk had soaked into my clothes, and ruined my best blue pants, which I'd no business to have had on. I give a cry as I went down, and it seems Dick's mother was in the road, quite near, so that I met her, all dripping.

"'Where's the milk?' says she, with that awful voice of hers.

"'I—I fell down,' was my reply.

"'And lost all that milk! Go into the woodshed this minute. Not another word, or I'll kill you. Go into that woodshed.'

"Now I knew what going into that woodshed meant, for she was a reg'lar slave-driver, and believed in hickory saplings about the bigness of your middle finger. I didn't dare say a word after that, but I tell you no little chap ever felt more grieved and injured than I did. I jest wished I had a mother, the wust way, but there wasn't no use in wishin'—not a bit of it.

"So I curled up in the woodshed, tremblin' from head to foot, and feelin' sort of innocent-like, because I knew that it wa'n't really no fault of mine.

"When she came back I tried to explain again, but she wouldn't hear a word, and then the blows come.

"Well, folks don't b'lieve in beatin' young ones that way, now-a-days, and I'm glad for it. It puts the very evil one in a boy that feels as though he didn't deserve it. I guess I didn't git over that dose of hickory for a week, and I guess there wasn't a minute of that week I didn't hate that woman with a deadly hate, and swear—I wa'n't a Christian, then, boys, as I hope I am now—that I'd hev my revenge on her for that beatin'. It was wrong, very wrong; but I'm tellin' you what I felt, and not what I ought to have felt.

"One day we got a chance, Dick and I, to go down river. At least Dick begged for me, because he wanted company, and so I was allowed to go. We had a good time enough, only coming home it rained pretty hard.

"'See here,' said Dick, as we pulled up high, though not dry, on the sand, 'I'm a going over to Uncle Pete's to spend the night. Mother won't care, I've been afore. I can do any thing I've a mind to with the old lady. You tell her about it, and if she takes on bad, why come over after me.'

"That, boys, was a strange walk home. I was wet; for, as usual, I'd had the most work to do, but I didn't mind that. I was just fired up with the revenge I meant to take. It made my finger ends tingle; yes, tho very thinking of it made me eager to do something to injure her.

"She was in the buttery as I went in, hanging of my head down. Her husband was in the barn.

"'Wher's Dick?' she asked, the fust thing.

"'Dick's drownded,' I said; 'I tried to save him, but we was off shore, and see here!' I held up my wet arms.

"Well, I never want to hear no sound again like that she made. I never want to see sech another agonized and terrible face; I tell ye it haunts me now, boys. She fell down there like a dead critter, right to my feet, and I went flying out to the barn.

"Revenge sweet, is it? I thought it would be, but it wasn't. It's proved very bitter to me; and may the dear Lord have mercy on me for the wicked deed I done! That poor soul never had her reason again, and that's forty odd year ago, and the last I heered of her she was most ninety, and jest as foolish an' flighty as ever."

"She'd no business to lick you so, though," cried Harry, who had grown pale.

"No, we aint at liberty to abuse any trust that's put in our hands, but if I'd a known of the blessed Saviour, I'd a learned this mighty truth, that it never brings no pleasure but only sorrow to return evil for evil."

"Did Dick ever know?"

"Yes, Dick knew after he grew to be a man. I couldn't keep it, and I—I think he's hated me ever sense; so you see revenge wasn't very sweet in that case. Bless those that persecute you, boys, that's the doctrine."

THE CHINESE.

The Chicago *Young Messenger* says the Chinese don't like to be called "John," and speaks a good word for them to the boys. Certainly we ought to treat them as well as they treat us:

"They are strangers in a strange land, and a Christian people ought to treat them kindly. They are very sensitive to any indignity, for they themselves are very polite and pay great regard to etiquette. It is very common in California to call every Chinaman John, or John Chinaman. They don't like this. No American boy would like to be called, by every stranger he meets, 'Jonathan' or 'Yankee.' A stranger at a hotel once called to a Chinese servant, 'John! John!' He paid no attention. He called still louder, 'John! John!' Still no attention. At last the stranger complained of the incivility. The Chinaman replied, 'Me no John, me not name; *Hop Lee* my name.' The stranger, being a gentleman, made an apology, and had no more trouble.

"American boys should not let the Chinese excel them in civility."

For the Companion.

THE BUTTER PARTY.

The scene of my story was what is now one of the most flourishing cities of Michigan, and the date thirty years ago. At that time the squares of the city were chiefly wilderness, and its streets Indian trails. The Huron wound and curved through it like a ribbon, threading its way in and out, under the bluffs and along the flats, as innocent of factory wheels and mill-dams as it was in the days of the aboriginal mammoth and cave bear. In the country round about, within a radius of two or three miles, half-a-dozen families of hardy pioneers had settled and begun their battle with the forests and the wild beasts. These were all the human inhabitants.

A hard winter had just broken up, and the settlers were far from supplies and too poor to transit, they had been nearer. What had been Eastern homes were costly luxuries here, and now oftentimes quite unattainable. They did not actually suffer hunger, for their potato bins and corn cribs were well filled, and an occasional haunch of venison, or steak of bear, gave variety to their meals; but the flour barrels were empty, save here and there a little, carefully hoarded for special emergencies. The tea, and coffee, and sugar were equally scarce, and as for milk and butter, through all that first year not a soul in the settlement had tasted either. The children had forgotten that there were such things, and ate their potatoes and salt, or their johnny cake and pumpkin sauce, with as much relish and content as if milk and butter had never existed. But their elders had not forgotten, and many a weary mother turned away from her dry food with an utter loathing for it, and many a stalwart man, as he sat down to supper, exhausted with his day's labor, thought sadly of the fragrant dairies of New England, and yearned for the luxuries which he had left behind.

At last, in the early part of June, Mr. Walton, one of the emigrants, more prosperous, or more enterprising than the rest, *bought a cow*. To his neighbors this acquisition seemed as great a lift of fortune as if he had opened a mine, or "struck oil." They all rejoiced with him, and the more so as Mrs. Walton, in the benevolence of her heart, sent around to one and another of them in turn, a quart or two of the milk.

Days went by, and the cream, which had been carefully gathered and treasured, was ready for churning. The event was one to be celebrated by the whole settlement, and invitations went forth to all the women of the neighborhood to assemble at Mr. Walton's, on a certain afternoon, for a tea-drinking and *butter-eating*. I believe the men were invited, too, but only out of courtesy, as it was well known that none of them would feel that they could stop their hoeing in the busy season, even for a piece of bread and butter.

In the Walton's log house there was a pleasant bustle of preparation. The old stone churn, that had been stowed away in the loft so long, was brought down and once more put on duty. In due time the butter came, golden and beautiful to look upon. Mrs. Walton's deft hands salted it, and worked it, and made it into a "pat;" and then, as there was no cellar, and the weather was warm, she carefully covered it and carried it down to the spring to keep it hard.

In order that you may know the "lay of the

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ground," and better appreciate what followed, let me describe a little.

The house was situated upon the high bank of a ravine, through which flowed one of the sweetest little brooks in the world. At the point of the bank where the house stood, the brook made an abrupt bend, so that the ground above formed a sort of promontory with two sloping sides, covered with grass, wild flowers and underbrush, and washed by the water at its foot.

On one of the slopes of this promontory, about a third of the way down, a cool spring bubbled up, and it was to this spring that Mrs. Walton carried the butter.

Dinner out of the way, and her dishes washed, the good lady sat down in a state of pardonable complacency to await her guests. They were not long in coming. Out from the forest paths they emerged, some on foot, some on horseback, till by two o'clock the last one had reported herself, and all settled down for a quiet, comfortable afternoon visit.

There was no gossip to occupy their tongues. News was too scarce to supply even the slender staple of company chit-chat. But there was no dearth of conversation. Some, if not all, had adventures by the way to relate. Mrs. Lewis' horse had stumbled, going down a hill, and bumped her into a plat of moss by the path side, more scared than hurt—only her best cap and calash were crumpled and smashed, till they represented several fashions at once. She was always timid with a horse, she said, and she would have turned back after her tumble and gone right home, but that her mouth watered for the butter. As it was, she led the horse by the bridle, and walked the rest of the way.

Mrs. Kerr, who came on foot, had seen a bear in the woods. But it needed more than that to stop her; for besides being naturally a resolute woman, and knowing that bears never attack a person unless greatly provoked, she felt special animation to-day in the thought of the butter party. She owned, however, that she had walked pretty fast, and with one eye over her shoulder.

When the women had all compared notes, they found a good deal to laugh at in the incidents and experiences they had met in the effort to get together that afternoon. The mere fun of telling it over more than paid them—so they all agreed—to say nothing of the butter that was yet to come. When they had exhausted the first [illegible] and plans, and the shifts and straits they were put to in their pioneer life, giving a good-humored, comical turn to every thing, until they quite forgot that they had any hardships at all. Little gatherings like this one were like tonics to those humble Western wives, and they could always work happier and harder for many days afterwards, on the strength of them.

About half-past four Mrs. Walton built the fire and begun her preparations for tea. As her house consisted of but one room below and a loft above, her culinary labors by no means interrupted her visiting.

On this occasion there was to be no stint. She brought out her store of flour, long hoarded, to make biscuits of. They were shortened with cream, and put down by the fire in the tin baker to bake. The tea-kettle, hung upon the crane, already began to sing its cosey song.

Then the good lady drew out the rough pine table, and covered it with a spotless linen cloth—relic of her New England home—and brought out the silver spoons, which, like the one talent, had long lain carefully hidden in a napkin.

At last, tea was nearly ready. The hostess stepped out of the door to go and fetch the butter; but she had scarcely crossed the threshold when she gave a loud cry of dismay, and started down the slope on a run.

The guests, alarmed, hurried out to see what was the matter. They were just in time to catch a glimpse of a great pig, with the pat of butter on his nose, scampering off with all his might, and Mrs. Walton at his heels, her hair and dress flying, and a stick in her hand.

The women all rushed pell-mell. Mrs. Gray, who was short and fat, lost her footing, and rolled down the grassy bank like a saw log, until she reached the bottom, when she arose with her gown torn, and her general appearance considerably disordered.

The rest could not stop to attend to her. Greater interests were in jeopardy. Away they went, armed with sticks and stones, in hot pursuit of the thief that had stolen their butter.

Piggy made his best speed, dodging in and out of the brush, and grunting and snuffing with excitement at the hue and cry made behind him—the pilfered pat of butter all the time sticking to his uplifted snout. Finally, he plunged through the brook and took refuge behind a clump of hazel bushes, where he looked defiance at his pursuers, and proceeded leisurely to devour his costly plunder. I am constrained to say that those women glared at the bristly rascal with no very amiable looks or amiable thoughts. They called him names, and discharged sticks and stones across the brook into his fortress till they were tired, and then they wearily climbed the hill, looking more like a funeral procession than a festive tea-party.

"I am not ashamed to say," said my informant, who was one of the company, "that I cried, and couldn't help it; for in all my life before I had never met with so keen a disappointment as this."

Returning to the house, the disconsolate women gathered around the supper table and tried to make the best of the warm, light biscuits, the tea, and the wild strawberries and cream. But it seemed as if every mouthful would choke them; and when they thought of what might have been but for that miserable pig, it was no wonder that they made but an indifferent meal.

H. A. Farrand.

A PETITION.

Let me cling to thy hand, dear Father
Let me cling to thy powerful hand.
If I once let it go,
I shall yield to the foe;
If I hold it fast, I shall stand!
Let me cling to thy powerful hand.

Let me sit at thy feet, dear Saviour;
Let me humbly sit at thy feet!
I have nothing to fear,
If thy presence is near,
Thy presence to me is so sweet!
Let me humbly sit at thy feet.

THE ENGLISH PARLOR MAID'S STORY.

In Three Chapters.—Chap. II.

When young Mr. Morley said to me, as I opened the gate for him, "Jane, I have something particular to say to you; meet me to-morrow morning in the Orchard Lane," I replied at once, "I will not, sir," and turned to go to the house.

He then caught me by the dress, exclaiming, "Why, Jane, I am dying to speak to you; it's something very particular."

"Go and tell it to my mother, then; she lives at Slater's Cottages, not far from the Hedingham church;" and I tried to pluck my skirt away.

"You are a good girl, Jane," said he, letting me go, but the hypocrite was in his voice. "I [illegible] be glad to hear; but you must not say a word about it, for I am going to London the day after to-morrow, and can't see your mother till I come back. Promise me you won't, Jane: it's for your own good."

"Upon my word, I won't," said I; for I was young and foolish, and I half believed that something wonderful was going to be done for me. But the words were scarcely spoken when Mr. Denby came to the hall-door, and in young Morley marched, looking as innocent as a turtle-dove, and inquiring for all the family. I suppose he went to London; I heard him tell the Denbies he would go, and they saw no more of him for some time.

I went about my work day after day, wondering what the very particular thing he had to say could be; but within the same week I got something worse to wonder at.

To make my story plain, I must tell you that the Pines had got a sort of wing, which, being a story lower than the rest, was entirely hidden by the pine grove that gave the place its name. It must have been dark, too, with the shade of those tall trees. The windows were all shut up. None of the rooms were occupied or ever had been in the Denbies' time. They had walled up the door of the passage leading to them from the hall, and hung a picture—I think it was a wedding scene—over the place. The tale went that those rooms had been built long ago for a lady of the house, who would not leave it, and couldn't live at peace with her daughter-in-law.

Esther, the head servant, though she was civil enough on the subject, would give me no explanation of their being shut up, except that the family had room enough without them, and they were damp and dark with the shadow of the old pines.

The wing had a basement story, however, which was dry enough to be used as a store-room for all manner of things kept or wanted in a country house, from preserves to best flour. It opened from a passage at the end of the lower hall. Esther kept the key, and seldom allowed any body to go there but herself—I thought on account of the good things.

But on the week of which I am speaking there had been a great drying of herbs, and a great gathering in of choice apples. When Saturday evening came a bag of herbs and a basket of apples were still to be put away. Things had been late that day, and every body was busy, though it was full two hours after dark. The cook had gone up stairs to get some orders about a hot supper they wanted. The laundress was doing up finery; the housemaid was helping her. "Jane," said she, as I came down to help, too, "them there happles and 'arbs is to be laid by, and I'm in the clear-starching line. Take the key off the mantel-piece, and put 'em away; do, before mother comes down, for she bid me to do it, and she'll go on extonishin' if it aint done."

I took the bag and the basket on my arm, and the key and candle in my other hand, and went off to the store-room. It was easy enough to open; and inside there was all manner of chests, barrels and boxes, with shelves in every corner filled up to the ceiling, for nearly all the stores were got in.

I had hung up the herbs, and was making room for the apples, when a rustle at the further end of the room made me look up, and there, coming out from between two great casks, I saw an old woman, in what I verily believe to be grave-clothes, laughing without a sound, and without a tooth, and making right up to me.

I remember fleeing in mortal terror, falling over half-a-dozen things, and at last, getting into the kitchen, where I must have fainted outright, for the next thing I recollect is seeing them all about me, and hearing Esther say,—

"What is the matter, Jane?"

"I want to go home," said I, not knowing what else to say, and feeling quite sure that all old Sarah Jones said about the house being haunted was true.

"Nonsense, child; you can't go home at this hour of the night. Take this glass of cider, and come up stairs with me."

Esther took me by the arm as she spoke, and marched me up to her own room. It was the best one in the attic. There she shut the door, sat down beside me, and once more asked what was the matter.

As soon as I could find breath, I told her plainly what I had seen in the store-room, and my resolution to go home in the morning,

The cook seemed nearly as much frightened as myself, and a great deal more troubled.

"Well, Jane," she said, kindly, "you shall go home if you like; it was not your fault, but theirs that sent you to the store-room. Say nothing more about it, like a good girl, but try to get composed, and come down to supper. You shall sleep in the closet off my room to-[illegible] please."

I did try to get composed, but I was not myself that night, and couldn't eat much supper. On my way down stairs I passed the door of Mrs. Denby's room. It was fast shut; but I could hear low, earnest voices inside, which I knew were hers and Esther's. The cook came down shortly after, but all the supper-time she was frowning at her daughter, and uncommonly kind to me.

I was thankful for that, and also for getting my bed brought into the closet off her room, where I slept all night with many a start and many a bad, broken dream. But daylight takes the weight of every fright off one, and when I woke next morning, my mind was a good deal settled.

They had let me sleep later than usual, and there was Esther standing by my bedside with a parcel in her hand. Just as I opened my eyes, she opened it, and showed me a beautiful dress of fine French print.

"It's for you," said she, "if you are a wise girl. Jane, you are a good girl; you go to church, and read your Bible, and tell no fibs, and them as does that needn't be frightened out of a place for any thing they happen to see. Jane, this is a genteel place. The missus likes you, and so do I. Your wages will be raised ten shillings a quarter. You'll get this dress, as the first of the fashion, and was bought for Miss Maria. There'll be tea and flannel goin' to your mother at Christmas; and Mr. Denby could speak to the parish overseers for her in hard times—that's if you make up your mind to stay, and say nothing about the family trouble. Jane, every genteel family has something strange about their house—I mean real gentry, like my missus and master, and not the get-ups of now-a-days. Besides, Jane, nobody ever saw any thing here except in the store-room, and I'll promise you sha'n't have to go there again. If my daughter Sophy, as is the biggest goose in Suffolk, axes you to do the like, just say you won't, and I'll stand by you. But take my advice, Jane, and don't leave such a good place."

To this hour, I can't understand why Mrs. Denby and her cook were so set upon keeping me. May be it was that they knew my family to be decent people, poor as they were, and not given to gossip; or may be they had to do it on account of what was to happen, and the hand I was to have in it; like enough there is an order in such things. At any rate, Esther over-persuaded me.

Now that the daylight was come, and I had got over the fright, the fine new dress, the raising of my wages, and the help promised to my poor mother, was more than I could refuse; and before Esther left the room, I gave her my word to stay at the Pines, and say nothing of what I had seen to any body but my mother.

They had such great need of me that day and several after, that I did not get home till the next Sunday evening. I suppose it was to let the fright wear off, and it had worn pretty well by that time; but my mother turned white with the very thought of it, when I told her at our own cottage fireside. The children had gone to evening church, and left us alone.

She sat for a minute or two without speaking a word, and then, "Jane," said she, nothink ever rises out of nothink. Old Sarah and the rest of the gossips didn't tell such stories, after all; and it's not for nothink the old lady has come after them Denbys. They got rid of her in France, you see, to get back the Pines; but murder will out; and you must come home to me, if we have but a loaf in the week; and I won't see my girl frightened out of her mind."

That was my mother's first saying; but when I made her consider the new dress, the raised wages, and all that had been promised to her, she came to think as I did. So my mother consented that I should stay at the Pines, warning me, at the same time, to keep well out of the store-room, and take my Bible with me if ever I had to go about the house after dark.

We knew it was necessary to keep the whole matter a secret, and it was one that weighed heavy on my mind. The large, lonely house became twice as dreary after that Saturday evening, and I never liked to see the night coming down.

It seemed to me that the tempers in it were growing worse, too; Esther and her daughter were never done jangling, and most of their disturbance was about the store-room or the key of it. Up stairs there was not a bit more peace. None of them ever took the slightest notice of what had happened to me. You would have thought they knew nothing at all about it; but their small, genteel bickerings went on forevermore, and most of them were about young Mr. Morley.

He had not come back from London yet, at least they thought so, and the shooting season was drawing to its end, when I was going home one Sunday evening by what we called the Orchard Lane—a by-way leading through the fields straight to my mother's cottage, which stood about two miles from the Pines

Some parts of the lane were close and darkened with overhanging trees, and in the darkest of them I was startled by hearing a step behind me, and there was young Morley.

"Good-evening, Jane," said he; "you are going to see your mother, and so am I. You know I have something very particular to say to her and you. Jane, how well that dress becomes you; you're the girl to show off clothes. It ought to be silk instead of calico, and so it shall, before long, may be."

He had got hold of my hand with that, and I was thinking of starting off, for I never liked his look, when up comes my mother in her poor Sunday clothes to meet me, and didn't she look thunder-struck!

"It's Mr. Morley, mother," said I, "and he has something particular to say to you."

"Mrs. Stocks," said he, stepping up to her before she had time to drop her best courtesy, "have you any objection to your daughter's being sent to a first-rate boarding-school?"

"None in the world, sir," said my mother. "But who's going to do it?"

"Who but a friend—a real friend, a true friend, Mrs. Stocks? I know you were astonished to see me speaking to your daughter, but you would be more surprised if you knew all. I'm a man of few words, Mrs. Stocks, but set your mind at rest; I have no bad intentions, no wicked designs; when I set my affections on a girl,"—and Mr. Morley rolled his eyes at me—"be her family ever so humble, I first educate, and then make her my bride!"

I thought my poor mother would have taken wing and gone up into the air with perfect joy. She believed that I was to be first sent to a boarding-school, and then made lady of Morley Lodge, and the grand prospect buzzed her head up like strong beer. She fell to thanking and blessing young Morley, telling him all my perfections, and a great many more than I had; how much I was above common country girls; how little the Denbies knew my value, and how few young folks would stay at the Pines as I had done.

Morley walked on between us, seeming to believe all she said, sounding my praises himself,

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and making scornful remarks on the Donbies, especially the young ladies; but all at once he stopped, and asked in a confidential manner, if there was any truth in the strange reports he had heard about the Pines—was there any thing particular to be seen or heard in the house?

I had promised to Esther, and my mother had promised to me, to say nothing about what I had seen in the store-room; but in the fulness of her heart she told Mr. Morley the whole story, and made me repeat it from beginning to end.

My tale seemed to impress him wonderfully; he questioned me closely regarding the figure I had seen, the part of the room it came from, the ways and arrangements of the place, and what Esther had said about the matter. I told him all as far as I could remember, and he looked so grave and serious that my mother ventured to ask him if he thought there had been foul-play.

"Yes, Mrs. Stocks," said he, "there must have been, when such things are to be seen about a Christian house. Providence will doubtless bring the crime to light, and the guilty to justice; but your daughter has nothing to fear; she has had no part in the evil-doing. Jane,"—with that he turned to me—"keep up your courage, for my sake, and also keep your own counsel; every thing depends on that. You know I have a proud father; if a word of our talk this day gets wind, we are parted forever. You'll remember that, too, Mrs. Stocks. But, bless me, there is the church clock striking six! I'll be too late for dinner, perhaps suspected. Adieu, adieu!" and he darted down the lane.

"O, Jane," said my mother, lifting up her hands, "won't I die happy when I sees you Lady of Morley Lodge, wearin' silks and satins, and doin' somethink for us all!"

"Mother, dear," said I, honestly speaking my mind, "the gentleman can't mean it. What would he see in me? You know I am no beauty, with a wide mouth and a stumpy nose."

"No, Jane," said she; "you aint just a beauty, but I always thought there was somethink hinterestin' about you. Mind, there's no hexplainin' the fancies men takes. It's one of them harrers of love that has struck him; and don't you be a fool to pitch away good prospecs."

(Concluded next week.)

For the Companion.

A FIGHT IN THE WOODS.

Some years ago, while in the northern part of Maine, I spent the month of September and a portion of October at a "hay-farm" on the borders of Chamberlain Lake,—Lake Apmoogenegamook, the Indians used to call it. The whole region was almost an unbroken wilderness. Game was plenty, and by way of recreation from my duties as an assistant engineer, I had set up a "line of traps" for mink and sable,—"saple," as old trappers say,—along a small but very rapid, noisy stream called Bear Brook, which comes down into the lake through a gorge between two high, spruce-clad mountains.

Huge boulders had rolled down the sides, and lay piled along the bed of the gorge. The brook, which was the outlet of a small pond, pent up among the ridges above, foamed, and roared, and gurgled down among rocks shaded by thick, black spruces, which leaned out from the sides of the ravine.

It was a wild place. I had stumbled upon it, one afternoon, while hunting a carribon (a kind of deer) some weeks before, and knew it must be good trapping ground; for the rocks, and clear, black pools, in short the whole place had that peculiar, fishy smell which bespoke an abundance of trout; and where trout abound there are sure to be mink.

My traps were of that sort which hunters call "figure four" traps, made of stakes and poles, with a figure-four spring. Perhaps some of our boy readers may have caught squirrels in that way. For bait I used trout from the brook. I carried my hook and line with me, and after setting a trap, threw in my hook and pulled out trout enough to bait it. My line extended about a mile up the gorge, and comprised some twenty-five or thirty traps.

After setting them, I shot a number of red squirrels for a "drag," and thus connected the traps together. Perhaps I should explain that a *drag* is a bundle of squirrels or partridges newly killed and from which the blood is dripping, which are dragged along by a withe from trap to trap, to make a trail and scent, so that the mink and sable will follow it.

It is customary to visit mink traps once in two or three days. But as I had plenty of time just then, I went to mine every forenoon.

During the first week after setting them I had excellent luck. I caught eleven mink and three sable—about fifty dollars worth, as I reckoned it. My hopes of making a small fortune in the fur business, were very sanguine, until one morning I found every trap torn up! The poles and stakes were scattered over the ground, spindles were broken to pieces, and at one or two places where there had been a mink in the trap, the head and bits of fur were lying about as if it had been devoured.

At first I thought that perhaps some fellow who had intended to trap there had done the mischief, to drive me away (a very common trick among rival trappers); but when I saw that the minks had been torn to pieces, I knew the destruction was the work of some animal—a fisher, most likely, or as some call it, a "black-cat."

I had never yet seen one of these creatures, but had often heard hunters and trappers tell what pests they were,—following them on their rounds, robbing and tearing up their traps almost as rapidly as they could set them. Indeed, I had read in Baird's—I believe it was Baird's—Works on Natural History, that the fisher-cat, or *mustela canadensis*, is a very fierce carnivorous animal of the weasel family, a most determined fighter and more than a match for a common hound.

Well, I had nothing to to but to set the traps again, a task which I did in the course of the day, really hoping that the beast had merely paid the place a transient visit, and gone on upon his wanderings.

But the next morning showed my hopes were vain, for he had "gone through" my *line* again, and every trap was upset. It really seemed as if the "varmint" had taken a malicious delight in tearing them to pieces. At one of the traps a fine sable had been caught, and as if for very mischief, the marauder had torn the beautiful skin, which was worth ten or a dozen dollars, to shreds.

Surely, if there is a business in the world that demands patience and perseverance, it is trapping. At least it took about all I could summon to go resignedly to work, make new spindles, catch fresh bait, and set the traps again, especially with the prospect of having the same task to perform the next morning.

I went at it, however, and by eleven o'clock had them all reset save one, the upper one, where the sable had been caught, when, on approaching it through the thick spruces, I saw a large raccoon gnawing the sable's head. Seeing me at the same instant, he caught up the head, and before I could unsling my gun, scuttled away out of sight.

Was it possible that a 'coon had been doing all this mischief? I knew them to be adepts at a variety of woods tricks, but had never heard of their robbing traps before. Here was one caught gnawing a sable's head in the vicinity of the broken traps. Circumstantial evidence, as they say in court, was strong against him.

I determined to watch—that trap, at least.

Going over to our camp on the lake, I took a hasty lunch, and putting a fresh charge into my gun, went back to the ravine. A few rods from the place where I had surprised the 'coon, there was a thick clump of low spruces. Here I hid myself and began my watch.

The afternoon dragged away. Crows and hawks cawed and screamed; kingfishers and squirrels chickered and chirred, but no animal came near the traps. The sun was setting behind the high, black mountain, and twilight began to dim the narrow valley.

Thinking I had had my labor for my pains, I was about crawling out of my hiding-place, when a twig snapped in the direction of the traps, and turning quickly, I saw the 'coon coming up the bank of the brook, the same one, I was sure, that I had seen before, because of its unusual size.

With a glance around, to see that there was no danger near, he ambled along to the spot where the sable's head had been, and began sniffing at the shreds and bits of fur which lay about. Wishing to see if he would touch the trap, I did not stir, but watched his movements.

After picking up the bits of skin, he walked round the trap several times, with his queer, quizzical face askew, examining it. Then happening to scent one of the sable's legs which lay at a little distance, he ran to it and began to eat it. I could hear his sharp teeth upon the bones. Suddenly he stopped, listened, then growled. Very much to my surprise, there was an answering growl. Then another and another response. In a moment more, from behind a great rock in the bank, there stole out a large, black animal, an object of the coon's utter abhorrence, evidently.

Fresh growls greeted the appearance of the intruder, who came stealthily forward. He was a wicked looking fellow, and had evidently hostile intentions.

The 'coon rose to his feet, lifting his back like a bear or a cat, and growling all the while. The new comer crouched almost to the earth, but continued to steal up to the 'coon until within a yard or two.

There they stood facing each other, getting more angry every moment; and evidently intended to have a big "set to." I had no wish to interfere, and was contented to remain a spectator. The two thieves might settle their quarrels between themselves. I wasn't at all certain to which of them I stood indebted for my extra labor, and concluded to keep my charge of shot for whichever of them survived the fray.

The growls rose to shrieks; the fisher, for such I judged it to be, wriggling his black tail, and the 'coon getting his back still higher. Then came a sudden grab, quick as a flash, and a prodigious scuffle. Over and over they rolled, grappling and tearing; now the gray tail would whisk up in sight, then the black one. The fur flew, and that strong, disagreeable odor, sometimes noticed when a cat spits, was wafted out to my hiding-place.

It was hard to tell which was the best fighter. Gray fur and black fur seemed to be getting torn out in about equal snatches. Suddenly the 'coon got away from his antagonist, and running to the foot of a great spruce tree, standing near, went like a dart up the trunk to the lower limbs. There he faced about.

The fisher followed to the tree and looked up. He saw his late foe, growled, and then began to climb after him. He was not so good a climber as the 'coon, but scratched his way up with true weasel determination. The moment he came within reach, the racoon jumped at him, regardless of the height from the ground, and fastened upon his back. The shock caused the fisher to lose his hold, and down both animals dropped with tremendous force, sufficient to knock the breath out of them, I thought. But they clung to each oth r, and dug and bit with the fury of maniacs. 'Coons are noted fighters; and as for the fishers, they never give up while the breath of life is in them.

Presently the 'coon broke away again, and once more ran to the tree, this time going up its trunk, out of sight, among the branches at the very top. It looked as if he was getting about all the fight he cared to have.

Not so with the big weasel. He instantly followed his antagonist, clumsily but surely clawing his way up the trunk. It took him some time to reach the top, but he got there at last. Another grapple ensued among the very topmost boughs, and they both came tumbling to the ground, catching at the limbs as they fell; but grappling afresh, they rolled down the steep bank to the edge of the water.

Meanwhile it had grown so dark that I could but just see their writhing forms. The growling, grappling sound continued, however, and I could hear them splash in the water. Then there came a lull. One or the other had "given in," I felt sure. Which was the victor?

Cocking my gun, I crept to the bank. As nearly as I could make out the situation, the fisher was holding the 'coon by the throat.

I took a step forward. A twig snapped under my foot. Instantly a pair of fiery eyes glared up at me in the gloom; and with a harsh snarl the fisher raised himself. But the 'coon didn't stir; he was dead.

It seemed almost too bad to shoot the victor of so desperate a fight; but thinking of my traps, I hardened my heart and fired. The fisher reared up, fell over, then recovering its legs, leaped at me with all the ferocity of its bloodthirsty race. But the heavy buckshot had surely done its work, and with another attempt to spring at me, the animal fell back dead.

I had no more trouble with my traps.

C. A. STEPHENS.

For the Companion.

MY MOCKING BIRDS.

Jack and Gill are their "given names." They are both natives of South Carolina. I can give you Jack's family history, but Gill was born in the low country, as I shall tell you further on.

Some time last May Jack's parents set up housekeeping in a very snug home in a sweet gum tree. Although the father bird had helped to build the nest, and made every thing nice and convenient about it, the mother bird chose to take the whole care of sitting and hatching the eggs. He let her have her own way, like a kind and prudent husband, and occupied himself meanwhile the best he knew how. He sang the jolliest songs, whistled at stray dogs in the most knowing way, skirmished with blue jays and red-headed woodpeckers, and, in short, appeared so gay that all the birds in the woods knew from his manner that he must be expecting some special good luck.

What it could be, they would never have heard from him, if this idle life away from his home had not tempted him into company where he got very tipsy on the juice of the China berry, or pride of India tree.

This tree is as common in the South as are whiskey saloons in many parts of our country, and tempts idle mocking birds to disgrace themselves, very much as other bipeds do, by intemperate indulgence.

When Jack's mother heard how her mate had behaved, she saw her mistake in not allowing him to occupy his time in family duties, and determined in the future to keep him as busy as she was herself.

So one morning when he looked in through the yellow jasmine vines around the nest, he found her in a great flutter of joy over the four tiny birdies just throbbing with new-found life under her breast. She good-naturedly allowed him a sly peep under one wing, and then at once set him to clearing up the nest and making things tidy. He soon found his hands full of business, and with so many mouths to fill, he had no time to indulge in his bad habits.

These old birds were very wise in their ideas of feeding their little ones, for they knew that infant crops do not need to be crammed at once. However, they were so much like grown people themselves, that they ate a very hearty breakfast of juicy worms, dew berries and crisp grasshoppers, after which the happy father flew to the topmost twig, and sung a very pretty little hymn of gratitude and praise, which he must have learned from the lark.

These parents fed their little ones with just the thing, and just enough of it, and were bringing them up in the way they should go, when, about school time, one day, black Bob, a little freedman, "shinned" up their tree and robbed them of two of their most promising children, who were now old enough to sit alone on the edge of the nest.

Of course it was "too bad," but Bob had his living to make, and he reasoned that "if Yankees want mocking birds bad enough to pay for such trifling ones as these, that dunno the fun o' flyin', what's the good of not gettin' 'em good homes in the North, where they'll be taken care of?"

As you may suppose, these little stolen birds were very unhappy, and cried all day long, knocking their heads against their little corn-stalk cabin cage. At length they grew hungry, and learned to love the hand that fed them so much more generously than their own parents had done.

In a few days they started on their journey to Vermont, with a good supply of their favorite luncheon—hard-boiled eggs, hominy, berries, &c. They did not enjoy their first day's travel in the cars to Charleston, but that was only the beginning of their sorrows. When they first took passage on the steamer for New York, they shared a state-room with their mistress, which promised a little rest and comfort, as the sea breeze came in at the window, and fanned the coal dust out of their feathers.

They had just got seated on their little perch, prepared to enjoy themselves, when the stewardess poked her head into the room to say that "the regilations of the ship is that all birds and pets is to be given up to the steward." The giant of a steward stood looking over her shoulder, and no persuasion could induce him to disobey orders.

So the poor birds were carried off to a sort of oil-can region amid ships, where the piteous cries and fluttering of other birds, mingling with the rush of the water-wheels and the clanking of the machinery, drove them so crazy, that Jack's mate escaped the first time the steward attempted to feed them. It was seen flitting about the rigging of the sails, then flew off over the sea, and soon sunk on the green waves, to rise no more.

How badly the mistress felt when she went to see them, and found only little scared Jack in the cage! The captain tried to comfort her by giving her her choice of several birds. The steward said it was no use to choose a female, for they do not sing, and will not raise young ones in a cage, and advised her to select a bird with nine white feathers in his wing, which would surely be a singer.

The new bird was about the age and size of Jack's mate, and Jack seemed as glad of her company as he could be in his unhappy circumstances.

At length, after several days of travelling, their journey ended at the threshold of a "cottage under the hill" in Vermont. Here they were soon placed in a large wire cage, and hung among the vines in the south porch, where they passed their time very pleasantly in eating, listening to the bobolinks and other Yankee songsters, among which, the cat-bird is their first cousin.

Sarah, the cat, paid her respects to them at once, but they never encouraged her attentions,

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and now pull her tail with great vim whenever it is presented within their reach. Naturally, she considers such treatment insulting, and hopes, some day, to retaliate.

About this time they were christened Jack and Gill, and Gill, true to her name, proved to be nothing but a little woman. Sometimes she sits in the swing perch and hums little tunes to herself, which always displeases Jack, who has no patience with women's rights.

Their neighbors, Nellie, Jimmy and Belle, brought them so many grasshoppers, their friend, Mrs. L., sent them so many figs, and they ate so greedily, that Jack became dyspeptic, and bad swellings came on his foot and toes.

The doctor was consulted. Jack remained quiet and let him examine his feet like a good bird. The doctor looked very grave, and said they must be lanced. It was done, and the thick blood and matter oozed out, while Jack cried piteously.

He was obliged to stand on one foot two days, before he could bear his weight on the other, and finally suffered the loss of one toe nail, which is just beginning to grow out again.

He endured so much because he could not govern his appetite; but he bore it like a brave boy, except that he would sometimes abuse Gill when he was in ill humor; but she, being a woman, as I said before, soon learned to manage him. When he has scolded, pulled her feathers, and picked her beyond endurance, she slips up softly and pecks him right in the roof of his mouth, which makes him shut his "jaw" for that time.

About the time of Jack's illness, they shed their feathers, and now have fine long tails, which almost trail on the ground, made up of mouse-colored feathers, touched with black, and Jack has more than the full number of white ones in his wings.

His eye is remarkably fine, and quick to notice the least change in the dress of his mistress. When he is a little older, and the warm spring days shine on him, he will sing in full strength of voice any time during the day, and whenever he wakes up in the night.

He is very fond of the bath, and does not leave the tub until he has thrown the water all out of it. Gill never goes in the water all over. She doesn't like to wash herself better than some children I could mention; but when she sees Jack washing himself, she flits down and stands close up, so as to catch all the sprinkles on her feathers, then she goes on the perch and smooths out her dress, like those vain little women who only care about having the outside look smooth and pretty.

So much for the habits of my mocking birds.

C. C. B.

FIRST SHOT IN THE REVOLUTION.

The first American who discharged his gun on the day of the battle of Lexington was Ebenezer Lock, who died at Deering, about fifty years ago. He resided at Lexington in 1775. The British regulars, at the order of Pitcairn, having fired at a few Americans on the green in front of the meeting-house, killing some and wounding others, it was a signal of war. "The citizens," writes one, "might be seen coming from all directions in the roads over fields, and through the woods, each with his rifle in his hand, his powder horn at his side, and his pockets provided with bullets. Among the number was Ebenezer Lock.

The British had posted a reserve of infantry a mile in the rear, in the direction of Boston. This was in the neighborhood of Mr. Lock, who, instead of hastening to join the party at the green, placed himself in an open cellar, at a convenient distance for doing execution. A portion of the reserve was standing on a bridge, and Mr. Lock commenced firing at them. There was no other American in sight. He worked valiantly some minutes, bringing down one of the enemy at nearly every shot. Up to this not a gun had been fired elsewhere by the Americans. The British, greatly disturbed at losing so many men by the random fire of an unseen foe, were not long in discovering the man in the cellar, and discharged a volley of bullets which lodged in the walls opposite. Mr. Lock, remaining unhurt, continued to load and fire with the precision of a distinguished marksman. He was driven to such close quarters, however, by the British on the right and left, that he was compelled to retreat.

He had but just one bullet left, and there was but one way to escape, and that was through an orchard, and not a moment was to be lost. He levelled his gun at the man near by, dropped the weapon, and the man was shot. The balls whistled about him. Lock reached the brink of a steep hill, and, throwing himself down upon the ground, tumbled downwards, rolling as if mortally wounded. In this way he escaped unhurt. At the close of the war he removed to New Hampshire, where he resided until his death, twenty years after. He lived in seclusion and died in peace.

"OUR SHIPS."

The following graceful lines appear in the Toledo *Blade*, from the pen of a local poet:

In those bright summer mornings when I row
Up from the bay upon the broad Maumee,
Amid the stately boats that come and go,
I meet the toy ships going out to sea—
Each ship a board propelled by paper sails,
And given, with shouts, to billows and to gales.

Ah, happy boys! that launch your ships away,
Playing the merchant long before your time,
We men are like you to our dying day,
Still sending ships to every distant clime;
And some men's ships come back to their own shore,
And some men's ships come back to them no more.

In youth our ships to fetch us love we sent,
(Long since they went, in those glad days of old,)
Some went for Fame, and some for Power went.
And then we sent whole fleets to bring us Gold;
And of all the ships we sent across the main
Not one in thousands came to us again.

But I believe our ships are gone before—
Gone to some Better Land, to which we go;
There, one by one, they gather on the shore,
Blown stately in by all the winds that blow,
And we shall find them on some happy day,
Moored fast, and waiting at the Golden Quay.

LETTERS ABOUT WASHINGTON.

From a Correspondent.

MR. EDITOR,—In your last letter to me, you wished me to tell your readers about Washington, particularly about the House of Representatives and the Senate.

Very well, then, let us go to the House of Representatives. We ascend the flights of marble steps leading to the vestibule, admire the fine paintings in the interior of the rotunda, and finally seat ourselves in the gallery of the House, next to the reporters' place, and from which we get a view of all the members, or shall, when they please to come into the hall. At present there are groups of two or three standing here and there, talking, and I am sorry to say, smoking, together.

There comes Speaker Blaine, with the chaplain, from one of the side doors, and the members come pouring in from the ante-rooms. See them seat themselves like a great flock of schoolboys, each one at his desk, rattling papers, sorting letters, beckoning to the pages—pretty little fellows with brass buttons on their coats.

But the minute hand says twelve, and the Speaker raps on his desk with the gavel—a little instrument something like a mallet—and suddenly there is a hush. Some members rise from their seats, and stand with their heads bowed down; some cover their faces as they sit, and others loll back in their chairs and look indifferent, or absent-minded.

The chaplain is praying. It is very quiet until the final "Amen," when such a stir and Babel of sound commences! The reporters are getting their paper ready to jot down the proceedings; the Speaker seats himself and takes a good look round him; the Clerk of the House, who sits in front of the Speaker, at a low desk, stands up, and begins to call the names of the members, just as the subordinate teacher of a school calls out the names of the scholars.

Each member answers "here;" and it is curious to note the effect of the different tones, some guttural, some a full, rich bass, some short and snappish, some prolonged and shrill. What a queer tune it would make if these answers could be noted down!

The work of the day is beginning in earnest, now. Great is the rapping of knuckles for the pages, who fly in every direction. Presently the roll-call ceases, and then from all parts of the house sounds the cry,—"Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!"

"The gentleman from California," says the Speaker, and down sit a dozen disappointed members, who had risen, hoping to get an opportunity to speak, while the gentleman from California takes up a paper, perhaps a petition, or some railroad case, and tells the House what it is, what he thinks about it, and what ought to be done with regard to it. If it is not very important, the buzz and hum continue. The dozen disappointed members hold themselves ready to jump from their seats when he is done; perhaps a vote is taken and the bill is passed or rejected. If it is something about which there is a great difference of opinion, or which affects the politics of either party, then a lively debate ensues; and perhaps some other important member makes a speech.

The Republicans occupy one side of the house,—the left, as we are seated—and the Democrats the right. One would think that they were exceedingly angry at each other, sometimes, and words run very high, when personally the disputants may be the best of friends in private.

Meantime, while they are calling the roll we will look about us.

The House is in the form of a half circle, and is lighted entirely from above. The effect of this is somewhat peculiar; on a dark day all the members look bilious, and the ladies in the galleries have rich yellow complexions.

In the diplomatic section sit the families of the different Ministers of State, foreign legations and notabilities of distinction. One-half of the gallery looks like a flower-garden. Women, beautiful and ugly, old and young, white and black, enjoy the freedom of the place. The other half is a uniformity of black coats.

Presently three or four gentlemen enter, and stand respectfully near the central door, with papers in their hands. The hubbub of legislation partially ceases. Somebody asks me what it means, and I ask an old gentleman by my side, who replies that it is a message from President Grant.

Then the first of the two forward gentlemen unrolls a paper, or takes from the other, perhaps, a bundle of papers, and proceeds to read the address, or order, or whatever it may be. At the close, the two come forward, deliver up the papers, and then march quietly out, while Mr. Speaker's ears are again assailed by members on both sides of the House.

It looks odd to see a colored man seated by Mr. Butler, writing away as busily as if he had sat there all his life, while another lounges upon one of the many crimson sofas that run round the sides of the House, talking with the gentleman from Oregon, or the gentleman from Tennessee.

That stout personage bending over the chair of Mr. Morrill, of Maine, is Gen. Parker, a full-blooded Indian, who is, I believe, at the head of Indian affairs, and calls at the House occasionally. Gen. Logan, a handsome, distinguished-looking gentleman, is noted as one of the prime movers in the effort to transfer the capital to St. Louis. Mr. Julien, of Indiana, that tall, pale, thoughtful-looking man, with marks of suffering in his face, is very highly esteemed in Washington. That is Fernando Wood, on the Democratic side, that gaunt man, forever pulling at his white moustache. John Morrissey, the member from New York, who formerly was prominent in prize fights, and similar avocations, walks down the aisle and takes his seat. He has a good head, and but for a slight disfigurement, might be called good-looking.

That is Gen. Banks, just springing to his feet, his full, deep voice filling the hall. Gen. Butler is very busy over a newspaper, from which he presently cuts a paragraph, and lays it on his desk. He is one of the most striking speakers in the House, and is perhaps more feared than loved.

What is the stir now? People are rising, and the hour for closing the House is still far off.

"They are going into committee of the whole on the state of the Union," says the old gentleman by my side; "and it is very dull, generally; few people stay at such times;" so we go out with the rest, and study the pictures over the staircases or the magnificent balustrades and pillars of beautiful, spotless marble.

There, I think I have given you a sketchy outline of what they do at the House. To-morrow we shall visit the Senate chamber.

ALICE.

SAN DOMINGO.

The question that commands general attention at the present time in the United States is that known as "the San Domingo question."

This question, nominally, relates to a proposition that the Dominican Republic shall be annexed to the American Republic, but, in reality, it relates to the acquisition by this country of the islands known as the West Indies.

The island of Hayti, of which the Dominican Republic forms the larger part, is that part of America, which was the scene of the first Christian colonization,—and it is the only independent island in the West Indies.

It was discovered by Columbus, on the 6th of December, 1492, not two months after his arrival in the New World. He named it *Hispaniola*, and it has borne, also, the name of Santo Domingo; but all the names given it by Europeans have not been able to suppress the native name, —*Hayti*. As in the case of the island of Cuba, the native name has survived the native race, all of whom long since passed away. It is so with many of the Indian names in the United States, which are full of life, though not a man of the race that gave them is now living.

Columbus sought to make a settlement in Hayti, building a fort there, and calling the little colony "The Nativity." This was in December, 1492; but when he returned to the island, almost a year later, the fort had been destroyed, and not one of the little garrison of thirty-eight men was living. The exact history of this first effort to found a European colony in America has never been revealed. We know only that it proved a total failure, but why it failed, and how the colonists perished, is not certainly known.

Isabella was the name given by Columbus to the place he founded in Hayti at the close of 1493. It was named after the famous Queen of Castile, who furnished Columbus with the money necessary for the prosecution of his voyage of discovery. The place did not flourish, and was abandoned, and became, perhaps, the first ruined city of America—that is, of European origin, for America has some splendid ruined cities of her own, of which Europeans know but little.

Hayti prospered for some time under Spanish rule,—but that prosperity was bought at terrible expense; and probably no country ever was the scene of more sin and suffering than Hayti, or Hispaniola, though when Columbus first landed there, it was supposed to be the happiest spot on the face of the earth.

The Spaniards enslaved the natives, who were a kind and gentle race, and who had always lived a quiet life, and were all but supported by the tropical fruits that grew so luxuriantly on the island. They knew not what work was, and consequently, when forced to labor by the Spaniards, and treated harshly, they quickly died out as a race. The Haytien man is as extinct as the dodo.

Hayti knew considerable prosperity in the early days of the Spanish rule; and it might have been made one of the finest dependencies of the world, had it not been for the bigotry, the intolerance, and the tyranny of the Spaniards.

These defects in the owners of the island led to its decline in importance. The Buccaneers, who were a sort of land-pirates as well as sea-pirates, were the consequence of Spanish misrule, and they obtained possession of much of the island; and put themselves under the protection of the French. This led to the establishment of French rule in part of Hayti, which attained to great productiveness and wealth, and was regarded with envy by the European owners of other West India colonies.

The Spaniards continued to hold the larger part of the island, comprising what is now the Dominican Republic, or the country that President Grant thinks it is desirable to annex to the United States. It is in the eastern part of the Island.

One of the consequences of the French Revolution was to destroy the prosperity of French Hayti; but, some seventy-six years ago, all that island nominally passed under the dominion of France for a short time.

Napoleon I., when he was Consul Bonaparte, sent a great force to Hayti, to make the French ascendency there complete. The effect was a terrible war, in which both parties acted like fiends. The French were utterly beaten; and what had been the Spanish part of the island returned to the Spaniards in the year 1808.

But this state of things soon came to an end, the Dominicans setting up for themselves in 1809, and maintaining the independence they

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had assumed, though they had rather a troublesome time of it for some years.

In 1822 the entire island of Hayti was united as a republic, with Gen. Boyer as President. San Domingo became part of the Haytien Republic, and so remained for twenty-two years.

For reasons satisfactory to themselves, the Dominicans separated from Hayti in 1844, and again set up as a republic on their own account. War with Hayti followed, but the Dominicans maintained the position they had assumed, not only at that time, but in later years, when Haytien attacks were renewed.

No recognition of the Dominican Republic ever was made by the government of the United States while slaveholders ruled this country. It was thought impolitic to admit the existence of a government with which colored men had any connection.

In 1854 the government of the United States had some secret negotiations with the Dominican government. It is supposed that the purpose of our government was to obtain possession of the Bay of Samana, to create there a great naval station, with the ulterior purpose of operating against the island of Cuba.

Nothing, however, ever came of these negotiations, and it was left for future times to renew a part, at least, of the project supposed to have been entertained in 1854.

The Spaniards sought to regain possession of the Dominican Republic, but the undertaking proved a failure.

In a second and closing paper we shall speak of the movement now going on to annex the Dominican Republic to this country, giving the facts of the case, but avoiding all party matters.

THE GREAT BORE.

This is the nickname given to the Hoosac Tunnel, in Massachusetts, both because it is to be the longest in the country, and with the exception of that of Mont Cenis, in Europe, the greatest "bore" in the world, and also because the process of its construction has been so tedious.

The distance from one extremity to the other is 25,031 feet, or four miles and eighty-four hundredths, and though the work was begun nearly nineteen years ago, not much more than half (12,767 feet) is now completed. According to the present contract it is to be finished March 1, 1874, and there is a reasonable hope that it will be so.

This great undertaking to pierce the Hoosac Mountain is said to be necessary because it is on the most direct line between Boston and the West, or between Troy and Greenfield. Probably the real reason why it is carried on is the pride of the State of Massachusetts, which, having entered into the project and spent a great deal of money on it, is determined to finish it at any cost.

The engineer who made the first survey for the tunnel was accustomed to say that it seemed as if the finger of Providence had marked out this route from the East to the West.

"Yes," some one once replied, "but it is unfortunate, on some accounts, that the finger of Providence had not been thrust through the Hoosac Mountain."

Three great engineers have been employed on the bore. The first was Mr. (afterwards Gen.) Hanft, of Philadelphia, the second Mr. Thomas Doane, of Boston. The present contractors are the Messrs. Shanly, of Canada, one of whom, Mr. Walter Shanly, is Member of the Dominion Parliament for the county of South Grenville.

A number of different machines have been used in the process of excavation. The first was to cut a circular groove in the rock, which was afterwards to be blasted out. It did its work for ten feet, then became obstinate and refused to do more. A second machine made great professions, but when brought face to face with the rock, would not move an inch.

It was found to be a very hard business to cut rock, and so hand-drills and gunpowder were next tried, to blast it. The plan now in operation is to drill holes by means of a machine, worked by compressed air, and then blast with nitro-glycerine. By this method progress is made at the east end at the rate of 150 feet a month, and of 90 feet at the west end.

In August, 1870, a shaft was sunk 1080 feet in depth, so that four faces of rock are now exposed to the blasts of the miners.

Not a few accidents have occurred in connection with the tunnel, but they do not seem to excite much fear in the workmen. In 1869 the magazine of nitro-glycerine exploded, one morning, when three men went to obtain the daily supply, blowing them and the building to atoms. On another occasion an explosion of gas caused a fire at the top of the shaft. The engineers were driven from the engines used to pump air into and water out of the shaft, and thirteen miners perished, either by suffocation or drowning. It was a year after this accident before all the water was pumped out and the dead bodies of the unfortunate men recovered.

Most of the miners who work in the shaft are Cornish men, and they are often very careless. It is but the other day that the foot of one of them slipped as he was stepping into the bucket to descend, and he was dashed in pieces at the bottom. It is only wonderful that the accidents are not more frequent.

HERBACEOUS PLANTS.

What a bewildering word—Herbaceous! What can it mean? Herb-aceous—like an herb. That makes it plain enough—plants that are like herbs. Now herbs are plants that live buried in the ground all winter, only to come up again, bright and green, in the spring.

This name, herbaceous, is applied to plants that grow in our flower gardens and have the habit of sleeping in the ground during the winter. It is very accommodating in them to do this, for it saves us a deal of trouble in caring for them. The verbena dies with the first frost, and the heliotrope would follow the birds and fly away, if it could. As it cannot, it dresses in deep mourning—and dies.

Not so the lily of the valley and the columbine. Little do they care for the frost. They tuck themselves away under a blanket of snow, and hide their noses under the frost-sheeted ground.

Now it is plain that these herbaceous plants are the very best things for us in our gardens. Plant them once, and there they are. No further trouble will they give us for several years. Even when they grow too large, all we have to do is to take them up, divide them into smaller pieces and replant each piece separately.

The planting is very simple. Any bit of root that has an eye or bud will grow, if simply set out in a hole large enough to hold it without crowding. Once set out, it will take care of itself till weeding time comes, in June.

All of our more common farm-yard flowers belong to this class, and are easily known by this habit of living from year to year.

I HAD NO MORE.

Many years ago there lived in Newburyport a minister famous for his long and labored discourses, every one of which he wound up by forcibly shutting his Bible and saying, "I had no more!"

The significance of this oft-repeated remark was not very evident to the younger portion of his congregation, who always felt that he had full enough! After a while a little girl asked her father why Mr. S. always made this remark, and was told that he was an Englishman, and made the expression, then quite in fashion, "I add no more," "I *had* no more."

SAD FATALITY.

People should be careful in eating parched corn, or any light, dry, small food. Especially should children be careful. Laughing or incautious breathing while eating often draws little substances into the windpipe:

A little-boy in Illinois, five years of age, got a grain of pop corn in his windpipe, and it was found impossible to remove it by ordinary means, so a doctor was called in, who, after performing a slight operation, pronounced the obstacle removed. The little fellow continued to suffer, however, and a few days after placed his hand suddenly to his side, ran to his mother and exclaimed, "Mother, kiss me; I'm going to die," and was a corpse three minutes afterward.

A HOT WATER "BUST."

Gun-barrels sometimes burst with bad consequences, and bursting is *one* of the bad consequences of cider barrels:

A gentleman in Foxcroft, Me., having occasion to cleanse a cider barrel, thought he would use quick-lime. So he put a quantity into the barrel and turned water upon it, and to make the work more perfect, put in the bung to keep the steam in. Finding, however, that the steam upon the barrel was rather severe, he undertook to take the bung out again, and while doing so the barrel exploded, covering him with hot lime and seriously scalding him.

WORDSWORTH AND THE LANDLORD.

In the new English edition of Charles Lamb's writings is a funny anecdote of Wordsworth. The person with whom the Lambs boarded, at Enfield, charged one shilling extra when they had a friend at dinner; but when Wordsworth was the guest, he charged one-and-sixpence. Lamb remonstrated, saying, "He's a great poet." "Don't know about the great poet," replied the practical landlord, "but he is a great eater."

Great genius requires "vittles" as much as stupidity does.

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Perry Mason & Co.,

Publishers Youth's Companion.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

ENIGMA.

I am a little word of five letters.
Why, 2, 3, 4, we all must do.
My 5, 3, 1, is a verb.
And my whole is the lot of all.

"OLD CLO' MAN."

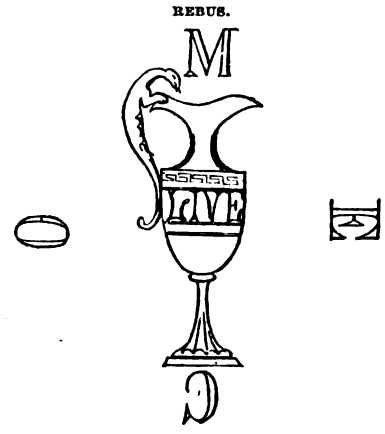
2.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in pan but not in dish,
My *second* is in trout but not in fish;
My *third* is in sun but not in moon,
My *fourth* is in night but not in noon;
My *fifth* is in reap but not in mow,
My *sixth* is in fast but not in slow;
My *seventh* is in lane but not in street,
My *eighth* is in rain but not in sleet;
My *ninth* is in black but not in grey,
My *whole* is a country far away. LESLIE.

3.

REBUS.



L. G.

4.

HIDDEN FISHES.

1. Hannah sold her ring to cousin Amie.
2. John Lawson is a car painter and builder.
3. Eddie gave me some of his almonds.
4. Gen. Grant routed the enemy at Jackson.
5. First, urge on Alfred and then come to my aid.
6. The boys' term began yesterday. W. J. C.

5.

BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with words pronounced alike but spelled differently.

We —— some one to —— the bread.
Bring in a bag of —— and put a —— in the vase.
Who can —— a —— with a —— of scissors?
The boy with a —— head —— loudly when he fell.
He stole a —— of goods and then gave —— to avoid being taken to jail. F. H. G.

6.

CHARADE.

One lovely Summer's evening
I chanced to take a walk,
I met a friend who was my *first*,
And we began to talk.

He told me how his younger days
So happily did roll,
And talked about my *second*,
Which, dear reader, was my *whole*.

T. P. PIGOT.

Conundrums.

What reason have we to suppose that beer was made in the ark? The kangaroo was seen to go in with hops, and the bear was always bruin.

What vegetable is most like a teetotaler? The pot-hater.

When does an editor play a singular trick with grammar? When he declines an article.

When do appearances lead you to suppose that a man runs the risk of being burned to death? When he smokes.

When is a man obliged to keep his word? When no one will take it.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Drave, Raven, Aunt, Verge. Enter.
2. XI. Ten divided horizontally makes two Vs, and I remains; this added to the two fives makes XI.
3. Newell, Brown, Warren, King, Smith, Clapp, Putnam.
4. Base words lower the speaker.
5. Massachusetts Bay.
6. Camelopard. Honri, Automatic, Rack, Lathe, Ensign, Synopsis—CHARLES DICKENS.

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SPINNING.

A spider was swinging herself in glee
From a moss-covered, swaying bough;
A breeze came rollicking up from the sea,
And fanned her beautiful brow.
She hung, it is true, with her pretty head down,
But her brain was cool as you please;
The fashion quite suited the cut of her gown,
And she could look up in the trees.

She saw where a humming-bird lighted down
At his throat a bright ruby gleamed;
On his head was a gold and emerald crown,
And he sat on a bough and dreamed.
The spider ran up on her silver thread,
And looked in the little king's face;
"If I may but sit at your feet," she said,
"I'll spin you some beautiful lace."

The humming-bird looked in her shining eyes,
And then at her nimble feet,
And said to himself, I have found a prize,
She is useful as well as neat.
"You may sit by my side, if it please you well,"
Said he, "the summer time through;
And since you spin on a noiseless wheel
I'll do the humming for you."

Our Young Folks.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The Lewiston *Weekly Journal* prints the following story of a wolf, which is very similar to the romantic account of "Androcles and the Lion," which used to delight us so much in the old *Easy Reader:*

In the village of Houston, near Greenock, Scotland, there lived, about the year 1640, a woman named Maggie McPherson. On returning at early dawn from driving her cattle to pasture, she was frightened in no small degree by observing a wolf standing straight in her path.

Paralyzed by her terror, she could not move, but stood staring wildly at the object of her dread, awaiting submissively the attack which she was sure would soon put a period to her existence.

Standing thus for a considerable length of time, with her eyes at intervals raised to heaven in prayerful expectancy, she at length began to wonder that the wolf was in no hurry to make the expected attack. Again casting her eyes in the direction of the animal, she fancied that the usual ferocious expression of his countenance had this time given way to a more softened and subdued look, and that she could observe him raise his eyes toward her with a suppliant whine, as if he needed in some fashion her assistance.

Acquiring some degree of confidence from this circumstance, she took courage to survey him more closely, when she observed him slowly approaching with an unmistakable limp, holding up one of his fore feet, which appeared much swollen.

Taking hold of the wounded paw, she saw that he was suffering from a large thorn that had punctured the sole of his foot. This she had no difficulty in extracting, and then, by gently pressing on the wound, she drew from it a considerable amount of purulent matter, an operation that seemed to give the animal much relief.

She then released him, and he toddled away, whining out his best thanks to his physician. The woman, too, made haste home, thanking Heaven for her miraculous escape.

But more remains to be told. On the morning of the following day she was awakened by a strange uproar all round her dwelling. There was the lowing of cows, the bleating of goats and sheep, the cackling of geese, with now and then the howl of a wolf.

She hastily raised herself from her couch, and looking out to see what had caused the unusual commotion, she observed all the live stock of the neighborhood gathered about her door, with a wolf keeping guard outside the circling crowd to prevent any attempt at escape.

She knew by his halt that he was the same animal whom she had relieved from his embarrassment on the preceding day. When the wolf observed her, he set up a whine of satisfaction, as if to say, "These things have I brought; please accept them," and walked off, looking lively gratitude.

This incident was told to the writer by the great-granddaughter of the woman to whom it happened.

A VICTIM OF A NEW HAT.

A witty correspondent of the (Chicago) *Young Messenger*, signing himself "K. Thartic," describes a picture of fashionable misery which (served up as it is here,) ought to operate strongly on every silly daughter who tries to disfigure her decent mother in "stylish" and inappropriate dress:

One day last week we happened to be on the cars going to —— no matter where. Upon looking over our fellow-passengers, we were amused at the performances of a mother and daughter who sat in front of us.

The mother had evidently seen the last of her fortieth birthday. The daughter was just at that lovely age suitable to the heroine of an able-bodied romance—the season of giggles and simpers, of frizzled hair and numberless ends of ribbons.

We felt sorry for that woman, and will tell why. She was the unfortunate possessor of a fashionable hat. Now this, of itself, would not seem to be sufficient to entitle the lady to our sympathy. But there were other features in the situation which rendered her an object of pity.

In the first place, she was certainly not a fashionable woman. She wore no *chignon*. She did not sail under the false colors of dead woman's curls. Her dress was evidently of her own invention, and not planned by some French lady with six husbands. She did not wear tasselled kids, and had no deodorizer on her handkerchief.

So, you see, a fashionable hat was as much out of place on her head, as a red neck-tie would be on the person of George Washington. And then that hat was such a hat. It was one of those double-turreted affairs, with a heavy growth of marsh grass on one side, and an old-fashioned shoe-buckle on the other.

Then there were blue ribbons, yellow spangles, glass gew-gaws, and a black feather attached to it. We know by the important air of the daughter, and by the patronizing smirk with which she occasionally regarded that wonderful creation, that it was she who had selected and invested her mother with that hat.

And she was bound that her mother should wear it in a fashionable manner. That was why we particularly pitied the old lady, for she had evidently been in the habit of wearing her hat on the top of her head, where it naturally belongs. And this pulling it down over her forehead, supporting it with her eye-winkers, and balancing it on the bridge of her nose, was pain and grief to her.

Against this barbarous custom she would frequently rebel. When the daughter's attention was called elsewhere, the old lady would slyly set back her hat, settle it firmly to cover her head and enjoy looking forth upon the world. But the daughter would soon discover this impropriety. Then that attentive maiden would exclaim, "*Why, ma!*" and, stretching forth her hand, would put the upper part of her parent's face in total eclipse with that abominable hat.

Then the old lady would sigh, hump up her back and look very uncomfortable. Gradually the vigilance of the daughter would relax, and her mother would commence to straighten up—at the same time slightly pushing back her hat. Involuntarily the old lady's hand would rise to remove that obstruction to her vision. But her respite was short. Another jab of the daughter's hand, another accusing "*Why, ma!*" and again would the old lady wear her nose inside of her hat, and resign herself to settled melancholy.

We have interviewed men who were condemned to be hung; we have condoled with a disappointed politician, but in all our experience we never saw upon a human countenance so despairing a look as that of the unfortunate woman we saw on the train.

THE NEXT BEST THING.

Stratagems and practical jokes between members of the same family by way of rebuke are sometimes more effectual than words, if the parties are *good-natured*, but they are too dangerous agents to be safely used. Not many men would have put up with the loss of a dinner so quietly as the slack husband named below, or stopped to think whether he deserved it:

"Mr. Moncton," said my grandmother, "I have no wood to burn to-day. What shall I do?"

"O, send Louisa round to pick up some," said my grandfather.

"But she has picked up all she can find."

"Then let her break up some old stuff."

"But she has broken up every thing already."

"O well, then do the next best thing—I must be off," said the farmer; and no doubt wondering in his heart what the next thing would turn out to be.

Noon came, and with it came my grandfather and his four hungry laborers. My grandmother stood in the kitchen, spinning on her great wheel, and singing a pleasant little ditty; Louisa sat scouring tins in the back room, and the cat sat purring on the hearth before a black and fireless chimney, while the table sat in the middle of the room, spread for dinner, but with empty dishes.

"Well, wife, here we are," said my grandfather, cheerily.

"So I see," replied she, placidly. "Have you had a good morning in the corn-field?"

"Why, yes, so-so. But where is the dinner?"

"In the pot on the doorstep. Won't you see if it is done?"

And on the doorstep, to be sure, sat the great iron pot, nicely covered, but not looking particularly steamy. My grandfather raised the cover, and there lay all the ingredients for a nice boiled dinner,—every thing prepared in the nicest manner, and the pot filled with the clearest of water, and all the vegetables and meat as raw as they had ever been. My grandfather started, and my grandmother joined another roll to the yarn upon her distaff, and began another verse of her song

"Why, woman, what does this mean?" began my grandfather, indignantly. "This dinner isn't cooked at all."

"Dear me! is it not?" asked the good wife in pretended astonishment. "Why, it has set in the sun this four hours."

"Set in the sun!"

"Yes, you told me to try the next best thing to having a fire, and I thought setting my dinner in the sun was about that."

My grandfather stood doubtful for a moment; but finally his sense of humor overcame his sense of injury, and he laughed aloud. Then picking up his hat he said,—

"Come, boys, we might as well start for the woods. We shall have no dinner till we've earned it, I perceive."

"Won't you have some bread and cheese before you go?" asked my grandmother, generous in her victory, as women always are. And so she won the day.

HOW TO BEHAVE.

Some gentle hints on manners are given by an exchange, from which we select a few:

Don't be disturbed if you find the best seat in a railroad car taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course they did not reserve one.

When a car is crowded, don't fill a seat with your bundles. True politeness is not amiss even amidst the confusion and bustle of a public conveyance.

If an open window proves uncomfortable to another, you will close it.

Whispering in church is impolite. Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent accompaniment, snoring, had better be done at home.

Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, to some positively distressing. Don't scent yourself when going to any crowded assembly. Beecher says "There is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEES.

Some little human butterflies may learn a lesson from this French fable. Turning the tables sometimes has an excellent effect on silly pride and pretension:

A butterfly was one day resting herself on the stalk of a hyacinth. It was in a handsome garden not far from Paris. I have heard that butterflies of the kind I am telling you about are more numerous around Paris than in any other part of the world. She was quite a handsome creature. Indeed, her great blue wings, with their bright and many-colored markings, made her one of the most beautiful of her beautiful race.

Well, as I said, this butterfly was resting herself on the stalk of a hyacinth, every now and then jerking her head around to look at the pretty dress, and smoothing down the velvet-like feathers of which it was made. She was quite proud of her fine clothes. Presently she caught sight of a little bee in one of the silvery bells of the hyacinth.

"Ah!" she cried, quite angry-like, "what is this thing doing here? How dare such a mean little creature to get so close to me! It is easy to see by his rough, hairy coat that he is one of your common, low-born fellows, only made to crawl in the dust and to earn his bit of bread by drudgery, and to live and die in obscurity. Hey! good girl!" she went on, calling out to a little girl, "just as sure as I am a child of beauty—and you can see that for yourself—I cannot bear the sight of this dirty fellow any longer. Drive him away, I beg of you!"

"You painted good-for-nothing!" said she, "what are you jabbering about? I have a great mind to give your neck a twist! What right have *you* to talk? You do nothing but dance and skip about in the sunshine, or swing yourself on the flowers, looking at your fine clothes; and when you have idled away your time, you will lay a lot of eggs to hatch out into a rabble of greedy caterpillars. You're a pretty creature, I must say, to look down in scorn on this little bee! Don't you know that he is a queen's child?"

And with this she caught the butterfly, who struggled with all her might to get away, but it was of no use. The girl carried her off to the bee-hive and put her in it.

The butterfly had been there hardly long enough to see how industrious the bees were, when they caught sight of her. In the twinkling of an eye they swarmed around her. They seized her by the neck.

"Out with you! out with you!" they cried; "we do not permit pride and idleness to dwell with us. The merit that comes from birth alone, or that is made by the milliner or tailor, does not count for much with us. We do not live merely to live. We prize no worth but that of the heart and mind. He who has not that scarcely deserves to live. Be off with you!"—*Pacific Youth.*

THE BOY CHRISTIAN.

The most pitiful trait of human nature is its contempt of personal religion. So deeply rooted is this that it haunts the manners of those who secretly respect religion, and appears even in the conduct of some Christians, (especially youthful ones) who go silent and shame-faced for their piety instead of fearlessly owning that noblest blessing of the soul. The *Evangelical Messenger* records a pleasant exception to this false pride in the case of a heroic young school-boy:

Nearly thirty years ago a boy who had given his heart to Christ joined the church and partook of the Lord's Supper with the older people.

The next day he went to school, and at recess, to play; but some of the boys who carried the blood of old Cain in them formed a ring round him, and cried out,—

"O, here is a boy Christian!"

What did this boy do? Get mad, kick, strike or say angry words? Not at all. He quietly looked the mocking boys in the face and said,—

"Yes, boys, I am trying to be a Christian boy. Isn't that right?"

His tempters knew he was right, and felt ashamed. They broke up the persecuting ring, and went to play with the brave young Christian. I call him brave because there are many men who could easier storm a battery than stand to be mocked by the enemies of Jesus as meekly as that little boy did.

THE BEAVER AND THE CATS.

A correspondent of the *Western Farmer* tells this pretty beaver story:

I have heard of several which were tamed. A trapper caught two young, woolly beavers, which he took to his brother, who, with kind treatment, was soon on familiar terms with the little fellows, who not only became familiar, but strongly attached to their owner.

After a time one sickened and died; the remaining one moaned piteously and refused to be comforted, until the old cat appropriated the vacant place on the beaver's bed to herself and kittens. The beaver not only forgot her griefs, but she manifested as tender care and affection for them as if they were her own young.

It was very amusing to watch them play together; she was so clumsy and awkward, while they were so light and airy. Although the cat and kittens would torment her exceedingly, she never once hurt them. She would eat milk with the cats; but if a mouse was brought to her bed she left in apparent disgust. She ate bread, milk and fruit, and wanted water always within reach.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Is a proverb as true of forgotten marriage-fees as of any other neglected duty. "Better late than early," the lucky magistrate might have said in this case:

Mr. J. E. Burnett, a resident of this city, was some twenty years ago a citizen of Benton, Wis., where he managed some rather extensive smelting works. He was at the same time a Justice of the Peace, and frequently also smelted two loving hearts into one by performing the marriage tie.

One day a poor but loving brace of lovers came along, whom he united in the bonds of wedlock. The usual fee for performing the ceremony at that time and place was two dollars. In the enthusiasm generally attendant on such occasions, some open their purses and quietly put into the justice's hands five or twenty dollars. But in this case the two dollars were not paid, the bridegroom taking a hasty departure, forgetting the fee.

Arriving at Galena, the bridegroom requested a friend there to remit the amount to the justice. This he neglected to do, and the matter was forgotten, until revived again a day or two since.

While walking Fourth Street, Mr. Burnett was met by a gentleman who stopped him and inquired if he was not Justice Burnett, and formerly lived in Wisconsin. On being informed by Mr. Burnett that he was, the man then called to his recollection the marriage of twenty years ago, saying he was the bridegroom, and wished to know if he had received the two dollars.

On being told that the money had never come to hand, the gentleman, who carries on an extensive business in this city, took the old justice to his house. He had prospered and had eight children. Mr. Burnett was invited to dinner, and on leaving, the bridegroom of twenty years ago paid over ten dollars to the justice for marrying him, ten dollars for himself and wife and each of the children.

BIG "POULTRY."

At the time of the great Shanghai fever all the style in the fowl line were cocks and hens that could eat corn off a barrel head and carry off a three-year-old boy by his trousers. This big-biddy fashion should have originated in Africa, among the giant birds of the deserts, if we may judge any thing from what is going on there at present:

Ostrich farming is now a regular branch of industry at the Cape of Good Hope, where the bird has already become a member of the "fancy poultry" family. At Grahamstown there is a large establishment in which these birds are bred for their feathers. The enclosure in which they are kept is from fifteen to twenty acres in extent, and is surrounded by a low stone wall, over which the foolish birds could easily step, but never think of doing so. A similar kind of stupidity is characteristic of the wild turkey of this continent. The commonest kind of trap for these birds is simply a little cabin made of logs, with a low doorway. The turkeys enter this to get at the sheaf of wheat with which it is baited, but it never by any chance occurs to them that the doorway can be used for an exit as well as an entrance, and the trapper finds them trying to get out of the roof when he arrives. The ostrich eggs in the Cape establishment are hatched by means of oil lamps. The most valuable feathers furnished by the birds are the long white ones that grow from the wings. These are worth from $50 to $200 by the pound, and it takes about eighty of them to make a pound. An ostrich in good plumage is worth from $80 to $100, and a skilful hunter will kill as many as seventy or eighty of them in a season.

COX'S COWCATCHER.

Secretary Cox had a repugnance to ignorant clerks. Many a great man became his enemy because he would not give a $1,500 place to some nephew who had not sufficient education to teach a class in vulgar fractions. He subjected applicants for places in the census bureau to the ignominy of an examination. So many of them were impaled on the horns of the following sum, that it became known as Cox's cowcatcher.

A. sold a cow for $25, and by the transaction lost 16 2-3 per cent. He sold another cow at an advance of 16 per cent., for just enough to cover, by the profit, the loss upon the first cow? What did the second cow sell for?

HOW SOON A BULLET KILLS.

Here is an interesting calculation as to a mode of death in which one "never knows what hurts him:"

Mr. W. F Barrett calculates that, as the mind requires one-tenth of a second to form a conception and act accordingly, and as a rifle bullet would require no more than one-thousandth of a second to pass through the brain, it could not be felt.

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For the Companion.

THE SICK DOLL.

Little Miss Polly
Has a sick dolly;
Send for a doctor, I pray;
She's looking so pale,
'Tis a very sad tale,
For nothing she eats in a day.

Her arms have grown thin,
And her eyes have sunk in,
What *can* be the matter with doll?
She looks so forlorn,
Her little nose gone,
So we'll soon give the doctor a call.

The good doctor came,
Brother Jack was his name;
And straight to the dolly he goes;
And he said, "Mum, look here,
What's the matter, my dear?
Miss Dolly has lost off her nose.

"No wonder she's faint,
A good coat of paint
Will bring back her color again;
But drugs or a pill
Would make dolly ill,
And give her much trouble and pain."

Then little Miss Polly,
Who had the sick dolly,
Began very loudly to cry.
She said, "Doctor Jack,
You're a silly old quack,
And make sport of dolly and I.

"I'll dismiss you at once,
Though you think me a dunce
'Tis certain we do not agree.
Very little you know,
There's the door, you may go,
And here, Dr. Jack, is your fee."

AUNT CLARA.

For the Companion.

HOW PATTY FIRST WENT TO MEETING.

One bright Sunday morning the sun peeped into Patty's room and found her in her trundle-bed.

Her mother in the next room thought she was still sound asleep, as she lay there so quietly. But Patty wasn't asleep. She was thinking.

The fact is, Patty wanted to go to meeting, and she was thinking how it could be brought about. Every time she asked her mother, her mother answered,—

"You must wait a little longer, dear. You are not big enough yet."

Now Patty was just three years old, and she felt very large indeed. She didn't see why she need wait any longer. Sunday was a long day to the little girl, when the rest of the family went to church and left Patty with grandma, at home. Grandma was too old to ride so far very often, for they lived in the country, and it was four miles to church.

Patty often heard her brothers talk about the pleasant times they had at noon, when they went into Mrs. Barker's house to eat their lunch. For they did not come home at noon. They carried their lunch in a basket under the seat.

Patty liked Mrs. Barker, and I am sorry to say, she cared a great deal more about visiting her than she did about going to meeting. Indeed, she wouldn't have cared at all about going to church if she could only spend the noon at Mrs. Barker's. And she had made up her mind to go.

Patty's mother came in after awhile and dressed the little girl in clean, fresh clothes and a dainty white apron.

Patty "loved" her white apron, but she could only wear it Sundays, or on great occasions, for she was too fond of sitting in the dirt and making mud pies.

Besides, she was very apt to pick up all stray caterpillars, and toads, and carry them about in her apron. So you see it would never do for her to wear white ones every day.

Patty's mother wondered what made her little girl so sober this Sunday morning. She didn't know that a naughty little plan had got into Patty's curly head, and that she was thinking how she could carry it out.

When it was nearly time for the folks to start for church, Patty ran out to the barn where the horse and wagon were standing ready.

With a great deal of pulling and puffing, she climbed into the wagon and crept under the back seat, pulling the buffalo down carefully to hide herself.

The large lunch basket was there, too, and it didn't leave a great deal of room for Patty. She had to curl up into a very small heap indeed.

Pretty soon she heard the folks come out, and her father led the horse out.

She heard her mother say, "Where's my little Patty? I want to bid her good-by."

She called, "Patty! Patty!" but no one answered.

"Never mind," said her father. "She's playing about somewhere," and as it was getting late they got into the wagon and rode off.

Patty hardly dared to breathe, she was so afraid they would look under the seat and find her. She didn't enjoy the ride much, I can tell you. She couldn't see a thing, and the big basket pushed and crowded her.

When they reached the church, her mother and the boys went in, and her father led the horse under a shed and fastened him.

When he, too, had gone, Patty tucked up the buffalo a little so she could breathe better. But she didn't dare to come out.

She put her hand into the lunch basket and took out a large piece of molasses gingerbread. When she had eaten it she laid down again to wait.

She thought meeting was very long indeed, but before the minister was half way through his sermon, little Patty was fast asleep.

The next thing she knew, she was awakened by her father, who had come for the lunch basket, and found—Patty! And a funny-looking little girl she was, to be sure, as she crawled out and looked about her, winking like an owl. Her clean dress and apron were all covered with dirt, bits of straw were sticking in her hair, and her cheeks stained from ear to ear with molasses gingerbread.

At first her father looked astonished; then he laughed. Then he called Patty's mother.

Patty began to cry when her mother asked, gravely,—

"Why did you come in this way?"

"O, I waited and waited," she wailed, "and I never drowed big 'nuff, and I want to go to Mrs. Barker's!"

Patty's mother was very sorry that her little girl was so naughty, and sorry too, for her disappointment. They all went home directly, for they knew grandma would be anxious.

Patty grew up, but she never forgot the first time she went to meeting.

THE BOY AND THE PEAR.

A little boy, as he walked home from school, saw a ripe pear lying on the ground in the garden of a large, fine house. It was a nice yellow pear. The little boy was hungry. "How I should like that pear!" thought he. "I might reach it through the fence. No one sees me." Then these words came to his mind, "Thou God seest me."

He at once turned his head away from the pear, and walked bravely on. But he had not gone far when a little girl came running after him, and said, "My mother sent me with this pear to give you, little boy. Through the blind she saw you look at it, and sends it to you with her love."

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AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCE.

The *Advocate of Peace* abridges from Abbot's attractive history of Frederick the Great, the following outline of his early life, making a short but most interesting story. Few things in history are sadder than that famous monarch's young days:

The present kingdom of Prussia is less than two hundred years old. At the commencement of the eighteenth century there existed on the southern shores of the Baltic, the Marquisate of Brandenburg, about as large as the State of Massachusetts, and the small dukedom of Prussia.

The Marquis of Brandenburg having come into possession of the duchy of Prussia, succeeded in having the united provinces recognized as a kingdom, with himself as king, and took the title of Frederick William I.

Previous to his accession to the throne, Frederick William had married his cousin, daughter of George, Elector of Hanover, who subsequently became George I. of England. On the 24th of January, 1712, a son was born to them, who afterwards became Frederick William II., or Frederick the Great—great not in wisdom or goodness, but "great like Cæsar, stained with blood."

When Frederick was a boy, "he was gentle, affectionate, fond of music and books, and clung to his sister Wilhelmina with almost feminine love." But he afterwards became cruel and despotic. One reason for this was, that his father was a tyrant, and trained his son to imitate his conduct. Frederick William I. was very desirous that his son, whom he called Fritz, should develop warlike taste. Thinking the disposition which he had exhibited was unmanly, he soon began to despise and hate the child. Still he resolved to make a soldier of the boy. When Fritz was six years old, his father organized a company of high-born lads to be placed under his command as colonel. When he was seven, he was placed under the care of tutors who were directed to train him in his military education with the most merciless rigor. Said his father to them,—

"You have, in the highest measure, to make it your care to infuse into my son a true love for the soldier business, and to impress on him that there is nothing in the world which can bring a prince renown and honor like the sword; so he would be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it and seek his sole glory therein."

When the boy had attained his fourteenth year, his father appointed him captain of one of the companies of the Potsdam Grenadier Guards, composed of giants, the shortest of whom were nearly seven feet high, and the tallest nearly nine. When he was about seventeen, he was taken on a visit to the court of the King of Poland, which, at that time, was exceedingly dissolute. He fell before the great temptations which he there encountered, and it was a fall from which he never recovered. His moral nature received a wound which poisoned all his days.

On his return to Potsdam, where was one of the royal palaces, his dissipated habits clung to him, and he chose for his companions those who were in sympathy with his newly acquired tastes and character.

Frederick William I., the father of Frederick the Great, was not only a tyrant over his other subjects, but in his own family. He treated them not merely with abusive language, but with personal violence. When the Crown Prince was eighteen years of age, he openly flogged him, and then, adding mockery to his cruelty, said,—

"Had I been so treated by my father, I would have blown my brains out. But this fellow has no honor—he takes all that comes."

Fritz, goaded to madness, attempted by the aid of a friend (Lieut. Katte) to escape to England. He was arrested. The King, in his rage, seized him by the collar, hustled him about, tore out handfuls of his hair, and smote him on his face with his cane. He assumed that his son, being an officer in the army, was a deserter and merited death. He imprisoned him in a strong fortress to await his trial. He assailed his daughter Wilhelmina with the utmost ferocity, because she was in sympathy with her brother.

"I hope," said he, "to have evidence to convict the rascal Fritz, and the wretch Wilhelmina, and to cut their heads off." "Katte," he exclaimed, "is guilty of high treason. He shall die by the hands of the headsman."

A scaffold was erected in the yard of the castle, where Fritz, then a slender, frail boy of eighteen, was imprisoned. Lieut. Katte was taken to the scaffold on the death cart. Four grenadiers held Fritz to the window to compel him to see his friend beheaded. Fritz fainted as Katte's head rolled from the scaffold.

A similar fate had been designed for him by his father, but the Emperor of Germany and the kings of Poland and Sweden interfered, and his life was spared.

Such were the influences under which the character of Frederick the Great was formed. On the 8th of January, 1733, he was by moral compulsion married to Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. She was beautiful, amiable, accomplished, and of irreproachable character. But the Crown Prince was cold, severe and unloving. With undisguised reluctance, he took the hand of his innocent bride, and ever after treated her with the most cruel neglect.

On the 31st of May, 1740, the career of the cruel Frederick William I. was ended by death, and Frederick II. or Frederick the Great, became King in his place. His career was marked by sanguinary battles, burning cities, desolated homes and devasted countries. If only such acts as he committed make men great, God grant that we may always remain little and unknown.

The present King, William of Prussia, or Emperor of Germany, as he now styles himself, is not a descendant of Frederick the Great. He is a descendant of the tyrannical Frederick William I., whom we have noticed, being a great-grandson of a brother of Frederick II. He inherits from his ancestors their false ideas of the divine right of kings, and by the aid of the unscrupulous Bismarck, represses the desires of the Germans for peace and liberty, and makes them subservient to his lust of dominion and power.

VARIETY.

THE MICROSCOPE.

A correspondent writing from London, says:

The most extraordinary machine in the exhibition is, beyond question, the one for microscopic writing. This enables a person to write in the usual way, and to duplicate his writing a million times smaller, so small, indeed, that it is invisible to the naked eye, yet with a powerful microscope becomes so plain that every line and dot can be seen. The inventor claims that with this instrument he can copy the entire Bible twenty-two times in the space of an inch. The Astor Library, I presume, could be transferred to a sheet of note paper. Practically, it will be of great service in preventing forgeries. With one of these machines, a private mark can be put on bills so minute and perfect that the forger can neither perceive nor imitate it, but the bank clerk or broker, knowing where to look, can at once detect that the bill is genuine. The machine is the invention of a Mr. Peters.

But for the well known miracles of science in every department, we should pronounce all this a first-class Munchausen lie. Nevertheless no doubt it is true.

BAD EFFECTS OF HAIR-DRESSING.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says he has under his care two invalid ladies.

"One has been paralyzed on the right side for nearly three years, and has been utterly helpless most of that time. Her vision has been very imperfect; her knowledge of past events has utterly departed from her; recently she appears to be recovering her recollection, and can count with tolerable accuracy as high as twenty." He attributes her prostration entirely to the use of a popular hair restorer. "The other case is not so bad, but bad enough. For the past year, her eyes have been an occasion of constant torture. The retina has become so sensitive to the light as to make a dark room indispensable. Wheels of burning flame revolve constantly before her eyes, attended by lightning-like flashes, which are terrible to bear. She is another victim to the poisonous lead contained in the same popular hair restorer."

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

A young Englishwoman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed—perhaps on the walls; and you know that when a soldier is on guard he must not leave his post until he is relieved, that is, until another soldier comes to take his place.

One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them—all but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did.

When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived on the night of the massacre to save this young Englishwoman, while all the other inhabitants of the house she dwelt in were killed.

THE SOLDIER'S DOG.

"After dinner," says a correspondent, "we went round some of the wards of the building in which the Anglo-American ambulance has taken up its quarters at Sedan. Here we first saw Capt. Borsay, 897 de Ligne, who had a wonderfully faithful dog with him, named 'Zizzie.' It was but eight months old. It followed the regiment till it went into action, and was close to his master when he was shot through the thigh and fell. Capt. Borsay presumes the dog continued to follow the regiment, as he saw nothing of him for some hours. He was removed from the field, and placed with many other wounded soldiers in a barn at some distance. In the middle of the night he was aroused by 'Zizzie' licking his face. It is astonishing how the dog could have traced his master through some thousands of wounded. 'Zizzie' has never left him since."

PREPARE FOR THE JOURNEY.

The following is old but will bear reading often: A wealthy man was one day so much amused by the wit of his foolish attendant, that he gave him his cane, but told him that whenever he should find a greater fool than himself he must return the cane. In process of time the rich man neared his death. Sending for his fool, he bade him farewell. "Where are you going?" asked the fool. "To another world." "When will you return?" "O, never." "Have you made preparation for the journey?" "Alas! I have not." "Then, master, take back your cane; never could there be a folly as great as that."

FAITH.

A young Portuguese convert being asked what she meant by faith, replied, "Me think this: God say to me, 'Maria, I promise you something very, very good.' Me not know what it is; me wait perhaps long, long time; but me sure God tell not story. Me quite happy. God say He give, and me quite sure God will give; that me think faith. God says, 'Maria, me do it;' me quite sure; no want to see. God says, and that enough for Maria. That's faith, is it not?"

SIMPLICITY OF THE FREEDMEN.

A negro woman came into our office, the other day, says a Kentucky paper, and wanted us to print a Cincinnati *Enquirer* for her husband. Inquiries are very common as to what would be the cost of a Bible of large print, and they gaze at us in astonishment when told that the type setting for a Bible would require the labor of many men for months, and the expenditure of many hundreds of dollars.

KING AND PEASANT EQUAL.

A pilgrim to Mecca once complained to the Caliph Omar, because he had received a severe injury from the hand of Jaballah, King of Gassan, "But I am a king," replied Jaballah, proudly, "and he is but a peasant." "Ye are both Moslems," answered the fearless Omar, "and in the sight of God, who is no respector of persons, ye are equal."

THE GIANT ANGLING.

An old poet who had large views, composed the following on an ambitious subject:

"His angle rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale."

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.—God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

A SCHOOL-GIRL in Fernandina, Fla., turned down the wick of her kerosene lamp, and as it continued to smoke she placed a book on the top of the chimney. In a moment a fearful explosion took place, which set fire to her dress, to the curtains, and to the adjacent woodwork, and she was fatally burned, dying the next morning.

MANY of the Parisians made arsenals of their houses. Abandoned flower-pots, broken bottles and paving-stones were stored in their dwellings to be shied at the conquering Germans when they should enter the city.

To tell your own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which you are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

STICKING TO HER BUSINESS.—A farmer of Scipio, N. Y., has a turkey that has laid 100 eggs in 100 days, never missing a day on account of sickness, or a circus in town, or any thing.

MEDICINAL.—Little Osmond saw his father put tar on a sick sheep's nose, and soon after his mother was taken sick, and he asked his father if he was going to put tar on her nose too.

THE ROBINS.

Hear the gentle Robins sing,
Welcome harbingers of Spring;
Sweetest music do they make
As their morning flights they take;
Thankful warmer days have come,
Over hill and dale they roam;
Telling in their merry tone
That the dreary winter's flown,
Each has on a hands-me "dress,"
And seems full of happiness
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PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE DORCAS SEWING SOCIETY.

By Ledgeside.

Something was wrong in Miss Dowell's school. All the morning she had a close hand-to-hand fight with an invisible foe, without being able to determine what it was, or from whence it came. Eunice Dorr, the best scholar and a very exemplary girl, said "Asia was bounded on the north by Massachusetts, and that the capital of Hindostan, was Chicago." May Jenkins averred that "Solomon was a verb, feminine gender, objective case, third person, plural number, and was governed by built."

Then, Susan Twining and Sophronia Twist were caught four times, whispering behind their spelling-books, and though Sophronia was called to stand before the desk, and told to study without taking her eyes from her book, when asked to spell "idleness," she looked straight in Miss Dowell's face, and spelt, "Pres-i-dent," and did not seem to know what she had done, until the children all laughed.

By twelve o'clock the school-room was filled with flushed, cross and excited faces. Miss Dowell had not been so weary since the term began, nor felt so inclined, for she was good-natured in the main, to hold every child by her long, crinked hair, that was the fashion in the school, and inflict a good, smart whipping. That noon many of the scholars whispered to their mothers, in confidence, that Miss Dowell was "as cross as an old bear, and they didn't love her a bit," and as for the *unfortunate* teacher, she went panting to her boarding-house, ready to go out washing, or to do any honest way of getting a living, rather than pass another such a morning.

In the afternoon it was the same. There was an attempt on the scholars' part, to be a little more amenable to regulations, but it was only an attempt. The lessons were, in truth, no better learned. White, three-cornered notes were flying about everywhere, hidden under such very flimsy pretexts, that Miss Dowell detected them all, and suspected many that had no existence.

"If you don't behave better to-morrow, scholars," said the teacher, at night, "you will kill me, that's all." At which pathetic remark Lucy Jay began to cry, but every body knew Lucy was very tender-hearted, and for the rest of the girls, I am sorry to say, they didn't seem to mind it in the least; so far from it, Bethesda Jones laughed, and whispered, "I wish you would," and some of those who heard her laughed too.

It was a rule of the school that the children should go in an orderly manner out of the street in which it was kept. Miss Dowell's jurisdiction ended at Bacon's corner store.

Very demurely, therefore, these girls walked on, until they had passed its last brick, and then—well, I don't know as I can tell you exactly what did happen. Did you ever see a flock of magpies when they were coming home at night to their nests? or a drove of turkeys when a dog dashed suddenly in upon them? or—no, nothing else will do—did you ever happen to be near twenty children when the time had come for every restraint to be removed, and they were at liberty to give vent to an excitement which had reached its climax? To-night the President of a new Dorcas Sewing Society was to be chosen! That was the event which had wrought so much mischief for poor Miss Dowell.

"Now," said Hester Smith, facing round upon the girls and speaking so fast that her breath caught her words and tripped them up,—"Now we'll just go and do it. I speak to have the meetin' at our house."

"No you won't, either," put in Jenny Dow. "Your old brown house is way up on the hill, and you haven't a room that's fit to ask company in—mother says you haven't. So you will go home with me. Perhaps we can go into the parlor, where there is an elegant Brussels carpet, or," dropping her voice, and looking likewise at the group of children, "if we can't, we can go into the dining-room, or up into the wood-house chamber! That's splendid! 'cause we sha'n't be disturbed."

"I won't go into any body's wood-house chamber," said Sarah Mason, "with a toss of her crimpled head. "You will come home with me, every one of you—that is, if you will choose me President; because if you don't," turning slowly on her heel, and trying to look each child in the face, "I just won't have any thing at all to do with it."

"*You*, President!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices, with varying tones of scorn. "I guess so." "I think I see you." "I wonder, now, if you are goose enough to expect it." "Great President you'd be!" "O! O! O!!"

"Shut up," returned Sarah, unflinchingly. "Here it is, once for all! Am I, or am I not, to be your President? If I am, you know as well as I do, how much help you'll get, and how my mother will have you all to tea, and give you some real coffee—and I shouldn't be surprised, if plum cake, too! Now, say! Speak up, every one of you! Who's your President? Mind, if you say any body else, I'll turn off here at the crossings, and that is the last you will see of me."

"I say no," said Susan Twining. "You always want to have every body do just as you say. If they don't, you get mad. I don't want you."

"Nor I," "Nor I," said others. Some were thinking of the "real coffee," some of the "plum cake," and a few were abashed by the boldness of the claim, and ready to accept it.

"Put it to vote," went on Sarah, as coolly as if Susan had never spoken. "Those in favor of having me for President of our Dorcas Sewing Society, will please manifest it by holding up their hands. Remember the coffee and the plum cake, and I dare say," warming with her subject, "some mince pie, and—and—and boiled chicken, and" (O fie, Sarah, you know better,) "some jelly tarts, besides."

"It's no place to vote in the streets," said Eunice Dorr, best scholar and exemplary girl. "Let us go in somewhere. I should like to take you home with me, but mother is sick, and so many of us would make too much noise. Let us go to Hester Smith's; she was the first who asked us. Come, what do you say?"

"I say yes," "Yes," "Yes."

"It's a vote, then. So far, at least, we are agreed."

"I'll run on before and see if every thing is right," said Hester Smith, looking a little frightened as the party turned towards her mother's door.

"She wasn't expecting us, after all," and Nell Brown winked ludicrously, as she said so. "She only asked us to be sure and get us to choose her for President. Her mother will blow her sky high for it as soon as our backs are turned."

"If I thought it would trouble her," said model Eunice, "we wouldn't go."

"We must go somewhere," said Sophronia—dunce of the school.

"But we might go into the vestry, where the ladies go," spoke up Mame Train, the minister's child. "You wait a moment, and I'll run and ask my mother for the key. She will let me have it, I know, for it was because father thought the children in his parish ought to be training into useful men and women, that I got up this society."

"*You* got up the society! I did it myself," interrupted Ellen Lee. "I told Hester Ann, and she told Minnie, and she told Jenny, and Jenny told"——

"Me," interrupted Salome Blunt.

"And she told"——

"What does it matter who told?" and model Eunice stretched up to the top of her little brass-bound toes, and looked frowningly down on the group. "I say Mame Train's idea is first-rate. Run ahead, Mame, and get the key."

Mame obeyed, and while she was gone, the children, talking loud and gesturing violently, made their way over the street toward the vestry door. When she came from the parsonage, swinging the key on the end of her little finger, there they were, waiting for her.

"Mother says she hopes we shall remember where we are, and behave with the greatest propriety," said Mame, who never for a moment, under any circumstances, seemed to forget she was the minister's daughter. "Little preacher," her companions called her.

Once inside the vestry, Mame assumed her father's rights and privileges, and there was a certain kind of awe attached to the place which made the others grant them to her. Going up behind the small desk, she knocked with her round, pink knuckles on its green baize cover, and said,—

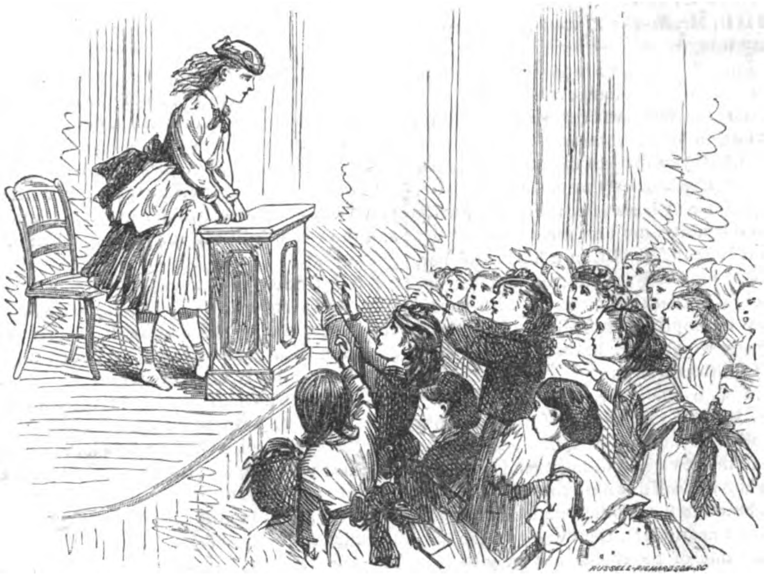
"The meeting will come to order."

The girls opened their mouths and eyes, and arranged themselves around the platform.

"We are met here," went on Mame, her thin, piping treble unconsciously striving to imitate her father's tone, "for the purpose of forming a Dorcas Sewing Society. We are all of us desirous to do good in this world, where there are such lots and lots of poor little orphans. We want to help them and—and"—

"And to make heaps of chemises and drawers," suggested Amy, always ready to help a friend in need.

"Yes, and—and," diving down into her memory after a bit of the many sermons she had heard, "and to grow in the—in the—favor of both God and man," brightening up, and ending the sentence with one of her father's flourishes.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE DORCAS SEWING SOCIETY.

There was the ghost of a smile for a moment on model Eunice's face, and then she stepped upon the platform and said,—

"I move that we proceed to the formation of our society, and the election of our officers."

"I second the motion," said a dozen voices together.

"It is moved and seconded, that we proceed to business."

Then there was a momentary hush in the room and Sarah Mason said,—

"I nominate myself for President; Mame Train for Vice-President."

'You sha'n't be, and no such thing," broke out Hester Smith. "If you are, I'll go home."

"Go, then."

Hester swung towards the door, and put her hand on the latch, but was very careful not to turn it.

"You had better wait until we proceed in a regular way," said model Eunice, who had stepped behind the desk and taken the control of the meeting, little Mame being glad in the confusion to resign the position.

"I'll be President or nothing."

"Nothing, then," and Hester shot a whole artillery of sharp looks straight in Sarah's face.

"I say, Eunice shall be President," said the littlest girl there, to whom Eunice was one of the elect.

"I say, Susan Twining shall."

"I say, Sophronia Twist."

"I say, Matilda Jane."

"I say, Mary Jenkins."

"I say, May Duncan."

"I say, Lucy Jay."

"I say, Salome Flint."

"I say, Mame Train."

"I say, Jenny."

"I say, Hettie."

"I say, Hettie, too."

"I don't; I can't bear Hester Capen, she is so stuck up. I say, Julia Marsh."

"Poh, nonsense, Julia Marsh is one of the littlest girls in school; why don't you say Maria Duncan? She knows her A B C's."

"Maria Duncan would do better than some other folks I know. She's better than you."

"Who said she wasn't?"

"No quarrelling. Come to order. How many officers shall we have?"

"Lots," said the dunce.

"Lots," echoed all.

"Well, then, President, (it is Eunice, speaking,) Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and six Directresses; ten officers. Now be quiet and proceed to the election. Will some one nominate the President?"

"Eunice," "Ruth," "Sarah," "Susan," "Sophronia," "Matilda," "Mary," "May," "Salome," "Mame," "Jenny," "Hettie," "Julia," "Hattie," "Jane," "Ellen," "Julia," "Etta," "Lucy," "Bethesda."

"Twenty girls for President," said Eunice, counting each name, by a rap of her fingers on the desk. "As there are only twenty members of the society I don't exactly see how that can be. Please to nominate one."

"Martha," "Etta."

"Stop. Martha I heard first. Those in favor of Martha, will please hold up their hands."

Martha raised both her hands, and the bosom friend who nominated her, hers also, but no one else.

"Those contrary minded."

Up went nine hundred fingers and thumbs, Eunice, self-appointed chairman, illegally voting, also.

"Please nominate again."

The repulse had done its work, there was silence for a moment, and then a voice timidly said, remembering the broiled chicken, I think, and feeling hungry, as it was near tea-time,—

"Sarah Mason."

"Those in favor of Sarah Mason."

Only two hands are raised. Well done, girls,

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you have some pluck in you, after all. Coffee, plum cake, roast chicken, mince pies and the possible tarts, resisted, because you don't like Sarah Mason!

"Contrary minded." A darting of upward hands and a dashing of Sarah out of the room, with a loud slam of the door. Sarah Mason's place in the Dorcas Sewing Society is vacant from this time forth and forever.

The long, slanting sunbeams came lazily in through the high, western windows, winking and blinking at the group of little girls, who, scattered now all over the room, are still busily discussing their President. I think it would have left them there, thus engaged, when it disappeared behind the low hills, if it had not been for an accident.

Lucy Jay was balancing herself on the back of one of the settees, when she went over, striking her nose upon the arm of the one behind, and making it bleed. After the commotion caused by the accident had subsided, she was at once, by universal consent, elected President, the honor being supposed to be more effectual in staunching the flow of the blood, than all their sympathetic handkerchiefs. Perhaps it was. Lucy was only a little human child, you know.

The election of the other officers was not a matter of so much difficulty, though each place was brilliantly contested, till the sun set, and the dark creeping in under the long settees, made the little girls cluster close together, take hold of hands and remember their suppers and their mothers waiting for them at home.

I have no doubt, that under such auspices, this Dorcas Sewing Society will go on to a glorious and successful end, and that some day we shall hear of the great and good work it has done. I don't quite like to confess, even for the sake of drawing a moral out of my sketch, that I am afraid there was a little too much single eye to individual glory, that perhaps, if, when we are bound to throw our mite into the great treasury, we could do it for our Master, and not for ourselves, it might be nobler.

THE ENGLISH PARLOR MAID'S STORY.

In Three Chapters.—Chap. III.

Mother was very much excited by the proposals made by young Mr. Morley. She believed what he said, and had no doubt he would marry me and make me lady of Morley Lodge.

I did not like him, but was flattered by his offers, and thought that as he was so attractive to the three Miss Denbies, he was certainly worth taking by their parlor maid.

At any rate, both mother and I felt the necessity of keeping the secret about what I had seen in the store-room, as Morley had insisted upon our doing. After he came back from London—very much to my surprise—he was more intimate with the three Miss Denbies than he had been before. He came to the Pines almost every evening.

"It's on your account, Jane; it's just to get a sight of you, he comes so often," said my mother, when I told her of it. "Has for his carryin' on with them young ladies, it was begun before he saw you, and can't be dropped now, or there would be no welcome for him. Just keep you quiet till he tells you to get ready for the boardin'-school; in course it'll be with a ten-pound note or so; and then, Jane, let 'em dance hornpipes at us if they think proper."

Having settled our minds on that, my mother and I lived on for weeks and months, expecting every day that Mr. Morley would tell me to get ready, or that he would call at the cottage. He neither told nor called, however, but seemed to be getting more friendly with the Denbies, day by day.

Half his time was spent in their house now; and though he kept it well from their eyes, I felt sure his comings were on my account, he took such notice of me behind books, and when I happened to open the gate for him, which was as often as I could, he would squeeze my hand and say,—

"Wait, Jane, wait and keep your own counsel; something will happen before long."

Nothing had happened, though, when the Christmas time came on, and with it a great party at the Pines; it was one of the graud affairs the Denbies had in the year—I believe the principal one, and had come off regularly on Christmas day ever since they got the house. There was such a commotion of scouring out and decorating rooms up stairs, and making up all sorts of good things below.

The young ladies got new dresses from London; waiters and plate were hired from the county town. There was a good deal still to be done when Christmas eve came. When the night was falling, the whole house were as busy as bees, for Mrs. Denby would have nothing left till the last hour; and as Mr. Morley was not expected that evening—he had told them he was to dine at his uncle's—the young ladies were all in their morning-dresses, giving helping hands.

All at once there was a servant's ring at the gate, and Mrs. Denby sent me to open it, with strict orders to let nobody in. The weather was clear and frosty, and I ran down without a lantern, but there was light enough to show that it was Mr. Morley.

"Hush, my dearest Jane," said he, squeezing my one hand, and putting a little box into the other, "I have contrived this stratagem to see you in private. That box contains Christmas presents for the three scarecrows, but you must say it was our footman brought them; and here's a present for yourself, my pretty Jane." He squeezed my hand again, and put a very small parcel into it. "There will be something better by-and-by," he went on; "but Jane, my own Jane, you must do me a little service."

"What is it, Mr. Morley?" said I, ready to do almost any thing.

"Well, Jane," said he, "it's just to get me the key of the store-room to-morrow night."

"What do you want with it, sir?" was all I could get out, in my astonishment.

"To see what you did—to know if the house is haunted, or if a murder has been done. Get me the key, Jane, or leave it in the door. Surely you would do more than that for my sake."

"I'll do it if I can," said I, in a hasty whisper, for there was somebody coming out.

"Good-night. Don't forget to say with young Mr. Morley's compliments," said he, in a voice which nobody would have known to be his, and was out of sight in a minute.

I went in with the little box and the story about Mr. Morley's footman. If the presents had been all real diamonds, the three scarecrows, as he called them, could not have made a greater fuss. They were all fine flash things—a brooch for one, a bracelet for another, and a locket for a third; but I heard Mrs. Denby say, when she thought me out of the room, that they hadn't cost him much—he was the man to take care of his money.

I couldn't help thinking so, too, when I got time to look at my present, for it was just a pink silk handkerchief; but there was to be something better by-and-by, and I was bound to get him the key of the store-room.

That promise troubled me terribly; it was so strange that Mr. Morley should want the like' and the words he used about it were so queer and dark. What would the Denbies say if they found it out? But he had asked me to do it for his sake. I knew my mother would never forgive me, if I didn't; she would call that pi ching away good prospects indeed; so my mind was made up that Mr. Morley should have the key if I could get it.

Well, Christmas evening came; there was a grand dinner ready; the house was blazing with lights from kitchen to attic; one would never have thought it had been the dull, dreary place I found it for many a month before, or that the sight I had got in the store-room was to be seen about it.

The rooms and tables were grandly set out; the family were all as fine as dress could make them. I was in my best trim to help the hired waiters to attend on the company, and in they came about six o'clock. Such a rush of carriages and such grand ladies I had never seen before. Half the gentry of Suffolk must have been there, and among them young Mr. Morley. He was dressed in the height of the fashion, with such elegant gloves and tie as nearly made me think him handsome; and my head nearly turned on my shoulders when the fine gentleman, just entering the drawing-room door, said in my ear,—

"Dearest Jane, I will be down when dinner's over. Be sure to have the key."

In he went; and I wonder there wasn't a stock of glass and china smashed by me that dinner time, my brain was so busy with the pride and the fear of the thing.

There was no great trouble in getting the key; Esther kept it on the mantel-piece, and they were all in a bustle below. I took the first opportunity to steal down, and slip it in my pocket; and when the dinner was cleared away, and the servants were sitting down to the remains of it, I took another opportunity to steal out to the passage, and there was Mr. Morley waiting for me.

He had risen with the ladies when they retired to the drawing-room, and I never knew a man could slip out of sight like him.

"Thank you, dearest Jane," he said, clutching the key out of my fingers. "I will reward your truth to me; but go in, darling, go in to the kitchen, for fear you are missed;" and he glided away towards the store-room.

The passage to it was pitch dark; Esther had got out her supplies, and nobody else thought of going there. I was afraid to follow him; and after listening for some minutes, in which I could hear no sound of his movements, the dread of being missed came on me, and I stole back to the kitchen.

There we all made merry over such fine things as had never been on the Denbies' table in my time, while the Suffolk gentlemen sat over their wine up stairs, and the ladies were at their polite conversation in the drawing-room.

All at once there rang through the house a volley of most unearthly screeches, followed by the loud, long blast of a bugle-horn and thundering sounds at the back door, which was directly broken in, and a number of men with staves and lanterns rushed through the passage to the store-room.

All the women down stairs set up a general scream; all the ladies above went off in hysterics; all the gentlemen shouted from the dining-room to know what was the matter; all the bells in the house were ringing, and nobody answered them.

I never heard or dreamed of such an uproar, and I wouldn't have gone out for the world to see what had become of Mr. Morley; but at the height of the tumult a fleeing foot came down stairs, and I heard Mrs. Denby's voice saying,—

"For mercy's sake, don't expose us; we'll give you back the Pines; we'll leave the country;" and the rest was lost in the rushing down of the gentlemen.

I don't know what explanation they got; there was a great deal of low and hurried talk in and about the store-room; most of them went up again with amazed faces; and such a going home from a party was never seen.

The men who had broken in the back door came out of the store-room bringing along something like a walking bundle of clothes; young Mr. Morley had hold of it on the one side, his father had hold of it on the other. The rest of the men were servants at the lodge, but they all went up stairs with Mr. and Mrs. Denby.

I thought Esther would have lost her senses. "Who had let the villain in?" she kept crying out, till in my terror that she might hit on me, I darted out of the broken back door, and, dark winter night as it was, fled home to my mother.

Her consternation was nearly as great as my own, but she agreed that I was well out of the Pines, and by-and-by we got a clear understanding of what had happened there. It was no ghost that I and others had seen in the store-room, but the living grandmother, old Mrs. Denby herself.

Her death and burial in France was all a make-believe, contrived among them to get back the property. Goodness knows how they managed to smuggle her home, and deceive old Morley and his lawyers; but they did it; and there she lived in the shut-up back wing, giving the house the repute of being haunted, for somehow the poor old lady never could or would keep out of the store-room, there being a door of communication behind the barrels, which they dared not lock, for fear of her making a noise.

How young Morley came to suspect the case, I never could make out; may be it was owing to something he heard on his travels. At any rate, he got the end of the clue, and wound it off straight enough for his father and himself. The Denbies, grandmother and all, cleared out of the Pines so quickly and quietly that nobody could say when or where they went.

"But your bread's baked," said my mother; "he'll be sendin' you to the boardin'-school directly. I wake up every mornin' thinkin' I hear the joy-bells pealin' for your weddin'."

She was saying so one forenoon, some days after my flight from the Pines, when Mr. Morley's man looked in at our open door, and told me his master wanted to see me for a few minutes in the Orchard Lane. I lost no time, you may be sure, and there he was with a purse in his hand.

"Jane," said he, "I wanted to see you, because you did me a good service on Christmas evening."

"Don't mention it, sir," said I, meaning to show my manners.

"I won't mention it to anybody but yourself, Jane; it wouldn't look well; people might say you stole that key; this is a censorious world; but you did me a good service, and a good service ought to be rewarded Here are five sovereigns in a purse of my own," said Mr Morley, handing me a remarkably well-worn one· "and Jane," he continued, "you and your mother are not to misunderstand the little joke I made with you here one Sunday; it didn't mean any thing, you know. I am going to be married next week to Miss Hopper, the great brewer's daughter, and I am sure she'll take you for a parlor maid, if you like to come back to your old place, for we mean to live at the Pines."

"Thank you, sir, but I have been at the Pines long enough;" and not knowing what else to say or do, I turned from him, and ran back to the cottage.

For days after, I thought my poor mother would break her heart with disappointment and vexation; but she got over it at last, and partly comforted herself with calling Morley a base deceiver for the rest of her time.

We kept our secret, and the neighbors got no opportunity of laughing at us. I dare say my experience at the Pines made me wiser, and I hope better for the future.

A MORNING SUNBEAM.

A nestling in a little crib,
A soft hand laid upon my head,
A gentle whisper in the ear,—
"Mamma, I'm tumin' into bed."

"O, no!" I said, "'twill never do;
Now shut those little peepers tight,
And sleep and dream till morning breaks,
Then you may come—when comes the light."

Another nestling in the crib,
And down to rest my birdie lay;
I listened, for I thought she spoke;
"Huddy up, Light!" I heard her say.

Then all was still. We slept again
Till dawn lit up the eastern sky;
Then sang my birdie sweet and clear,
"Now light has tum, and so has I."

PURGED BY FIRE.

It was Christmas eve, or rather Christmas day, for twelve o'clock had struck, and but few people were left in the streets. The night was bitter cold, and snow began to fall.

Out of a brilliantly lighted house in one of the West End streets, there came a young man. He was barely twenty years of age; but though so young, his cheeks were flushed with wine, and his face was a picture of despair. And little wonder! The house he had just left was a noted gaming-house.

He had been tempted by bad companions, and had gambled and lost. In the vain hope common to all gamblers, of recovering his losses, he had taken a large sum of his employer's money, and had lost it. Then despair seized him. Now that it was too late he saw the magnitude of his crime. The money he expected to be able to restore, and had thought of as borrowed, the law would call stolen. He knew now that, disguise it as he might, the taking of that money was a theft.

Already he imagined the officer's hand was upon his collar, the handcuffs on his wrists. He could see the witnesses come forward to bear testimony to his crime, and could hear the voice of the judge pronouncing sentence on him as a *thief*.

He dared not meet the consequences of his sin. In his mad despair, fearing to face offended man, he had resolved to rush, by suicide, into the presence of an offended God. He was now hurrying home to drink his last draught on earth, the draught that brings the awful sleep whose waking is eternity.

With his hands clenched, and his hat crushed down upon his forehead, he was rushing along the street when he heard a sound of shouting, and the tramp of gallopping horses. He looked up, and saw that the sky was red, and then a man passed him crying "Fire!"

A house was on fire. He could see the flames rising from an adjoining street, and with a strange feeling of reprieve, he turned aside—turned aside from the road to his death—to see the sight. He elbowed his way through the crowd, until he reached the burning building. The dwellers in the house had somehow escaped from it, and now stood, half naked and shivering, in the street; but just as he reached the group there was a shriek from a woman, who exclaimed that her youngest child was missing. She sobbed and screamed, and was only held back by force from re-entering the burning house, and perishing with her little one.

The father stood wringing his hands like one distracted, and offered to give a thousand dollars to the firemen, if they would rescue his child.

"It can't be done, sir," said one of them; "not if you said a hundred thousand, it couldn't be done. The floors will fall in five minutes, and it's certain death to enter that house again."

The red flame was shining through the first floor windows. Through the open door could be heard the roaring of the fire, which was fast climbing the staircase. A thought flashed into the young man's mind. His minutes were numbered; his life was worthless. Its last act should be a worthy one, if he perished by it. With quick, eager questions he ascertained where the child was. The firemen guessed his intentions, and held him back.

"Don't go, sir, for God's sake! It's wasting two lives instead of one. We're not cowards, sir, but this is certain death. If you attempt it, the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

"Amen!" said the young man; and throwing

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off the hands that held him, he rushed into the house and up the staircase, which crackled under his feet.

The fire was raging on the first floor, the child was in the floor above. The first floor landing was already in flames, but the young man, with a fierce leap, sprang past the burning spot, and in another second was in the room where the child lay.

The room was filled with smoke, and here and there the flames were darting through the flooring. He could not see the bedstead, but a little frightened voice, sobbing "Papa, dear; do come, papa!" guided him to the spot where the child lay.

"I will take you to your papa, dear," he said; "don't be frightened."

Then he wrapped the little one in the blanket, and began his perilous descent. The flames had gained ground. They scorched his feet as he stepped over the burning floor. He rushed to the window, hoping to find a ladder there, but pouring from the windows below were wild sheets of flame.

The burning staircase was the only road. Tying his handkerchief round his mouth and nose, to keep out the suffocating smoke, he groped his way to the door. To his horror he heard a crash —one half of the staircase had gone.

A deadly terror seized upon him; the last hope of escape was lost. The life which a few minutes since had seemed a burden too heavy to bear, suddenly grew unutterably precious.

His eyes were blinded, his throat scorched by the thick, black smoke, and tongues of flame leaping up around him. With awful distinctness all the evil of his life crowded into that fearful moment. Instruction wasted, good advice spurned, good resolutions broken, rose up before him, and seemed to drag him down in despair.

A moment since he had not dared to live, now he did not dare to die. That awful horror lent him almost superhuman strength. Through the flames he crept as far as he could, and then, grasping the broken handrail, swung himself over, and dropped, as best he might, a depth of some fifteen feet, into the hall below.

Fearfully burnt, he had just strength—still holding his burden in his arms—to stagger into the street, and fell senseless into the firemen's arms.

For many days he hovered between life and death, in the intensest physical and mental agony. For the most part of the time he was delirious, and haunted by the memory of that awful moment when, standing on the brink of death, he had looked over into the abyss of eternity.

As he regained his reason, a new terror came to him. He feared the consequences of his crime. He never woke without expecting to find the officers of justice at his bedside, waiting to carry him to prison. But this last fear had lost its former horror in his thankfulness at having been saved from suicide, a crime that knows no repentance. On his bed of pain he prayed as never before, with a penitent and thankful heart; and by the time he was able to sit up he was ready to endure the shame and pain of his punishment. For some weeks the evil day was delayed, but at last his employer came to see him. With a beating heart he felt that his exposure was at hand, and nerved himself to meet it.

To his surprise, the gentleman made no allusion to his misconduct. He praised his courage and his generous act. Then the thought arose that perhaps his folly and sin were still unknown, and if he kept his own counsel they might remain so forever. The tempter whispered, "Be silent!" and for a moment he was inclined to yield; but his good purpose triumphed.

With bowed head and downcast eyes he told the story of his sin, and waited to hear his sentence from the man he had wronged.

For a few minutes the good old man (God bless him) was silent, and then he said, with tears in his eyes,—

"My lad, I am glad you have told me this, though I knew it before. You have committed a great sin, and have suffered very severely for it. Thank God, who has saved you from a far greater sin—a sin whose punishment is forever and ever. I hope your future life will show that you have been truly 'purged in the fire.' God forbid that I should add to your punishment—I forgive you with all my heart. Come back to your old place in the office. No one but myself will ever know a word of the matter.

He rose from his bed an altered man. His friends wondered at the change, and declared that he had left his youth in the fire; but they knew nothing of the fiercer fire which had raged in his bosom, and had scorched away the relish for youthful follies.

Having stood so awfully near to death, he had learnt to value life, and to strive so to use life, that death should be no longer terrible.

God prospered him. The father of the girl he had saved was a wealthy man. With generous kindness he helped him even against his will. His kind old master stood his faithful friend, and even made opportunities for showing his confidence in him; and for many years he was a partner in the firm, a rich and respected merchant.

And so he was saved. His life, in God's mercy, had been given him—purged and purified—as by fire.

SPRING.

Bright, blessed Spring! thy coming bids
  A thousand thoughts arise,
Beautiful as the pearly light
  Of thine own changing skies.
We pluck thy wild up-glancing flowers,
  And wander by the streams,
And the sunshine brings to us again
  The joy of vanished dreams;
For down the vista of past years
  Faint, harp-like echoes ring,
Borne to our hearts upon thy breath,
  O loved and lovely Spring!

A MORASS ADVENTURE.

In the latter part of last summer, a scanty purse led me, in company with some relatives, to spend my vacation at a little village on the sea coast, remarkable for nothing but its bleakness and sterility.

There was a long, low line of beach, back of this a high pebble ridge, and behind the ridge a black and dreary-looking marsh, stretching three or four miles inland, and intersected in every direction by wide ditches.

This was the view I beheld, as I stood, one evening, on the top of the stony ridge. The sinking sun threw my shadow far over the marsh. I had been strolling, with my gun upon my arm, in the hope of adding some specimens to my cabinet, and was returning homewards, when a long-legged heron slowly sailed high overhead, in the direction of the marsh. I watched the bird till it alighted, and then crept within forty yards of it, when it suddenly rose. Bang! went both barrels. Uttering a hoarse croak, the heron flew heavily away, keeping close to the ground, evidently wounded.

I sprang up and followed, jumping the ditches, and avoiding the soft ground as best I could, and at length, saw the bird fall to the earth as softly as a snow-flake, and lie still with wings outspread.

Between the bird and me, however, there was a ditch wider than any I had yet leaped. Its black, slimy sides overhung the water, which lay deep and still some six or seven feet below.

Not liking to lose the prize so nearly in my grasp, I resolved to risk the jump. Laying down the gun, and taking my coat off, I made the effort, and cleared the ditch by a few inches.

I secured the heron, and smoothing its beautiful plumage, but little injured by the shot, threw it across to the bank from which I had just come. Looking around, I found that the bit of firm ground on which I stood was a small island surrounded by wide ditches, and the only way of escape was the one by which I had arrived.

It was much harder to get back than it had been to come, for there was not space to run in order to take my leap; but as there was no alternative, it had to be tried. I made a spring, and pitched with hands and knees together against the edge of the ditch. There was no vegetation to catch hold of, and after hanging for a few moments, vainly clutching at the mud, I fell backwards with a heavy splash into the water.

Fortunately, I am a good swimmer. At first, while treading water, the ludicrousness of the affair alone struck me; but when I began to see that it might be difficult to get up those slimy, overhanging banks, I must confess I felt rather frightened.

It was impossible to get out at the spot where I had fallen in. I swam farther up the ditch, and felt my feet touch the soft mud, that gave no support, but was ten times more dangerous than the water.

The water became shallower as I struggled on, but the muddy bottom refused to give me a standing place, and the muddy sides afforded no hold for my hands. It at last became so shallow that I had to turn on my back to avoid kicking the mud as I swam. When in this position, I could push my arms into it with almost as much ease as I could push them through the water; but to draw them out again was far from easy.

With a horrid fear of being unable to extricate myself from the mud, and of a slow suffocation, I made a dash back into the deeper water, and tried the other ditches, only to be repulsed in the same manner.

I swam round and round the ditches, seeking for an outlet, and beginning to feel my boots and clothes very heavy.

Matters now began to look serious. I saw a root or branch of some long-buried tree projecting out of the bank. I caught hold of it; but it was not long enough to enable me to lift myself out of the water. All that I could do was to support myself with my hands just sufficiently to keep my head above the surface. I here succeeded in kicking off my boots.

Now the conviction began to dawn upon me that I might never again see the mother and sisters I had left in the cottage, a mile and a half away.

I looked up at the sky. The twilight was fast giving place to the moonlight. The clouds were drifting before the evening breeze. Then I looked at the black and slimy walls which hemmed me in, and felt as though I should scream with terror.

From a child I have always had a horror of confinement of any kind. I have felt strangely uncomfortable when I have been persuaded into exploring a cave, or when I have been shown through a prison. This feeling I felt now more strongly than the fear of drowning. To die hemmed in by these gloomy walls would be terrible.

I had not as yet thought of shouting, but I now did so till I was hoarse. The only answer was the scream of the curlew. The improbability of any one being near enough to hear me, at length caused me to desist from the useless labor. The stillness was intense.

How long I clung to the branch I do not know. Fortunately, the water was not cold. The clouds had cleared away, and the moon, near the full, shone brightly. Had it been dark, my courage must have given way, and I should most probably have sunk.

As the night wore on—O, so slowly—with the moon so calmly gliding through the stars above me, I fell into a kind of stupor, and I can distinctly remember repeating scraps of verses totally unconnected with each other.

From this state I was aroused by the loud note of some night-bird, probably an owl, and found my arms very stiff from holding on to the root; while my legs felt like weights of lead suspended beneath me.

While trying to change my position, I fancied I heard the gurgling sound of running water, and that not far off. I listened intently, and found it was no fancy. Water was evidently running into the ditch, and I saw by the root I was clinging to that the water had risen some inches.

A cheering hope sprang up within me. It flashed across my mind that the tide must be rising, and that if it filled the ditch I should be able to get out.

The thought infused new life into me, and I struck out in the direction of the sound. To my intense joy, I saw in the clear moonlight, that the water was streaming in fast through several small inlets, and pouring in quietly and steadily through one of the ditches I had previously swum up.

I knew that if the tide rose another foot or eighteen inches, I could, by treading water fast, spring up so high as to be able to catch hold of the top of the bank, and so swing myself up.

Returning to my resting-place, I watched anxiously. The water continued to pour in steadily and in greater volume. The dawn was now breaking, and I had not much longer to wait. The water had ceased flowing, and the bank in one place was barely three feet above the water. Taking a long breath, I let myself sink low, and then treading water as strongly and quickly as possible, I threw half my body above the surface of the pool, and caught the top with one hand.

Before the soft earth had time to crumble beneath my weight, I had obtained a firmer grasp with the other hand, and in another moment stood on the moss—saved, drinking in with eager gasps the fresh air of the morning.

The white haze was rapidly clearing away, and through it I saw five or six men hurrying towards me. I have a confused idea of being helped to my lodgings, and of afterwards telling my adventure to eager questioners.

The soaking I had had, and the exposure to the unhealthy mists which rise from the marsh in the night, caused an illness for a time, but the effects soon wore off.

The heron is stuffed, and adorns my cabinet, unconscious of the revenge which overtook its destroyer.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Don't be impertinent," said a toad to a grasshopper that hopped unceremoniously over his back. "Reverence your betters."

"Impertinent!" said the grasshopper, in amazement.

"Yes—impertinent! Do you know I am fifty years old?" said the toad.

"Fifty years!" exclaimed the grasshopper.

"Yes, I was shut up in yonder great stone for fifty years," said the toad, pompously.

"And what did you do all the time, sir," asked the grasshopper.

"Do? *Nothing*," replied the toad.

"A fig for you, then!" chirped the grasshopper.

"If you had been at work all the time I would have humbly begged your pardon, and treated you as my better. But since you might as well have been out of the world as in it for any use you were of, I can't think of it."

For the Companion.

AUNT BETSY'S BEAR STORY.

It was late in the fall, more than a year after we came to the West, and my husband, Jonta, had gone to a clearin' he had made t'other side of the creek, for the last load of corn fodder.

We had had some right cold spells, and the trees were bare, and sounded hollow like, as the wind whistled through them. It was growing towards dark, I was busy with my chores around the house, and had not minded the baby much, for by this time he was large enough to walk and talk, too. Just as I was coming in with a pan of milk from the spring-house, I thought that he had been uncommonly still for a long time, and must be in some mischief. So I set down the pan, and went to the door to look for him.

Well, fur jist one minute I was froze stiff, and couldn't move; just as you feel when you have the nightmare, and mad dogs are after you, and you try to run, and can't.

Out in the edge of the woods was an old oak tree, torn up by the roots by some storm, and in the hollow where the roots had been, in a nest of dry leaves, an old she bear had put her cubs for the night.

The baby had gone that way in search of his father, and now he and the bear stood facing each other, baby shaking his little hands and crying,—

"Shoo, b'ack sheep! Shoo! Come, mammy, and make de sheep shoo."

And the bear, looking first at her cubs, and then at him, stood showing her teeth and growling before him.

Well, it was strange, and I never could tell why she didn't carry him off at onct, but I suppose she had had enough to eat somewhere else, and was just afraid of his hurting her young ones. But I didn t stop to think, just then, you may be sure, for in a moment my strength seemed to come back, and I run out and caught him in my arms.

Then how to get to the house again was the question. If I turned and ran, the bear would be sure to chase me, and carrying the baby I shouldn't have half a chance. So I stood and looked her coolly in the eyes, and whenever she turned to look at her cubs I stepped backward as far as I dared. Then she would move up again, keeping a steady watch, but not attempting to touch us.

So we worked it. I tell you the house was never so far from the woods before. I was wondering whether I should ever get there, with my knees growing weaker and weaker at every step, and saying to myself, "O, if Jonta only knew! when whiz went a bullet past me! Then another quickly followed. Then Jonta caught us up and set us out of the reach of the bear, that was now pawing, rolling and snorting on the ground in her death struggles.

Well, I made a fool of myself, laughing, and crying, and hugging the baby, till I set him crying, too.

We had bear meat for a couple of weeks after that, and some to give the neighbors. One of the cubs died, but the other we kept till it was three years old, then it got so cross we had to kill it. Bears aint the sweetest pets in the world, any way, I think. RUTH WINTHROP.

ST. DOMINGO.

By turning to a map of the West Indies, the reader will see that the island of Hayti—in which lies St. Domingo, or the Dominican Republic,—is very favorably situated to maintain political importance among the islands of the Caribbean Sea.

It lies between Porto Rico, on the east, and Cuba on the north-west, and these are the remnants of those vast American possessions which Spain held, at the beginning of this century. The fine English island of Jamaica is but a short distance from Hayti, and stretching to the east and the south-east, in a sort of semi-circle, are the smaller islands of St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, St. Christopher, Guadaloupe, Martinique, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Barbadoes, Trinidad, and others, all more or less renowned in the history of commerce.

These islands stretch down close to Venezuela, and in the hands of a powerful nation, would

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give command over part of the South American continent. They form a sort of breakwater to the east against the Atlantic; and behind them to the west lies the broad expanse of the Caribbean, one of the noblest seas in the world.

These islands are owned by various European countries—England, France, Sweden, Denmark and Holland—and the advocates of the annexation of San Domingo to the United States, think that these governments will not object at some future time, to transfer them to the United States—for a consideration. The desirableness of such acquisitions, however, is a matter for grave consideration.

After President Grant entered office, proposals were made to our government by the government of San Domingo, to annex that country to this. The proposition was, of course, listened to. Proper inquiries were made. The result was, the conviction on the part of the President, that the commercial and political interests of our people would be benefitted by the annexation of the Dominican Republic to the United States.

Accordingly a treaty was made—so far as the executive branch of our government could make it,—but the Senate refused to ratify what the President and his cabinet had done, and the whole matter fell through.

It was, however, brought to notice again by the President, who evidently believed that our people did not comprehend the character and importance of the project. At his suggestion a Commission was sent to St. Domingo, consisting of three gentlemen—Mr. Wade, Dr. Howe and Mr. White—all men of high character and talents. The duty of the Commissioners was to ascertain whether the people of that republic desired annexation to this—to note their social and political condition—and to present facts with regard to the character and material resources of the territory occupied by them. They prosecuted their work with great diligence, and on their return home made a report, in which they support the plan to acquire the Dominican Republic. The matter has been referred by the President to Congress.

While President Grant's motives and judgment are respected, there is hesitation among his friends as to the wisdom of the movement. We have no room to give the reasons for this hesitation. Congress will dispose of the subject in due time.

THE GRASS.

We are very apt to overlook the great blessings due to things which are at the same time small and common.

It seems, at first sight, as though we derive very little benefit from the grass of the field, yet the more we think of it, the more we see how dependent we are on its small stems and leaves. Grass is the food of most of the animals we eat. It draws certain substances from the earth, the air and the water, and prepares them for the use of the ox and the sheep, who, in their turn, prepare the grass for our use. Men cannot live on grass. It is said that the army of Napoleon, on their terrible retreat from Russia, were obliged, as they could get no other food, to boil and eat the common grass of the field, which they dug out from beneath the snow and ice; but in every case where they satisfied their hunger with this wretched food, they were seized with racking pains and delirium.

If, however, we take grass in a wider sense, we may certainly live on it, for wheat, rice, barley, maize are all true grasses. We get our clothing, too, largely from the grass. The flax, from which we make linen, grows in the fields, and the wool would soon fail if the earth ceased to bring forth grass. We are thus nourished and clothed, not by the products of noble trees, but by the humble herb which we tread under our feet, and yearly cut down with unsparing hand.

With what a beautiful garment also does it cover the earth in summer, shielding it from the fierce heat of the sun, and preventing it from becoming dry and cracked! It is beautiful in its green mass, which the eye is never weary of beholding, and it is beautiful, also, if we examine it closely, in its individual plants.

The story is told of Galileo, the great astronomer, who was accused of infidelity because he asserted that the earth went round the sun, that when he was questioned as to his belief in God, he pointed to a straw, lying on the floor of his prison, and declared that this was a sufficient proof of the existence of an intelligent Creator.

And so every little spire of grass which springs from the sod and stretches out to the sunlight displays as much elegance and skill in its construction, as the lofty tree, which towers in majesty above our heads.

Grasses unite the most opposite qualities. Some of them are slender and graceful, yet strong and useful. Others will bear sunshine and frost, wind and hail, the footstep of man and the heavy fall of snow, and will immediately restore any part which is injured. If cropped above, they spread out in the root. In some the stem is hollow, so as to combine the utmost strength with the utmost lightness, and is also covered with a thin coating of flint, through which there are air-holes by which the plants may breathe. The leaves are so arranged as to support the stem and give as light a hold as possible to the wind, and the flower is a wonderful mass of scales.

There are more than five thousand species of grass in the world, more than any other plant. It grows almost everywhere, and where nothing else will. It binds the soil on the sides of lofty mountains, and sometimes stays the descent of the avalanche. Without the grass the earth would soon be deprived of its vegetation and inhabitants altogether, and would revolve around the sun dry and barren, like a gigantic cinder.

We are deeply indebted to the grass, but at last we pay our debt. Our dead bodies turn to dust again, and nourish the green covering of our graves. And even then the grass is a humble preacher, telling us of the resurrection, when that which now seems dry and dead, shall, one day, rise, like the green herb, in the freshness of an eternal spring.

WHAT I SAW IN THE SENATE CHAMBER.

Letter from Washington.

DEAR K——, I am going to take you into a very proper and dignified place. You will be astonished, as you enter the Senate Chamber with me, at this early hour, after a session of that school-boyish place, the House of Representatives, to witness the order and quiet of the Senate.

The room is much smaller than that where the boys are—I ought to beg pardon—the noisy members of Congress. The panels are beautifully ornamented in blue and gold. The rosewood desks shine in the sombre light.

We are fortunate to-day, for Mr. Sumner is to speak. See, the diplomatic gallery is filling up. There is the sweet face of Mrs. Colfax; there are three or four modestly dressed ladies, the family of the British minister. And now they come in clouds.

There is less rapping for the pages here than in the House, and as the little fellows glide smoothly over the velvety carpet, they seem to feel their importance.

Twelve o'clock! Down comes the President's gavel. Perhaps you know—I didn't once—that the Vice-President of the United States is always the President of the Senate, occupying the same place here that the Speaker does in the House of Representatives. Mr. Colfax is, perhaps, one of the most upright and Christian gentlemen who ever held that position.

Do you see that large, grave, rather handsome man at his side? That is Dr. Newman, of the Metropolitan Methodist church in Washington, Gen. Grant's minister. As he opens the Senate with prayer, there is, as in the house, a marked difference in the manner of the Senators. Sumner, tall, gray and portly, leans back, like one wishing to rest. Senator Wilson bends over in the attitude of earnest devotion. Mr. Conkling, the most courtly man of them all, looks serious, and sits upright. Poor Gov. Brownlow, who shakes from head to foot with palsy, carries his trembling hand to his eyes, and keeps it there. Senator Pomeroy stands up, with closed eyes. Mr. Nye, the joker of the Senate, tall, stout and fine-looking, folds his arms and gazes at the chaplain. Mr. Colfax is reverent in his attitude, and in his heart, for he is one of the few, papa says, known and read of all men, as a Christian.

The prayer is over, and business commences. By this time it seems as if every inch of space were taken in the galleries. Many of the most beautiful women of Washington are here. As you sit beside me, take a "peep" over my left.

Do you see Grace Greenwood, her eyes as full of fire as of yore? Not far from her is Mrs. Ames, of the *Independent;* and right opposite, with light hair and bright eyes, sits Gail Hamilton. Her best friends call her handsome, but to me she is a stranger, and to use one of my naughty uncle's pet phrases, "She does not handsome much." She looks brilliant, and, let me whisper it, as if she could say tormenting things when she chose. But she is splendid, and a genius.

The cry of "Mr. President" is not quite so uproarious as that of "Mr. Speaker," because there are a couple of hundred less pairs of lungs to shout. One tries to feel dignified and proper, here."

All over the house eye-glasses are levelled at Mr. Sumner. He is talking now with Senator Wilson. The faces are so oddly different; Sumner's dark, heavy and worn, Wilson's bright, fair and - I hope he will pardon me—fresh, and smiling, and babyish.

Mr. Conkling is on the floor, now, with some bill relative to the protection of animals brought from distant markets. As I listen, I am almost tempted to say, "I will never eat beef or mutton again." A lady near me whispers, enthusiastically, "O, isn't he handsome?"

I am quite amused by a little running talk behind me between a man and a woman. They are rough, uncouth people, from a good way back in the woods—a country couple, looking exceedingly green and innocent.

The girl's favorite exclamation is "Lawks!" and the man is holding on to her dress, of some thin, black material, and is unconsciously crimping it.

"Lawks! is that ar Sumner?" whispers the girl, after standing up and leaning on the feather in my hat for support.

"Yes, Sally, that's him. Jest you wait a minute, 'n you'll hear thunder."

"Where was his head cracked?" asked Sally.

"Dunno; the wounds growed togither."

"Lawks!"

By-and-by we hear a sly cracking at our backs. Sally and her companion are eating pea-nuts. Then, just as the Senate has grown very still, I learn that "John Smith's Bets has got the whooping jack, awful," and two or three girls begin to titter.

But this ominous silence means something. Mr. Sumner is stirring the papers on his desk, and now slowly rises.

"Lawks! it takes a good while to git the whole of him up, don't it?" whispered Sally; and that calls forth another titter from the front.

As he begins, the row of men in front of the Clerk of the Senate dip their pens, all at the same instant, into the ink, and sit with expectant faces. They are the State reporters for the *Congressional Globe*, the heavy paper, that keeps all the speeches that are read or made by all the Senators, breezy, chill, brilliant or sarcastic. I should think it would ache.

These reporters all write in short hand, and every sentence goes down the moment it is spoken. No confusion here. The sofas on the floor of the Senate Chamber are nearly filled. There sit Ben Butler, Gen. Banks, and many other prominent men of the House. Every eye and ear are intent, and if it wasn't for that incessant "lawks!" behind me, I should be intent, too.

Mr. Sumner does not look old, but he acts old. I suppose if the Senators did not turn in their seats and look at him, and if the pages did not sit on the steps of the President's seat, like good little boys, with their hands folded and munching away like so many rabbits (I hope it isn't any thing worse than gum) and if the curly-headed chatterboxes in the gallery did not stop whispering, he would feel it very much like a personal insult, for he has always been used to these necessary courtesies. And so if one Senator leaves his seat ever so mouse-like, or one little boy tries to tickle another, or somebody speaks to somebody, that keen, sharp eye is turned with reproof in it, immediately in that direction. I tell you, the women, for once in their lives, have to keep still; and as for the speech, why you will see it in all the newspapers.

Please run over and read it to mamma and Aunt Hattie, will you? and tell them I heard it. Won't Aunt Hattie lift up her hands? for I do believe she thinks that nothing holds this country together but him. Don't you remember when Uncle Jack asked her if she didn't really think he ran the universe, and she laughed and said, "Yes, the Yankee one." There are various opinions about that. But I must stop. Good-by.

ALICE.

WHEN YOU SENT YOUR MONEY

To pay for your Companion, did you sign your name to the letter, and send your Post-office address?

Within the past four weeks quite a number of our subscribers have sent the payments of their subscriptions to the *Companion*, but have neglected to sign their names to the letters that enclosed the money. Some of them have sent the money in an envelope, without a word by which we could know from whom it came.

Now, out of seventy thousand subscribers, it can hardly be expected that we can tell who our friends are who kindly send money to the *Companion*, unless they themselves tell us. For this reason those who have recently forwarded the payments of their subscriptions, and have sent no name, or post-office address with the money, must not be surprised if the dates against their names have not been changed, to show that it has reached us.

Such persons should notify us at once of the omission, and at the same time be sure and *give the date* on which your money was sent, and also the *name of the post-office* to which your paper is addressed.

Whenever money is forwarded to pay a subscription to the paper, if it is received at this office, the date against the subscriber's name will be *changed within two weeks*. If the subscriber finds it is not changed by that time, he should notify us by letter, always giving the *date* on which the money was sent.

Letters are frequently lost in the mails—stolen by dishonest post-office clerks, or misdirected by subscribers—and therefore never reach us. We should always be notified, without unnecessary delay, if the date against the name is not changed, so that search may be made in the post-office department for the missing letter.

A POST-OFFICE ORDER, or a Registered Letter, are the safest modes of sending money by mail.

In order, then, that our young friends may be sure to understand this important matter, we repeat the substance of the above, in the following questions:

Have you recently sent us money by mail?

If so, is the date against your name on the paper changed to show that it reached us?

Did you sign your name to the letter? If not, notify us at once.

Did you give the name of your Post-office? If not, notify us at once.

Be sure and send the date on which the money was mailed.

THE FRENCH "REDS."

Parties and colors are almost inseparable. Nearly every party has its color, as well as its colors or standard.

There is in English history what is called the Wars of the Roses,—the White Rose being the "pale emblem of the House of York," and the Red Rose typifying the House of Lancaster. Those wars were waged in the fifteenth century, and were waged for possession of the throne of England.

At a much later time, the white rose was the emblem of the House of Stewart.

Green is the color of Ireland's friends,—and orange is the color of her home foes, according to the views of the "wearers of the green."

In French politics, *White* is the color of the old Bourbon party, the men who support the claim of the Comte de Chambord (called by them Henri V.) to the throne of France. *Blue* is the color of the moderate Republicans, men who are orderly; and Red is the color of the radical Republicans, who are called Red Republicans, or *Reds*.

We remember seeing an amusing play upon words and colors in a Paris caricature of 1848. One seedy looking fellow stops another fellow of the same sort, and, pointing to a tall and portly man with a face of the color of a boiled beet and with a dress of the color of the unclouded skies, asks, "Do you see that big *Red* man in *Blue?*"

"Yes!"

"Well, he is a *White!*"

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The three French parties have, each, one of the three colors that make up the famous French *tri-color*, or national flag. The old French standard was white, and therefore the supporters of the old Bourbons could take no other party color. The Orleans party are disposed to consider the tri-color as theirs, in a peculiar sense.

The Reds hoist the red flag, which typifies their ultra notions. They are counted the wildest men of the time; but there are *Reds* and Reds,—and in the Red party there are men of every variety of radical sentiment; scarlet men, vermilion men, pink men, and men of crimson. It is so in all parties, absolute similarity of opinion being impossible, even if a party consists of only two men. No two men are made exactly alike, and so no two men can think exactly alike.

Some of the Reds are men so extreme in their ideas that they go for an equalization of property, and for similar absurdities; but most of them are men who go only for general radical ideas, and who would find it difficult to tell what they are after, or what they would have. Perhaps they are best defined as men who are opposed to the present state of society, but who have not prepared a substitute for it.

In France, and generally throughout Europe, the *Rouges*, or Reds, are looked upon as enemies of order, and as seeking the destruction of life and property,—and as being opposed to every thing that decent people like. It was because the orderly classes were so much afraid of them that Louis Napoleon found it so easy to make himself Emperor. It was supposed that he would keep them down—as he did; and now they have come up again, just as he has gone down.

More than twenty years ago M. Rosnieu, a Frenchman, wrote a book called *Le Spectre Rouge*, (the Red Spectre,) in which he set forth what was to be looked for from the Reds. This same Red Spectre has renewed its haunting of France, and the French government finds it difficult to banish it. It is popularly supposed that ghosts are laid in the Red Sea; and it should appear that the Red Spectre can be laid only in a Red Sea of blood, judging from the fighting that takes place about it in France.

HOW TO PLANT SEEDS.

Everybody knows how to do that, says the bright girl fresh from her father's farm. Perhaps so; yet we fancy that it will be found by those who try it, not so simple an affair. It seems so easy to make a hole in the ground, and then drop a seed into it, and cover it over. But how deep and how thickly shall we plant the seeds?

There is one answer to this. The size of the seed—that settles it. The larger the seeds are the wider apart they may be spread; the smaller the seeds the slighter the covering of soil over them.

To plant very small seeds, like the portulacca, smooth the soil down flat with a trowel or with the hand. Scatter the seeds thickly over the surface, and then gently pat the soil (seeds and all) till it is hard and level. Next give the spot a gentle watering with a watering-pot having the sprinkler on; not a thick stream, but a delicate shower.

If the seeds are larger, like the mignonette, roughen the loam with a rake, and scatter the seeds thinly over the rough place. Then take the rake again and draw it over the place gently a few times. Give them a shower of water, and let them alone till the seeds come up.

For larger seeds, like the sweet pea, make narrow trenches in the ground about an inch deep and wide. The end of the rake handle scratched along over the soil will do this. Make these trenches any length you please, and about twenty inches apart. Drop the seeds into them about six inches apart, then cover them up with the rake, and water them as before.

Do not water them again, and if all goes well, a few days will see them coming up.

MISTAKES OF FOREIGNERS.

The blunders of foreigners in talking English are often very amusing, and we cannot help laughing at them, although we should probably make quite as great mistakes in endeavoring to express ourselves in a foreign tongue.

A distinguished German professor once visited England for his health, when some one remarked that he probably did not take sufficient exercise. The professor's companion at once replied, "O! exercecse. If he shall not have exercecse, he shall be dead long ago."

Another anecdote is told of a German whose English companions had taught him slang phrases. He made a visit of condolence to the widow of a lately deceased friend. After placing himself by the side of the lady on the sofa, he began, "My dear madame, I ver sorry to hear your late husband has hop de twig."

"Sir, what do you mean?" exclaimed the lady.

"O!" said the German, "praps I made one mistake; I mean I ver sorry he kick de bucket."

On this the widow left the room in a state of great indignation.

The Queen of England being very partial to Germans, a number of German clergymen have obtained benefices in the church of England. It is not uncommon to hear these gentlemen say, "Let us bray," for Let us pray. One told his congregation that the Jews could not be shaved, because they had no face. He meant to say that they could not be *saved* because they lacked *faith*.

"TIME FOR ME TO GO."

The best action of the prayer "Deliver us from evil," is to get out of the way of it if we can. And one "evil" which children are pretty sure to meet is the quizzing of impertinent, prying neighbors. A lady sends one or two specimen cases of this to one of our exchanges:

I must relate my first and last experiment in training my eldest boy to keep family secrets. He was a chatterbox, and as he often visited among strangers without me, I was fearful he might tell more than he should. So, taking him on my knee, I said,—

"My dear, you must never tell any thing we say, or let out my plans to any one—especially to Mrs. Jones!"

His quick mind comprehended me in an instant, and with a very confirmed look, he promised obedience. A few days after he entered my room with an air of triumph, and said,—

"Mamma, I minded you. Mrs. Jones asked me when you was going to New York, and I said, "I can't tell you, for my mamma don't wish you to know any thing of her plans!"

In my consternation I was tempted to reproach the innocent boy, but upon a moment's thought I let the matter pass, knowing that it could not be explained or extenuated, and preferring to lose the friendship of Mrs. Jones rather than sully his pure, trusting spirit with a lesson of worldly policy.

When his younger brother, a more quiet boy, but equally fond of visiting, and a great pet and darling with all who knew him, became old enough to betray family secrets, I gave him no caution, but trusted to his common sense. One day, on returning from an errand at a neighboring house, he stood awhile absorbed in thought, and then said,—

"Mamma, what shall I say when people ask me, 'What is your mother doing?' and 'What did you have for dinner?' "

"What *did* you say, my dear?" said I.

"Why," said he, looking bashfully aside, "I said 'I guess it is time for me to go!' "

FIVE SILLY MISTAKES.

To name *all* the foolish things common to young people would take us into the hundreds, but five are enough to remember at once. Here they are:

1. For a young man to think he does himself credit by hanging round theatre doors, smoking bad cigars and paying for expensive oyster suppers, in order to be called "liberal" by a clique of youths as soft in the brain as himself.
2. For a lady to be annoyed because gentlemen do not always give her the best half of the street and the nicest seat in the omnibus. She should not forget that these conventional courtesies are not her right farther than they choose to concede them.
2. For an unfledged clerk to think he must buy extravagant gloves and cravats for every festive occasion, because Jones, whose father is worth thirty thousand dollars, does so. The best way of proving his manhood would be to let such things alone—self-denial is better than fortune.
4. For a girl to think she is establishing her character as a young lady of fashion, by allowing her mother to toil through all the drudgery of the house, and then investing her money in gaudy brooches and artificial flowers.
5. For a man to suppose himself a gentleman, because he touches his hat to a party of splendidly dressed ladies, while he scorns to extend a helping hand to the old apple woman struggling across the street.

SCENE OF THE LAST GREAT ECLIPSE.

Prof. Langley, one of the scientific men who went to Barcelona, Spain, last year, to witness the total eclipse of the sun, describes the sudden coming of the darkness as something thrilling and wonderful. He gives us the following vivid idea of it:

The spectacle which is perhaps the most remarkable of all, is the approach of the moon's shadow on the earth.

The reader may possibly have some time noticed the shadow of a large bird sweep by him, and may imagine what the approach of such a shadow must be like when it covers hundreds of miles of territory, and rushes from one horizon to another with a velocity greater than that of a bullet from a gun.

On the present occasion we were surrounded by olive trees, but those standing on the roofs saw the shadow of the moon blot out the mountains near the western coast and rush across from horizon to horizon in a few seconds, bringing with it a darkness that seemed material, and making one shrink as it shot over and around him. "I felt as if it was going to knock my hat off," one person said to me, and described the effect of the gloom, as being formed by the numerous fires, which were burning in the fields, and which suddenly shone out as the darkness fell, while the shouts from the neighboring town and the screams of the frightened peasant women added their effect to that of the scene.

WHERE THEY GET THE HAIR MOSS FOR CUSHIONS.

Many persons who sleep on beds, sit on chairs, and recline on lounges made of the Mississippi moss, have not the least idea where it grows, or how it is prepared for market.

This moss, which looks so much like black horse hair, after it is dressed, seems to be indigenous to the low country bordering the Mississippi River. It is like the mistletoe of that region,—a parasite,—and seems to have no root. It is of a light greenish gray color, sometimes nearly black. It hangs over the trees, the cypress and live oak, like a huge veil. From a distance it resembles masses of loose hemp, but when taken in the hand it is very beautiful, each leaf or fibre fastening into, or growing out of another, so that when the wind disengages portions of it and wafts it to other trees, it winds its slender threads around the branches, and immediately begins to grow. It sometimes hangs down twenty feet and entirely obscures the body of the trees from sight. It is gathered from the trees and dried in the sun. When dry the hull breaks off easily, and leaves a beautiful fibre, very much resembling black hair. It is then sacked and shipped to all parts of the world.

RUNNING FROM A MAD ALLIGATOR.

A resident on St. John's River, (Florida,) writing of alligators and their habits to *Lippincott's Magazine*, tells the following of a ferocious "old she one:"

The female piles up in the swamp a mass of mud and leaves for a nest, that the sun's heat may hatch her eggs. She is peculiarly savage, and will attack any thing. A friend of mine found one of these nests, and while standing on it, employed himself in raking out the eggs and throwing them against a tree, much to the detriment of the young, unhatched alligators, who had not been consulted.

There was another party, however, who thought that she had a right to an opinion in the matter, and that was the female alligator. A rustle in the bushes, a rush, and then a big pair of jaws belonging to an eighteen-footer, were heard snapping between his legs. She was so mad that she missed her aim.

My friend is a slow man—I never saw him even walk fast—but on this occasion he did not wait to apologize; there was then exhibited some of the tallest jumping, tumbling and running ever seen in Florida or anywhere else.

A LITTLE HERO.

No father or mother would have allowed their child to expose himself so terribly as this little German boy did, nor would any law of duty have decided beforehand that he ought to do it. But brave deeds are often the result of a sudden inspiration, superior to all rules of prudence, and this was one of them:

A boy in the town of Weser, in Germany, playing one day with his sister of four years old, was alarmed by the cry of some men who were in pursuit of a mad dog. The boy, suddenly looking round, saw the dog running toward him, but instead of making his escape, calmly took off his coat, and wrapping it round his arm, he boldly faced the dog; and holding out the arm covered with the coat, the animal attacked it, and worried it until the men came up and killed the dog. The men reproachfully asked the boy why he did not run and avoid the dog, which he could so easily have done.

"Yes," said the little hero, "I could have run from the dog; but if I had, he would have attacked *my sister*. To protect her, I offered him my coat, that he might tear it."

BIRD FIGHT IN THE AIR.

Armies are always (by a figure of speech) described with wings, but it is not often that we see a downright battle on the wing, such as the Lyons (N. Y.) *Republican* here describes:

Last Friday, being out in the country, we witnessed "a battle in the air" that was not a vision merely, but a fearful reality. We can't say how much blood was spilled, but we are very sure that feathers were scattered in all directions like snowflakes in a windy winter day. The battle was between a large hawk on one side, and half-a-dozen crows on the other. The hawk was evidently being hard pushed, as his enemies attacked him in front, flank and rear. It was an unequal conflict, and our sympathies were with the hawk. We are unable to report the final result of the battle, as the combatants, in their numerous evolutions, constantly increased the distance between us, and at length disappeared entirely from our view.

PRETTY BUT USELESS.

As a fashionably dressed young lady passed some gentlemen, the other day, one of them raised his hat, whereupon another, struck by the fine appearance of the lady, made some inquiries concerning her, and was answered thus: "She makes a pretty ornament in her father's house, but otherwise is of no use."

We are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

WORD SQUARES.

1. An animal.
2. A girl's name.
3. A mountain range.
4. Incautious. ANNIE.

2.

1. Conversation.
2. A Grand Division.
3. A collection of names.
4. One girl's name. W. M. F.

3.

ENIGMA.

My eleven letters give the name of a capital city.
My 2, 8, 6 is a quadruped.
My 3, 9, 11 is a color.
My 7, 4, 10, 10 is to occupy.
My 1, 8, 5 is evil. E. A. B.

4.

CHARADE.

Some knots are Gordian, but my *first* is not.
My *second* tells of frost and bitter cold;
My *whole's* not ice, but you must now be hot,
And soon will tell me that my trick is old.
Well, be it so, for I must own 'tis true
That I have given you notice more than due.

5.

REBUS.

WILLY WISP.

6.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The *initial* and *final* letters give the names of two animals between whom mutual friendship can hardly be said to exist.

1. Found in water.
2. Found in the earth.
3. Found in Ancient History.

7.

CONCEALED RIVERS.

1. Leave that jam, Esther is angry.
2. The pin I left is gone.
3. That broken tea-pot, O, Macdonald.
4. Dora is innocent.
5. Sal—money is scarce. "OLD CLO' MAN."

8.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

First, I am a color. Change my head and I am an ornament; again, and I suffocate; again, I disapprove; again, I have enlarged. W. J. C.

Conundrums.

Why is an elephant unlike a tree? Because a tree leaves in the Spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does.

What sort of fruit is most sought after by editors? The latest dates.

When are soldiers like writers for the press? When they charge by the column.

Why are hogs like trees? Because they root for a living.

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Because it has to be ground before it is used.

When is a black dog not a black dog? When it's a grayhound.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Death.
2. Australia.
3. "Live within your income."
4. Herring, Carp, Salmon, Trout, Sturgeon, Oyster.
5. Need—knead. Flour—flower. Pare—Pear—pair. Bald—bawled. Bale—bail.
6. Scot-land.

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LOVE AND WAR.

He crossed the mountain-paths alone,
Quick-radiant as the tender morn;
He wooed me by the altar-stone,
Where all our vows were sworn.
I heard the lark sing round his nest;
I heard, from love's divine eclipse—
His breast was burning on my breast,
His lips upon my lips.
Full sweet and glorious were his words,
Like bells that ring with marriage glee;
But war leapt out of hell, and stole
My lord from me.

Wild clarions shook the Commonweal;
The legions of the land arose;
They swept like glancing streams of steel,
To smite the nation's foes.
I saw the hosts at early morn
Wind westward in their bearded might;
I heard the giggling bugle-horn
Laugh at the drum's delight;
I held the stirrup for his foot,
The best in that bright company;
One word—one kiss—and then he flashed
Like light from me.

Came one at length with trembling pace,
And fearful speech, and wandering eye;
A thousand deaths were in his face,
And one poor victory.
Another and another came,
With mangled limb and bleeding breast,
Who blew new-kindled fires of fame
Of heroes gone to rest;
Then came the laurelled legions home,
To lovers waiting wistfully;
But O, dear Lord, he never came
To me—poor me!

I know not if I waked or slept,
That weary, weary, woeful night;
I only know I never wept—
My eyes were dry as light;
Yet in a trance I seemed to thread
The horrors of the battle-plain;
I found my hero cold and dead
Above the conquered slain;
And then he seemed to be alive;
I clasped him—O, how tenderly!
'Twas but his ghost that soothed my arms;
God pity me!

For the Companion.

SUSIE HOWE'S WORK.

Not far from Susie's home was a little old house, called, by the children, "old Paul's shanty." It stood back from the road in a neglected field, which was surrounded by a rough stone wall. The house had four windows, but three of them were boarded up. There was but one door. Every thing about it looked neglected and forlorn. It seemed hardly fit to be the habitation of a human being.

Here old Paul had lived for many long years. He was an old man, and very poor. He was often employed by people in the village to saw wood, or do some light work, and thus earned something for his support. But *how* he lived no one knew.

He avoided company and rarely spoke. His face wore a hard, sullen look. In the street rude boys sometimes called him names, or threw stones at his cottage. This would make him furious with anger, and he would turn upon them with fearful oaths and threats.

Susie often saw old Paul. She feared him, and disliked to meet him, but yet was pained by the brutality of the boys.

One afternoon, as she stood at the window, he passed.

"There goes old Paul, mother. What a wretched looking old man he is! How can he take any comfort in living, with no one to care for or love him?"

"Some one did love him once, I suppose," said her mother, and then added, gently, "and I am sure there is One who cares for him now. Jesus died for old Paul as well as for you or me."

Susie made no reply. These words had placed old Paul in a new light.

"I wonder if he knows it—if he ever thinks of it," thought Susie.

As she stood there in the gathering dusk, her thoughts followed old Paul to his comfortless home. She wondered if all his life had been as gloomy and lonely as it was now, and in her sympathy for his wretchedness, she longed to have him know something of the love of Christ. That love she knew would brighten his lonely life, and prepare him for a home in heaven.

She thought of this till the wish was clothed in words of prayer.

"O Lord, teach this poor old man to know thee and love thee, for Jesus' sake."

"I know," thought Susie, "that people should be willing to work for the blessings they pray for. But I can't do any thing but pray for old Paul. I'm sure I shouldn't dare speak to him."

But the pleasant picture in her mind of old Paul, happy and glad through the Saviour's love, his life given to God, and his death an entrance into heaven, contrasted so strongly with his present gloomy state and future prospects, that it seemed imperative that something must be done.

At last she began to be ashamed of her fears, and resolved to overcome them.

"Perhaps I can do something for Christ, by trying to help old Paul," she thought. "I will try."

From that day old Paul's name was in Susie's prayers. She was constantly on the watch for some opportunity of doing something to make the old man's life brighter and happier.

His presence and manner had lost something of their terror now. She did not cross the street to avoid meeting him, nor fear to pass his dwelling after dark. In her sympathy there had been formed a bond between that lonely old heart and her own, even though he knew it not.

One morning in the early spring, as Susie was on her way to school, she saw a crowd of boys teasing an old man who seemed to have fallen in the street. On reaching the crowd she found that the man was old Paul. He was furious with rage, and threatened his tormentors, with fearful oaths.

For a moment Susie's old dread came back and she turned towards another street. This was only for a moment; then she thought, "Now I can help him."

Stepping quickly into the crowd, she gently took the old man's tattered hat from a boy who was going to fill it with water from a mud-puddle, and before he recovered from his surprise, she placed it on the old man's head.

"For shame, Charlie Brown!" she said, indignantly. 'I thought you were too much of a gentleman to torment an old man in that way!"

The boys at once ceased from their sport and stood trying to laugh, but nevertheless looking ashamed. Susie then picked up the tools which old Paul had dropped in the mud as he fell, and laid them together on the grass. Then she turned to the old man, who still sat on the ground.

"Are you hurt? Can I help you?" she asked, kindly. He neither looked at her nor answered her questions. At length he tried to get upon his feet. The effort pained him, and he frowned so fearfully that Susie was alarmed.

She asked a boy to call some men who were at work near by. When they arrived, she told them that Paul seemed to be seriously hurt, and asked them to take charge of him. This they were very willing to do, and then she hurried to school.

Old Paul permitted the men to take him to his home. A physician was called who examined his foot. It had received a severe sprain, which promised to keep him in his house for some weeks. He would not allow any one to stay with him, however, and when his foot was dressed he was left alone.

Susie thought of him a great many times in school hours. At night, when she came home, she told her mother of old Paul's misfortune and asked permission to go and see how he did.

"Aren't you afraid to go alone?"

"I think not," answered Susie. "I would rather go alone."

"Very well," said her mother. Susie filled a little basket with nice things and started on her errand.

Her heart almost failed her as she reached the hut, but she walked bravely up to the door and rapped. There was no reply. She rapped again. No answer. Then she lifted the latch and pushed open the door.

"Be off! What do you want here?" roared the old man, raising himself fiercely, from his low bed, and reaching out his hand towards his cane. But when he saw Susie, he lay down again.

"I'm Susie Howe," said the young girl, stepping, hesitatingly, over the threshold, and moving slowly towards the bed, "and I came to see how you are to-night."

Paul kept his eyes fixed on her for a few moments without speaking.

"What's that to you, any way?" he at length muttered.

"Because I am sorry those boys were rude to you this morning, and that you are hurt," answered Susie, her eyes filling with tears; "and—because—because, you haven't any body to love you, and take care of you, and make you happy."

"You're right, there," broke in the old man, bitterly.

"But I will care for you," said Susie, earnestly. "I have thought of you ever so long, and have prayed for you, too. And—and—Jesus cares for you. I am sure He does."

There was a long pause. Then the old man said, more gently, "Go away, now, I don't want you here any longer."

Susie placed her basket near his bed, saying, "I have brought something for you to eat, for it must pain you to get up,'" and then she turned to go. "May I come again?" she asked.

"I don't care."

This was the first of many visits which Susie made to the old hut, and he at length seemed to be glad to see her; at any rate, he did not drive her away. She kept his room in order, and made it more pleasant and comfortable.

She also read the Bible to him and talked to him about Jesus. Her love finally won his heart. He was more willing to listen and believe what she told him of the love of Christ,—and after many weeks, he was led to see his lost condition, and to give his heart to the Saviour.

Such was the gentle work of one true-hearted, Christ-like child. MABEL DEANE.

THE STAGE COACH ROBBERS.

The roads of Montana are more or less infested with a class of plundering rascals ironically called "road-agents," who make free with private and public purses, and sometimes with human life, to an extent that is any thing but agreeable to travellers. A recent passenger through that section relates an instance in his own experience of meeting these highwaymen. His letter is dated at Corrinne:

Nothing special occurred on the trip until the second day out, when it began to be whispered at the several stations that we would probably be attacked at Pleasant Valley.

Reaching Pleasant Valley about nine o'clock on Thursday evening, I saw indications of some anxiety on the part of the driver and guard—both of whom were armed with shot guns and revolvers. We passed the first station south of Pleasant Valley safely, but it was between this and the next that we expected the attack.

Lieut. Hamilton, of Fort Ellis, was with me, and three Chinamen. I only had one weapon. We were all now watchful, and as the coach ascended from the bed of Dry Creek, this is what caught our ears:

Click! click! click! click! "Halt!"

Like an apparition the road-agents sprang from the rocks a few feet from the coach. One aimed his Henry rifle at the leaders, the next at the driver, and the third paid his compliments to the lieutenant and myself by placing the muzzle of his needle-gun in rather close proximity to our ears, and, as the driver pithily remarked, the muzzle of them rifles appeared as large as "a nine-inch stove-pipe."

I instantly seized my "navy," but a touch of caution from Hamilton advised patience. Not knowing what the issue of the affair might be, I concealed my money in the cushion of the seat by cutting a hole in the leather. My companion had previously placed his in the band of his drawers.

The Chinamen had by this time awakened, and began their gibberish. I silenced them, and then noticed the progress of affairs outside. The driver put on the brake the moment they challenged him. He asked them what they wanted.

"The treasure boxes," said they.

"All right," said the driver, "here they are," and threw out the light one (from Virginia City, I believe).

"You have another of these fish?" said the leader.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Throw it out," was the command.

This was done, and stepping aside, he picked up an axe and began chopping the light one open. It took him full fifteen minutes, and hard work at that. He emptied its contents.

"There's nothing in that box," he said, evidently much enraged.

He next attacked the Helena box, which contained about six thousand dollars, I believe. He remarked to the driver, during the progress of opening the boxes, that he was sorry to detain us so long, but it could not be helped; that these things would occur in the best regulated families.

"Are there any passengers aboard?" he said, when he got through with the boxes.

"Yes," said the driver, "three Chinamen and two white men."

"Get out, John!" in a voice that could not be mistaken.

We told the boys to get out; they were very unwilling to go—but they finally turned out. The leader held his rifle to their heads and demanded their money.

With many protestations of poverty they said they had none; one said, "Two dollars had allee, no more." They would not be satisfied, but with fearful imprecations they told that they would shoot them where they stood if they did not disgorge. One by one he stripped off their tunics and boots and took what they had. The third and last, who had the largest amount of money ($3,700) strung around his neck, or in a belt, he handled very roughly. He took his long-handled knife (about twelve inches), and ripped shirt, vest and coat from top to bottom, and the gold fell out with a heavy "thud" to the ground.

Having finished, they ordered them into the coach, and told the driver to "go on," much to our relief, indeed, for I fully expected that we would be next. We cannot explain their partiality in our favor, but think they were afraid to force us out.

I could have killed two of them, but it would have been at the expense of the life of one of the men on the box, an issue which I did not like to force.

AWAY WITH THAT WHISTLE.

The Lyons (N. Y.) *Republican* adds another to the many anecdotes of old-fashioned prejudice against organ music in churches:

In our native place, some thirty-five years ago, after a great deal of opposition from the older members, a small church-organ was purchased and set up in the gallery. The organist, knowing the aversion some of the church members had to the organ, played it so gently that it could scarcely be heard above the united voices of the choir.

One Sunday it happened that the regular organist was absent, and a German music teacher, a resident of the village, was requested to preside at the organ. At the close of the first verse of the opening hymn, the German struck into a lively interlude, to the astonishment and consternation of half the audience.

One old deacon (now dead and gone—peace to his ashes!) occupied the pew next in front of our father's. When the first note of the interlude fell upon his ear, he gave vent to his displeasure in growls that were audible twenty feet distant. The second interlude "fired him off." Scarcely a dozen notes of it had been played, when he sprang to his feet, and extending his hands toward the choir, he exclaimed, in a voice terribly base, "*Away with that whistle—away with that whistle, out of the house of God!*"

NOT SATISFIED.

A correspondent of the *Journal* relates an amusing incident respecting a famous bear hunter, from Rumford, who came to Lewiston to ask a well-known physician whether a sore on his nose was a cancer. He was ushered into the doctor's office, and after waiting awhile, a gentleman appeared, walked up to a sink and washed his hands, and then asked our friend of the sore nose, "Do you want to see me?"

"No, sir, I want to see Dr. ———."

"I am the man, sir."

"What, *you* Dr. ———? Well, I have got a sore here on my nose—some say a cancer and some 'taint."

We will let the man relate what followed, in his own way: "The doctor got a little thing, a kind of telescope, and squinted through it, pinched my nose, and pecked round; wanted to know how old I was and a lot more. Then said I was well enough. We talked about farms, and so, and then I got up and started.

"I kind o' thought I would ask him, just so as not to be mean, what he asked, and, by time, he said two dollars. I went back and paid him and we talked about farms and so, and I started out. When I got the door open, I stopped and asked him if it cost two dollars to look at a sore nose, what it would cost to cure it if it really was a cancer, and, by time, he said five dollars."

SAVED A MAN'S LIFE.

A pleasant little story, of which the hero is a well-trained setter dog, comes from Quincy, Ill., and the *Whig* of that city tells it as follows:

The dog usually sleeps at night in a kennel in the rear of the house. But on Thursday night last, about ten o'clock, as his owner went to his room in the second story, on the front side of the building—the lights below being extinguished—he heard his dog come beneath the window and set up a most earnest, constant barking, and it seemed to him that there was an unusual tone in the animal's voice.

Supposing there were intruders on the premises, he opened the window and called out to "Nig" to "catch 'em."

The dog, instead of starting off under the order, continued to bark, jumping up against the wall of the house beneath the window, evidently desiring that his master should come down. The gentleman went down, and as soon as he reached the outer door, was met by the dog, who still barking, ran toward the rear of the dwelling. His master following, found his hired man lying on the ground, helpless and unconscious. He had, as he afterward stated, in stepping out from the kitchen, fallen upon the ice, his head striking a stone step and cutting a fearful gash in his scalp. He had to be carried into the house, and it was some hours before he recovered his senses; in fact he is still suffering from the effects of the wounds.

WHO NAMED THE COLLEGES.

Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left to the college £779 and a library of over 300 books.

Williams College was named after Col. Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the old French war.

Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount, and was President of the first Board of Trustees.

Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate of the college, went into business, became very wealthy, and endowed the college very largely.

Columbia College was called King's College till the close of the war for independence, when it received the name of Columbia.

Bowdoin was named after Gov. Bowdoin, of Maine.

Yale College was named after Elihu Yale, who made very liberal donations to the college.

Colby University, formerly Waterville College, was named after Mr. Colby, of Boston, who gave $50,000 to the college in 1866.

Dickinson College received its name from Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation to the college, and was President of the Board of Trustees, for a number of years.

Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder.

THE TWO GOATS.

The following pleasant little incident among the dumb animals is told in "Our Children's Pets:"

On the trunk of a tree thrown over a rushing stream, that foamed as it dashed among the rocks below, two goats once met, each anxious to go his way. But how were they to manage? If they tried to pass each other, one, if not both, must fall and die on the precipice beneath. Now these two goats were as wise as many bearded men, and putting their heads together, they stood still a short time, as if thinking which was the best thing they could do. Their plan was soon made. One goat lay quietly down on the tree, and allowed the other to leap over it, which it did quite safely; and both the clever creatures went on with their journey.

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THEY DIDN'T THINK.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze;
An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the older ones
Where to go or stay;
She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"O, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me,
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite every thing."
Down he flew and Kitty seized him,
Before he'd time to blink.
"O," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of doing wrong?
And can't you take a warning,
From their dreadful fate
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows,
Don't suppose you know more
Than any body knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

For the Companion.

JOE'S NEW SUIT.

Once there was a little old house standing quite by itself in the country. Behind the house was a low shed. Some hens lived in one end of this shed—that is, when they were not running about out of doors—and the rest of it was used for wood.

A pig-pen was built out on one side of the shed. That was the home of two pigs.

Four persons lived in the old house—an old man, his daughter and her two children.

The oldest child was a girl. She was twelve years old and her little brother was five. Their father was dead, and their mother and grandpa were poor.

Nannie, the girl, had to work almost all the time to help her mother earn the things they needed. But little Joe wasn't big enough to work much. He used to bring in wood and do light errands, but all the rest of the time he played. His clothes were old and poor, and he had to go barefooted, but he didn't care for that.

I don't believe you ever saw a funnier, merrier, happier little chap than Joe.

The pigs and hens were great friends of his—all the playmates he had, in fact, for the nearest neighbors lived a mile away.

So the pigs and hens all knew Joe well, and he used to talk to them as if they could understand all he said. He thought he could understand all they said, too. His mother and Nannie often laughed at the funny stories which he said they told him.

New Nannie and her mother had a secret. They were trying to get little Joe a new suit of clothes.

They didn't tell him, because they wanted to surprise him. So they saved some money and bought the cloth, and when Joe was fast asleep at night they used to work on the new clothes.

At length they were finished, and Nannie declared she had never seen such a dear, cunning little suit. And they had saved money enough to buy a new pair of shoes, besides!

The next morning they showed the new things to Joe, and dressed him up in them. At first he was almost speechless with joy and pride, but after a while his tongue ran fast enough.

He walked about with his hands in his pockets, and turned around and around, while his mother and sister looked and admired.

He ran to show them to his grandpa, and his grandpa said, "Sho! sho! what a little gentleman!"

When he had looked in the glass till he was tired and the rest could admire no longer, Joe thought he would go out and show his new clothes to the hens and pigs.

So he walked with a very grand air towards the pig-pen.

The hens came running to meet him at first, but when they saw such a fine-looking little fellow, walking slowly along, they thought, "That isn't our Joe," and they ran away as fast as they could go.

Joe climbed up on the edge of the pen and sat down carefully, for fear of soiling his new clothes.

But the pigs, too, looked at him once and then ran squealing away.

Joe sat still awhile in lonely state and looked around him. Then he got down and walked away, saying, in a dignified tone,—

"Humph! I guess you don't know me, hogs and hens!"

KITTIE'S MISTAKE.

It was baby's birthday; and papa brought home a toy dog,—a white, woolly one, just about the size of Minnie's gray kitten. Baby cooed, and jumped, and played with it till he grew sleepy. Mamma fed him, and put him in his cradle; and Minnie, who had waited patiently, began playing with the little dog. It was on wheels; and, as she pushed it gently over the carpet, it really looked as if it were alive, and running along of its own accord. This was plainly the view Miss Pussy took of the matter; for she started up from the rug where she had been dozing, rounded her back, spit furiously, and gave the little dog a savage cuff as he passed her.

Doggie, of course, took it all quite coolly; which seemed not what kitty expected; while Minnie and her mother laughed heartily at her show of spirit. When she found she could not drive him away, she turned quickly, and, springing into baby's cradle, took refuge under his basket. There she felt safe; but she could not be satisfied to let the dog alone; and every few seconds she would peep out, and spit or growl.

When papa came in to tea, Minnie told him about it. "What a silly little puss she is to make such a fuss about a bit of wool and plaster! isn't she?"

"Anger is always foolish," he replied; "and often the best way to meet it is to take no more notice of it than baby's woolly dog does. Puss will soon leave off, when she finds he does not hurt her, or growl in return. The soft answer of gentle words, a kind act, or silence, is strong to turn it away."

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DIAMOND HUNTING IN AFRICA.

Human nature covets riches, and will go far and fare hard to get them. About five years ago some travellers in South Africa discovered some diamonds in the interior of Cape Colony, between four and five hundred miles from the south-east coast, and sent specimens to Unger, the great gem merchant of Hamburg. He declared them to be the finest in the world.

On further search in the same region it appeared that the precious stones were there in considerable numbers, and eager explorers of course jumped at the conclusion that the place abounded with them.

The story of this wonderful wealth soon flew to the ends of the earth, and fortune-seekers heard it with romantic additions, and believed that the famous "Diamond Valley" of Sinbad had at last been found. Scores and hundreds of them—Englishmen, Germans, Spaniards, Russians, Americans—scraped together what was necessary for passage money, and at once set sail for the enchanted land. To-day scarcely less than seven thousand diamond hunters are among the African hills, bent double over African dirt, hoping, day after day, to find the few brilliants that shall transform them from humble laborers to independent nabobs.

Those of our readers who suppose a voyage to the new gem region would be an easy and swift way to golden good luck, may be comforted by watching one of the diamond diggers at his work.

There he is, puttering away alone. No one helps his neighbor in that selfish game of chance. Your digger must look out for number one.

He thinks he has found a rich deposit in a certain spot of ground, and immediately he sets about picking out all the stones—mattock, bar and shovel are busy all day till he has explored the whole and satisfied himself that he has found no diamonds—as yet.

Next day he spends in shovelling all the earth carefully into a cart and dumping it down in a clean place.

The day after he begins to sift it. First he takes a coarse sieve, through which he runs it; then a finer one, sifting the heap all over in a new place; then a still finer one, going through the same process again in another place, and so on till he has shaken his ten-cartloads down to four.

He is tired, and must resume work another day. He sleeps near his precious pile of dirt, with one eye open to watch it. On the morrow he is at it again, and now the real toil commences.

He carefully heaps his sifted earth upon a large zinc pan-table with small holes in it, and begins to dribble on water. It is near night again before all the clay and fine soil are washed through the little holes in the table.

In the course of the next day he is fairly at work on the gravel. He is excited now. He must find precious stones in that table full of gravel or lose all his labor.

Eagerly he picks up every grain in his fingers, and his eyes stand out as he examines it. More painfully he pores over his task than ever student did over his Greek roots or philosopher over his crucible. He forgets to eat his dinner. Night comes again before he thinks of time, and he is not more than one-third through.

For eight or ten hours he has done nothing but pick up and throw away gravel stones, but it is the hardest day's work he ever did. To-morrow he returns to his picking and poring. On the third day he begins to be discouraged. His nervousness increases till at length he holds the last stone in his fingers and sees that it is worthless. He flings it down with a muttered curse, and knows that there is nothing for him now but to go through another weary week's drudgery just like the last. Poor fellow! He is only one of the ninety-nine. One in the hundred is lucky and carries off diamonds enough to make him rich. But you see what a miserable lottery it is. Is it worth going to Africa for?

VARIETY.

DWARF TREES.

The following description of the manner in which the Chinese make dwarf trees is an intimation of their painstaking in horticulture:

We have known from childhood how the Chinese cramp their women's feet, and so manage to make them "keepers at home;" but how they contrive to grow miniature pines and oaks in flower-pots for half a century has always been much of a secret. It is the product chiefly of skilful, long-continued root-pruning. They begin at the beginning.

Taking a young plant (say a seedling or a cutting of a cedar), when two or three inches high, they cut off its tap-root as soon as it has other rootlets enough to live upon, and replant in a shallow pot or pan. The end of the tap-root is generally made to rest upon the bottom of the pan, or on a flat stone within it.

Alluvial clay is then put into the pot, much of it in bits the size of beans, and just enough in kind and quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment to the plant.

Water enough is given to keep it in growth, but not enough is given to excite a vigorous habit. So likewise in the application of light and heat. Then, too, the top and roots, being within easy reach of the gardener, are shortened by his pruning-knife, or seared with his hot iron.

So the little tree, finding itself headed on every side, gives up the idea of strong growth, asking only for life, and just growth enough to live and look well.

Accordingly, each new set of leaves becomes more and more stunted, the buds and rootlets are diminished in proportion, and at length a balance is established between every part of the tree, making a dwarf in all respects. In some kinds of trees this end is reached in three or four years; in others ten or fifteen years are necessary.

QUEER WILLS.

There are various ways of making a will. Lord Clyde, the celebrated English General, wrote at his club on a sheet of note-paper in half-a-dozen lines, and it was duly proved. A certain hostler, near death, crawled to a corn-chest, raised the lid, scrawled his parting injunction on the wood, got a post-boy and a stableman to witness his signature, and the box lid, being taken off its hinges, was accepted as a valid instrument. An eminent English Queen's counsel made his last testament in these words: "Every thing to my brother Tom;" and being duly attested, the document was found sufficient. On the other hand, it was remarked of the great artist Turner, that he could draw every thing but a will, since, wishing to leave five hundred thousand dollars to found an asylum for decayed oil painters, his intention was defeated, owing to imperfections in the witnessing.

THE GROCERY NIBBLERS.

An exchange gives a good portrait of the nuisances to grocers everywhere who are known as "nibblers." A nibbler is a man who enters a grocery store, runs his fingers into every sugar barrel and laps up a couple of ounces; takes a nibble at the back of a herring; eats a handful of nuts; then goes to the cheese and cuts off a slice just to taste; then, as a matter of course, must have a few crackers, and perhaps before he makes up his mind to purchase a quarter of a pound of tea, he has eaten up the profits on two dollars' worth of groceries. To wind it all up, after getting trusted for his tea, on which the merchant realizes a profit of perhaps five cents, he leaves the store munching a couple of apples. This is no picture of the imagination, but a reality, except that sometimes the nibbler does not purchase a quarter of a pound of tea.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT.

A most extraordinary experiment was recently made by Prof. Dickenson, a distinguished physiologist. A few grains of barley were placed before a hungry pigeon, which at once began pecking. During this operation the brain of the pigeon was frozen by means of a spray of ether, and the bird being thus suddenly deprived of consciousness, ceased pecking and remained for awhile as if deprived of life. At this moment the grains of barley were all removed, and the ether spray having ceased, the brain was allowed to thaw; the bird returned in a short time, as it were, to life, and the first thing it did was to continue pecking for awhile, although no grains were present.

McKEE'S "HOLLOW BACK."

Commas are useful things, small as they are. The following item makes a blundering joke by omitting one comma. The New Bloomfield (Pa.) *Times* says:

On Thursday night a flock of wild geese became bewildered at the lights as they passed over the town, and circled around several times, flying so low that the noise of their wings could be distinctly heard. A portion of the flock afterwards alighted in the hollow back of William McKee's.

If McKee's back is so hollow as that, he must be as full-breasted as a drum major.

PUT IT OUT OF SIGHT.

Bishop Asbury was a guest of a family who were profuse in their hospitalities. Brandy was placed on the table, and he was invited to partake, but he declined. The lady blushed and said, "Bishop, I believe that brandy is good in its place."

"So do I," said Mr. Asbury; "if you have no objection I will put it in its place;" so he put it in the old-fashioned cupboard in the corner of the room, saying, with emphasis, "That is the place, and there let it stay, never to be brought on the table again."

MORE WILLING THAN WISE.

A city miss, newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plough for a short time. "I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home—I do not know, though, where he keeps his plough; but," she added, evidently zealous to serve, "there is the cart in the yard, couldn't you plough with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

A CHEERFUL REASON.

"Martha, my dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to moving to the far West?"

"O, I am delighted with the idea! You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there, he was as poor as we are; and in three years he died, leaving his widow worth a hundred thousand dollars."

CONUNDRUM.—The following impromptu conundrum was propounded a few days ago to an old bachelor:

"Why's D like marriage?" asked the maid
Whose troth to me is plighted,
I blushed in sooth and hung my head,
While she seemed quite delighted.

"Come, answer me," continued she,
"And don't be long about it;
You stupid fellow, can't you see,
We can't be wed without it?"

IN ONE of the pleasant villages in Western New York, the other day, a certain worthy housekeeper thought she would call on her nearest neighbor. She was about entering the door, but hesitated, thinking that the family might be taking their supper. "Come in," said the hostess, "we are having tableaux." "Yes," replied the visitor, "I thought I smelt 'em."

A LAD named Albert Richardson, thought he would have some fun at school at Brewer, so he put a lot of pepper on the stove. The result was the biggest job of sneezing ever undertaken in Brewer. His father, the next day, paid ten dollars and costs for Albert's fun, and then gave him a severe "strapping," which the lad thought was no fun at all.

AN old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly ignorant.

"Name it, ma'am!" cried Cœlebs, in a rage.

"It is *rock the cradle*, sir," replied the lady.

DO NOT form the habit of making excuses. If you have done wrong, be willing to confess it. Do not try to hide it, or to throw the blame on another. A person who is quick at making excuses is not likely to be good at any thing else, or to be loved and honored. Be honest, be frank and be truthful."

A "BRIDGET," who, as usual, entertains an exalted opinion of the good things of the old country, was asked by her mistress, if they had any pies where she formerly lived in Ireland.

"Yes, and sure they do."

"What kind of pies?"

"Magpies, mum."

IF THERE IS any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

DON'T be always telling what you are going to do. Do something, and that will speak for you.

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Let joy abound! the Winter's gone!
The ice and snow now leave the plains!
The fields, long of their verdure shorn,
Grow green beneath the vernal rains;
The flowers around our pathway bloom,
And with their fragrance fill the air;
New beauties Nature doth assume,
And every thing looks young and fair;
The Boys are putting on new "CLOTHES,"
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

ONE WAY TO GET AN EDUCATION.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

"Is marm, the doctor, in?"

I suppose that will be one of the disadvantages—for a little while—of being both a doctor and a "marm." By-and-by, when there is a woman physician in every town—in the good time surely coming, "Is doctor in?" will come as naturally and respectfully as it comes now on old Dr. Blue-pill's steps, across the street. Though now I think of it, I do not know but the little fellow intended rather an unusual exhibition of confidence in my professional capacity, than a masculine and satiric fling at my sex.

However that may be, "Marm, the doctor," preparing attenuations of aconite in the little back office, laid down her bottle of tincture, promptly, and went to the door.

Did I say a little fellow? It was a *very* little fellow. By a stretch of imagination you might have said that the tip end of the tip-top lock of his ragged hairs reached to the door-knob. His clothes were as ragged as his hair, and were covered with lint and dust.

"Why, Bob!" said I. Bob was an old friend and patient; I had sewed up two broken heads for him, and taken him through scarlet fever, mumps and measles.

"'Taint me," said Bob. "It's Jake. He's got smashed into the mills, and boss sent me after ye. Golly! You'd ought to seen him. I seen him. Jammed his finger clean off into the gearing."

I had my hat and rubber-boots on before Bob had finished his message, and we started off together at a fast walk, splashing through the spring mud.

"Poor Jake!" I said, between the splashes; not that I had the least idea who Jake was, but that I knew any Jake must be a poor Jake, who had lost a finger in the gearing.

"I tell you," said Bob, in his confidential way—for his size, Bob has the most confidential manner of any gentleman of my acquaintance—"I tell *you! I* don't call him none of yer 'poor Jakes!'"

"That's a pity," said marm, the doctor, abstractedly.

"No, 'taint, neither," said Bob, the confident, stoutly. "It's *my* 'pinion them chaps puts their fingers into the gearing a puppuss."

"*What?*" Marm, the doctor, suddenly attentive.

"Yes, *sir!*" said Bob, mysteriously. "That's my 'pinion, marm. They puts their fingers in a puppuss."

"But what could possibly"——

"To git out. They puts in their fingers and then *they* puts out. Jim Shanks he done it. He loafed three weeks 'fore he healed over. He done it just in skatin'-time, and he had a pair o' new reckers, Christmas, that he hadn't tried. And *I* think," said Bob, with an injured air, "it's mighty hard on chaps as has to stay to work industrious. If I was doctor, I'd take a hatchet to Jake. There! there's where he lives—little yaller house 'tother side the road. That's his mar to the door, hollerin' behind her apron. I hope ye'll make Jake holler!"

With this charitable wish Bob splashed back to his work, and I splashed over to the little yellow house where Jake's "mar" stood "hollerin'."

She stopped when I came up, and took me in to see my patient, drying her eyes as she went.

My patient stood up straight in the middle of the room. It was a queer little patient. He was white to the lips, and covered with blood, and he trembled all over with pain, like a little hurt dog; but he did not cry out nor speak.

"Sit down," said I.

Jake obeyed, very reluctantly.

"He haint set down before," said his mother, "I couldn't make him. He jest stood there and stood there. O, the Lord have mercy!"

For Jake when he sat down, sank down; sank

ONE WAY TO GET AN EDUCATION.

a little more, a little more; then doubled up and fell,—or would have fallen. I caught him half way to the floor.

"An' he's fented!" cried his mother. And of course he had.

"I knew I should," said the boy, as soon as he opened his eyes, "if I set down."

When Jake opened his eyes I looked into them. They were odd little eyes; set back far in his head, black as jet, and as restless as a star behind a cloud on a windy night. When they looked at me they snapped. Jake had an odd mouth, too, twisted like a cable-rope.

"Very well," said I, when Jake and I had looked at each other. "Where's that hand? Hold it out, Jake!"

Jake held it out.

All the "marm" in me had the heart-ache at sight of that hand. It was such a little hand to put knives and forceps into, without so much as saying poor fellow! But Jake and I had understood each other, when I looked into his little snapping eyes. He wanted to be doctored, not to be "marmed." The less fuss the better, for Jake. I might as well throw scalding water at his hand as to say poor Jake! He was quite contented with "Hold it out!"

So he held out the little grimy, bloody hand. I put in the probe; Jake shut his snapping eyes. I took it out; Jake shut his twisted mouth. I laid the hand down gently.

"Well?" said Jake, with his eyes still shut.

"You've done a bad thing by that middle finger, I suppose you know, Jake."

"Wrenched her right off." Jake nodded. "I should ha' lost my arm, if I hadn't. She jest twisted off, and snapped. Bob Smart picked it up. I seen him."

"But you see," said the doctor, "you haven't broken it at the joint. I must amputate the finger at the second joint."

Jake nodded again.

"I'm sorry," said the marm, in spite of the doctor.

"Don't you talk," said Jake. "Jest jab away!"

The marm held her tongue and the doctor jabbed away.

Jake's snapping eyes went quite behind a cloud, and Jake's twisted mouth turned very white. But Jake never winced nor cried out.

"I'm glad it is the left hand," said I, as I took the last stitch in the last bandage.

"So be I," said Jake.

"It was a fortunate chance," said I.

But Jake said nothing.

"And I wonder that you did not lose the arm," I said, another day, when I was dressing the mangled finger.

But Jake said nothing.

And another day, cheerily, "Never mind, Jake! Very likely you will do twice as much with three fingers as you would with four."

But Jake said nothing at all.

One day Bob, the confidential, met and stopped me just starting to see my diptheria patients in the new parish.

"Boy—on—behind!" shouted Bob, with an air of communicating a great secret, hidden from the world at large, but especially revealed to his personal and unerring insight. "Boy—on—be-*hi-i-ind!*"

Sure enough. There was a boy on behind—not a very unusual sight, I must admit, on marm, the doctor's buggy—a boy with a mouth like a cable-rope, and eyes like stars on a cloudy night, and three fingers on the left hand.

"Dear me, Jake!" said I, for I had not seen Jake for some weeks. "Hand all right?"

"All right," said Jake.

"Quite healed?"

"Yes, marm," said Jake.

"Where are you going?"

"Nowheres partikerlar."

"What did you want on behind my buggy?"

"Not much, partikerlar."

"Any thing to say to me?"

"Nothing partikerlar."

"Suppose you jump in and ride to the new parish, and say it, then?" Jake supposed.

"I'm kinder muddy."

"So am I."

Jake jumped in.

I touched up Dolly, for I was already late about my morning's calls, and Jake and I flew fast over the freckled face of the still, new parish woods. For some time we rode quite silently. Jake ran the hand with the little grimy stump through the arm-rest on the side of the buggy, and drew clouds enough over his eyes to have blown up a shower. To be sure, Jake never ran on behind my buggy without his reasons; but, to be sure, there should be no fuss made about Jake. If he had any thing "partikerlar" to say, he should say it. It was his turn to "jab away."

"See here," said Jake, just as the diptheria houses struck into sight, "see here, you see."

"Yes," I said, I saw. "What was it?"

"Mar's goin' to send me to school, you see."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"For how long?"

"Three months."

"That's very nice," said I.

"Yes," said Jake, "that's very nice."

"I thought," said Jake, after a moment's pause, "you'd like to know it."

Now that, I think, was one of the advantages of being both a doctor and a "marm." Of course I was glad to know it, very glad; but not so glad as Jake himself, by any means.

"No," said Jake, gravely, like a grown man, "no, not so glad as I be."

"You think more of going to school than most boys, I suspect, Jake?"

Jake must have thought more of something than most boys. He sat up straight in the carriage, and began to tremble.

"See here. It's jest like this. Now see here. It seems to me as ef I didn't get an eddication, I should—I should be sech a fool!" said poor Jake. "It seems to me as ef I must have an eddication, *any way*. They wouldn't send me." Jake broke off, abruptly. "Mar's got scairt, now. I'm goin' for three months. I thought ye'd like to know it."

But Jake's little grimy, mangled hand trembled in the rest; he turned such a twisted face up to me that I could not untie a strand of it. It was all a knot. So I sat and looked at Jake, and Jake sat and looked at me.

"I've ben to work sence I was 'most eight year old," said Jake.

"Poor little fellow!"

"An' I alwers begged to go to school, and mar never sent me sence. I'm twelve years old next month, marm."

"Poor little fellow!"

"I won't *be* a poor little fellow!" The clouds in the little factory boy's eyes broke suddenly, and the stars of a kind of manhood which we do not see every day, in factories or out, came out and shone all over his twisted face. "I won't be a poor little fellow all my life! See if I do!"

"I'm sure you won't," said I.

"Well, then," said Jake, "I'll get out now and walk home."

But he stopped, half over the wheel.

"Three months is a great deal, don't you think it is?"

"A great deal," said I.

Jake jumped over the wheel.

"Mebbe they'll give me the year out. Shouldn't you think they might?"

"I should think they might, indeed," said I.

Jake stood still and washed his feet in a little mud-puddle, while I got out and tied Dolly to the first diptheria post.

"See here," said Jake, again.

I think that was the first time that I really had seen.

Jake looked up. In an instant I knew that I had cut the knot of the little twisted face. Jake looked up, and Jake trembled so that he could scarcely stand in the mud-puddle.

"I did it—marm—I did it a puppuss!"

"O, Jake!"

"I thought they'd let me out. I did it—O, I did!—*I did it a puppuss*. I put my finger in. *I meant to*. Look here! Don't you tell. I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW."

Of course it was a dreadful thing to do! And of course neither Jake nor I would want another boy to do it! But of course—or at least I thought so—it was too much of a story to be thrown away.

HOW THEY MAKE TAR.

If the reader, in crossing North Carolina, has ever stopped over a train at Tarboro', he need not be told that the process of making tar is entirely different from that of spirits of turpentine. Tar is an extract from pine wood, obtained from charring it. It is made wholly from the heart or "light-wood" of long-leafed pine, which is split into billets of a size convenient for handling in the tar-kiln. Trees which have been used up in the turpentine business are the best for making tar. The sticks of wood are piled in a conical heap, which is covered with turf, much as the coal-pits are made in northern New England.

The kiln is usually made upon a hillock, and trenches are made under it, having a mouth a little below on the hillside. The proper burning of the kiln to produce the most tar is an art to be learned by practice. It is made to burn

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very slowly, so as to gradually toast out the juices of the pine. These run down and collect in the trench, and flow out at its mouth, where, in the commingled condition known as tar, they are ladled into barrels.

This is a very slovenly process, the tar being mixed with sand and other impurities. Hence Norwegian tar has a higher value, and even under the present tariff competes with it in our market. A new process, of roasting the pines in iron ovens, away from contact with fires, is rapidly coming into use with the advantage of furnishing a better quality of tar by a more economical and expeditious method.

For the Companion.

MEG AND I.

In Two Chapters—Chap. I.

By C. W. Flanders.

Such a queer little waif as she was!

The bonnet was exactly the shape of the coal-scuttle, and way back in the crown was a pale, scared face, with great blue eyes staring at one so!

It must have been a cruel, cruel life, that had robbed so young a creature of all her childish beauty. There were wrinkles upon her forehead and cheeks as if she had been fifty years old! I never saw but one other face like that, and the fewer one sees of such, the better.

There was a great cape flung over the child's shoulders, such as thieves and beggars wear to conceal their bundles. It was worn to shreds—but that did not matter, poor thing, for it was not cold enough to need any cloak, much less one of woollen.

The ankles were bare, and so were her feet. Ah! but you should have seen her feet! They were so narrow and small!

The miserable creature stood before my mistress in such a timid way! while the woman that brought her held her by the shoulder with a grip that made the poor thing wince.

"So this is the little girl?" asked mistress, looking hard at the child in a sorry way. "Didn't I tell you not to bring her here unless she was strong, and stout, and healthy?"

"Sure, an' isn't she jest that, now? Stand up, Meg, and don't be crouchin' down that way. Ah, ma'am, sure an' the child is tired-like and weak for the sup I canna' give her."

The girl made an effort to look larger and stronger. Then she sighed, a long, deep, heart-broken sigh, and her lips began to quiver, and she looked towards me as if asking me to speak a good word for her.

"I am afraid she will not do. My baby is getting heavy—a great, stout fellow—and he would not be safe with her. She ought not to carry such a child, even if I would let her. She does not look well."

The woman gave the poor thing another shaking up, and turned her round.

"Jest look at the shoulders of her, ma'am! So broad and hearty! Sure, an' a lady like yerself, wud nae want an awkward lout of a child in a respictable family like this. She's genteel like,—and the fattenin' of her will be a credit to ye!"

The mistress looked over to me, where I was scouring knives by the window, and a kind of sly smile lurked in the corners of her handsome eyes. Says she,—

"Mary, what do you think? Would it be possible for us to get along with her?"

Now I had been looking at the poor thing ever since the two had come in, and somehow my heart warmed toward the ragged creature. When the mistress spoke the girl turned her blue eyes toward me and such a look as came into them I never see before or since.

"Yes, ma'am," says I, wiping my hands, and dropping a courtesy. "She's one of the kind as will learn easy."

"And you think you could be patient with her?"

"Yes, mistress, I am sure I could."

There was another glance from those strange eyes and a flush over the pale cheeks that made me bend over the knives again.

"I am afraid we shall both be sorry, Mary, if we take a strange child in this way, but I have great confidence in your judgment, Mary."

I courtesied again, but somehow I couldn't speak. Mistress was a born lady, every inch of her, and I am not the servant to be too free with one like herself.

"Perhaps you may leave her. We can try her, at any rate. You may call for an answer one week from to-night."

"Heaven bliss ye, me lady, an' ye'll niver repint the tak'n of her. An' Meg, (giving the child a shake,) see that ye do not come back to me, nor I'll leave a whole bone in yer buddy."

The girl shrank away from the bony hand, and with a sigh of relief, drew closer to me.

"Ye might advance me the week's wages, if ye plaze," the old woman said, growing bolder.

"But we give no wages for the trial week, unless her services prove satisfactory."

The stormy frown on the old hag's brows was fearful. She stood a moment, irresolute—then held out her hand with the beggarly whine for a few pennies to buy a loaf of bread, as the childer were starving.

Mistress gave her a shiling, and she went.

When I followed to bolt the basement door after her, such a cunning leer as she gave me.

"Sure, an' ye needn't be too tender of the chile. It's nae good to humor the like of her. Ye may lather the life out of her, if ye'll save me a sup out of the jintleman's cellar!"

Then I smelled the odor of whiskey. So I hustled her out as quick as ever I could, and ran back to the kitchen. I thought to myself, "If such as she is coming in and out here, what will happen? And I responsible for mistress' taking the girl."

When I went in, mistress was untying the strings of that coal-scuttle. Then she unfastened the cape, and la! what a skeleton that child was! There were great black and blue spots all over her arms and neck, where she had been beaten. I had seen such spots before, and pointed them out slyly, as I stood behind the girl, to mistress, whose eyes were filling with tears.

"When you get rested, dear, Mary will see that you are bathed and properly dressed. Then you can come up stairs and see the baby!"

So mistress left us alone.

"What in the world makes you shake so?" said I, seeing her feet, and hands, and body all in motion. "Are you cold?"

The girl shook her head—then kind o' gasped—and then burst out crying.

"You poor, miserable creature," said I, trying to comfort her. "You needn't be afeared of any thing here."

"'Taint that," she sobbed.

"No? Is it sick or hungry you are?"

"Not much—least ways—it isn't *that*."

"Then what is it, Meg?"

"I never had any body call me *dear* before, in all my life!"

"You poor, dear child!" and I clapped my arms around the spindling neck and cried as hard as ever I could. To think of a little girl more than a dozen years old, who had never been called dear!

Meg did not draw off from me—not a bit of it. She just lay her head on my shoulder and hugged me with both his thin arms as tight as ever she could.

Well, we were going on this way and the knives growing rusty, when Miss Alice came tripping into the kitchen with one of her dresses in her hand.

"Mamma sends this for the new girl to put on, and she would like her to come up as soon as it is convenient."

It was a dark gown trimmed with cherry. Such a dress as Meg never had before, to be sure. When I had made her tidy, and rolled her flaxen hair over my finger, but for the wrinkles, she was almost as handsome as Miss Alice herself.

Meg soon grew to be a favorite with all the family. The old woman came every week to take the child's wages, and always begged for money, or clothes, or victuals, or what was most usually the case, for all three together. She invariably smelled of whiskey, and had a habit of seeming to be prying into family affairs. Where did we keep the silver? Was the master out late of nights? When was my day out? and did I have care of the keys?

Now I am not naturally a very nervous or irritable person, but I do like to have every body mind their own business. I told the old woman plainly, that the sooner she minded hers the better, and all the satisfaction I got for my pains was the reply,—

"See that ye mind yer own, me fine lady."

When Meg had been two months with us, she began to grow very restless. Her face took on the old frightened look, and her eyes seemed almost wild with excitement at every unusual noise. The girl had slept with me from the very first, and I had taken to her so, that she went to sleep in my arms as if she were my own child.

At first she was as quiet as an infant, but now she would get up every night and peer out of the windows.

"What is it that has come over you, Meg?" says I.

"I am looking will it be pleasant to-morrow?" she would reply, or give some other indifferent answer. Then she would creep back into bed, shivering from head to foot.

Somehow I didn't fall to sleep readily, as I used to do, for working so hard during the day, and one night I knew Meg was sobbing.

"Is it weeping you are, Meg?" says I.

Then she burst out crying as if her heart would break.

"O, what will I do! What *will* I do!"

"You've been dreaming, Meg; cuddle up closer to me, and go to sleep. Say your prayers, child, and then go to sleep."

"They are coming! Hark! Didn't you hear the whistle? That's for me to go down and unbolt the door! What'll I do!"

Here the child sprang up almost in convulsions of terror, wringing her hands and clutching at the bed clothes, and almost shrieking for me to save her.

Then I knew what the trouble was. It hadn't been out of my mind since the first day, when I let that old woman out the basement door. She and her accomplices were coming to rob the house, and they were trying to use Meg as a tool.

"Hush, Meg," I said, trying to take her in my arms. "Be quiet, now, and tell me just what it is you fear. Nobody but I can save you, and I will, with God's help."

"No, you can't—nobody can help me! She's awful! She said she would roast me alive if I didn't open the door when I heard the whistle. And she'll do it, Miss Mary—as true as you live, she'll do it!"

Here Meg struggled worse than ever.

Then I went to the window and looked out. The harvest moon was waning, but it was light enough for me to see all along the garden walks and around the shrubbery. Every thing was as usual. So, after thinking what a beautiful world this was, especially when us wicked people were all asleep, I went back to where Meg was groaning.

"Meg, darling, isn't that old woman your mother?"

"No, Miss Mary. If she was, she wouldn't beat, and starve, and lock me up, would she?"

"Then what does she keep you for, and she so poor herself?"

Meg's anguish broke out into a howl.

"She keeps me for just *this*. Don't you see? She sends me from one house to the other to open the doors for the gang?"

"And did you ever do such a wicked thing?"

"Yes."

I flung her away from me—how could I help it?

"That's the way with you all," she cried, springing up. "Every body hates me for being bad. And I have tried so hard to be good since I came here!"

Meg was crouching in the window just where the moonlight reached her. She looked like a marble image of despair. I thought of my little sister, dead long ago, and gone to the pure heavens, and I thought, but for God's mercy, she or I might have been like Meg.

"Heaven have mercy on us all, for we are all poor sinners!" I could not help saying.

Just then I heard a movement below. It sounded like a step on the stairs leading to master's rooms.

Meg's wild eyes seemed to start from her head, and she put her hands to her mouth to keep from screaming.

"They'll all be murdered. They mean to steal the baby!" gasped Meg. 'I knew I heard the whistle!" Then the poor child slid down on to the floor, and lay like one dead.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

GOING TO MUSTER.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

The old Coventry Light Infantry! Shall we ever look upon its like again?

For my part, I never expect to.

I have seen, and may again, soldiers in deadly earnest marching to the front to meet a real foe, singing as they went. I have seen, and may again, gala-day soldiers in full dress uniform marching on parade to the music of a "crack" band; but never has my soul been so thrilled, and probably it never will be again, as it used to be when our Light Infantry marched the streets of Coventry to the sound of fife and drum. I was a lad then, and now I am a man, and that makes all the difference in the world, as you will learn one of these days, my boys.

Yes, it must be that the freshness of youth and inexperience cast a glamour over the spectacle, for, looking back from my present standpoint, I cannot think it was a very imposing or a particularly well drilled company.

The uniform—I remember it well—consisted of a blue coat, white pantaloons, and a tall hat of some shining material, with a scarlet and white plume. To me, Capt. Stokes, in his uniform, was a great and awful being, and not at all identical with the man who, in blouse and overalls, sometimes slaughtered pigs for us. With that man I was on quite familiar terms, addressing him as "Stokes," and even speaking of him to my companions as *old* Stokes; but when I beheld him arrayed in martial splendor at the head of his company, I should no more have thought of claiming his acquaintance than you would that of King William of Prussia, should he deign to tread our republican soil.

And yet I think Capt. Stokes could not have been a great commander. I remember well one "training day," when we boys were, as usual, following the military up and down the streets, that a man with a monkey and a hand-organ came along. Intent on seeing them, the company all *straggled* more or less, and some stopped outright.

"For-ward, march! For-ward, march!" shouted the captain, till he was red in the face, and waved his sword in a manner which seemed to me quite terrific, but it made no impression on his company, so he sheathed his weapon, and said, beseechingly,—

"Dew come along, men,—naow *dew* come along."

And when they had seen the monkey enough, they good-naturedly obeyed.

Before the company dispersed, they were in the habit of calling at the hotel,—a visit which produced a very singular effect upon them. I had remarked it often, and once, when we were all sitting on the door-step at my father's house, looking at them, I asked,—

"What makes 'em walk so *slanting* when they come out of the tavern?"

"I guess they've got a brick in their hats," said Cousin Andrew.

Every body laughed, but I wondered much that the soldiers should make themselves so ridiculous and uncomfortable for nothing, and though I have since learned the meaning of Andrew's slang, I wonder still.

Once in two or three years there was a muster over in Shaffer's lot. One such occasion I have good reason to remember.

My father happened to be out of town the first day, and mother forbade my going on to the field till he could go with me, on his return. Mrs. Shaffer, she said, would allow me to look out her windows, only a short distance from the field.

At first I was quite satisfied with this arrangement, especially as there were three other boys at the window with me. O, how beautiful it all was! The gay horses, the bright uniforms, the bray of trumpets, the beat of drums, the clashing of bayonets, the thunder of cannon, and waving high above them, the blessed old flag. *That*, at least, has lost none of its glory since I was a lad.

It might have been ten minutes, it might have been half an hour that we stood at the window, before, overcome with excitement, we forgot the commands of our mothers, and rushed headlong out of the house to the nearest fence. Not far off there was a tent, and a man stood in front of it, crying,

"*Here's* your fine oranges—three cents apiece; fine 'avana oranges, *only* three cents apiece; "*here's* your nice m'larses candy—two sticks for a cent. Going—going—*only* one box left. Walk up, boys, walk up, tumble up, any way to get up."

Then along came little Mat Piper, with a stick of the man's candy in his hand.

"Hollo, Mat, did you buy all that for a cent?" I asked.

"Yes, and another great gob besides," he replied, drawing a sticky mass from his pocket—or attempting to, for it turned the pocket wrong side out, and threatened to tear it from his little trousers, rather than surrender.

"Cheap, for a cent," I thought, surveying Mat's face and pinafore, and considering the quantity of molasses it must have taken to smear him so completely. So over the fence I vaulted, followed by my three companions.

But *facilis est descensus*, etc. In other words, it is a great deal easier to slide down hill, than it is to draw your sled back again.

When we had purchased our oranges and candy, and would fain have returned, we found the way filled up, and were forced to seek an exit from the field by another route.

This brought us to a tent over which was suspended a piece of canvas bearing an amateur representation of a snake-charmer, a two-headed calf and a four-legged rooster, all to be seen inside for the trifling sum of ten cents. Could a boy resist that?

We did not, and, according to the natural things, were less prepared to resist the temptation which came in our path, and which now presented itself in shape of a booth where various liquors were sold. A crowd of men had gathered round it, singing, laughing and talking loudly, and as we stopped to gaze, a man said,

"Here, sonny, have a drink?"

"No, thank you," said I, for he had addressed me particularly.

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"What, don't like new cider?" said he. "You lo, don't you, bub?" offering his glass to Asa Crab. Asa drank, and whispered to me that it was "real good." And I tasted, and found that t was, *though it* certainly was not new cider.

Then Bob and Amos followed our example, and after that we drank as often as the man offered us any thing, which was several times apiece.

Then we grew quite merry, and danced, and turned sumersets, and told stories, at which our entertainers laughed vociferously. Whether the men got tired of the sport and left us, or whether we ran away from them, I do not know. I have only a confused recollection of four little bacchanalians roaming about the muster-field, singing, at the top of their voices,—

"Father 'nd I went down to camp,
'Long with Cap'n Gooding,
There we saw the girls and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding."

At last, I suppose, we must have got among the soldiery, for I can recall the loud shouts of command, the clangor of martial music, the smoke, the heat, the tramping of steeds. There was one horse in particular, a large, white animal, which, with glaring eyeballs, and prancing hoofs, rushed forward as if to trample me to the earth. I saw no more before I was rolled over and over in the dust, and all was darkness.

When next I opened my eyes, I was lying on my own bed, in my own little room. My mother, in her pretty white dress and blue ribbons, was bending over me, singing in a low voice, and these are the words she sang:

"Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song may sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard."

O the contrast to all that had gone before! I have never been able to liken my feelings at that moment to any thing save those of the soldier who goes down in the terrors of battle, and wakes in heaven, among the angels!

When my heavy eyelids closed again mother laid her hand on my forehead, and murmured, "My poor little boy."

I tried to speak, to say I was sorry, but she stopped me, saying, "Yes, mother knows."

"Why don't you scold me, mother?" I said, afterwards, when I had begun to get better.

"My poor little boy, I think you have been punished enough," she replied.

O, happy those who have mothers to win them back from folly and sin before they have gone too far to return!

Boys, that was my first and last experience with strong drink.

For the Companion.

CAPSIZED IN THE LAKE.

Up here in Northern Maine, we have a kind of trout called "togue"—not a brook trout, but a lake trout—a great spotted, broad-backed fellow, larger and heavier than you have been accustomed to think trout ever are. In fact, I am almost afraid you will think I am telling a fish story, when I state that I pulled one up through the ice, on the Allaquash Lake, last spring, that weighed twenty-seven pounds! and I had to tug to do it, too. It was about an even chance, for some time, whether I should go down through the hole in the ice, or the togue should come up through.

Nor was my twenty-seven pound fish considered an extraordinary one, for I was assured at a neighboring lumber camp, that togue had been taken in those waters weighing from thirty to forty pounds.

This puts me in mind of another trouting adventure, Rod Nichols—a boy friend of mine—and I had up on the Heron Lake, (one of the Allaquash chain,) last fall.

We had been spending the forenoon in the woods, trying to catch a raccoon. But the cunning chap had climbed up on the inside of a large, hollow rock maple, so as to be completely out of our reach. We had tried to smoke him out, but did not succeed, and had gone to the shore of the lake to wash the smoke out of our eyes.

It is a fine, broad lake, set in an unbroken forest on all sides. I was counting the islands scattered along the opposite shore, when Rod suddenly cried out,—

"Isn't that a canoe?"

"Where?"

"Out under that tree that leans over the lake."

"It does look like one. Let's go and see what it is."

It proved to be a birch canoe, of Indian make, fastened to a trailing limb of an overhanging tree top. There was nothing very strange in this circumstance, for a few solitary Indians still build a wigwam, now and then, along these lakes.

"The old fellow is hunting or trapping round here somewhere, I reckon," said Rod. "Do you suppose he would care if we took a sail in his birch box?"

"I guess not," said I, "if we bring it back safely."

"Let's go fishing, then. We've lost our 'coon, but perhaps we can get some togue. We've got our hooks, you know."

"Yes; but we haven't any bait."

"I forgot that. Can't we get some, though? Hark!"

A red squirrel was *barking* a little way off among the trees.

"Yes, he'll do," said I.

Rod took his gun and went after him. In a few minutes I heard the report.

"Here's bait," cried he, coming back with the squirrel.

Wading out, we climbed into the canoe. Rather a critical job, too! For it was a ticklish little craft, and swung round like a sailor's hammock. We managed to get aboard, however, and taking up the paddles, which looked like two little pudding sticks, *pawed* our way out into the lake.

"Over there will be a good place for the trout," said Rod, pointing across to one of the islands, "in the shade of those great spruces."

It was about a mile across to the island. We gradually worked our way over, and getting up within ten or twelve rods of the shore, where the dense, dark green tops of the spruces began to throw a black shadow over the water, we stopped paddling and looked around.

Even at this short distance from the bank, the water was fifteen or twenty feet deep, but clear. We could see the yellow sand on the bottom. And off a little way we presently spied a lusty great togue, balancing himself a foot or two from the bottom, and slowly fanning and winnowing the water with his clear fins.

"Isn't he a beauty?" whispered Rod. "We'll have him!"

Hastily cutting up our squirrel, we baited each hook with a quarter of the little fellow. This done we dropped them gently over the side.

Slowly they sank, and a lot of little yellow, bristly-backed perch came dashing up and nibbling at them. But the big trout paid no attention. We swung the bait up a little nearer. He wouldn't see it.

"He don't like squirrel," said Rod. "It's thought quite a delicacy, though, by some folks."

Again and again we dropped the bait in front of him, where it would almost rub his nose. He wouldn't touch it; wouldn't even so much as smell of it. At last I let mine fall plump on his back, when, as if provoked at my persistence, he swung round, and opening wide his big mouth, swallowed it, hook and all, at one gulp.

I jerked, and then there was a lively time, I assure you. For, feeling the prick, the great fish darted away, making a great swirl deep down in the water, and sawing the line into my fingers. The canoe turned with him. I held on. Moving slowly at first, our little boat began to glide off, faster and faster, as the big togue darted away toward the middle of the lake. You have all heard of fairy boats, drawn by dolphins, but I doubt if any one has ever heard of a birchen canoe, drawn by a togue trout, before.

Fortunately, he kept a straight course, and made no sharp corners. I think at one time we were drawn through the water as fast as a horse could trot. But he could not continue that speed, and gradually decreased it, after we had been drawn some distance from the island. Then he stopped. The water was black and deep here. We couldn't see the trout. He was down the whole length of the line, and would not come to the top, but held back like a hog.

After awhile, however, he began to struggle and splash, and presently came floating up on his back, his strength apparently spent.

Drawing him up to the side of the canoe, we lifted him in, got the hook out of his gills, and laid him down in the bottom. He was a "beauty," indeed, full two feet and a half long, and very broad and thick.

"That's what I call a streak of luck!" cried Rod. "Let's go back and try again."

So, paddling back to the island, we baited the hooks with the rest of the squirrel, and once more dropped in our hooks, and waited in great expectation. But the sun had gone under a cloud, and we could not see the bottom so well as before. There were no more bites; and after fishing for nearly half an hour, we began to get discouraged.

"We sha'n't get another, I guess," said Rod, standing up and letting his line hang carelessly over the side of the canoe. "But do look at that school of little perch around your hook!"

We were watching them. All at once there was a great rush through the water, under the canoe, followed by a heavy tug at Rod's line, which nearly jerked him overboard. I jumped up to catch hold of it with him. Just then the fish plunged off sidewise, quick as a flash, making the line almost "sing," as it rushed through the water, and,—I can't tell exactly how it happened,—but the little birch box of a canoe spun round under us, rolled, and over we went, sprawling into the water.

We could both of us swim, but this was such a sudden duck that I sucked in more water than was quite pleasant, and came up blowing and strangling.

The first object I saw when I came up was Rod's head and arms a few yards off. He was seemingly trying to swim toward me, and was using every effort to get to my side; but, strange to say, he was going backwards out into the lake. Seeing my head bob up, he yelled, at the top of his voice,—

"Help! Help!"

"What's the matter!" spluttered I.

"Help! *He's* got me by the legs!"

"What has?"

"The fish—the line! Help! or he'll draw me under!"

The line had become wound about his leg, somehow; and as the trout was fast on the hook, there they were at a dead lock! Not exactly at a dead lock, either; for, though swimming with all his might for the shore, Rod was getting farther out into the lake at every stroke. The trout was stronger in the water than he.

I swam to him as quick as I could, and reaching down, tried to get the line from his leg. But it was wound and snarled so securely, that with the fish pulling it tight, I could not start it.

"Help hold him, then!" panted Rod, or he'll have me under!"

So, keeping hold of the line with one hand, I struck out with the other.

Together we were a little more than a match for the togue. We began to gain on him. Presently the loose end of the line floated up between us.

Getting that in my teeth, I could now use both hands. It must have been a ludicrous sort of swimming match, but was no joke for us, though!

Every few seconds the fish would dart aside, jerking us under for a moment; but we hung to the line, (Rod couldn't very well help it) and foot by foot worked our way up to the shore of the island.

We were glad to touch bottom, and rising to our feet, waded ashore and drew in the trout. It had been a hard tussle; for some minutes we lay panting on the sand.

"He is larger than the first one, a good deal," said Rod, lifting our prize and pulling the hook from its mouth. "But the canoe—we must get that."

It was floating some eight rods away; and as I had fared rather better than Rod, in the capsizing, I swam out after it. It lay on one side, half full of water, with the paddles floating near.

"Is the trout there?" shouted Rod, from the shore; "the one we caught first?"

"Don't see any thing of him; sunk, I guess."

But just then my foot hit something soft, and looking back, I saw our togue lying in the water, down a foot or two below the surface, as dead fish sometimes will.

Rolling him into the canoe, I put in the paddles, and gradually pushed it up to the shore, where we turned out the water, and stowing our fish, got in and paddled for the other side.

After reaching the shore we hitched the canoe to the limb at the place from which we had taken it, and taking out our fish, went down to our camp on Bear Brook. The lumbermen had an old "steelyard" there, and how heavy do you think the trout were? The first weighed nineteen pounds, and the last, the one that capsized us, weighed twenty-three pounds.

C. A. STEPHENS.

FALLING AMONG THIEVES.

The *Central New Jersey Times*, in a letter from a foreign correspondent, gives some incidents of Jordan travel that strongly illustrate a part of one of the Saviour's parables:

"We had been down to Hebron, and came north by the way of Mar Saba and the Dead Sea. A swim in that sea had left on the skin so disagreeable a feeling, that we hastened to the Jordan, an hour's ride, and immediately stripped for a bath.

"Our party was under the protection of the guard which usually accompanies travellers who go to the Jordan and Jericho, that section maintaining the reputation for robbers which it had in the time of our Saviour. At the foot of the Jordan the river takes a sharp bend, and in the elbow there is an eddy, and we have deep water. How we splashed about to our hearts' content, and washed off the bitter, greasy waters of the Dead Sea.

"When the writer was dressing, he discovered that the bath had cost him a gold watch. The captain of the guard, which we paid to protect us from robbery, a rather handsome but wicked-looking Arab, dressed in a jacket of sheep skin with the wool on, was unquestionably the robber; but we had no remedy and had to be content at coming off so much better than the travellers whose misfortunes are related by "Eusebius" in the New York *Observer*.

"That gentleman and extensive traveller, left Jerusalem, with a party of friends, to visit the Jordan by the way of Bethany and Jericho. They reached the valley and the banks of the Jordan in safety, and following the usual custom, must needs have a plunge into the stream. Upon coming out of their bath they found that a party of Bedouins had appropriated all the movable property, and they were forced to make their way back to Jericho, a distance of four or five miles, with no other clothing than they could manufacture out of one or two newspapers."

For the Companion.

IN THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

How the Prisoners Fare—Where they Stay—How they Look—A Stranger in a Strange Land.

The way of the transgressor is hard, saith the proverb, and on a March morning I started out for a little survey of that perilous path, and of one of the stations to which it leads. I went over the road so many a condemned culprit has unwillingly traversed, from Boston to Charlestown, walked boldly up to the entrance of the State Prison, and rang the door-bell. I asked for Mr. Haynes, the warden, of whose good offices toward the prisoners I shall have more to say hereafter. He chanced to be absent, but in his stead, Mr. Peirce, for seventeen years the Clerk of the Prison, accompanied me on my sorrowful sight-seeing.

We passed out of the guard-room, across a narrow bridge, and went up slender iron stairways to the different ranges of cells.

I looked with sad interest at these tiny rooms, each one of which would not much more than accommodate a good-sized double bed, being about eight feet eight inches long, four feet seven inches wide, and seven feet high. The prison now contains six hundred and fifty-two cells, independent of the hospital and the old arch.

Inspection galleries surround on the outside these tiers of cells, in which guards are constantly on duty, ready to note the least unauthorized demonstration on the part of any prisoner. These little rooms are the only homes the convicts know. For ten hours of every day, on an average, they labor silently in the workshops, not permitted to exchange even a good morning with each other, and the rest of their time is passed in these narrow cells.

In each one is a slender iron bedstead which turns up against the wall in the daytime, and is supplied with a palm-leaf mattress, a pillow, sheets, blankets and spread. Each cell is also furnished with a small table, a stool, a shelf, a Bible, a catalogue of the books in the prison library, a bottle of vinegar, pepper, salt, knife, and fork, and spoon.

In these barren little nooks the men pass the long, silent hours when they are not in the shops. Into them they are locked to eat their solitary rations. All are treated alike. College-bred men, of whom there are always more or less, rich men's sons, used to purple and fine linen—not one of them fares a whit better than the lowest outcast from North Street. Prison is as levelling as death—and earthly gold can no more mitigate the terrors of one than of the other.

It was touching to see the forlorn attempts which had been made to coax a little pleasantness out of this desolation. Some of the shelves in the cells were filled with books, with which, under certain restrictions, the prisoners can be

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supplied by friends from outside. Against the walls would be fastened pictures cut from illustrated papers and the like—bits of sky and wood, country paths such as once their own free feet could tread, noted men and women, any thing which spoke to them of the outside life from which they were shut in.

The library of the prison contains not far from two thousand volumes; and, busily engaged in sorting and repairing them, we found the librarian—one Dea. Andrews, the murderer of a man named Holmes. The murder was believed to have been the unpremeditated work of a moment of sudden passion, and was therefore ranked as manslaughter, and instead of being hung, the deacon was sentenced to twenty years in State Prison—twenty years, at the end of which, if he lives to go out, life will have pretty well lost its savor.

He is a slender, inoffensive-looking man, with a face neither coarse nor cruel, but with a fatal feebleness in the irresolute mouth and unsteady eyes. He seemed to take a certain pride in his office, and I listened to a moment or two of talk between him and Mr. Peirce about the frivolous tone of certain books which had crept into the library, and the expediency of getting Macaulay's essays in larger and clearer type.

It was almost dinner time, and leaving the library, we started to visit the kitchen. On the way we looked at the dungeons, of which there are now only four. To reach them you go through the store-room, and they are separated from the principal apartment by a twelve-inch brick wall, in which is a strong iron door that must be passed through to reach them.

To be put into one of these dungeons is the severest punishment known here, under the merciful rule of the present warden. Indeed it seemed, as we looked into them, that nothing worse could be needed. They were black with the very gloom of the grave. One could fancy a murderer, locked into one of them, seeing through the blackness the accusing ghost of his victim till he went mad with horror. Prisoners thrust into these dungeons are deprived of even the board and blanket allowed, by way of bed, in the other punishment cells—they are utterly comfortless, and no sound can penetrate the thick walls.

After visiting these, it was a relief to look at the ordinary places of punishment, confinement in which usually proves a sufficient penalty. These cells are on the lower tier of the north wing, and in them they have for sole bed a board and a blanket. An officer is constantly in hearing, night and day, and it is when those confined here grow noisy and disturb the general peace by shouting, beating against the door, and the like, that they are removed to the doleful dungeons whence light and hope seem banished forever.

We went on, next, to the great kitchen, from which a not altogether unsavory smell proceeded. The cooking is all done by criminals. It is on a gigantic scale. Fourteen bushels of potatoes are used in the hash which is served out each morning for breakfast. Ten bushels of meal are used for each day's baking of the brown bread which is dealt out at breakfast and accompanies their soup or their beans for dinner. Two barrels of flour are daily mixed up in the great kneading troughs and baked into wheaten leaves for their supper. This bread is eaten without butter, and they drink with it coffee, for which they are allowed neither milk nor sugar.

The dinner which I saw served was of soup. The cooks brought it from the immense boilers, in wooden tubs, which looked like small washtubs, set it on the long tables, and ladled it out into deep, oblong tins, very like those used in our own kitchens for baking bread. Having surveyed the appointments of this gigantic cook-room, we stationed ourselves in the guard-room, and watched the prisoners filing in to get their rations.

Single file, one after another, in long lines, they issue from their various workshops and march toward the kitchen, passing which each man takes up his meal. They wear clothes of a bluish gray material. They used to dress in motley—one side red and the other blue; but in 1864 Warden Haynes effected the repeal of this regulation, and spared them the additional humiliation of the disgraceful livery.

It was a strange sight to study the men's faces as they came toward us, one by one,—some weak, some wicked, some white, some black—men with the bearing of gentlemen, men with the slouching gait of the outcast—all faring alike—each holding in one hand his tin basin of soup, in the other a square, solid piece of brown bread. They marched in utter silence to their cells—each man set down his rations, pulled to his door, and passed his hand through the grating for the convenience of the officers whose business it is to keep tally, and know that every one is in his place. Then, one by one, they are locked in, for an hour of dinner and solitude.

While we stood watching them, Mr. Peirce said that with this corner a story was connected—the story of a poor, pretty little Portuguese boy in his teens. He came over seas, this little fellow, to America as to a golden land, thinking vaguely that money and success were to be had here for the taking, and then, to his surprise, finding it hard lines for the penniless stranger. Somehow he fell into bad company and grew reckless—and then one day he saw and coveted the gilded lamps in a Roman Catholic church. He thought all that glittered was certainly gold, and that these lamps would make his fortune swiftly and surely. So he took them, and was taken in his turn by lynx-eyed justice, tried, and committed to the State Prison. He was an obedient, inoffensive, pretty boy, and Mr. Peirce's heart warmed toward him. This gentleman has charge of the prisoners' correspondence, and one day the little Portuguese came to him.

"Any letter for me, Mr. Peirce?"

"No, Frank, none."

"No letter? Mr. Peirce, five months do I write letter, and there come no answer. They want to hear from me never, no more."

"But your country is far away, my boy. Your letter to them, or theirs to you, might very easily get lost on the long journey. You shall write another, and I will send it for you with great care, and you'll hear from them, all right."

"No, Mr. Peirce, no—they want no more Frank. When I was in my country I good boy—good fader—good moder. I come here and get to be tief. They want no more Frank."

He turned away and moved off sadly, and in less than half an hour came the warden with shocked face.

"Frank is dying," he said. "He has fallen over the railing from the upper tier, and is lying on the stone floor, fifty feet below. He can't live more than a few minutes."

Mr. Peirce hurried to the spot, and found the poor boy on the cruel stone, the very life bruised out of him, and the departing soul just looking its last through the sad, wistful eyes—looking for something which never came.

"And was it an accident?" I asked.

"We called it so, but he had no business in that place at that hour, and it would have been pretty hard work for him to get over the railing unless he threw himself over on purpose. *I* knew the truth, well enough. He was homesick and tired of waiting."

The last man had been locked in as he finished speaking, and I was to go away then and return at another time to see the men at their work, and to visit the hospital; but on the way out, I lingered a moment in the warden's office. A cabinet is there with glass doors through which you can see various relics of prison history and prison discipline—knives with which ghastly murders had been committed, ropes which had served at hangings, slung-shots and the like, as well as the scarcely less murderous instruments of torture with which prisoners had been punished before the time of Warden Haynes. There were the iron collars which refractory culprits used to wear, iron rings to which they were chained when whipped, and the horrible cat-o-nine-tails with which the lashes used to be laid on.

Under Mr. Haynes' management all these things have been found unnecessary. He has gone upon the humane principle of "fanning to a blaze the smallest spark of manhood the convicts may bring with them into the prison," and his success has been wonderful. And yet, and yet—think what it is to pass long years speaking so seldom that one almost forgets how to speak at all; eating savorless meals in the solitary cells, shut out from home, and friends, and the life-breath of freedom. This is what the violation of the law legitimately brings, and is considered so mild a form of punishment that even so much softening of the old asperities has been regarded by many with doubt and fear.

The prison register, describing the prisoners, giving the name and business of each one, is a book of singular interest. Those who can write have signed their own names, and they are as many as one in three. I noticed one bold, clerkly signature to which was appended the word "lawyer," showing that not even the fullest knowledge of the exactions and penalties of the law could keep the errant feet from wandering. From this scene one goes forth sorrowful under the blue sky, into the free world. On my next visit I shall see the men at work, and be able to describe more fully their daily life.

ALICE CARY'S DYING HYMN.

Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills,
  Recedes and fades away;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;
  Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;
  My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
  Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
  My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
  The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,
  Low as the grave to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives—
  That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see
  Where dwells my Lord and King,
O grave! where is thy victory?
  O death! where is thy sting?

CARPET-BAGGERS.

A very amusing volume might be written on the "slang" terms of politics,—and it would be a very instructive volume, too, for it could not be made intelligible without going deeply and accurately into the history of parties.

Almost all these "slang" terms have had ugly origins, that is, they were invented and applied in a reproachful sense; but some of them have lived down their origin, and become great historical names.

The words *Whig* and *Tory* belong to this class of terms. They are now great and honorable designations, and have been so for a good deal more than a century and a half, yet they came into use almost two hundred years ago, in the reign of Charles II., in very offensive senses.

Whig means a Scotch rustic, and *Tory* an Irish outlaw, or thief. The English Cavaliers called their political opponents, the old Roundheads, *Whigs*, because they sympathized with the Scotch Cameronians, who were persecuted by the government, and the Roundheads retorted by calling the Cavaliers *Tories*, because they were supposed to sympathize with the Catholics,—and the Irish outlaws were of the Catholic faith. Both parties accepted the names thus given, and made them, not only respectable, but great.

American political history is full of "slang" names, many of which seem now to be utterly meaningless. How many persons born within the last thirty years could explain the meaning of "Bucktails," "Locofocos," "Know Nothings," etc.?

One of the terms that came into use just after our civil war was over, and is daily to be seen in the newspapers, and to be heard in conversation, is that of "Carpet-Baggers." It is almost always used in a bitterly reproachful sense, particularly at the South, where it is much more common than it is here. It has not yet conquered a respectable place for itself, and probably never will do so, as those to whom it is applied do not take it to themselves. It is, besides, an inconvenient term, and the state of things out of which it has grown cannot last long.

"Carpet-Bagger" is another name for political adventurer, and some of the greatest men that ever lived have been called political adventurers. Edmund Burke was so called, because, as a poor young man, he went to England in search of fortune, leaving his native country, Ireland. He came to great distinction, and is universally regarded as one of the greatest men that ever figured in the politics and literature of England.

An American "Carpet-Bagger" is a Northern man who went to the South, and went there hoping to gain personal benefit of some sort after the close of the war. The name given him indicates that he had no more property than the clothes on his back, and enough to fill a carpet-bag, that he could carry in his hand.

But the term is indiscriminately applied, being given to men of means as well as to men whose means lie in their wits, and their power to use them. Thus Gen. Ames, who is one of the senators from Mississippi, has been called a "Carpet-Bagger of the first water." Now, Gen. Ames is not only a man of means, but he is a gentleman by position, and by profession, and by his modes of life.

According to this view, all men who go South and remain there, are "Carpet-Baggers," and all men who leave their homes and go elsewhere and settle, are also "Carpet-Baggers." The Pilgrims who settled at Plymouth, were "Carpet-Baggers;" and so were the Puritans, who founded Boston, and so were the Englishmen who founded the States of Virginia, and the Carolinas, and Georgia. So were the men who went to California, and made that State.

The brotherhood is very large, and may be said to embrace almost half the active part of the human family. Numbers ought to make the word respectable.

THE NEW LOANS.

The government of the United States is "in the market," seeking to borrow money to the amount of fifteen hundred millions of dollars. Its purpose is not to create a new debt, but to pay the old one, and to refund the latter at lower rates of interest.

The rate of interest now paid on most of our national debt is six per cent., and the stock is not taxed like other property. For this reason it has been sought by those who had money to invest.

Believing that the money owed by the nation can be more economically obtained, government purposes to pay off the larger part of the old bonds or debt, by borrowing the amount mentioned.

Of this amount, one-third it is proposed to borrow for thirty years, for which four per cent. interest is offered. Another third the government wish to borrow for twenty years, at four and a half per cent. interest. The other third will be payable at the end of ten years, and will bear interest at the rate of five per cent.

Should these loans all be taken, government would effect a great saving in the interest paid on the national debt.

The annual interest on $1,500,000,000, as now paid, is $90,000,000. The interest would be one quarter less, should the loans be taken according to government's proposition; for the average rate of interest then would be four and a half per cent., or $67,500,000,—an amount well worth saving.

ADDERS.

It has sometimes been questioned whether adders have stings in their tails, or venom in their mouths, but well authenticated facts, like the following, prove that at least, some kinds of adders sting, and that their sting is poisonous, and in some cases, fatal.

Mr. Brown, having broken an adder's back with a blow of his cane, and wishing to preserve the skin, as it was a remarkably large reptile, placed the point of the cane upon the snake's neck, to ascertain if it was dead. At once the adder commenced beating the cane with the tip of its tail, making a wound in the wood with every thrust.

Upon examination, the tail of the adder was found to be covered with a scaly termination quite unlike any thing Mr. Brown had observed in any adder before, or has since seen.

A lad of seventeen, in New Hampshire, was walking barefoot through a field, and was stung by an adder's tail. The boy died in less than twenty-four hours, with every appearance of having been poisoned. The wound was unlike that produced by fangs.

A man, having, as he supposed, killed an adder, was taking it home, holding it tightly behind the head, as is usual with naturalists, when, to his surprise, the reptile threw up its tail and wounded him in the arm. He at once threw down the snake, crying out that he was stung, which proved to be the case. He manifested every symptom of snake poison. His life

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was saved after three weeks of intense suffering during which period his body was swollen to almost incredible proportions.

WHEN YOU SENT YOUR MONEY

To pay for your Companion, did you sign your name to the letter, and send your Post-office address?

Within the past four weeks quite a number of our subscribers have sent the payments of their subscriptions to the *Companion*, but have neglected to sign their names to the letters that enclosed the money. Some of them have sent the money in an envelope, without a word by which we could know from whom it came.

Now, out of seventy thousand subscribers, it can hardly be expected that we can tell who our friends are who kindly send money to the *Companion*, unless they themselves tell us. For this reason those who have recently forwarded the payments of their subscriptions, and have sent no name, or post-office address with the money, must not be surprised if the dates against their names have not been changed, to show that it has reached us.

Such persons should notify us at once of the omission, and at the same time be sure and *give the date* on which your money was sent, and also the *name of the post-office* to which your paper is addressed.

Whenever money is forwarded to pay a subscription to the paper, if it is received at this office, the date against the subscriber's name will be *changed within two weeks*. If the subscriber finds it is not changed by that time, he should notify us by letter, always giving the *date* on which the money was sent.

Letters are frequently lost in the mails—stolen by dishonest post-office clerks, or misdirected by subscribers—and therefore never reach us. We should always be notified, without unnecessary delay, if the date against the name is not changed, so that search may be made in the post-office department for the missing letter.

A POST-OFFICE ORDER, or a Registered Letter, are the safest modes of sending money by mail.

In order, then, that our young friends may be sure to understand this important matter, we repeat the substance of the above, in the following questions:

Have you recently sent us money by mail?

If so, is the date against your name on the paper changed to show that it reached us?

Did you sign your name to the letter? If not, notify us at once.

Did you give the name of your Post-office? If not, notify us at once.

Be sure and send the date on which the money was mailed.

SHRUBS.

Of all the pretty things that grow about the farm-house, none are more common or more pleasing to the eye than the shrubs. In front door-yards and along the roadsides we see the purple lilac and the white snowball. The wild azalea spreads its perfume through the shady woods, and the sweet syringa grows freely beside every barn or farm-house. Long after the people move away, and the old house tumbles down, some of these shrubs still linger round the half-hidden cellar, as if they loved the old spot and could not leave it.

It is very pleasant to think of planting a tree and then living to see it grow up; but you may not be able to do this. The tree is too large, or it costs too much. Take a shrub. It is quite small when young, and very cheap. Select a nice sheltered spot for it, and set it out by your own home.

It is not a difficult thing to do. If the soil is good—and any soil is good that will produce potatoes—dig a round hole large enough to hold all the roots of your young plant. Make it about a foot deep, and raise a little mound of soil in the centre. Set the plant upright on this mound, and then fill in the soil about the roots. Sift it in slowly and carefully, and spread it among the roots evenly and make it free from lumps of stones.

Having filled the hole, press the soil down firmly about the plant, and the work is done.

A MAMMOTH SPIDER.

A recent number of the Kern (Cal.) *Courier* says:

We were shown, a few days since, by Mr. Thomas, a tarantula's nest of extraordinary dimensions, containing an occupant of corresponding size. It was about eleven inches in length, and perhaps of nearly equal circumference. It was dug up near Posey Creek, and he was about to send it to Mr. Blake, an entomologist of Visalia.

The tarantula is a species of spider, very venomous, but, fortunately, not of an aggressive nature. The nest of the insect is a curiosity in mechanical construction. They are generally not more than one-fourth the size of the one alluded to, of an oval shape, put together with great compactness and strength, and having a door, or lid, which shuts apparently with a spring, closely fitting, and as accurately as the most nicely constructed watch case.

This strong and defensive mansion seems to be very necessary to the safety of the tarantula; for, in spite of his hideous appearance and fearful fangs, he has many enemies among other insects and reptiles that are prompt to attack him, and generally with success, whenever they find him at a disadvantage.

It is said that certain speculators in California have taken to raising tarantulas, for the sake of selling them and their nests to curiosity-fanciers, at great prices.

HOW LONG?

English is a tough language for a foreigner to learn, and slow heads get sadly confused sometimes, over the different meanings of the same word. A new comer who both can't and won't understand is likely to make some indignation and considerable fun. A Chicago paper says:

During a recent trial before Justice Dougherty, it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time that certain "two quarters of beef, two hogs and sheep" remained in an express wagon in front of plaintiff's store before they were taken away by the defendant.

The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was very limited; but he testified in a very plain, straightforward way to having weighed the meat, and to having afterward carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon.

Then the following ensued:

Counsellor Enos—State to the jury how long it was after you took the meat from the store and put it into the wagon before it was taken away.

Witness—Now I shoost cand dell dat. I dinks 'bout dwelve feet. I not say nearer as dat.

Counsel—You don't understand me. How long was it from the time the meat left the store and was put in the wagon, before it was taken away by defendant?

Witness—Now I know not what you ax dat for. Der vagon he vas up mit der sidewalk, and dat's shoost so long as it vas. You tell me how long der sidewalk vas. Den feet? Dwelve feet? Den I tells you how long it vas.

Counsel—I don't want to find out how wide the sidewalk was, but I want to know (speaking very slowly) how—long—this—meat—was—in—the—wagon—before—it—was—taken—away.

Witness—O! dat! Vell, now, I not sold any meat so. I all time weigh him, never measured meat, not yet. But I dinks about dree feet. Here the spectators, and his honor, and the jury smiled audibly.) I know not, shentlemens, how is dis I dell you all I can, so goot as I know.

Counsel—Look here, I want to know how long it was before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon.

Witness (looking very knowingly at counsel)—Now you try and get me into a scrape. Dat meat vas shoost so long in der vagon as he vas in der shop. Dat's all I told you. Dat meat vas dead meat. He don't got no longer in den t'ousan' year, not mooch.

Counsel—That will do.

JAPANESE HOUSE.

The Japanese have habits of living about as unlike ours as the inhabitants of the moon, if that satellite has any living beings. Here is a sketch of a Japanese house:

When the walls of the house are up it consists of but one large room, which is then cut up by partitions, which are nothing more than sliding screens that close up into each other in a fashion that admits of one apartment being divided into a dozen distinct ones instantly. There are no chimneys attached to the houses, and they contain no beds, chairs or tables.

The floors are covered with a series of clean bamboo mats or cushions, each six feet by three, and nicely bound with red or blue tape. They are stuffed with light wool or moss, and are as soft and yielding to pressure as the heaviest Brussels velvet.

These mats fit in with each other as regularly as the squares on a chess-board, and the whole floor is kept as clean and is dusted as often as the mahogany sideboard in the house of a Dutch burgher. No fleck of dirt is ever allowed to rest upon the polished surface of the matting, and to step upon it with a pair of boots would be a greater insult than to make a footstool of a seven hundred dollar piano.

The family sit upon the matting all day, with their legs bent under them, in a shape that would give any foreigner incurable paralysis in fifteen minutes, and they sleep upon it at night.

POOR BUT NOBLE.

The *Gospel Banner* sets down some good things that a boy said whom his thoughtless schoolmates laughed at for being poor. It would be hard to find a more beautiful piece of philosophy than the following cluster of contented thoughts:

I know I am poor, but I am not ragged, and I will try to be honest. I can go to school. Yes, I am poor! but I am not poor enough to steal, or to beg, or to lie.

I don't see, after all, but that I can sing as gayly as if I had a thousand dollars. Money does not lighten people's hearts. There is Mr. Jones; he is rich, but I never heard him sing a hymn in my life. His cheek is paler than mine, and his arm is thinner; and I am sure he cannot sleep sounder than I do.

No, I am not so poor, either. This fine spring morning I feel quite rich. The fields and flowers are mine. The red clouds yonder, where the sun is going to rise, are mine. I never was sick in my life. I have bread and water. What more could money buy for me than this?

I thought I was poor, but I am rich.

The birds have no purse or pocket-book; neither have I. They have food and drink, so have I. They are cheerful, so am I. They are taken care of by their Creator, so am I.

PAPER MONEY.

Paper money is worth but very little where the government is so weak and uncertain that nobody can be sure the notes will ever be redeemed in gold and silver. The paper currency of Hayti, as it is now, is an amusing instance of such worthless government notes, and reminds us of the bushels of late "Confederate scrip" that went to the paper-mills. A correspondent of a New York paper, who has recently visited Hayti, writes as follows:

As I stepped ashore at Port-au-Prince, I met an orange girl, and asked her the price of her fruit per dozen.

She replied "Forty dollars."

I made up my mind that that unfortunate young woman had escaped from a lunatic asylum, and I noticed a wild look about her eyes, as I passed on without saying any thing.

But when a miserable, beggarly native took a message across the street for me, and demanded only $400, I thought it time to remonstrate, and I refused to give the audacious swindler any thing, expressing my opinion of him in English which he didn't understand.

But when I saw a straw hat marked $2000, a light began to dawn upon me. I held up a five dollar gold piece, and the shopkeeper took it, gave me the hat, and then shovelled out about a bushel of dirty little bits of paper, which he said was my "change."

Then it was explained to me that the currency of the country is a paper money so depreciated that 500 or 600 *gourdes*, or dollars, of it are equal only to one dollar in hard money. The island was flooded with it, and it was so nearly worthless at one time, that $10,000 in paper was equivalent to one dollar in gold.

After I had stuffed all my pockets and my hat with the change, I immediately went back and paid the ill-used messenger his $400, with a few hundred thrown in for having called him names in a language which he didn't understand.

THE SUICIDE SAVED.

A writer in the *Sunday School Workman*, relates an incident occurring in her immediate neighborhood, which illustrates the wonderful providence of God in the preservation of human life.

"Our maid," she says, "was busy hanging clothes on the line, when, chancing to raise her eyes, she saw a female form suspended from one of the windows of a house, so situated that it could not easily be seen from any of the adjoining houses.

"In an instant the alarm was given, and the poor woman, who, in a moment of delirium, sought to destroy her life, was released from her perilous position. Only a little hook had held her clothes, and prevented her death."

The man who forged that hook, and he who set it in its place, little thought of the importance of their work; but God saw it all the time. Had the hook been slighted in the making, or had it been fastened carelessly and insecurely, it might have cost a life. But the hook was strong and firm, and right side up, and saved a soul from death.

AN INFANT LOGICIAN.

A grandchild of Dr. Emmons, when not more than six years old, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind.

"A. B. says the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it."

"Don't you believe it? Why not?"

"I know it isn't."

"But how do you know?"

"Is it, grandpa?"

"Don't ask me the question; you must find it out yourself."

"How can I find it out?"

"You must study into it."

She knew enough to resort to the first of Genesis for information, and, after a truly Emmons-like search, she ran into the study.

"I've found it! The moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were."

A COMPLIMENT TO GREATNESS.

When Tom Moore was in Paris, at the height of his fame, he was approached in the street, one day, by two gentlemen in great haste, one of whom eagerly asked,—

"Are you Tom Moore?"

"I am," was the answer.

"There, now!" said his interrogator to the other, and the two turned upon their heels shortly, and walked away.

A DRAWBACK.—An old man, while reading the lives of the antediluvian patriarchs, declared "he wouldn't have lived in those days for all the world, as a man stood the chance of having the toothache for more than five hundred years."

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.
My 17, 7, 21, 14 is a vegetable.
My 13, 2, 8, 19 is an article of furniture.
My 12, 5, 4, 15 is a girl's name.
My 1, 11, 18, 14 is useful in time of war.
My 10, 21, 3, 17 is a part of speech.
My 12, 9, 20, 16, 6 is a bird.
My whole is an old proverb. ANNIE.

2.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A man's name.
2. Enthusiasm.
3. To jeer.
4. A helper. W. J. C.

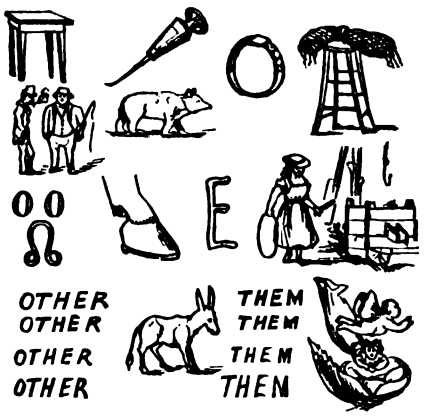
3.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 3, 8, 1 is what we all do.
My 2, 13, 16, 4 is a part of the body.
My 5, 9, 8, 19, 17, 20 is a fruit.
My 14, 13, 18, 16, 15 is a state.
My 11, 8, 6, 7 is an adjective.
My 10, 12, 8 is a body of water.
My whole is what every boy would like to have. W. A. D.

4.

REBUS.



5.

RIDDLE.

I have no hands,
I have no feet,
Yet I often travel
Through the street. G. E. M.

6.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in butter but not in milk,
My *second* is in cotton but not in silk;
My *third* is in sugar but not in cake,
My *fourth* is in water but not in lake;
My *fifth* is in woman but not in girl,
My *sixth* is in diamond but not in pearl.
My *whole* is a very pleasant city,
The home of scores, both wise and witty. NELLIE.

7.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL.

The *diagonals* of the square are two cities of Europe.

1. A city of Holland.
2. A city of Europe.
3. A city of England.
4. A city of Africa.
5. An island of Europe. ADAM ANT.

Conundrums.

Why must a line drawn by a pen always be on a slope? Because it's always an ink-line (incline).

Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because it's light when it rises.

Of what feminine creature are you reminded, in the completion of a building? A house-maid.

What is that which we often return yet never borrow? Thanks.

Why is an elephant the most miserable of animals? Because of the greatness of its size (sighs).

Why is a philanthropic effort like a blow aimed at a man's face? Because it tends to human-ize (eyes).

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Bear, Ella, Alps, Rash.
2. Talk, Asia, List, Kate.
3. Springfield, the capitol of Illinois.
4. Not-ice.
5. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."
6. Fish, Ore, Xenophon—FOX, HEN.
7. James, Nile, Potomac, Raisin, Salmon.
8. Brown, Crown, Drown, Frown, Grown.

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DEBBY WARE.

Debby was such a queer old thing
I scarce can tell you what she was;
She squinted her eyes, and mumbled her lips
And twisted her thumb from knuckles to tips,
And her voice was shrill and cross.

Debby lived in a queer old house
As gloomy and rough as she;
Weeds and briars ran wild in the yard,
And the garden soil was barren and hard—
With its one half-leafless tree.

Nobody cared for Debby, much,
Nobody tried to care,
Till one sweet maiden, whose heart bestowed
Such riches of love they overflowed,
Had found poor Debby Ware.

Debby at first was shy and cold,
For love was so strange to her;
But never a heart is wholly bad,
And never a life but may be glad
If its waves an angel stir.

And Debby learned for a coming friend
With a joyful watch to gaze;
She trimmed the thistles from gate to door,
She brushed her garments and sanded the floor,
With thrifty, womanly ways.

Debby was such a queer old thing,
But when the sweet maiden spoke,
The mumbling mouth and the squinting eyes
Answered with gentle and wise replies,
As her heart's long silence broke.

The maiden with Christly love had brought
The pitying Christ to her,
And peace unwonted illumined her mien,
Like one whose dwelling of old has been
But a vacant sepulchre.

Life's highways have many a tomb,
With tenants of grief and sin;
Where are the angels through briars and weeds
To find the door of their glooms and needs
And wait upon Jesus in?

A little love for the Master's sake
Is a trifling thing to spare,
But if poor Debby should stand at last
With the white robe over her queerness cast,
Would it be a trifle there?

For the Companion.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN YOUTH.

The pious instructions of a father or mother return to the memory of the most wayward child—in solitude—in sickness—in trouble—in the wakeful hours of the night—after a sad experience—at the prospect of death.

You may have read of Rev. Wm. Grimshaw, an eccentric preacher, who did great good in the wild parish of Haworth, England. He had a son, who became dissipated, and caused him many anxious hours. The good people of Haworth wondered at this, for "the boy had been prayed for by some of the holiest men of the land."

The poor fellow survived his father, but he still carried with him the memory of parental example, and a sense of his own degeneracy.

On returning from the ale-house, intoxicated, he used to say to his horse, the one which his father had ridden upon his circuits, "Once thou carried a saint, but now thou carriest a devil."

The memory of his father's example and precepts saved him at the very brink of ruin. He said, with a look of surprise, when dying,—

"What will my father say when he sees I have got to heaven!"

Richard Cecil gives the following affecting picture of his early life:

"Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers. It hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel, but then I liked to be an infidel in company rather than alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles, maxims and data spoiled my jollity.

"I went with one of my companions to see 'The Minor,' (a profane play). He could laugh heartily at Mother Cole—I could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion—I knew better. The ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him—to me it was none; it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation—I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man—it harasses him—it throws itself continually in his way.

"My mother would talk to me, and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house with an oath, but I wept when I got into the street."

That mother lived to see him an altered man. He became one of England's choicest ministers.

A WILD UNDER-GROUND JOURNEY.

In the neighborhood of the beautiful city of Munich, Bavaria, is a mountain of salt, which yields a great revenue, and which tourists love to visit for its romantic interest. A description of a trip through the inside of this mountain, lately written, sounds almost like the old oriental stories. It is funny, too, in parts. Here is an extract from it:

At length we came to a gate, on opening which, we ascended some four hundred steps. then on and on through the dark, narrow passage, then down a long series of steps. Reaching a wide excavation, we saw a long, steep inclined plane, steeper than the roof of a house, down which we were told we must slide.

There was a lighted lantern at the bottom, so we could see our destination. Here we learned the object of our back sheep-skins. Two smooth poles were placed within a foot of each other, and reaching from the top to the bottom of the descent. Each of us was furnished with a thick leather glove, with which to grasp the rope on the side of these poles.

The distance down was about three hundred feet—and suppose the rope should break? It looked strong, however, and the guides assured us there was no danger.

A guide first took his seat on the poles, placing the feet outside, then three of us astride of him and of each other, just as three boys would ride a barebacked horse, only we were almost top of each other.

All being ready, we were directed to loosen our grasp on the rope, with which we complied with "fear and trembling." Down we went with lightning speed, and in a few seconds were landed safely at the bottom; the pole railway turning into a level position at the bottom, which soon arrested our progress.

We had a little scare, all for nothing. Then came down the next party, poose-back, and we received them with shouts of laughter! It was a railroad ride on sheep-skins and wooden poles, which we had never before experienced, and we found it quite as exhilarating as desirable.

Then following our guide, we entered another long, narrow passage, till we came to a little lake of salt water.

This appeared about half a mile long, and in places half as wide. All round the margin were placed lighted oil lamps, three feet apart, the reflection in the water producing a very beautiful effect. Here we all entered a boat and were rowed across.

The upper floor, or ceiling of rock overhead, was apparently as level and smooth as the ceiling of our room. Here we were a mile from where we entered the mountain, with more than a mile of rock above us. But our journey was not ended. We entered another narrow passage and walked on, till we came to what had been another deep lake, but from which the water had all passed out.

We descended to the bottom of this lake by another poose-back and pole-railroad ride. Here the guide took us to a place where workmen were engaged in excavating the solid rock salt, and gave us some fine specimens. At the bottom of this lake he showed us a shaft which had been sunk five hundred feet deeper, with the machinery for forcing down air for the workmen.

At this point it begins to look as if the travellers never would get out again, but the informant says the way through to the other side of the mountain was not so difficult, and that they accomplished it partly over sharp inclines and climbing paths, and partly in a little rail car.

OLD ROBERT SCOTT.

Prof. Gould writes to the Cornell *Era*, from the Adirondacks, some interesting particulars about a hardy old farmer and woodsman of that region, who appears to be quite of the stamp of John Brown, "whose soul is marching on." The home of Scott is at North Elba, very near the farm of the old martyr (recently made the property of the American people through the exertions of Miss Kate Field):

We alight at the clearing of Robert Scott. In voice, and manner, and aspect he is as shaggy and surly as a wild bear, but he has the kindest of hearts under that rough exterior, and those who know him best are sure to love him most. We of course knew nothing of him then, and asked him if he would take us in, with some misgivings as to the result of the application.

"To be sure I will," he growled out, in the roughest kind of tone.

"Can we stay here for a few weeks?"

"Jest as long as you're a mind to," was the reply, jerked out in a curious staccato style.

"Well, what are your terms?" we asked.

"Terms? What terms?" he inquired, with a puzzled expression of face.

"Why," we said, "we want to know what you will charge us a week for our board."

"I won't charge you nothing," was his prompt response.

We did not feel willing to accept these terms, so, after much higgling, the price was fixed at eighteen pence a meal.

We wanted to give him eighteen pence for lodging, also, but the proposal seemed to him like an insult. "It's worse than stealin', to take eighteen pence from a man jist for layin' in a bed; he don't hurt it a bit, and he may as well lay in it as for it to stand empty."

So it was finally settled that eighteen pence a meal was to cover washing, and lodging, and the use of horses and hounds when we wanted them. Since ladies with Saratoga trunks have found their way there, you have to pay ten times as much for poorer accommodations.

There never was a more perfect woodsman than Scott. He seemed utterly unconscious of cold, hunger or fatigue. If night overtook him while hunting in the woods, he would scoop out a hole in the snow-bank and sleep in it about as comfortably as he could in his own bed at home.

One day he was raking hay in the meadow, when he espied one of his young heifers making for the woods. He knew that if she once got into them it would take a hunt of several days to find her, so he ran with his utmost speed to catch her, but his foot caught in a "witch hopple," and he was thrown violently against a rock, and his shoulder blade and arm bones were badly broken.

He did not utter a groan, but coolly told his men that he guessed he would go to Au Sable forks and have his bones set. Without going to his house he started off through the forest and walked eighteen miles to the forks, where he had the bones set, and then walked back.

In the afternoon of the same day the haymakers saw him come out of the woods at the same point that he entered them the day before, and began to rake coolly with one hand, as though nothing had happened.

GIRLS' BOOTS AND SHOES.

The pride that pinches the feet is certainly the kind that goes before misery. How deceived fashionable girls allow themselves to become in the notion that their feet are small, appears in the instance quoted below from Dr. Dio Lewis' book, "Our Girls," published by the Harpers:

One evening, in Lexington, I was discussing before the assembled school the subject of shoes for women, and had been remarking that the soles were uniformly too narrow, when Miss B. spoke up:

"Why, doctor, my soles are perfectly immense. Why, they are twice as broad as my foot."

"Miss B., will you be kind enough to take off one of your shoes, and send it forward?"

It was cheerfully and quickly done.

"Henry, please bring the rule. Now we will measure this sole."

"Miss B., I find that this sole is two and one-half inches wide; do you think your foot is narrower than that?"

"O! a great deal. That sole is twice as wide as my foot!"

"Miss B., will you please come to the platform, a moment?"

So, limping along, one shoe off and one shoe on, she presented herself.

"Miss B., will you be kind enough to put your foot upon that sheet of white paper? Now hold up the other foot, and let your full weight press upon this one. There, now, hold still a minute, and let me draw the pencil around your foot. There, that will do. Now we will measure this mark, and see just how broad your foot is. Why, Miss B., I find that your foot is three inches and three-quarters broad—no, stop, it is three inches and seven-eighths; no, stop again, it really is four inches broad. Now what do you think? You may take the rule and measure yourself, if you doubt it. The sole is two inches and a half and your foot is four inches broad."

"But, doctor, it is four inches broad only when it is spread out by standing my whole weight on this one foot."

"Yes, Miss B., but that is exactly what takes place every time you step. For example, when in walking, you lift the right foot and push it forward, your whole weight is not only on the left foot, but, pushing with the left foot in propelling the body forward, you have, in addition to your weight upon that foot, the effort of pushing forward with it, which makes the toes still broader, and that takes place every time you step. So I presume when you are walking briskly, that if your foot were at liberty to spread, it would reach four inches and a quarter. This shoe sole, which you think is immense, is two inches and a half wide. Now what do you suppose becomes of the inch and a half of foot which has no sole to rest upon? Either the upper holds the foot and prevents its spreading, or the foot spreads on either side beyond the sole, and presses down upon the edge of the sole."

HOW TOBACCO BETRAYED A CRIME.

The revelations of the microscope are marvellous in their accuracy, so much so as to give us at times a possible hint of what omniscience must be. This power of the microscope in exposing and detecting facts concealed from the naked eye has made it a valuable help in discovering evidences of secret guilt. The Norwich *Bulletin* prints one of the remarkable stories of certain proof of crime so found, in the mucilage of a letter which had been licked by a tobacco chewer.

Some time ago a registered letter arrived at the Chicago post-office that should have contained five one hundred dollar bills; but when the envelope was opened the money was missing.

After a superficial inquiry, which had no valuable results, an experienced detective was called in and directed to find the thief and the money, if possible. This gentleman seems not to have belonged to the modern school of police detectives, whose services derive whatever value they have from the pleasant social relations maintained with thieves and outlaws.

He went to work in earnest to solve his problem, and showed considerable sagacity in his methods. He had no clue to guide him except a knowledge of the offices through which the letter had passed, and whatever facts an examination of the envelope might reveal.

The envelope showed no signs of having been tampered with, but, to neglect no possible source of information, he carefully removed the mucilage remaining upon it and examined this through a microscope. Minute particles of tobacco were found upon it, which seemed to have been derived from that form of the weed known as "plug tobacco."

The officer, therefore, concluded that whoever last closed the envelope must have used tobacco so prepared. He determined, therefore, to find out whether any of the persons employed in the several offices through which the letter had passed used plug tobacco.

Each of the offices between Chicago and that where the plundered letter was mailed was visited in succession, and the officer contrived to borrow a chew from each of the persons employed in them, but one after another handed him a paper or box of fine cut. The postmaster at the last office was an old friend of the detective, and was universally considered a respectable and worthy man. No thought of suspecting him had entered the officer's mind; he was forced to believe that he was on a cold track, and that his ingenious stratagem would lead to nothing. But the habit of asking for a chew had grown upon him, and he repeated his usual question.

"Will you give me a chew of tobacco?"

"Really," was the answer, "I don't think I have any that you would use; I never use any thing but plug."

The officer was convinced that his old friend must be the thief. He arrested the postmaster, procured a search-warrant, and found the five one hundred dollar bills in an old-fashioned daguerreotype case, carefully folded into the space behind the picture. The unfortunate victim of covetousness and plug tobacco is now paying the penalty of his crime in the prison at Joliet.

A WORM-PEDDLER.

No trade is less honorable for being odd. A good many boys we know would hardly have the courage to be angle-worm-merchants, but so long as there is nothing better to do it is as good a way as any to turn an honest penny. Read this good story:

A gentleman who had been visiting the White Mountains last summer, on his way down saw a little boy get on the stage with a box which seemed to be filled with earth.

"What have you there, my little boy?" said the gentleman.

"Worms."

"Worms! What are you going to do with them?"

"Sell them. Two for a cent. The fishermen can't get them in the lower part of the mountains, and so I go up the valley here and dig them, and bring them down and sell them."

"But how do you pay for such a long stage-ride?"

"I don't pay; I shine—I shines his boots," pointing to the driver.

"So you have an occupation besides peddling worms?"

"Yes, that is the way I get my living. I have fifteen dollars already laid up, and it's only the beginning of the season."

"You're a smart boy," said the man; "but is this all you are ever going to do?"

"No, indeed. I go to school over in Vermont during the winter—pay two dollars a week for board."

"So you have no home, then?"

"No."

"No father?"

"No."

"No mother?"

"No; nobody. I make my own way, and one of these days I am going to college."

"To college! To what college?"

"Amherst. That is a good one, isn't it?"

"Yes, one of the best in the country; but you won't ever go there."

"You'll see."

Good for the worm-peddler. He'll make his way through the world, we have no doubt. Any boy with such a spirit can get an education. He is not ashamed of poverty, nor is he afraid to work. Some boys would be too proud to sell worms for a living. They would rather starve or steal.—*Methodist.*

TOUCHING DEVOTION.

One of the most tearful cases ever told on paper is this, of a little boy, a mere child, who travelled 1400 miles, taking care of the body of his dead mother all the way:

An express man, upon reaching his office early one cold morning in January, observed on the sidewalk a long, heavy box, which his practised eye at once identified as containing a corpse. Upon the end of the box, shivering with cold, sat a little half-clad boy, about seven or eight years of age. Addressing him kindly, he said,—

"My lad, don't sit there, you will freeze. Come in and sit by the fire."

Bursting into tears, the little fellow replied,—

"No, I can't come. My mother is in this box, and I promised her that I would not leave her until we got home."

Deeply affected with the touching devotion of this brave little fellow, he finally succeeded in convincing him of the entire safety of his precious charge, and taking him to a neighboring restaurant, gave him a warm breakfast, and then learned the particulars of his story.

His father died about a year previously, in a remote village in Minnesota, leaving his mother in poor health and nearly destitute. She died, but a few days before the boy's sad journey, charging the little hero with the sad duty of conveying the remains to her friends in a distant State, and furnished him with (all she had) a sum of money barely sufficient to carry them both by freight cars to their destination.

The little fellow had actually ridden night and day in a freight car with his melancholy trust, never for a moment losing sight of it.

DIVINE RETRIBUTION.

A young farmer, who lived at Belton, near Epworth, in Lincolnshire, about the year 1720, being at breakfast in his house, started up, and cried, "I must go into the barn!" One asked him, "For what?" He said, "I cannot tell;" and ran away with his knife in his hand. The first thing he saw, when he came into it, was his father, who had just hanged himself on one of the beams. He immediately cut him down, took him in his arms, brought him into the house and laid him on a bed. It was not long before he came to himself. He then looked upon his son, and said, "Now God requited me! Three and twenty years ago I cut down my own father, who had hanged himself on that very same beam!"

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For the Companion.

THE STOLEN PIE.

Caroline at the table stands,
The rolling-pin she swiftly plies.
With careful haste and skilful hands,
She's making pumpkin pies.

Full well she knows, at twelve o'clock,
Three hungry boys will come from school.
She takes one pie to the chopping-block,
And leaves it there to cool.

Stately and grave as any nun,
Comes walking up a tall Shanghai;
O, Caroline! to the rescue run!
She's eating up your pie!

She comes! she comes! with cries and shouts,
Towel and pitchfork wildly waving.
Alas, too late! she finds the plate,
But nothing else worth saving!

MIRIAM.

For the Companion.

WHAT I GAVE GRANDMA.

Grandma had a birthday about a week ago. Every body was talking about making her a present, so I thought I would.

I didn't know what to buy her. If she was a boy I could have got her a top or a kite.

I thought girls liked dolls, but grandma was too old for dolls. Grandma has almost every thing she wants. I tried to get something she didn't have.

I asked father what he thought grandma would like best. He said, "A little less noise from Jack Stone." I guess he was joking. I told him I was in earnest.

He said, "Perhaps Mr. Gooding can tell you what's best."

I didn't think so. Mr. Gooding hasn't any grandma. Perhaps he had once. I wonder whether she used to make him sit still when he was little, or tell him he was a restless little fuss-about. She couldn't do so now. He's too big. He'd make fun of me. His face is real shiny, just as if he rubbed it with soap. I guess he does. He's got a great deal of soap in his grocery store.

I kept awake thinking about what to give grandma. Then I fell asleep. I dreamed about it. It was a funny dream.

I thought grandma was a little tiny girl. I mean I dreamed it. I was a great man. Grandma wanted to get across the brook. She couldn't without getting her feet wet. I dreamed she would like a pair of rubbers best. I was going to buy them, but I woke up. I couldn't then, for it wasn't daylight.

I had another sleep. I didn't dream any more about grandma's present.

I went to grandma's the next day. I tried to see what would please her best. I didn't like to ask her right out, so I said,—

"Grandma, supposing you were going to have a birthday, and a little boy about as big as me, wanted to make you a present, what should you tell him you liked best? I mean, if he hadn't a great deal of money."

She looked at me real funny. She said she was sure she didn't know, unless it was a rocking-chair made of gold, with a cushion made of white satin.

I asked her if she loved rubbers.

She said "yes," but she had just bought a pair.

I thought perhaps Mr. Gooding might know, after all. So I went to his store. He said he guessed he could find something, but he wanted to tell me a story first. I love stories. I had rather have a story in a book, though, with a picture for it. I understand it better.

Mr. Gooding said that when he was a baby, his father went away. He didn't say where. It was cold weather. I guess it was Christmas, because he said every body was happy then.

A snow storm came on and the wind blew the snow into great drifts. Then it was night, and it got dark outside. Mr. Gooding's mother rocked him, and cried. Mr. Gooding don't remember this. It was told to him afterwards.

They thought Mr. Gooding's father was lost. Mrs. Gooding was awake all night. She had her cry for nothing, for her husband came home the next day. He couldn't get home before, it was so stormy. It was Mrs. Gooding's birthday and Mr. Gooding brought her a present.

I couldn't guess what it was. I tried to, three times. First I guessed it was a watch. Then I guessed a bookmark, and then I guessed a box of candy. I was wrong every time.

Mr. Gooding had to tell me!

It was a head-dress all covered with beads, and he thought grandma would like one of those. He sold them. They cost a whole dollar.

I only had five cents. Five cents don't go a great way, I think. It's enough for a little boy like me, but it isn't big enough for grandma.

I felt very sorry. If every body made grandma a present and I didn't, people would say I was mean. I don't like to be mean.

I thought perhaps I'd better give grandma the five cents and let her buy what she chose. It is very trying not to know how to spend a little money. I don't have to try very hard for myself, but grandmas are so different. They seem to have every thing.

Mr. Gooding asked me if I loved my grandma. It was strange of him. Every body knows I do. Perhaps I never told him.

He said he thought she was a real nice old lady. He said he would like to make her a present himself, and if I gave him the five cents we could make grandma a present of the cap between us.

I did so.

Mr. Gooding made *me* a present of five sticks of candy.

Grandma was very much pleased with her cap. She has worn it a great deal. She said it was just what she wanted.

I am glad, because I do not like to offend any body.

Mr. Gooding must know a great deal. He saved me a great deal of worry.

It is getting cold. The windows rattle. My dog, Johnny, is snoring. He has barked in his sleep. I can't say any thing more, for the *Youth's Companion* has come. This is all I have to say about what I gave to grandma.

JACK STONE.

WILLIE'S "WHISTERS."

Little Willie B. was very anxious to have "*whisters*," like the minister, of whom he was very fond. He was told he must wait till he was a man. Still he peeped into the glass every day, but saw no signs of them. At last, after he was nearly discouraged, he was taken down with the measles, which left the skin very rough. Lying upon the sofa, one day, his little hand passing over his face, he discovered the roughness, and startled the family by screaming to an older sister, "O Wib! Wib! *tome twick, they're toming, the whisters are toming.*"

GO IT WHILE YOU ARE YOUNG to **Jackson & Co.'s**, 59 Tremont Street, Boston, and buy one of those light drab Hats, for soon you will be too old to wear them. You can also find a nice umbrella there.

A REMARKABLE REMEDY for Kidney Complaints is found in *White Pine Compound*. All who have used it (and there are hundreds) pronounce it invaluable. 19—1w

ALL WHO HAVE USED IT Concur in extolling Poland's Humor Doctor as the remedy best calculated to remove humors from the system and to strengthen and restore the debilitated body. 19—1w

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THE SUNBEAM.

Published monthly. A splendid paper for **Boys and Girls.** 20 cents a year, samples 3 cents. Address SUNBEAM, Middletown, Conn. 19—1w

RAZORS! RAZORS! RAZORS!

Gentlemen, why shave with a dull razor? The most wonderful razor sharpener ever introduced to public notice is the "Ellectrical Razor Sharpener." I will guarantee it to sharpen the dullest razor in one-half minute. Sent to any part of the United States on receipt of 25c, free. Address JAMES T. L. BASCOM, Burlington, Vt. 19—3w

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NEW LOAN OF THE UNITED STATES.

The subscriptions to the New Five Per Cent. Stock of the United States now amount to about $60,000,000, They are confidently expected to reach $200,000,000 by the time the New Bonds are ready for delivery in May. The proposals of the Secretary of the Treasury will then be changed for the following programme:

First—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third—Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference, after the above-mentioned two hundred millions are taken up, in the following order, namely:

First—Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of bonds.

Second—Subscriptions for equal amounts of bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Third—Subscriptions for any five per cent. bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

Subscriptions to the remainder of the $200,000,000 of five per cents., which are unconditional, are now going on, and the bonds will soon be issued to the subscribers, who can receive a scrip certificate in advance, if they desire to pay their gold or exchange United States 5-20s at once, in the registered or coupon form. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The reduction of the public debt since the close of the war of the rebellion, and the relief, at the same time, to the annual burden of interest, are as follows;

Principal of debt, 1865	$2,755,995,275
Paid under Johnson	265,595,371
Principal, March 4, 1869	$2,490,399,904
Paid under Grant	223,083,673
Present public debt	$2,268,316,231
Interest charge, 1865	151,832,051
Reduced in four years by redemptions and funding 7-30 notes	25,442,501
Interest charge, 1869	$126,389,550
Reduced in two years by payment	12,052,998
Present interest charge	$114,336,552

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents. for new five per cents. of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents. for four and a half per cents. of 1886.	$4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents. for four per cents of 1901	$14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

The whole proceeds of the new loans will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and, in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20s are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of advertising United States loans.
TREASURY OFFICE, New York, April 15.

Loan Agents in New England.

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The Beautiful Days that are Past.

This is **Frank Howard's** newest, and, as the critics claim, his *best* song and chorus. The words will recall to every one, singer and hearer alike, *their* beautiful days that are past; while the music is so filled with a "pensive melancholy and sweet sadness," that the song *must* at once become a general favorite. The thousands that have been charmed by his "Guess Who?" and "Little Barefoot," will find in this all the sweetness of those songs, and also a beauty of expression and fanciful style of construction which must make **The Beautiful Days that are Past** more than rival in popularity and circulation any of his previous compositions. Sold by music dealers *everywhere*, and mailed for 35 cents to *any address*, when you say where you saw this notice. Address **T. W. MARTIN, Agent,** Chicago, Ill. 19—1w

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The old standard remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption—nothing better. CUTLER BROS. & Co., Boston. *50-24t

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"OAK HALL,"
the oldest and largest
Boys' Clothing House
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We keep constantly on hand in our **Ready-Made Department,** the choicest assortment in all Styles and Colors of
Youths' and Children's Garments,
And in our
BOYS' CUSTOM ROOM,
Under the charge of
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make to order, at **Low Prices,** the very finest of work.

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And every article sold is guaranteed to be just as represented, both as to durability and color.
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32, 34, 36, 38 NORTH STREET, Boston.
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
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LUMBER,
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—AND—
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For the Companion.

LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME.

The Romans had a sort of daily news, but it was not a news*paper*, and it was not of our type, for it was not printed. No files of it, therefore, have come down to us, to sharpen our understanding of Roman manners. There are one or two Latin novels, but they also are of an ancient, rather than a novel sort. To tell us how the Romans lived, we have the works, which are also the plays, of Plautus and Terence, the letters of Pliny and Cicero, and last, but not least, the ruins of the city of Pompeii, preserved whole for us in lava.

From these sources we learn that the first thing an ancient Roman did when he rose from his couch at daybreak was to put on his clothes. That is to say, if he took them off when he went to bed, which is not certain. It is, however, probable that the ancients generally slept in bare skins. His dress was simple enough, being only a tunic and a toga, which might be called his whole toggery. He put on his shoes without stockings, and had no underclothes, pantaloons, cravats or paper collars to excite his choler, and no watch to forget to wind. His tunic was his shirt, but had no starched bosom or pearl buttons, and being loose, was easily gotten into. Then he tied round his waist a belt with a money-pouch, which was his only pocket. It probably did not contain a handkerchief, for though we have all heard of Roman noses, who ever heard of their being wiped? Then came the toga, which was something between an Indian blanket and a lady's circular cloak. It was an awkward garment to wear, but all the more fashionable on that account. In a strong wind it filled like a sail, and if one wanted to use his arms or legs, it was very much in the way. The orators, however, knew how to fold it gracefully, and used it as effectively as Gavazzi does his cloak, when he makes himself look like the evil one sowing tares.

The Roman was not, like some of us, tired before he was attired. He was soon ready, and stepped out from his bed-room into the *atrium*, or central hall of his house. If he is a rich man and a patron, his *atrium* is crowded with servants (slaves) to receive orders, and clients come to bring or ask presents, and to consult their chief. If he is a poor man, he is, of course, somebody else's client, and goes (figuratively speaking) to pat his patron on his back. In this case his house is all *atrium*—one room, with a hole in the roof, by which light, and air, and sometimes rain enter.

This business past, a repast is in order. A slight breakfast is eaten *alone* of bread and figs, or olives. Coffee and tea had not yet bestowed their delightful flavor and fragrance on the world at large, and if the Roman wanted a hot drink, he took wine and water, spiced and sweetened with honey, cane not having yet made sugar. This was Roman punch, and was called *calda*.

After this frugal meal he betakes himself to the forum, or market place, which stands in the middle of every Roman city. Here all the public meetings and courts are held in the open air, so that there is no crowding or bad ventilation. If he is a member of the Senate he attends, but even though poor, he does no hard work. No free-born Roman labors with his hands. He is a politician, and then, as now, spends his time in talking and voting, thus adding to his other characters that of a loafer. The slaves do the work, carry on the trades, and according to our ideas are the most respectable part of the people. At noon the politicians cease from their *toils*, and refresh themselves with their *prandium* or luncheon. This meal is like the first, with the addition of a little meat or fish. They take it without any ceremony, wherever they happen to be, and sometimes nowhere.

During the morning the Roman lady has been engaged in spinning and making the family clothes, or if too grand for this, she has been occupied like idle women, elsewhere, in all ages of the world.

In the afternoon the gentleman goes to his barber to have his beard shaved, his hair and nails curtailed, and then to his bath. The Romans washed away a good deal of time in the private and public baths. The latter were among their finest buildings. There the younger men practised gymnastics and attended games, the more dignified riding out on horseback, or in carriages with their families.

The chief meal (*cœna* or dinner) was in the evening, and it was the only one at which the family came together. It was also the one to which friends were invited *instead* of the family. The oldest Romans sat to dinner, but in later times they lay like babies, and had their meat cut up for them, putting it into their mouths with their fingers. The *trichnium*, or couches, on which they laid themselves out for dinner, had three sides, and held three on each side. The banquets were often quite sumptuous, consisting of more than six courses. The people had probably to guess the time to go to bed, and so having ended our day with them, we will wish them now "Good-night."

VARIETY.

THE BOY AND THE BRICKS.

A boy hearing his father say "'Twas a poor rule that would not work both ways," said, "If father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play." So setting up a row of bricks three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him; I only tipped one. Now I will raise one, and see if he will raise his neighbor. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest."

He looked in vain to see them rise.

"Here, father," said the boy, "is a poor rule; 'twill not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son," said the father, "bricks and men, I am sorry to say, are alike active in knocking each other down, but are not inclined to help each other up."

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more
As they, with unshrinking feet,
Near the "shining shore."
Let your words be tender,
Loving, soft and slow;
Let their last days be the best
They have known below.

A LAWYER'S WIT.

The rigid observance of old English rules in the South Carolina courts, and a neglect of the same on the part of Mr. Petigru, gave rise to the following passage:

"Mr. Petigru," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You can't speak."

Petigru replied, "May it please the bench, I conform strictly to the law. Let me illustrate: The law says that the barrister shall wear a black gown and coat, and your honor thinks that means a black coat?"

"Yes," said the judge.

"Well, the law also says the sheriff shall wear a cocked hat and sword. Does your honor hold that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

He was permitted to go on.

STRENGTH OF GROWING VEGETABLES.

So fragile a structure as a mushroom can, under certain circumstances, exert most extraordinary power; for, according to Mr. Meehan, of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, it is well known that a mushroom will "lift a paving-stone many times its own weight, rather than turn over and grow sidewise, which it would appear so much easier for it to do." The fact is also a curious one, that tree roots will throw over immensely strong walls against which they have grown, though one would think the pressure against the softer soil would give room for their development, without the necessity of their expending so much force against the wall.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"What makes you look so sad, Charlie?" said a teacher to one of his young scholars, one morning. Charlie turned away his face to hide a tear that was ready to start from his eyes. His brother answered for him.

"Mother is very angry with him," said he, "because he would not say his prayers last night; and he cried all day because a little bird died of which he was fond."

"I could not say '*Thy will be done*,' because of my poor bird," said the little boy.

The teacher took him by the hand, saying,—

"My dear boy, I am very glad to find you were afraid to say to God what you could not say *truly* from your heart; but you must beg of Him to give you *submission* to His will."

TENDER THOUGHT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

A little Sunday school girl, when dying, wished her mother to put no roses round her head in the coffin; and on being asked why not, she said: "Because Christ's head was crowned with thorns." The beautiful thought has been versified by the poet Montgomery, whose lines we append:

"Mamma," a little maiden said,
Almost with her expiring sigh,
"Put no sweet roses round my head,
When in my coffin dress I lie."
"Why not, my dear?" the mother said,
"What flower so well a corpse adorns?"
"Mamma," the innocent replied,
"They crowned our Saviour's head with thorns."

BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

A gentleman on the hill, who is keeping "bachelor's hall" for a short time, during the temporary absence of his wife, has been in the habit of getting his own meals. The other morning he thought he would boil a ham. So he arranged his fire, put on the kettle, and procured a pail of water. In a fit of absent-mindedness, however, he placed the pail of water on the floor, put the ham into it, and started serenely for his forenoon's labor, reflecting on the jolly dinner he was to have. He was somewhat astonished, on going home at noon, to find an uncooked ham quietly soaking in a pail of water.

CURIOUS BREAD.

Bread is made by the Mexican Indians from the eggs of a certain brine-inhabiting insect. So says Dr. Packard, one of the best American authorities on entomology. There is a lake, at the edge of which these eggs are deposited in large quantities. The Indians fish them out and sell them in the market. When uncooked, they are known by a name signifying water-wheat.

"WILL YOU be kind enough to tell me if I am half the way to Central Park?"

"Faith I will," said Pat, "if you will tell me from where you started."

"THAT MAN," said a wag, "came to Nashua forty years ago, purchased a basket, and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth now?" It was a conundrum we could not answer. "Nothing," he continued, after a pause, "and he owes for the basket."

A YOUNG MUSICIAN, remarkable for his modesty and sincerity, on his first appearance before the public, finding that he could not give the trills effectively, assured the audience, by way of apology, "that he trembled so that he could not shake."

THE following was the composition of a candy figure of baby in a cradle which was lately examined by the city analyst of Dublin: "The cradle was composed of a mixture of plaster and sugar; the body was sugar and rice starch; its eyes were Prussian blue, its cheeks tinted with cochineal, and its clothes were painted with chromate of lead."

"DASH," THE BUTCHER'S DOG.—Mr. Wilcox, of Liverpool Road, Islington, London, has a clever little dog named "Dash." On week-day mornings he may be seen at the shop-door, waiting for the "newsboy," from whom he receives a copy of the newspaper. Instantly, "Dash" carries the paper to his master in the parlor. He, however, declines to give up possession of the paper until a piece of bread and butter is presented in payment of his services.

POOR KEROSENE.—The Biddeford (Me.) *Journal* says a family, troubled by a neighbor in the same building borrowing things without leave in their absence, lately tried the experiment of leaving their kerosene can filled with water. The lady of the other part of the house, not long after, called in to inquire where they bought *their* kerosene, for *hers* wouldn't burn. She had wasted nearly a bunch of matches, but could not light her lamp.

W. B. SEARS, Fire Insurance Agent, 40 State Street, BOSTON
39—1yeow

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WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.
8—6m

GLADIOLUS BULBS—$1 00 per doz. postpaid. Send for seed and bulb circular. S. H. MARTIN, Marblehead, Mass.
16—4w

A TIME FOR EVERY THING.

There is a time for every thing,
Has oft been said and sung;
But none has charms like those of Spring,
To those who yet are young;
The farmer mellows up his soil,
And sows broadcast his seed,
That he may from the season's toil
Get bread for "time of need;"
The BOYS then wish for thinner "CLOTHES,"
That they may be both *cool* and *neat*,
Which they can buy at GEORGE FENNO'S,
Corner of Beach and Washington Street.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

THE LATIN PRIZE.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

Parke Brewster was standing up with the other boys of the first class before the teacher's desk. The sun was shining full in his face across the dusty little school-house, and a big fly was buzzing in and out, as if to let him know that it was the first of May.

Parke was planning a base ball match, and a fishing party for Saturday, both at once (for he had to plan all the fun for the whole school) but he stood with his eyes fixed on the teacher's face, his hands clasped behind him, and his mouth shut in a resolute, attentive way he had. Presently he forgot the fishing and base ball playing, and really began to listen.

"I have a letter here, from the trustees," said Mr. White, "which bids me offer a new prize to be given in August, at the exhibition, to the best Latin scholar. Latin does not, as you know, belong to the usual studies, but the gentlemen thought some ambitious boys might desire to learn it." (Here he looked directly at Parke.) "I will hear their recitations before the school hour in the morning, and as I said, a prize will be given in August, to the one standing highest in his class,—a Latin dictionary, worth twelve dollars" (and again he looked at Parke). "You may go now," tinkling a little bell.

"I'll have that prize! I'll learn more Latin in a week than these other boys can in the summer!" said Parke to himself, again and again, as he went out, shutting his mouth a little tighter. All his life he had wanted to learn Latin. He knew one could not be a scholar without it, and Parke was determined to be a scholar—a scholar and a gentleman. He had very definite ideas, for a boy of ten, too, as to what it meant to be either. He fancied this Latin class was a plan of Mr. White's to help him.

"He would be so disappointed," he thought, "if I did not take the prize. But I will. Never fear."

But when the boys said, at recess, "You'll join? You're in for the prize, of course, Parke?" he only quietly said, "I'll think about it."

Parke did not take the school into his confidence, as Jem Brower was doing already. That wiry, red-headed little chap was going from one to another, whispering,—

"See how high and mighty Brewster is, on the strength of his prize. He thinks he has it in his breeches pocket—safe. But I'll put him to his P's and Q's before he gets it! See if I don't."

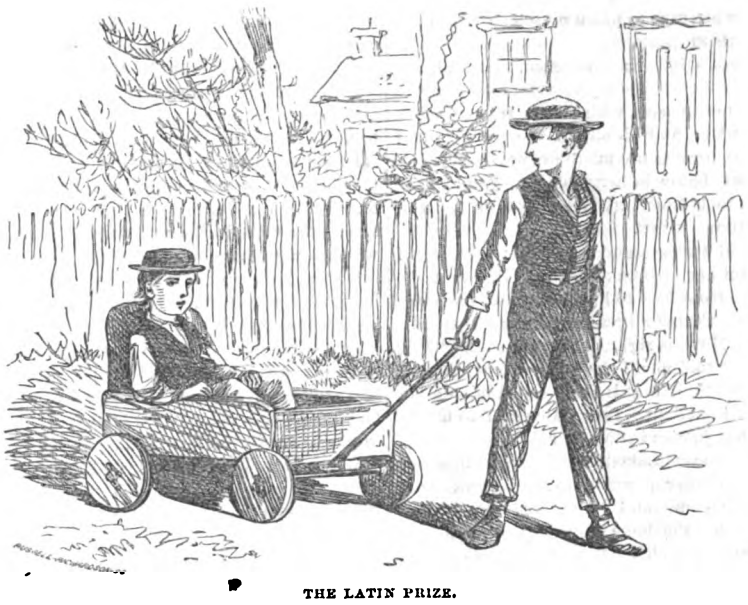
Parke laughed, good-naturedly, when this was carried to him. "Let Brower boast," he said. But he was put to his mettle. Brower was no mean rival. On the contrary, he learned more quickly than Parke, and had a grudge against him to spur him on. Besides, he had studied Latin before for a whole quarter.

Parke said nothing more about the class or prize, while Jem fussed and whispered. But all the boys, going home, talked about it, and one and all said, "I'll bet on Parke."

There were two or three other fellows who had secretly made up their minds to try for the prize, but they knew the odds were against them.

May and June passed. The Latin class was hard at work, deep in the grammar and exercises. As the work had to be done outside of regular school hours, only those boys undertook it who were thoroughly in earnest. It was like a wrestle among them—a strain and grapple, hand to hand, every day. Among them all, Jem Brower and Parke were the foremost. Mr. White spoke to the trustees about them.

"There never were boys better matched," he said. "Jem is perhaps the quicker of the two, but Parke is full of dogged perseverance. The hare and tortoise—you know! Brower has help at home, too; brothers who have been at college. Parke is the son of a poor widow who has hard work to keep her two boys on a small farm. Whatever education he has he must get for himself."



THE LATIN PRIZE.

Meanwhile Parke, at work early and late, was almost sure of the prize. He had seen it—two great, leather-bound volumes, in Mr. White's room, when he went there one day. "You will need no other dictionary while you are at college. I mean," smiling, "the boy who wins the prize will not."

Parke's face grew very red.

"The prize, after all," said Mr. White, gravely, "is a small matter. But the trustees will be apt to take an interest in the successful boy and push him on. They have a scholarship in C—— College."

Now Parke knew that Mr. White had a motive in saying this.

"He means that if I succeed they'll push me," he thought, as he went home. He went whistling and singing up to the house, but he said nothing to his mother. He never told her good news until it was sure.

Parke had hard work to find time to study his Latin. In the mornings and at the close of the day he was busy with the work of the farm. Sam, the hired man, was slow, and Mrs. Brewster had more than she could do with the work of the house and nursing Benny, Parke's lame brother, whose lameness had been growing on him for years. It would have been a dreary house enough but for Parke, who kept them all laughing with his mischief and jokes. The only time he had for his Latin was the hour's play after school in the afternoon, and in the evening.

This day he came home singing and jumping over the fences. He was glad he had said nothing to his mother and Ben about the Latin class. He would not until he brought home the prize! And then for college—and then!

His mother met him in the lane, her usually pale cheeks quite red and her eyes bright. "Dr. Thorpe has been here, Parke,—the great surgeon from C——. Mr. Semms asked him to call and look at Benny, and he says there is a chance of his cure."

"O, mother!"

"Yes, so that he can walk—walk like you or me." Mrs. Brewster put her hands to her face and cried, as Parke had never seen her do before.

"He must see him every day," she said, at last, drying her eyes. "He cannot come here without—without—— Well, it would cost so much more than I can pay. Benny must be sent to him."

"How can that be done, mother?"

"I've been thinking it over. I think we can save enough through the summer to hire Jones' buggy and horse for a couple of hours a day in the fall. Sam can drive him over.

"But that could not go on in winter?"

"No."

"It is a pity all the summer months must be lost."

"I don't see how it can be helped, Parke. I have been turning it over in my mind all day."

"And every day later makes the cure harder, I suppose."

His mother nodded. She could not speak. Parke patted her pale, anxious face. "Don't you fret, little mother. It'll turn out right. Things always do," he said, heartily.

He hurried in for his Latin grammar, and took it out to a corner behind the barn, where he used to study. The hour was nearly over, and his mind was so full of Benny that he could hardly fix it on the book. He had learned the lesson at last, and was just going over it for the last time when the warm sunlight, lying on the red clover fields, caught his eye.

"This would be just the time in the day for Ben to ride down to C——," he thought. "Two hours driving every day through the afternoon sun would help him, if the doctor did not. If there were any way to manage it"——

While he was thinking of this and mumbling over his lesson, his eye fell on a large go-cart, that had been partially hidden in the corner of the yard.

Parke's eyes lightened and then as suddenly fell. It could be done. Benny could sit or lie in the go-cart, and he could be easily pulled into C——. The road was level, and he was a light weight, poor fellow! But if he went Parke must take him. Sam could not be spared a moment now, from the harvest. And if Parke took him, good-by to the Latin—to the prize—to college!

Parke did not jump up and run in to tell his mother on the instant, as some hastier boys might have done. His ideas were of slow, tough growth, and not to be rooted out without a wrench. To learn Latin had been the great hope of his life, and this was his only chance.

He sat with his elbows on his knees, thinking, until the supper-bell rang. Then he went in and put his grammar up on the shelf of books which were never used, and locked the door; and after washing his face, to hide some stains that were on it, went down to tea.

Benny's little white face just showed where he sat over the table. "Did you know in the fall I'm going to Dr. Thorpe, Parke?" he said, anxiously.

"Before that, I reckon, Buster."

"What do you mean, Parke?" cried his mother. "Have you thought of a plan?"

"Yes, and an easy one. Don't you know that old go-cart? We'll let Sam mend it, and do you cushion it nicely, and I'll trundle Mr. Ben, here, in and out of town every afternoon."

"O, Parke! Three miles!"

"Pshaw! The road's as level as the floor."

Mrs. Brewster looked at Benny and then at Parke, her eyes full of tears.

"That was your only hour for play, my son," she said, hesitatingly.

"I haven't been playing then, lately, mother."

"You have had something else to do. Something you will have to give up?"

"Nothing which I will not give up for Benny. Please give me a little of that honey? How nice it looks!"

So the matter was settled.

The boys stood open-mouthed when Parke stepped up to Mr. White's desk, next day, and said, "You need not give me any marks to-day, sir. This is my last recitation. I must leave the class."

"Beat out!" whispered Jem Brower; "knows he'll be licked."

"Well; I did think Parke would have fought it out," said one or two others, and Parke heard it all.

Mr. White could not hide his surprise and disappointment. But he only said, "You know best, Brewster," and scratched his name off the book.

After school he joined Parke. "Can you tell me your reasons for leaving the class?" he said.

"I would rather not, Mr. White," said Parke.

After all, they were very jolly walks to C——, those summer afternoons, along the smooth, shady turnpike-road, with the mellow shadows flying over the fields, and the yellow butterflies flickering through the grass. Benny had always seemed to Parke like a sick girl or a baby. Now he began to get acquainted with him, and would shout with laughter at his shrewd, keen jokes.

"Why, mother, he has more sense than half the boys in our school put together," he said, often, coming home. "The doctor thinks of him just as I do, too, I fancy."

The doctor, who was a sharp observer, noticed the two boys closely.

One day in August, he said, "I am one of the trustees of your school, Brewster. There is a prize for Latin scholarship to be given next week?"

"Yes, sir."

"A young fellow named Brower is to have it, Mr. White tells me. A deserving boy, I suppose?"

"He deserves this prize."

"I wonder you did not try for it;" looking shrewdly over his spectacles at Parke.

"I am not in the Latin class, sir," the boy said, after a little pause.

The doctor nodded, and in a day or two afterward had a talk with Mr. White.

The next week Parke sat unnoticed by the school-house door, while the Latin class rolled off sonorous sentences to the admiration of the packed audience, and Jem Brower bore off the great dictionary in triumph.

He was only a boy, and it was a hard day to live through, he thought. It seemed as if the world, for him, had come to an end.

When he went home he found Dr. Thorpe's buggy at the door. The doctor was on the porch with his mother and Ben. How eager and pleased they all looked! The doctor was speaking.

"Yes, we can now be certain of the result. With care of his general health, Ben's lameness will disappear in a year. He'll be a stout, strong fellow as his brother."

Mrs. Brewster laid her trembling hands on Ben's shoulders where he stood in front of her. "I thank God, and you, sir," she said.

"'Pon my word, ma'am, I think you ought to thank Parke, here. If he had not put his shoulder to the wheel of Ben's go-cart, I could have done nothing. You've made your brother a man for life," holding out his hand to Parke. "Is that worth any thing to you, hey?"

Before Parke could answer, Benny came over and slid his thin fingers into his hands. Parke gripped them tight and did not care very much for any dictionary just then.

"I've just made a proposition to your mother about you, Parke," said the doctor. "I want a

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boy in my office. I will pay you a salary for your time morning and evening, and in the middle of the day you can go te school—learn Latin, Greek, what you please. Who knows? Some day you may learn my profession?"

Parke not only studied the good doctor's profession, but when he died, took his place as leading physician in C——. One day he was driving out to the farm with his brother Ben, a sturdy, broad-built man, the Senator from that district.

"Do you remember, Parke," he said, "how you used to trundle me along this road in the go-cart?"

"Yes. What a queer, keen little chap you were, Ben!"

"And you gave up learning Latin so as to take me? I know all about it. White told me, long after I grew up."

"I learned something better than Latin in those walks, old fellow!"

The brothers' hands met, and for a minute or two, they were silent.

For the Companion.

MEG AND I.

In Two Chapters—Chap. II.

By C. W. Flanders.

It never was in me to be much of a coward. If we are doing our duty, in the right spirit, nothing can harm us—not even death. For that we should always be prepared, for it will come some time; whether a day sooner or a day later, it will be all the same a hundred years hence—only we should keep this one thing in mind—always to be ready.

When I saw Meg lying in a faint upon the floor, I opened the bed-room door softly and listened. As I looked down the stairs I saw a dark shadow flit towards my mistress' room.

I went down stairs on tiptoe, with my heart in my mouth, and stood in the shade on the landing. What should I see but the old hag come out of the room with the baby in her arms, and so still you could have heard a pin drop. There wasn't a sound of feet from first to last.

It seemed an age before I could move, but then I sprang forward and seized hold of the baby.

I never could remember the rest. It was all hurly-burly. Every thing went spinning round and round. Then the gas flashed up, and master came with his pistols, and mistress was shrieking, and the baby screaming, for it got terribly pulled between me and the old hag. But I held on to it like grim death, and had a good lock of the woman's hair in my hands, too, when she broke away and escaped.

Master shouted for the night police out of the entry window, and they came, after a while; but although they looked the house through, there wasn't any body to be found, and for that matter, there never is!

The silver was tied up in bundles ready to be taken, and master's gold watch, that was hanging over the dressing-table, was gone, but, all things considered, the loss was very small.

Meg was brought down more dead than alive, and made to tell what she knew of the intended robbery. I wish you could have seen the poor thing quaking like an aspen leaf, and holding on to the hem of my wrapper!

Master was furious. He had been fuming, first, at the police, for not preventing such mischief, then at me for leaving things so the thieves could get in,—as if I could keep them from cutting the glass and unfastening the parlor windows! Dear me! When I think how inconsistent men are, I'm glad I never married! The instant he set eyes upon Meg, he fancied he had found the very root of the evil.

"You miserable little hussy! This comes of taking in street beggars! This is my wife's reward for trying to make a decent girl of you! I'll have you marched off to the station-house this very minute!"

Here he took hold of the poor little creature's arm, as if to hand her to the policemen.

Such piteous shrieks as the child uttered! Then she dropped on her knees, holding her hands toward me.

"No! No! No! I didn't, did I, Mary? I told her just the truth!"

"Please, master," I said, seeing that I must take it upon myself to speak, "if you would be so kind as to listen, I will tell you just how it was."

"Well, speak up—only don't let us have any lying! You are not to smooth things over, to save this young thief."

"I've been in this house five years coming Christmas; and if you cannot believe me *now*, the more's the pity!"

Then up spoke mistress, with a dainty flash in her eyes.

"I will hear nothing unkind said to Mary," says she. "She is true to the heart's core!"

Meg flung her arms around my ankles, and laid her cheek upon my foot.

"Don't lie for *me*, Miss Mary," she sobbed out. "I would tell it all myself, only they wouldn't believe me."

"When Meg first waked me, I thought she was dreaming. That was why I did not come down at once. She told me they were coming to rob the house, and that they expected her to open the basement door for them, and that they would kill her if she refused."

"Yes, yes, they'll kill me, sure enough. But I don't mind that! The sooner the better!" says Meg, still grovelling at my feet.

"And what do you make out of that, but that she is an accomplice?" blurted out my master, scowling on me.

"Yes, an accomplice, of course," echoed the policemen.

"She's almost a baby, herself, master," I said, making an attempt to place myself between the child and them.

"She's not a baby in innocence," he said, bitterly.

I could not reason with him. It was not a servant's place, and I knew it. So what could I do but look toward my mistress, who was clasping the little fellow in her arms, that might have been lost to her forever, had Meg been the sinner they thought her.

"You will speak a good word for the girl," I said, beginning to break down. "I've had the care of her from first to last, and I can truly say that I do not know a breath of harm of her."

"I think Mary is right," mistress said. "Meg should have told us all she knew before this, but I can understand that it was terror, not deceit, that kept her silent. Leave the child to us, we will see that justice is done her."

If mistress ever looked more like an angel one time than another, it was at that moment.

Then she came and lifted Meg up, and sat down holding the babe in one arm, while she clasped Meg, in a sheltering way, in the other.

Master's passion began to die out; but he must pour it upon some one, so he turned to the policemen.

"You'd better go hunt up the robbers, I should think," he growled. "It was bad enough to let them get in, without letting them escape."

The men, in not very good humor, went over the house once more, and promising to keep near all night, afterwards went out, leaving the family alone.

In the morning Meg was ordered to go with others to hunt the old hag up, but the woman had disappeared from her former haunts, and as master's watch was found in the garden hedge, he was satisfied to have the matter drop where it was.

His resentment toward Meg also died out, when he saw how humble and cast down the poor child was; but he was always more or less suspicious of her, so that if any thing was wrong or missing, his first fling was towards her.

Poor Meg never complained of this injustice, but upon such occasions stood before him in a patient way, with her blue eyes cast down and a flush upon her thin cheeks. She never defended herself to him or us.

The child's gratitude to her mistress was enough to make one weep. I don't think she would have refused her any service from that day. When I saw how modest and grateful she was, how could I help taking her back to my arms again? Dear child! we are to forgive, as we ask to be forgiven.

It was four years after all this happened, that, having laid by a few hundred dollars, and getting tired of service, I hired a room with she that was Judith Goodenough, and commenced housekeeping for myself.

Meg took my place as cook, but she was to come every other Sunday to go to church with me, and drink tea at my room.

The girl was getting to be very pretty—some said handsome—but her chief charm was her modesty, and her sweet, low voice, that had great music in it for me.

When she came of a Sunday, she almost always brought some trifle to me from my mistress, and I used to return the kindness by going to her on extra days, or when she had friends or sickness in the family.

In this way we lived very happily.

One Sunday Meg found me very sick—so sick I could only lie upon the bed and look up the road by which she was coming, and long for her as a child longs for its mother. My head seemed swollen to bursting, and the sounds seemed like distant water, growing fainter and fainter.

When Meg came in, she laid her cool, fresh cheek on my fevered face, and I felt the tears coming like rain on my dull forehead.

"Don't cry, Meg; there, darling, don't cry;" and her soft curls felt like silk to my touch, as they swept over my pillow.

"You are very sick, Aunt Mary"—the dear child called me Aunt Mary, now—"tell me, what shall I do for you? Shall I call the mistress?"

"No; I'm afraid it's catching. You must go away yourself, Meg, and don't come again until I send for you, or"——

"I'll never go away from you, alive or dead. Never, Aunt Mary, *never*. Such a friend as you have been to me! It is my time now. Make yourself easy. I'll never stir from this room until you are well."

I knew my darling would keep her word, so I shut my weary eyes, and all the care slid from my heart.

Then there came long days—eternities they seemed to me—during which I was burned with fever and frozen with chills—every thing looked strange, and at last Meg's sweet face went, too, and then I remembered nothing more.

One day I became conscious that a voice was in prayer at my bedside. At first the words came like distant music, floating nearer and nearer, then I knew it to be Meg's, and that she was praying for my recovery.

"O spare her for *my* sake. She is all the world to me. Let *me* die, but let *her* live."

I tried to put out my hand, to open my eyes, to whisper her to be comforted, but I was like one dead. Then all sounds receded again, and I sank once more in the unconscious stupor from which her grief had aroused me.

It would do no good for me to describe the horrors of my final return to life, and to a realizing condition of my sufferings. I was down with small pox in its worst stages, and Meg had been my faithful nurse from first to last, and had concealed my condition so faithfully that I had not been dragged to the hospital, where I might or might not have died.

When I could open my eyes again, and gaze upon the dear child's face, I missed the long silken tresses that had been so much more my pride than hers.

"Where are they, Meg?" I asked.

My darling burst into tears.

"Forgive me, Aunt Mary, but you have been *so sick!*"

"And what has that to do with the curls?" I whispered.

She blushed, as if half ashamed to answer.

I vowed a vow, Aunt Mary, and as I had nothing else to give, I offered the tresses."

"A vow for what, my child?"

"For your recovery, and my prayers are answered."

Poor foolish little thing. In her ignorance she thought this sacrifice would propitiate God. He, I've no doubt, recognized the spirit, but He loves a different sacrifice from this.

I held the little hand in mine, trying to keep back the tears. They came, however, and then we wept together, and told each other all that was in our hearts.

As I grew stronger, I expected to see Meg coming down with the same loathsome disease. But, strange as it may seem, she escaped the contagion, so that after our days of purification were over, we returned to our old life with grateful hearts that we were spared to each other.

Meg is now like my own, as you may well suppose. All I have in the world belongs to my darling. We have no concealments from each other. She brings me her little earnings to hoard up with mine, and we are just now busy preparing for the new home to which we are both going when the new year comes in.

Master died two years ago. Mistress is still living, with her beautiful children, which are a blessing to her. She has never been sorry for her kindness to Meg, who has been a faithful servant to her from first to last.

But my darling will not be obliged to serve much longer. During the holidays she is to be married to one who has chosen her for her kind heart and modest deportment—my own sister's son. He is not a rich man, to be sure, but he is as honest as the day, and is not afraid to look any one living, squarely in the face.

He has bought a small cottage in the country, and Meg and I will furnish it; not with costly carpets nor luxurious furniture, but in that simple, attractive way, that makes a house look like a home.

When we get settled there, you must all come to tea!

WORKING HARD AT NOTHING.

We often hear it said of a frothy speaker, "He can talk an hour without saying any thing." So we can say sometimes of a blundering, brainless laborer, "He can work all day without doing any thing." The following fable, by Krilof, (the Russian Æsop,) illustrates this:

"Early one morning a peasant was laboriously ploughing his plot of ground, and toiling so hard that his limbs were bathed in sweat. The peasant worked with a will; and so every one who went by called out to him, 'Bless you, friend! All honor to you!'

"This made a certain ape jealous. Praise is tempting; how can one help craving for it? The ape determined to set to work; so it got hold of a huge log, and just didn't it worry itself about it? The ape becomes full of trouble—that is, it has enough to do; now it lifts the log up, and rolls it first this way and then that; now it hugs it, now it drags it along. The sweat streams off the poor creature; it pants, and at last it becomes all but breathless. But, in spite of all this, not a soul gives it an atom of praise. And no wonder, my dear; you work very hard, but what you do isn't of the least use."

For the Companion.

AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCE.

Charles IX., the twelfth King of the family of Valois, came to the French throne when only ten years of age, under the regency of his mother, that terrible woman of French history, Catharine de Medici.

He was an impulsive youth, restless and vacillating, and was left wholly to the evil influences of his mother. The first years of his reign were disturbed by the struggles between the Protestant and Catholic parties in France. These difficulties were apparently settled in 1569. The Queen-mother seemed to entertain cordial feelings towards the Protestant leaders. The Protestant King of Navarre was promised the hand of the King's sister Margaret, and marked courtesy and apparent kindness of feeling were shown by the royal household to many of the leading men of the great Protestant party. The latter were thus rendered unsuspicious of danger, and became almost wholly disarmed.

But Catharine de Medici, full of craft and wickedness, had resolved to destroy the Protestant power. She was fully versed in crime, and the passion for dark deeds grew upon her with years.

One day she went to the boy King, Charles, and disclosed a plot for the massacre of the Protestants of France.

He listened with a feeling of horror. He had learned to love the Protestant statesmen, and to call their great leader, Coligni, "father." His young heart recoiled from such a deed of blood.

But his mother gave him no rest. She confided her plot to the Catholic leaders, who joined hand in hand with her to accomplish the crime.

Church and State united to persuade the young King that the stability of the throne, the glory of his family, and the advancement of religious truth demanded the bloody sacrifice. Still he hesitated, but after a little while exhibited his characteristic weakness under the influence of persuasion, and the conspirators knew his final assent was certain.

St. Bartholomew's Day was at hand, the time appointed by the Catholic leaders, the Guises, for the work of death. Paris was full of Huguenots—which was the name of the Protestant party—from the principal provincial cities. They had been drawn hither by the magnificent wedding of the Protestant King of Navarre. The preparations for the massacre were nearly complete, but the young King still hesitated to issue the fatal order.

His mother now used every art in her power to make him place himself boldly with the Guises. As he was King, she wished the sanction of a royal edict, to do her fiendish work. With this, the preparations for the destruction of the Huguenots would be complete. Her appeals at length so wrought upon his mind that he excitedly exclaimed, "Well, then, kill them, kill them all, that not a single Huguenot may live to reproach me with their death." And this frantic remark was construed as an order.

The massacre was appointed to begin on St. Bartholomew's Eve, at the tolling of a bell. The young King was fearfully nervous and agitated during the preceding day. Just before the fatal hour, his conscience had so affected his better feelings, that he dispatched orders to the Duke of Guise countermanding the slaughter. The duke received the message as he was in the act of mounting his horse to lead the assassins. "*Il est trop tard!*" "It is too late!" said the duke to the bearer, and at once rode away.

It was a still night, Aug. 24, 1572. The defenceless Huguenots were unsuspicious of danger, while armed assassins were lurking in every Catholic house. At last the heavy clang of a great bell fell on the breathless evening air, and the slaughter begun.

All that summer night the streets ran with blood. The young and the old, the daughter, the mother, the beggar and the nobleman—all who bore the name of Huguenot—were cut off without warning. None were spared. Even women murdered women, and children, it is said,

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impelled by the maddening example, applied the dagger to other children in their cradles.

And ever and anon, all that dumb August night, like the very knell of doom, clanged the bell of St. Germain.

The young King was in a court of the palace of the Louvre, with his mother, when the great bell begun to toll. At first he trembled with fear and horror. He recovered presently from his fear, and, running to the palace window, became so excited at the sight of blood, that it is said he fired upon the wretched fugitives who were attempting to escape by swimming across the Seine.

But the wretched young King never knew a happy hour after that dreadful night. He grew pale and thin, and his tortured conscience and shattered brain called up in his solitary hours the images of the slain.

Two years after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, the young King lay dying. His disease was probably caused by poison, which had been applied to the leaves of one of his favorite books for the purpose, by his unnatural mother. His sufferings were dreadful in the extreme. Historians tell us that he sweat drops of blood. His mental anguish was as fearful as his bodily distress. He would cry out to his nurse, "*Ah, nourrice, ma mie, ma bonne! que du sang, que d'assassinats! Oh quels mauvais conseils j'ai suivis! Oh Seigneur Dieu, pardonnez moi, et faites moi misericorde!*" "Ah, nurse, my good nurse! What blood! What murders! O what bad counsels I followed! Lord God, pardon me! Have mercy on me!"

Two hundred years from the massacre of St. Bartholomew the bell of St. Germain l' Auxerrois rang wildly out on the still air of a summer night. It summoned the King-crushed people to demolish the throne.

Historians cover the memory of Charles IX. with infamy, but his first impulses were usually kind, and his first intentions good. He does not seem to have inherited the disposition of that monster of wickedness, his mother. His most evil acts could hardly be called his own. Left to himself he would have been deemed a most polished and amiable prince, though wanting in decision. As a victim of bad counsellors, pity should mingle with the censure that follows his name.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

I was young and without much experience of the wild life of a South American sheep-farmer, when I settled down for a few months at that vocation, near the Indian frontier.

I had but lately come out from England to join Dick Merton, my former chum, at a public school, and my fast friend always. Our joint and very modest capital had been invested in a league of land; also in a few sheep, having the lathy appearance, and almost the speed of greyhounds; and lastly, in our house. It was built of sun-baked bricks, and consisted of one tolerably large room, with a flat roof and parapet, accessible from the inside by means of a ladder.

Around the house, at about thirty yards' distance, we dug a deep, dry ditch, crossed by a drawbridge, intended as a protection against surprise by the Indians.

The latter dusky gentlemen had hitherto confined their throat-cutting propensities to certain stray sheep, instead of gratifying them at our expense. But ugly tales were told of their doings round about us—of white men taken whilst riding in sight of home, and tortured; of cattle driven off, and sheep speared in very wantonness of mischief. This caused us to keep a sharp lookout, especially when, as now, the Indian moon (their favorite time of attack) gave light enough to plunder, but not to guide the aim of the defenders.

"Can you see any thing stirring in the camp?" said Dick, one evening, as he came up. "Those horses are making a desperate noise in the corral. Johnson said this morning that Indians had crossed the river; and he guessed we'd better keep our wits awake, that the rascals didn't look in when we weren't ready for visitors."

Now horses were our surest safeguards against surprise. Our little, half-wild Pampa horses had a true instinct, and their warnings, given by stamping upon the ground, were not to be disregarded with safety.

"I can make out some objects moving about half a mile to the southward," said I, after a long lookout on the plains.

"They are mounted men!" exclaimed my companion; "and riding hard this way, too. Stand here with your rifle, Alfred, while I slip cartridges into the others. At that pace, they will be here directly."

And so they were. Almost before Dick had reached my side again, two "Guachos," their usually swarthy faces livid with fear, sprung from their horses, which, covered with blood, sweat and foam, showed how sharp had been the ride, and rushed over the drawbridge.

They told us, as soon as terror would allow them, that three hundred Indians were in hot pursuit, and would soon be on the spot, and besought us to give them shelter, as to ride out again into the camp upon their foundered horses would be certain death.

Dick, rather to my surprise, for I did not then know what liars the natives, as a rule, are, calmly lit his pipe, and then ordered our visitors, in a somewhat doubtful Spanish idiom, "to make themselves scarce."

"Unless," he said, politely, "you can tell a plain tale, senores, without lies, *vamos*" (be off,) "and *adios*" (God be with you).

Upon this we learned, after much cross-questioning, that they had been to buy horses ("To steal them, more likely," interjected Dick) at the station of a rich Spaniard, Don Ramon Garcia, who lived about four leagues from us; and that when they reached the top of a gentle rise in the ground, and had a view of the house, they had seen, to their horror and dismay, a large body of the dreaded Indians, who were attacking Don Ramon's *estancia*.

"Whereupon," said the spokesman, with teeth chattering, "we rode hard to your abode. Mount your fleetest horses, *senores*, and ride for life. Soon they will be here; and who can withstand the fierce *bravos*?"

"If this be true," said Dick, turning to me—"and I believe it is, for these cowardly scoundrels' faces are proof that they have seen something—the sooner we prepare to fight the better. We can't run away, and leave all we have in the world to be destroyed, as these valiant gentlemen propose."

My chum's calmness infused confidence into me, and, though dreadfully nervous—for it was my first fight—I set about our preparations with a good show of self-possession.

The natives—both the late arrivals and our own two men, who had often boasted of what they meant to do and had already done in the way of fighting Indians—were quite useless.

Our preparations were very simple—a box of cartridges was opened for our breech-loading rifles and placed ready to hand, together with a jar of water; the door and window, our weakest points, were secured as strongly as possible; and then, sheltering our bodies behind the parapet, we peered cautiously over, and strained our eyes to get the first glimpse of an enemy.

Nothing is so daunting as suspense to a young campaigner, and I felt my heart thumping against my ribs with excitement, and a sort of nervous dread that I should not play a man's part in the struggle we expected. But Dick's voice, calm, low and with a slight drawl in it, reassured me.

"Now, look here, Alfred, my boy," he said; "if we have to fight, keep cool, and do as I tell you. Reach your hand over here—that's right; I like to feel you gripe like that. Now, remember to aim steadily, and don't show yourself more than you can help, for, though these beggars have only a few muskets and pistols in the shape of firearms, they can shoot pretty straight if you stand still enough for a long sight. Their great point will be to force the door, but we can soon stop that if you are steady with your shots; and they can't fire the bricks. Do you see any thing?"

"There's something dark on the ground near the corral," I answered; "it seems nearer than it was."

"An Indian, sure enough, and the ball's going to commence."

As he said this, Dick's rifle rung out in the silence of the night, and I saw a splinter fly white in the moonlight, about a foot above the dark object, which thereupon started up with a cry, and fled.

Then we heard the galloping of horse, and about one hundred Indians rode into view, and, breaking into twos and threes, circled round us within shot—waving spears and shouting as though the whole company of fallen angels had met to lament their change of circumstances chorally.

"Don't shoot! This is all a feint." And Dick's warning came just in time, for a dusky cloud of men sprung out from the ditch (how they could have got in without our having observed them, was puzzling to me), and rushed, lance in hand, against the door.

Well for us that its fastenings were secure, and that we had not been tempted to throw away shots by the first demonstration. Bang! bang! went our rifles, and I saw two of the demons fall.

"Don't hurry, but in with your cartridges," I heard next, and both fired again together.

This was too much for them—they halted, wavered one moment, and then disappeared as if by magic—our rapid system of firing having completely discomfited them.

"Down with you!" and I felt myself pulled suddenly under the parapet, in time to hear the bullets from the horsemen outside the ditch sing over our heads. "So far so good," was Dick's comment. "Now watch the next move."

The moon was now nearly over, but that was not so much against us, the night being clear and starlight enough to see a man at ten paces. We could hear the trampling of horses' feet, and guttural sounds of talking, and guessed that a council of war was being held. Suddenly a spark appeared about two hundred yards from the house—for they had fired our haystack—and grew rapidly into a flame. Brighter and brighter it became, and lit up the scene—as with the glare of the noonday sun.

Grouped round the flame, and out of range, were our foes; their swarthy skins and snaky hair glistened in the firelight; and they brandished lances, and screamed with delight at the destruction they had caused.

Dogs were barking, and the horses in the corral neighing shrilly and rearing with terror—some fighting desperately to escape.

I looked at my companion's face; it was very pale, and the expression decidedly ugly.

"Look!" he said, hoarsely. "Here comes an ambassador. Look!"

I turned with astonishment; but the sickening sight I saw fully accounted for Dick's excitement and rage.

A nearly naked Indian was boldly advancing towards us, and bearing before him a burden to shield him from our shots.

A beautiful white girl of about seventeen was lying helpless in his arms. Her hands were bound behind her back, and masses of coal-black hair encircled a face showing deadly terror and horror in every feature, and drooped nearly to the ground over the savage's arm. Her dress, torn from one white shoulder, showed how hard had been the first ineffectual struggle against her captors.

As the Indian crossed the ditch (they had cut the rope which held up the drawbridge in the first attack) with his burden, Dick, with a deep groan, recognized her.

"It is Rosita, Don Ramon's daughter," he broke out. "I love her, Alfred, and will save her, or die with her. Listen!" he continued, hurriedly. "This rascal has come to make some proposal to us. Keep your eye on him; and the moment you get a fair chance, fire at him. If you kill her, it is the better fate. When I hear the shot, I will throw up the window (which I can do more easily than the door,) and try for a rescue. But, for mercy's sake, don't leave the roof; our only hope is in your being able to keep off the others, who will rush from the ditch. Good-by."

And he was down the ladder before I could speak, leaving his hat cunningly adjusted above the parapet. Poor Dick! all his coolness had vanished now! I myself was not in a pleasant predicament. To carry out his half-mad scheme involved my running a terrible risk of shooting my friend's sweetheart, which at any other time would have appeared impossible; but when I read the agony and loathing in the poor girl's face, I braced my nerves, set my teeth, laid my rifle ready, and felt that no trembling of my hand should mar her deliverance.

And now the savage raised his voice, and demanded in broken Spanish a surrender. He threatened us with tortures in case of refusal, and bid us look upon his captive, for that she, too, should suffer for us. And as he said this, he grasped the girl's hair brutally, and raised her head.

With a sudden spring of pain and fright, she threw herself out of his arms, and fell to the ground. His time and mine had come. As he stooped, my bullet laid him dead by the side of his intended victim.

Dick made his rush from the window, and the Indians theirs from the ditch, as he had predicted; but as Rosita was rather nearer to the house than the ditch, he managed to reach her first, and was retreating with her in his arms. And now all depended upon me. My first shot, aimed at the foremost of the assailants, missed him clean; and before I could seize the other rifle, he had made a vicious thrust at Dick, who, encumbered as he was, was quite helpless. The lance passed through Rosita's dress, luckily without injury to the wearer; and as the savage drew back for a cooler and surer thrust, I had the inexpressible pleasure of shooting him, which effectually prevented any further lance-exercise from him.

Then I heard a heavy fall in the room below. Dick had thrown his burden clean through the open window, at the risk of breaking a limb, and turning, found himself engaged hand to hand with a dozen Indians.

He set his back against the wall, and drew his revolver with his right hand, receiving, as he did so, a spear-thrust through his left arm; but his and my revolver, fortunately reserved until now, played so fatally among the attacking party, that they drew off.

Dick managed, with a great effort, to drag himself through the window, and then fainted away from loss of blood and exhaustion; and when I ran down the ladder to make fast the window again, I found him almost exhausted, near Rosita, the latter having been stunned by her unceremonious entry.

But I could not stay to help here; my post was on the roof. I hurried up the ladder, noticing for the first time that I had myself suffered in the scrimmage to the extent of a slight flesh-wound from a bullet.

The fight was over.

Throughout the remainder of the night, the Indians lingered about, and stole most of the horses and some sheep, but they had not pluck again to encounter the deadly breech-loaders.

Seldom, indeed, had such a severe lesson been taught them; and when the glorious sun rose we saw them ride, beaten, off the field, bearing with them some of the slain.

We learned from Rosita, whose gratitude was most touching, that she had been captured whilst walking in the orange-garden near her father's house, a short time before we were attacked.

"You, noble caballeros," she said, "have preserved me from death, and from what is far worse. God will reward you, for I never can."

I think Dick, however, was of a different opinion; at all events, he has always seemed remarkably satisfied with the reward he persuaded her to make him.

For the Companion.

IN MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON—No. 2.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

What Letters the Prisoners Write—In the Work-shops—In the Hospital—What they do in their "Own Time."

It chanced that I made my second morning call at State Prison the very day after the escape of two adroit and desperate convicts. The warden was in one of the workshops when I arrived, and while I waited for his coming Mr. Peirce, the Clerk, told me the story of the previous night's adventure, and showed me some of the ingenious tools by means of which the men had effected their escape. Three or four table knives had been fashioned into saws, small and pretty enough for a child's toy, but very keen and sharp. A flat, thick piece of rubber had been laid above the stones they wished to pound, and they had hammered upon that, thus completely deadening the sound. The long labor, the keen wit, the slow, painstaking contrivance this escape must have cost these two men, displayed an ability which it was sad to think had served them no better end in life than just to get into prison and out again.

Such escapes from confinement are as infrequent as they are difficult. Since the prison was first occupied, in 1805, nearly eight thousand convicts have been committed to it, and in the whole time less than fifty have escaped.

I was there on a Monday morning, and a large pile of unsealed letters lay on Mr. Peirce's desk, written the preceding day by the prisoners to their friends. On Sundays, after the services in the chapel, which close at twelve, the men take with them both their dinner and their supper, and are locked into their cells to stay there till the next morning. They have, therefore, many uninterrupted hours in which to think of home and friends; and the correspondence handed in on Monday morning is usually quite extensive. These letters are, of course, subject to the inspection of the officers of the prison, and sometimes a fortunate visitor gets a glimpse of them.

Many of them were quite well written, and nearly every one at which I glanced seemed intended to prove that its author was either a good man, unjustly condemned, or one so far reformed that to keep him in confinement was an actual loss to society.

Mr. Peirce smiled to see how much the letters impressed me. He said that six months at the prison would probably go farther to convince me of total depravity than I could now imagine; and quoted the remark of a certain celebrated orthodox professor of theology to a class he was indoctrinating—"Not believe in total depravity? Why, look at my Jim!"—Jim being his own scapegrace son. "Not believe in total depravity? Why, look at my prisoners!" seemed to be Mr. Peirce's rendering. And yet in the reformation of some of them he really had faith; and for many of them a tender, half-excusing pity, which forgave, while it could not forget their misdeeds.

I was especially interested in a letter to His

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Excellency, Gov. Claflin, by a prisoner who was a Confederate General during the war. It was an elegantly written letter—calm, persuasive, and yet to the last degree pathetic. It did not extenuate the crime, that of obtaining money under false pretences, for which the writer was in confinement; but it set forth the press of temptation to which he had yielded, and pictured the three years of suffering he had already passed in prison, during which heart and flesh had failed him. It so fervently implored the Governor to grant him freedom—the liberty to go far away among his own people—that I found a suspicious dimness blinding my eyes as I read. Just as I had finished it, Warden Haynes came in, and we then started to visit the workshops.

Three different branches of work are carried on here by the convicts, whose labor is hired of the State by contractors—brush-making, shoemaking, and the manufacture of iron, this last including many and various departments, from the fashioning of the commonest and roughest implements to the production of American bronzes almost rivalling the French in beauty.

To go into the great foundery was like making a descent into the under world of subterranean fires and dusky gnomes. I never longed more to be a painter than while looking at this strange scene—a vast, rough, low-roofed room, through whose gloomy spaces moved the silent men in gray, feeding the fires, hammering the iron, busy always. Their faces seemed pale except when now and then one passed the blazing fire, and his features were lit up weirdly for a moment by its lurid blaze. This fire glowing afar under the dusky rafters, the grimy, silent, busy men, the great black heaps of metal here and there, made up the wild picture which I longed to paint, and which will live in my memory for many a day.

From the foundery we went up through successive shops and successive stages of manufacture, till we reached the light and spacious room with flowers and "green things growing" in every window, where the best gas fixtures are finished, and the fine bronzes are polished. Here stood a bronze Shakespeare, contemplative and half sad, beside Goethe and Schiller, his great brethren. Here were bracket-holders, and graceful vases, and Roman lamps; and moving among them, and working always with downcast eyes, were still the silent men in gray.

Now and then, when some face struck me, I inquired the history of its owner. I saw the famous Newburyport Fire-Bug, who burned up building after building—among them his own house and barn—led on by no conceivable motive save the fatal fascination of the flames. One old, old man I saw, who was sent there two years ago for killing his old wife. He struck the blow while he was drunk, and his face wore a dazed, bewildered, half imbecile look, as if he had not yet found out how it all happened.

In one of the shoe-making workshops I saw a young man whom I myself used to know a few years since—a pretty boy, in that by-gone time, with curling hair and frank, dark eyes, and the boyish red in his cheeks. He was the darling of the two old people, his parents, the child of their old age, whom they loved perhaps too well, and indulged perhaps too much.

He was more weak than wicked. Evil companions tempted him first to gamble and then to steal gold with which to play higher and higher, until at last the hour of detection came, and now he is here.

It breaks one's heart to know how the poor old father and mother have suffered—how they pray to live to see him free once more, and how every time prison discipline will permit they go to see him, never reproaching him, always making him feel that whatever else he has lost he has not lost their love. But O how sad it is—this mother's darling of a boy carrying like the rest his uninviting meal, and being locked in to eat it in his solitary cell.

In the laundry, seated at the task of repairing clothes, the warden pointed out to me the Confederate General in whom I had become so much interested through his letter, and promised when we had completed our rounds to send for him to the guard-room.

After visiting all the workshops we went to the hospital, where we found eight or ten invalids, some lying in their narrow beds, others able to sit up and read. The hospital cells are much larger than the ordinary ones—as large as the "hall bed-rooms" of a good sized city house—and they are also somewhat better furnished than the others, having two chairs instead of one stool. Their doors open into a general room, where an attendant sits. Near at hand is a small kitchen where such food as the physician orders for the patients is prepared.

It is a proof of the wholesome sanitary regulations of the prison that in a dozen years there has been but one case of fever; but confinement and gloom sow the seeds of consumption and heart disease at a fearful rate. It sometimes happens that prisoners given over to die are pardoned out, that they may close their eyes among familiar faces.

Not long ago a patient was brought there so ill of consumption that the doctor thought he could not live a week, and made every possible exertion for his release. Finally succeeding, he procured the admission of the patient to the Consumptives' Home, and there they nursed him to such tolerable health that he could go out into the world again. He passed about ten days in freedom before he was detected in stealing, and has now been disposed of in the House of Correction, determined, as it seems, to live at the public expense somewhere.

When we returned to the guard-room I saw there for a few moments the Confederate General. He was a man evidently accustomed to society, with a quiet, gentlemanly manner and a pleasant voice. I spoke to him of his letter to Gov. Claflin, and found him so full of hope for a speedy release that I trembled to think what might be the effect of his not improbable disappointment.

There is one aspect of prison life of which I have thus far omitted all mention—the aspiration of some of the prisoners toward better things. Their struggles for culture under almost insurmountable difficulties would put to shame the easy-going indolence of schools and colleges.

One prisoner, coming there after being graduated at Phillips Academy, and, of course, well grounded in Greek and Latin, made himself during his imprisonment master of three modern languages. Another took up painting; and I saw in Mr. Peirce's possession a very creditable portrait in oils, painted by this criminal, wholly self-instructed in art. In the same gentleman's parlor were frames of exquisite leather work, and dainty wood carving, the work of convicts.

The most wonderful achievement of all was that of a man who had formerly been the editor of a magazine, and was committed for forgery. He turned to literature as his natural recreation, and wrote while in prison, quite extensively. I have now on my table a book of which this convict was in a most literal and complete sense the author. It is a volume in every way remarkable. For safe keeping it is incased in a box of two kinds of wood, put together in narrow stripes, and highly polished. You open it and find "The Life of Christ," a book elegantly bound in carved black walnut covers, with raised and gilded letters, and scroll work, and with a velvet back. The composition is worthy of the elegance with which it is bound; and it is in no respect more wonderful than in the neatness with which it was printed by the patient pen. The execution is faultless throughout, and it is more than three hundred pages long, of the common duodecimo size.

These efforts at self-culture are encouraged under the present liberal management of the prison. For three winters lectures by various noted men and women have been given in the chapel—a spacious hall at the top of the building, capable of seating perhaps seven hundred men, and in which I myself have seen five hundred and sixty prisoners seated of an evening, lifting eager faces to listen to a miscellaneous reading of fun and pathos, prose and verse by a gifted elocutionist. It was the most enthusiastic audience I have ever seen, proving, perhaps, that pleasures are appreciated somewhat in proportion to their rarity.

Of course the number of those who seek such solace for their woes as may be found in study and improvement is a very small part of the whole; but it speaks well for the humanity of these misguided men that they are always ready to work heartily in the time that is their own, for any charity; and the gift of more than two hundred dollars from the Massachusetts convicts was one of the first to reach the sufferers by the great Portland fire.

They are human, indeed, and capable of good—but they have also proved themselves capable of fearful evil, and their life here is its legitimate penalty. It is a sad, sad life, try how they may to brighten it. It is small wonder that now and then one goes mad—that consumption and slow decline are not infrequent—that a sentence of the youngest man for twenty years is virtually a sentence for life. I think that any one whose feet were still set in safe and law-abiding paths, and who should see even as I have seen, in my few visits, to what the way of the transgressor leads, would walk carefully all his life thereafter.

TRUE HEROISM.

Let others write of battles fought
  On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
  And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
  And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
  Against himself, and wins.

It calls for something more than brawn,
  Or muscle, to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
  With banner, plume and drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
  With silent, stealthy tread,
Forever near your board by day,
  At night beside your bed.

All honor then to that brave heart,
  Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part—
  Who conquers, and is free!
He may not wear a hero's crown,
  Nor fill a hero's grave;
But truth will place his name among
  The bravest of the brave.

IMPUDENCE.

Some people are impudent because they are ill-natured; others because they are selfish or thoughtless; others from pure malice. There are persons, however, who never learn to be courteous. They haven't the qualities of mind necessary to make them gentlemen or ladies, and can no more realize that other people have feelings that are keenly sensitive to pain or pleasure, than a man who is color blind, can realize the beauty or the discords of colors. They are unfortunates—like dunces and idiots, more to be pitied than blamed. Here is a sample of this class, given by a correspondent. The circumstances occurred at Saratoga:

"A lady named Willis engaged board at a large and very comfortable boarding-house, during the fashionable season, and in many respects, was pleased with the house and the company in it. She was one of those fortunate persons to whom is given a most luxuriant wealth of hair, which the mode of dressing then, as now, enabled her to display to very excellent advantage.

"As we all know, there is a moment when parties seat themselves at table, when profound silence generally reigns, that all present feel to be an awkward pause. A few days after my friend's arrival, a middle-aged, good-natured Quakeress, who sat at her side, availed herself of that inopportune moment to inquire, in a loud voice,—

"'Say, Mrs., is that all your own hair?'

"The effect of the inquiry can better be imagined than described. Every body present turned their eyes toward the crimson face of Mrs. Willis, as she answered,—

"'Yes, madam.'

"'I want to know!' ejaculated the admiring Quakeress.

"The next evening, when Mrs Willis appeared, the gentlemen tried to look unconscious, and the ladies smiled. Mrs. Willis had adorned her tresses with a beautiful rose-bud, *a la mode*, and took her seat by the offending Quakeress with an iciness that ought to have congealed her thoughtless impudence.

"Again the 'awful pause,' but the Quakeress was equal to the occasion.

"'Say, Mrs.! That rose in your hair sticks right up straight."

"'I designed it should,' was the curt reply.

"'O, did? Why—I thought you didn't!'

"There was a rippling sensation along the table of something akin to half-concealed mirth, in which Mrs. Willis very cordially joined, and hoped her afflictions were over. Not so. The next evening the curious soul was attracted by the gleam of a superb *solitaire* diamond, the radiance of which gem was unfamiliar to her.

"'Say, Mrs., what kind of a ring is that next the wedding one?"

"'Diamond.'

"'You don't say!' cried the Quakeress, fixing her eyes with an exclamation point in both pupils. 'Why, I have heard tell of diamond rings that cost as much as a hundred dollars! I guess that's one. I'm glad I am not your husband.'

"Mrs. Willis changed her boarding-place, and escaped her tormentor."

EXCOMMUNICATION.

It is mentioned in the newspapers that Pope Pius IX. has excommunicated the famous Dr. John Joseph Ignatius Dollinger, of eminent talents, because he will not accept the doings of the Œcumenical Council, held at Rome in 1870, as of binding force on all Catholics.

What is excommunication, that it should be brought to bear against so prominent a man, by way of punishing him for alleged disobedience?

The word *excommunication* is made from two Latin words, and means that the person excommunicated is cut off from all association with his church.

Time was when to be excommunicated was indeed a very serious matter. That time was when the Western world had but one Christian church, the church of Rome, or Catholic church. In those days when a person was excommunicated he was cast out of Christendom, as it were,—and it was believed that if he died excommunicate, he would suffer the tortures of the condemned eternally.

The great power that the church thus held was not unfrequently exercised, and almost always with terrible effect. Kings were conquered by it, and were made to submit to the Pope, whether they were right or wrong in the position they had assumed in opposition to his decrees. Their subjects would rebel, if monarchs continued in a state of rebellion against the Pope—for it was a terrible thing for a whole nation to be laid under an interdict, which cut them off from all the offices of the church.

But the greatness of this power has passed away. It had become much weaker than it was in the times of the church, before the Reformation occurred; and that great event nearly completed the work of making it comparatively harmless.

Both Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth, sovereigns of England, were excommunicated,—and they survived the Pope's attack, and prospered,—which made men see that the Pope was not the powerful person he had been.

But excommunication is still a weapon of force as used against individuals, and is employed occasionally to terrify them. When a man is a believer in the religious authority of the church of Rome, it is no light thing for him to be cut off from the spiritual comfort and consolation which that church affords to those who belong to it.

Protestants may smile at the notion that the Pope can be supposed to have power over the future life of men, but to Catholics the matter is not a smiling one, for every sincere Catholic believes that officially he has.

There are two kinds of excommunication. The one is commonly called the greater or major excommunication, in which the sufferer is anathematized, and cut off entirely from the church, as a corrupt limb is cut from the body of a man, and from all association with its members. This is issued only in extreme cases.

The other is the lesser or minor excommunication, and may be considered as simply sus-

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pending the offender from the benefits of the church.

Prof. Dollinger has had the major excommunication issued against him, which shows how great is his offence in the eyes of the Pope. The minor excommunication will be issued against those who may afford him aid and encouragement.

BEDDING PLANTS,

In other words—plants for beds. By these are meant those plants used to set out in our flower gardens in summer. The florists have them for sale in the spring, and people who wish to have a few flowers in the summer, buy them, pots and all, and fill their grounds with them.

These little plants furnish all our best varieties of flowers, and with their aid a very little time and money go a great ways. Years ago every body depended upon seeds for their garden plants. Now, except in far-away farm gardens, seedling plants have given place to bedding plants.

Let us see what has been gained by the change. Plants raised from seeds are uncertain and irregular. We cannot be sure that they will come up, and if they do, the flowers may not be of the color wanted. With a bedding plant the blossom is on it when it is bought, so that its color is known. There is little danger that it will not be thrifty, for there it is, alive and growing vigorously in its little pot.

The method of planting is very simple. Have the soil well prepared, and then with the hand, or a trowel, make a little hole just large enough to hold the pot. Next, water the plants as they stand in the pots. When the water has drained off, place the fingers over the soil in the pot, turn it upside down and rap it gently. The plant will fall out into your hand. Then set it upright in the place prepared for it. Press the soil tightly about it and the work is done.

A DERIVATION OF "GENTLEMAN."

The following is curious, though not according to the dictionaries. We do not know its authority, but give it for what it is worth:

In the age of Valentinian the converts to Christianity in the Western Empire consisted chiefly of the middle classes in the towns. The agricultural population still adhered to the traditions and superstitions of their ancestors with such tenacity, that the word "pagans," which literally signifies the inhabitants of the rural districts, became a generic name for all classes of idolators.

In the higher ranks the Christians were chiefly found among the officers of state and the ministers of the imperial court, who were, for the most part, unconnected with the patrician body, and owed their elevation either to their military services or imperial favor.

The old patrician families, who affected to trace their descent to the great aristocratic houses of the ancient republic—the "Gentiles," as they loved to call themselves—adhered to polytheism, which now alone afforded any external evidence of their hereditary rank; and hence "gentileman," or "gentleman," came to be used indifferently for a man of exalted birth or polished manners, and for one who rejected the truths of Christianity.

We hope, however, that no boy when told to "behave like a gentleman," will assume from this that it is obeying orders to behave like a "heathen."

HOW TO BE NOBODY.

The following rules are full of the severe irony of truth. Strictly obeyed they will secure to any boy or young man the bitterest failure that his worst enemy could wish:

Spend your leisure time on a whiskey barrel. Drink as much as you can pay for, or get others to pay for, or get on credit. Smoke cigars in the same ratio. Master the intricacies of dominoes, billiards and checkers; above all things, make yourself an adept at card playing. Chess, the game of intelligent young men who foolishly desire to be somebody, you should eschew.

Don't read any thing, except the dime novels of the day. Cultivate an impression that all women like to be insulted, and that all men are thieves. If you should ever become conscious of a decent emotion—to which weakness, alas! the most of us are liable at odd moments—crush it out with a little impromptu blackguardism, or drown it in a horn of whiskey.

Make fun of your mother behind her back, and never think—because thinking is dangerous—of how much she has done for you, hoped for you, prayed for you. Cheat your father, and borrow your sister's little savings.

Do these things, and whatever else of vile and worthless that shall suggest itself to you, and your ambition will be sated. You shall stagger and wagger through life, too insignificant to be despised, and tumble into your grave almost too loathsome to be pitied.—*Gospel Banner.*

HUMANITY CONQUERS.

A lady dressed with excellent taste was passing up Washington Street, recently, on a very cold day, when she noticed a horse whose blanket had fallen off. Many other ladies and gentlemen were passing and it required some moral courage (as the world goes) for her to stop, take up the blanket, spread it over the horse and tuck it under the harness. But she did it, and, we hope, had sweeter dreams in consequence. "Examples strike all human hearts," and this young lady may feel that her mercy, in this case, was *thrice* blessed, for it covered not only the giver and receiver, but the stranger who witnessed the act.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

POOR BOY!

The Boston *Traveller* thinks the following story a good illustration of the way a good many stripplings in "jacket and trousers" miss their "bearings" and miss their wits:

The pet of a family, residing not far from Lagrange Street, is a boy who has recently passed his fifth year, and having just donned his first jacket and trousers, is attending a primary school. The other afternoon he failed to come home at the usual hour, much to the alarm of the household, and after a long search, he was found, some time after dark, at the Providence depot.

He was sent to bed without much explanation, though it is possible his treatment was what Solomon would have recommended in such an emergency.

The next morning he was down to the breakfast table, evidently none the worse for the lesson, and perhaps the wiser. Taking advantage of a lull in the conversation customary at the morning meal, he turned his grave countenance toward the lady at the head of the table, and giving free vent to his overcharged mind, he exclaimed,—

"I'll tell you, mamma, how it happened. After school I went part of the way home with Mary ——, and at the corner of a street where she left me, I kissed her, and she kissed me, and then I found I was lost."

There was an explosion around the table just about that time. It is suspected this is not the first young gentleman who has been lost under similar circumstances.

THE DUCHESS PEAR.

Our choicest varieties of fruit often bear the names of their discoverers. We find this romantic story of a fine kind of pear tree that became fruitful by accident and famous by its christening, and has kept famous ever since by its real excellence:

A French nobleman, observing his tenant about to destroy a fine, thrifty pear tree, inquired the cause. He was told that it was a chance seedling, and had borne no fruit in twenty years. He had already cut its roots preparatory to the first stroke, but was ordered to let it remain. He did so, and in the following year it was loaded with superb fruit, of an entirely unknown variety, which at once became celebrated. The root-pruning the gardener had given it worked like a charm. Not many years afterward, when the Duchess d'Angoulême was passing through Lyons, its inhabitants sent a committee of reception to extend to her their hospitalities. Nine fair maidens presented the Duchess with golden salvers, on which lay heaped the most precious fruit, and begged her to bestow upon it her name; and the pear now recognized as the crowning glory of all fruits was thenceforward known as the Duchess d'Angoulême.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE DISEASE.

Lansing, Mich., writes a Western correspondent, is a very healthy locality for the ague:

It comes creeping up a fellow's back like a ton of wild oats, goes crawling through his joints like iron spikes, and is followed by a fever which prohibits the patient from thinking of any thing but the Independent Order of Good Templars. It isn't the "every-other-day" kind, but gets up with a man at daylight, and sleeps in the small of his back all night. His teeth feel about six inches too long, his joints wobble like a loose wagon wheel, and the "shakes are so steady that one can't hold any sort of conversation except by putting in dashes."

PUMPKIN MONEY.

We have heard of pumpkin-*seed* currency among farmers in hard times, but never of the whole vegetable so used, as it seems to be in Utah.

A correspondent writing from Provo, in that delectable territory, tells of a case in which a beau secured admission to a show for himself and sweetheart by passing in at the ticket office —a pumpkin. Moreover, the latter being worth more than the price of the tickets, he got two carrots as "change." The writer adds that several other persons secured admission by passing in chickens, eggs, butter and grain.

WOULD DROWN 'EM FIRST.

Most people love their own way best, and they say the Scotch *will* have it, if they die for it.

Compulsory education, it appears, is meeting with some resistance in Scotland. One of the members of a school board was recently discussing the question with an elector of a Scotch town, who addressed him as follows:

"Well, master, and is this Bible truth what I do hear—that you gentlefolks is agoing to eddicate my children whether I like it or not?"

The member of the board explained.

"Well, master, you say as how they must be eddicated? I says as how they mustn't, and they sha'n't; I'll drown 'em first."

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Perry Mason & Co.,

Publishers Youth's Companion.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A vegetable.
2. A speaker.
3. A bird.
4. A conqueror.
5. Dress.
6. Elaborate. **E.**

2.

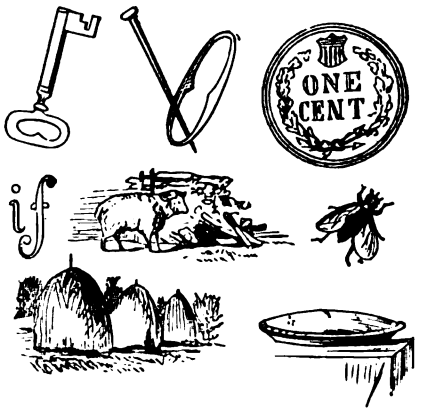
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in woman but not in daughter,
My *second* is in ink but not in water;
My *third* is in whale but not in fish,
My *fourth* is in think but not in wish;
My *fifth* is in pink but not in red,
My *sixth* is in ran but not in fled;
My *seventh* is in mince but not in mouse,
My *whole* is in every farmer's house.

F. D. H.

3.

REBUS.



4.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. Bring that dress and overskirt to me.
2. I am hers 'till death do us part.
3. I have heard that Isabel fasts during Lent.
4. In October, Linden trees are stripped of their foliage.
5. The Baltic air on account of its coldness is very bracing.
6. The books written by Quackenbos to Normal scholars are very useful. SETHIE.

5.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-five letters.
My 2, 8, 28, 16, 31, 21, 11 was a man of distinguished valor.
My 5, 10, 20, 13, 19, 1, 34 were an ancient people.
My 7, 15, 4, 31, 14, 6, 22 was a province of Asia Minor.
My 11, 33, 20, 22, 16, 26, 32 was a range of mountains in Palestine.
My 14, 10, 20, 29, 3, 22, 18 was a prophetess.
My 20, 10, 17, 28, 22, 32, 25 was a village of Palestine.
My 27, 6 13, 24, 3, 21, 19 is an evergreen tree.
My 30, 33, 12, 7, 22, 3 14 is a beautiful animal.
My 35, 9, 23, 4, 18, 22, 16 was a city of Persia.
My whole is part of a verse in the Bible.

ISOLA.

6.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A prevarication.
2. Behold.
3. Twilight.
4. To step widely.
5. A kind of spasm.

My initials spell a covering for my finals. H. S.

Conundrums.

Where did the cock crow so loudly that all the world heard him? In Noah's ark.

What lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows bottom upward? An icicle.

Why is the war like the fashion of wearing short dresses? Because it stops the trains.

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane? Because it hurts the pupil.

Why does the minister have more wives than any one else? Because he often marries a couple at a time.

To make a Venetian blind. Put out his eyes.

Why is a balloon like silence? Because it gives assent.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Fortune favors the brave.
2. Ezra, Zeal, Rail, Ally.
3. The Dollar Steam Engine.
4. Men understand all overbearing persons to lie beneath those who feel as well for others as for themselves.
5. A wagon.
6. Boston.
7. H A G U E
   H A L L E HAVRE,
   D O V E R ELVAS.
   C A I R O
   S O R O E

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THE IDIOT BOY.

It had pleased God to form poor Ned
A thing of idiot mind,
Yet to the poor, unreasoning boy
God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child,
Whom helplessness made dear,
And life was every thing to him
Who knew no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
Each half artic'late call;
For he was every thing to her,
And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they lived,
Nor knew a wish beside;
But age at length on Sarah came,
And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,
He called her o'er and o'er;
They told him she was dead—the words
To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
Whilst he stood wond'ring by,
And when they bore her to the grave,
He followed silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
And sung the funeral stave,
And when the mournful train dispersed,
He loitered by the grave.

The rabble boys that used to jeer
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him at the grave,
And not a word was said.

They came, and went, and came again,
And night at last drew on;
Yet still he lingered at the place
Till every one had gone.

And when he found himself alone,
He quick removed the clay,
And raised the coffin in his arms,
And bore it swift away.

Straight went he to his mother's cot,
And laid it on the floor,
And with the eagerness of joy
He barred the cottage door.

At once he placed his mother's corpse
Upright within her chair,
And then he heaped the hearth and blew
The kindling fire with care.

She now was in her wonted chair;
It was her wonted place;
And bright the fire blazed and flashed
Reflected from her face.

Then bending down he'd feel her hands,
Anon her face behold:
Why, mother, do you look so pale,
And why are you so cold?

And when the neighbors, on next morn,
Had forced the cottage door,
Old Sarah's corpse was in the chair,
And Ned's was on the floor.

It had pleased God from this poor boy,
His only friend to call;
Yet God was not unkind to him,
For death restored him all.

For the Companion.

LADY HUNTINGDON'S DEATH.

One of the pleasant incidents in the history of Methodism is that its founders lived to a serene old age, and died happy in the consolations of the religion with which they sought to bless mankind.

Wesley, and nearly all of his coadjutors, were old men at death. In view of their sacrifices in their earlier years, their abundant reward in declining life is very significant. It illustrates and gives force to the famous remark of St. Jerome,—

"I never knew a charitable person to come to an evil end."

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, the friend of Whitefield, devoted her time and fortune to the welfare of others. In her maidenhood she heard her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Hastings, remark, "that since she had known and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation, she had been as happy as an angel."

This remark made an impression upon her mind. It led her to desire to become a follower of Christ, and afterwards resulted in her belief in Him as her Saviour. Her after life was very attractive in the devoted piety that she exhibited by her unwearied usefulness. She erected chapels at her own expense, and lived abstemiously that she might give more money to the poor and to advance the religion of her Master.

She died at the age of eighty-four. A year before her death she met with an accident, which was the beginning of her last illness. Although in great pain, her mind was at perfect peace. As death drew near, she often said, with emphasis, "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh! The thought fills me with joy unspeakable!"

Here was the ground of her hopes and her happiness: "I see," she said, "myself a poor worm, drawing near to Jesus. What hope could I entertain if I did not know the efficacy of His blood? How little could any thing that I have done give a moment's rest at such an hour as this! I confess I have no hope but that which inspired the dying malefactor at the side of my Lord, and I must be saved in the same way, as freely, as fully, or not at all."

New views and revelations came to her in her triumph over the terrors of death. "I cannot tell you," she said, "in what light I now see these words: 'If a man love Me, he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' To have in this room such company, and to have such an eternal prospect! I see this subject now in a light impossible to be described. I know my capacity will be then enlarged, but I am now as sensible of the presence of God, as I am of the presence of those I have with me."

Her dying testimony was a fitting close to so grand an earthly life.

"My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father!"

What a theme for profitable thought! Are we doing our life work? Shall we rise at last to a better world with similar prospects and recollections? HEZEKIAH.

CAME BACK A BEGGAR.

The saying that he who buys a journey on a fool's errand, will steal his way back, has an example in the following, from the *Mutes' Chronicle*, Columbus, O.:

Yesterday a young man applied for assistance at the infirmary office, relating a series of adventures which very forcibly illustrated the folly of the unreasonable desire some boys have to leave home. His name was Boeringer; he was but seventeen years of age, and had a happy home in New Hamburg.

Wishing to seek his fortune, he took five hundred dollars and started for California.

Arriving at San Francisco, he applied for work he found it impossible to obtain. His money was spent so rapidly that at the end of two months he had but ninety dollars and no prospect of obtaining work.

About this time he went to the Opera House to while away a few hours, and an adroit knave "went through" him for every cent he had.

Penniless and almost in tatters, he resolved to return home by stealing his way on the cars.

His first ride was of a distance of seven hundred miles, which he made seated on the beams at the end of a freight car. He then stole a ride of five hundred miles on a cowcatcher, and the rest of the distance in a wheat car, begging a little food here and there whenever the cars stopped.

He states that the time he passed on the cowcatcher was the most perilous of any during his journey. The snow was thick on the track, in some places drifted, and sometimes he was buried beneath a heap of white flakes from which he could extricate himself only with the greatest difficulty when the train halted.

The wind of the prairies whistled about, the snow pelted him, and the cold pierced his scant clothing, almost freezing the blood in his veins.

With benumbed fingers he clung to the iron rods on the cowcatcher as a drowning sailor clings to the spars of a wreck.

At length he reached "the States," where towns and cities were numerous, and where his forlorn condition excited sympathy. He was assisted on his way from one city to another, and on Saturday arrived in Columbus. Sunday he attended one of our churches, and on making known his situation was properly cared for and introduced to a gentleman who gave him a pass as far as Buffalo.

He has learned a bitter lesson, and one that will do him good. It is folly for a lad to leave a good home to seek his fortune in a strange city, without a friend there to counsel or to help. In nine cases out of ten ruin follows such a course.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Elijah Kellogg, in a capital story, published in *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, relates this funny incident, and vouches for its truth. He tells it to show that theory and practice don't always agree:

A venerated professor,—a most distinguished mathematician, whose works are still used as text-books in many of our institutions—went to Bethel. On his return he spent the Sabbath at Lewiston.

Monday morning he was told that his horse was sick. Nevertheless, he started. The horse went a few rods, fell down, and broke both thills.

He then sent his wife home, and also sent to Brunswick for another horse and carriage to take him and the broken chaise home. When the driver came, they lashed the two vehicles together and started.

All went well till they came to the first long, steep hill between Lewiston and Brunswick. On its summit they held a consultation. The professor had an exaggerated idea of his strength, and said,—

"Mr. Chandler, it is too much for the horse to hold these two carriages on this steep descent. Take the horse out; I will get into the shafts."

"Professor," replied Chandler, "the breeching is strong, and so is the arm-girth."

"But the *horse*, Mr. Chandler; it is too much for the *horse*. Besides, being stronger, I know how to take advantage of the descent, and can manage it much better than a horse.

"If the horse can't do it, you can't."

"Do you, sir, intend to place me, in point of intelligence and knowledge of mechanical forces, below a horse? I have made mathematics the study of a lifetime."

"I have no intention to be disrespectful, sir, but I know that a horse understands his own business—which is handling a load on a hill—better than all the professors in the United States. I was sent up here by my employer, who confides in me to take care of his property; if you will take the business out of my hands, and become horse yourself, you must be answerable for the consequences.

The professor had a habit, when a little excited, of giving a nervous twitch at the lapel of his coat with his right hand.

"*I*," he replied, "with a most emphatic twitch, "assume all responsibility."

The driver, in reality nothing loath to witness the operation, took out the horse, and held him by the bridle; and the professor, getting into the shafts, took hold of them at the ends.

The forward carriage was just descending the hill, when the professor trod on a rolling stone, which caused him to plunge forward and increased the velocity of his load so much, that he was forced to walk faster than he desired, and exchange his slanting position—with his shoulders thrown well back, and his feet well braced, which he had at first adopted—for a perpendicular one.

At length he was pushed into a run, and the carriages were going at a fearful rate.

At the bottom of the hill was a brook; on each side was a precipitous bank. The professor was now going nine feet at a leap. In order to cramp the forward wheel, he turned suddenly to the right.

The shafts of the forward carriage went two feet into the bank, breaking them both short off; the lashing of the hinder one slipped; it ran into the forward one, breaking the fender; and both vehicles turned over down the hill, with a tremendous crash, the learned gentleman describing a parabola,—one of his favorite figures,—and landing some rods away.

He rose from the earth a dirtier and wiser man, knees skinned, pants torn, a piece of skin knocked off his forehead, and his best hat flat as a pancake underneath the hind carriage; and looking round he exclaimed,—

"Is it possible I could have been so much deceived as to the momentum? I was prodigious!"

"I don't know any thing about *momentum*," replied Chandler; "but I know something about *horses*. I know it makes a mighty difference about holding back a load on a steep hill, whether the horse has two legs or four, and whether he weighs a hundred and seventy-five or twelve hundred pounds."

It cost the professor thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents to ascertain how much horse-power he represented.

"PET."

Wild birds (perhaps we should say "wild poultry") are much more spirited and resolute than domestic ones, and they retain that character long after they have been tamed into the farmyard. The following account of a spunky little pet quail comes to us from Kentucky in the Covington *News:*

Last spring, when the days grew long and warm, and the newly-hatched birds were leaving their nests, an Indian one day gave our preacher a little quail that had been lost by its mother. The minister gave it to us, and we made a cage out of a collar-box for the quail and a cripple chicken. At first the tiny thing refused to eat, and made friends with no one but the chicken, who in time acted the part of mother. Both grew, and soon the cage was too small for them. The chicken was now well, and went about the yard as usual, followed by its little charge.

The quail was regarded as a great curiosity by the little folks, who gathered daily in the yard to watch its movements. As the quail, now christened Pet, neared maturity, he began to show a great aversion to the company of our neighbors' hens, and would allow none inside our yard. Many and long-fought battles did Pet have with neighbors' hens, until at length he was acknowledged master.

Pet did not forget his foster mother, but took especial care that no harm should befall the little chick, now a large yellow hen, that had watched over him in his infant days; and each night he returned to his place on the roost under her wing.

Pet was an early riser, and the first streak of light in the east was the signal for his shrill whistle to begin. Often through the day would he fly near groups of children, and although he always scolded them for taking him in their hands, we secretly believed he rather liked to be caught. He had a certain round of visits to make each day, and certain neighbors welcomed him with corn, wheat, and other delicacies. Pet was the pet of the town, but alas! the evil day for him came.

Pet had never whistled louder than on last Sunday morning. About two o'clock, P. M. he came in the house for his dinner, and to be petted, and went out again, and flew away as usual. Toward evening little Charlie Peacaut came running towards the house, saying,—

"Your quail is shot! Dave shot him!"

Charlie said he saw the man watching Pet, and then go after a gun. Just as he was going to fire, Charlie said,—

"Don't shoot, Dave! that's Mrs. Northup's quail!" but the only response was,—

"I am going to shoot," and in a moment Pet was no more.

Children, what do you think of a man that will thus wantonly destroy the children's pets? Shun such men, if you would keep your young hearts pure.

MUSIC IN OLDEN TIMES.

The first music printed in New England was in 1609, and the earliest collection preserved was published in 1698, and contains thirteen tunes. In 1713 the first organ in the country was set up in King's Chapel. It remained unpacked for seven months, but when it was set up it became at once a wonder. One old lady thought it was "a pretty box of whistles, but an awful way to spend the Sabbath." About the time of the Revolution the custom of "deaconing" out the hymns was abolished, amidst much opposition. In one instance, when the deacon persisted in lining out the hymn, he was overborne by the choir, and left the church in tears, but was afterward censured by the church. In another case, a deacon waited until the choir finished, and then commenced lining out the hymn, prefacing it by saying, "The world's people have sung, now let the Lord's people sing." The first instrument brought to aid church music was the pitch-pipe, then came the tuning-fork, the bass-viol, and other stringed instruments, which preceded the organ. The introduction of the viol caused much opposition, and once a minister introduced the service by saying, "You may fiddle and sing the 105th Psalm."

HYMN IN A TAVERN.

A city missionary in Providence, Mr. Wm. T. Osmun, was converted from a low dance-house keeper by some young men singing Christian hymns in his saloon. The great Luther well understood that music was a key to the heart, and used it most effectually in the Reformation. The Papist Cardinal Cajetan said of him, "He has conquered us by his songs." A writer to the *Christian* says:

I have read somewhere of a minister of the Gospel, who, while travelling, I think in one of the Western States, stopped at a wayside inn to obtain refreshments for himself and beast. During his tarry there, he felt strongly impressed to sing a certain hymn; and unusual as it might seem, he was not disobedient to the Spirit's voice, but lifted his solemn song, and through it, poured out the pent-up longings of his heart for the salvation of those for whom Christ had died.

The song ended. He called for his horse, and pursued his journey, little thinking what precious seed he had planted in that lonely spot. Many years after he passed that way again, and was greeted as a friend by those whom he had almost forgotten.

He found the lady of the house, and some of her family, had entered the path of Christian discipleship, and were striving to follow Jesus in the way; and they told him there, that the sacred song was blessed of God, and made the instrument of awakening them from their carnal slumbers, and arousing them to seek and serve the Lord.

A RHINOCEROS IN AN ICE-POND.

A curious ice accident happened recently to the rhinoceros in the Zoological Gardens in London. While her den was being cleaned the animal was permitted to tarry outside, behind what is called the elephant house; but advancing toward the pond, where the snow that had fallen during the night made the water and the land look alike, she stepped too far, the ice broke under her, and she went floundering in, breaking up the ice as she went, even where it was four inches thick.

Here she was in great danger of drowning, for the pond was nine feet deep; but the alarm being given, the superintendent came in great haste, and by the removal of a water-plug, the contents of the pond were slowly drawn off.

Meanwhile, for there was no time to lose, twenty-six men went to work with strong ropes, which they threw around the animal's haunches; and after a struggle of half an hour they got her upon the bank again.

At this point was witnessed a ludicrous scene. It is one thing for twenty-six men to draw a rhinoceros to shore, and quite another thing to get away when the animal comes safely to land. The superintendent, anticipating trouble from this source, had fastened the gate open a little way, so that one man at a time might get through, but not a rhinoceros.

Every man must now look out for himself, and all rushed to the gate. The foremost was the stoutest, and when he reached the man-hole he unfortunately stuck fast in it. The delay was painful; twenty-five men were crowded at the gate, all anxious to find an "opening for future usefulness" with the serious prospect of not getting it.

The huge beast, however, did not molest them, but merely pricked up her ears and snorted at them, as if she thought they were not very much, after all. Their fear was unnecessary, for the wild creature took no advantage of their situation; and when the last man got through, the gate was tightly closed.

The length of this rhinoceros is ten and a half feet, and her weight is nearly four tons.—*Young Folks' News.*

A MAN WHO CAN DRIVE NAILS.

It is an accomplishment to be able to drive a nail with precision, to say nothing about the speed with which the work is done. Young beginners in carpentry need not feel badly if they cannot drive *quite* as fast as the wonderful man named below:

A Humboldt (Kansas) paper says that city has the champion nailer in the world, in the person of Edward Minor, a lather by trade, and a son of Vermont. The paper adds that "Minor can drive more nails in one day than any other living man. He will drive nails faster than the fastest compositor can pick up type. He will drive sixty lath nails a minute, ten hours out of the twenty-four, the year through, which is 3,000 an hour, 36,000 a day, or 5,268,000 per year."

RULE FOR TALKERS.

No one who wishes that conversation should be pleasant to his neighbors, as well as himself, should speak more than two or three sentences at once. However much he may have to say, it will be all the more agreeably said for giving others the opportunity of assenting, illustrating, qualifying or even contradicting. The ball needs to be returned by the opposite player to make a lively game.

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For the Companion.

TRIXIE.

Trixie and her father had a private talk in the chip-yard.

Trixie wanted to go into the woods to help boil the sap, taken from the maple trees to make maple sugar. Father wanted Trixie to go; but there was just one thing in the way.

Trixie's mother was very choice of her little girl—the one bright blossom, in the otherwise solemn, old-fashioned farm-house. She thought an ox-cart hardly the best kind of a carriage, and "camping out" rather rough business, for the dainty little lady.

"Well, Trix," said her father, "you just keep still and I'll see what I can do about it. Run in now, and help mother get breakfast."

Mother was hurried and busy, frying buckwheats.

"I'm terrible 'fraid she'll say 'No,'" thought Trixie, anxiously. But she said nothing, only ran round to find something to do to help.

She filled the little blue stone pitcher from the spring, that was running all the time just out*side the door*; put the three chairs at the table, and rang the bell.

Mother's face brightened a little when father came in. It always did at his rough, cheery ways.

Trixie thought he must have forgotten about her going to the woods, for he didn't say one word about it, till he was about eating his seventh buckwheat.

As he turned the clear, amber syrup on it, he broke out with,—

"By the way, wife, have you got any thing you want to send to the minister's? I'm going down that way this afternoon. Yes, I supposed you'd say maple sugar! Well, I'll take down a dozen pounds or so, and a slice of the new cheese. All right. And I believe I'll take Trixie down with me,—she's so fond of the minister's children, you know. I'm going directly from the sap-house, so you'd better let her go up there with me, and then we'll start off together."

"Yes, mother!" Trix had been eagerly rubbing the yellow painted floor with her boot while her father was talking. "Please say 'Yes,' mother. I'll wear my rubber boots, and be as good as *you are!* if you will."

"So *you* are in the plot, too, are you, you little flatterer?" said mother, laughing. "I thought you'd been very quiet, this morning. I suppose you will have to do as you please, as usual."

"Give us something good for dinner!" called father, as he went out to yoke the oxen.

So they started off—father, and Tom the hired man, and Trix.

The oxen were fastened to the wagon, which was an immense sap barrel.

Father lifted Trix into the cart, and he and Tom walked beside, over the hard ground.

It was over a mile to the sap-house, and Trix thought no one had ever had such a beautiful ride before.

"Is *that* the sap-house, father? Why, it looks like a barn."

"Yes," said father. "Now jump, and I'll take you into it, and we'll see how the maple sugar is made." So he took her into the house. There she saw great pans with fire under them, and the maple sap boiling in them. "Here is my bed, too," said father.

"O! where you sleep when you stay up here all night?"

"Yes, here it is." Father had turned round a big packing-box and inside it were two buffalo robes and a pillow.

"What fun!" said Trixie. "I wish I could stay here some night."

"Now I must go and gather sap. You may pick up some kindlings outside, or do any thing you please, only don't go away far. Mind not go too near the coals and get your dress on fire."

Trixie worked busily all day picking up sticks, running after squirrels, and sometimes riding around on the ox-cart.

So quickly the day passed that when father called, "Come, dear, it's time to go. We'll walk 'across lots' to the village," she could scarcely believe it.

They walked along to the stone wall that divided his woods from his brother Frank's. Then he stopped suddenly.

"I declare, chick, it's too bad! I had forgotten that I promised Frank I'd help him get in his sap after I got through myself. Never mind, you shall go to the minister's some other time."

"All right, papa," said Trixie, choking back a sob or two of disappointment.

"That's a good girl! Wait till Thomas has finished gathering, once more, and then he'll take you home. Good-by."

Trixie might have cried, but she concluded to laugh instead. She ran back to the deserted sap-house, that began to look dark and lonely.

"Now what'll I do to 'muse me? O, I know!" And climbing up on a pile of wood, she pulled down an old blue blouse that her father wore when he was at work.

Rolling it up and tying a handkerchief round its neck, she made quite a respectable baby.

The buffalo robes made them a bed. "Now go to sleep, dolly, in mother's own lap," she sung.

The baby nodded soon, or was it the pretty little mother?—and in five minutes more the old blue blouse and the bright golden head were side by side, and Trixie was asleep and dreaming.

Tucked away, as she was, in the big packing-box, Thomas came and went without seeing her; locked the big door behind him and went quietly home. And Trixie was left in the great woods *alone.*

"Alone!" O, no. Thanks to the kind Heavenly Father, babies like her are never left quite alone.

But how soundly she slept! The sun had been gone for two hours, and the moon had come out.

A little mouse ran over the top of her box bedroom, but she didn't hear him. But pretty soon she rubbed her eyes, for she had dreamed that Rover had his big claw on her throat and was trying to choke her.

"What was this great light close by? Not the moon, surely.

"And this smoke?"

"Fire! fire!" she screamed. But nobody heard.

"Dear little mother, come and get me!" but mother was knitting at home, thinking pleasantly of her little girl down at the minister's.

"O, what shall I do!" she cried, jumping up and down with terror. Then she stopped all at once.

"Why I forgot. I guess God can take care of me," and kneeling down on the rough boards, she prayed,—"God please you take care of me, or else send my father,—quick," for the room was getting fearfully hot.

Then she waited; but only a minute, for there was a noise outside, the door was broken open with a crash, and Trixie, doubtful whether it was God or her father, but satisfied in either case, sprang forward; and Trixie's father, almost paralyzed with surprise, caught his baby with a long hug.

"I s'posed you'd come," she said, stroking his whiskers; "you'd better take out your blouse, or it'll get burned up."

That night, when the farmer knelt at home with his wife and child, it was broken words and happy tears that told their thanks to the good God, who hears and answers prayer—even the simple, believing cry of a little child like Trixie.

NEW LOAN OF THE UNITED STATES.

The subscriptions to the New Five Per Cent. Stock of the United States now amount to about $60,000,000, They are confidently expected to reach $200,000,000 by the time the New Bonds are ready for delivery in May. The proposals of the Secretary of the Treasury will then be changed for the following programme:

First—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin. at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third—Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference, after the above-mentioned two hundred millions are taken up, in the following order, namely:

First—Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of bonds.

Second—Subscriptions for equal amounts of bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Third—Subscriptions for any five per cent. bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

Subscriptions to the remainder of the $200,000,000 of five per cents., which are unconditional, are now going on, and the bonds will soon be issued to the subscribers, who can receive a scrip certificate in advance, if they desire to pay their gold or exchange United States 5-20s at once, in the registered or coupon form. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5.000 and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The reduction of the public debt since the close of the war of the rebellion, and the relief, at the same time, to the annual burden of interest, are as follows;

Principal of debt, 1865	$2,755,995,275
Paid under Johnson	265,595,371
Principal, March 4, 1869	$2,4 1,399,904
Paid under Grant	223,083,673
Present public debt	$2,268,316,231
Interest charge, 1865	151,832,051
Reduced in four years by redemptions and funding 7-30 notes	25,442,501
Interest charge, 1869	$126,389,550
Reduced in two years by payment	12,052,998
Present interest charge	$114,336,552

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents. for new five per cents. of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents. for four and a half per cents. of 1886	$4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents. for four per cents of 1891	$14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

The whole proceeds of the new loans will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and, in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20s are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

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For the Companion.

SHOE-BUCKLES.

"Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" notwithstanding the warning of Christ, has always been an important question with civilized mankind. The problem is not only what men are to wear on their backs, but also wherewith their heads and feet are to be covered.

It has certainly always been difficult to render foot-gear serviceable, and at the same time ornamental. The original sandal allowed no room for adornment except on the straps. So also the boots and shoes, which have taken its place, are generally most comfortable and useful when they are plainest. The decoration is, therefore, to be connected with the fastenings. For this purpose shoe-strings and buckles have long been rivals. Fashion has bestowed her favors for a time on one, and then for a season on the other.

When shoe-strings have been on foot, buckles have not been in good standing. They have never been on a good footing with each other. Strings naturally had the start, but buckles were used as early as the fourteenth century.

A skeleton was dug up in Ireland, dating from this period, still wearing his shoes with buckles on them. On the long-peaked shoes of old monuments also the buckles appear.

In the succeeding period buckles were deposed, and the rage ran on ribbons and roses, till the reign of bloody Queen Mary, when men did not feel that they stood very firmly in their shoes, and so buckled them on. In a homily of Queen Elizabeth's time, John the Baptist declares himself not worthy to *unbuckle* the Saviour's shoes.

A change came with the Stuarts, to double silk laces, with fringes and tags, but Charles II., though generally a loose character, set buckles on foot again. Some old fogy, however, was greatly troubled that the fast young men thus fastened their shoes, though the clasps were very small. He thus wrote against them:

"We hope all grave and honorable persons will withhold their countenance from such effeminate and immodest ornaments. It belongeth to the reverend clergy to tell these thoughtless youths, in a solemn manner, that such things are forbidden in Scripture."

On the other hand, when Roland appeared at the French court without these appendages, the master of ceremonies exclaimed,—

"O dear! he has no buckles to his shoes!" and received from a friend the comforting reply,—

"O shocking! We shall all be ruined and undone!"

In these days the ladies almost hid their little feet by the large shields with which they fashioned their shoes. In this case the buckles had become bucklers.

After 1789 buckles were not and shoe-strings began to be knotted instead. The shoe-buckle makers were greatly dismayed at the growth of what they called "the most ridiculous of all ridiculous fashions." They petitioned the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and others to set the fashion in favor of their manufactures, by refusing to allow anybody to enter their presence, whose shoes were tied with any sort or manner of strings. They represented that ribbon, leather and whipcord threatened to ruin an important branch of trade, and to set their hearts a bleeding at the cruel capriciousness of fashion. The shoe-tie was about to render the nuptial tie impossible, and to do a great many other wicked things.

The Prince of Wales and his friends did what they could, but it was of no use. Fashion was too strong for them, and buckles were no more seen, till last year they were brought by croquet into a brief, bright season of popularity.

VARIETY.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

A good woman of New Jersey was sadly annoyed by a scolding neighbor, who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. He advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney corner, the next time the woman called, take the tongs in her hands, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs without saying a word.

A day or two afterwards the good woman came again to her pastor with a bright and laughing face to communicate the effects of this new antidote for scolding. Her neighbor had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade.

Snap went the tongs.

Another volley—snap. Another still—snap.

"Why don't you speak?" said the woman, more enraged.

Snap.

"Speak."

Snap.

"Do speak; I shall split if you don't speak."

And away she went, cured of her malady by the magic power of silence.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

This young man, who should have adorned the highest walks of literature and genius, perished by intemperance. The son of Coleridge, the nephew of Southey, the favorite of Wordsworth, the friend of Prof. Wilson, dear to a wife and renowned circle of friends, gifted by nature with the finest mind and the tenderest heart, endowed with education that ripens genius, deeply combined with religious feelings, the crown of princely natures, what might he not have been?

What did he become? Alas, what a beacon to warn!

At Oxford his extraordinary powers of conversation procured for him numerous invitations to literary fashionable parties, which were in reality wine parties. He knew that he was expected to talk, and talking was his delight. On whatever subject, literature, politics or religion, he could hold forth by the hour in strains that held his hearers spell-bound in wonder and admiration. Amid such scenes the habit of wine-drinking overmastered him, unnerving his will and smiting him with moral paralysis.

He struggled at last against his chains, but only too late and too ineffectually. And on another tombstone must truth inscribe, Genius in Ruins through Wine the Destroyer.

MUCILAGE.

The best quality of mucilage in the market is made by dissolving clear glue in equal volumes of water and strong vinegar, and adding one-fourth of an equal volume of alcohol, and a small quantity of alum in water.

The action of the vinegar is due to the acetic acid which it contains. This prevents the glue from gelatinizing by cooling. Some of the preparations offered for sale are merely boiled starch or flour, mixed with nitric acid to prevent their gelatinizing.

Gum arabic dissolved in water will not gelatinize from the influence of cold alone; but in order to prevent its decomposition or fermentation, acetic acid and alcohol are added. The high price of this gum prevents its being extensively used in the preparation of mucilage; in fact, this article seldom contains any gum arabic whatever.

NOT A RAM.

Not long since Brown was on a visit to Lookout Mountain, Georgia, and was much struck with a fine jet of water which was thrown above the top of the eminence on which the hotel stands. Walking round the jet admiringly, he accosted a plain countryman with,—

"Friend, is this water forced up by a ram?" meaning, of course, a hydraulic contrivance so named.

"A ram!" exclaimed the countryman.

"Yes, a ram, I said."

"What on airth—no, sir! It's a big mule! and it's tremendous hard work for him. Come here, and I will show him to you."

Brown saw the mule and left.

SILENCED.

After the battle at Woerth, a Col. Grammont, of the French forces, had a crushed arm which required amputation. While the surgeons were preparing to give him chloroform a chaplain present spoke against the discoverer of this process, saying it was an insult to God to take away the sense of pain, since He had hung it over man as a punishment for his sins.

"And what will you say," replied the colonel, as he began to inhale the chloroform, "if I prove that God Himself was the first who applied an anæsthetic? Have you not read in His Word that the Lord, before He took the rib out of Adam, caused him to sink into a deep sleep?"

And with these words he passed into an equally unconscious slumber.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

The ticking of the clock at the Cambridge Observatory can be heard in San Francisco. This is done by connecting the pendulum of the clock to the telegraphic wire in such a manner that the main circuit is broken and instantly closed again at every swing of the pendulum.—*Exchange.*

Perceived would be a safer term than "heard" It is not the sound, but the *motion* of the pendulum that is communicated.

DAVID CROCKETT.

The renowned Davy Crockett used to spell the English language very eccentrically. A Maine lady has an album, wherein, between the names of Everett and Webster, appears this note, *verbatim:*

Mrs.—— of Main requists the hunter from the west to write his naim in her Album.

Her curiosity shall be grattified by a sentiment wishing her helth and happiness and a safe arrival at her residence with her family and friends. DAVID CROCKETT.

FROZEN CLAMS.

The Dover (Me.) *Observer* says that W. D. Blethen, landlord, was poisoned by eating clams that had been frozen and thawed. He came near dying, the joints of his wrists and fingers being set, his tongue swollen, and he was speechless for hours. He has recovered, but doesn't "hanker" for clams any more.

CHINESE IDEAS.—The Chinamen of North Adams have some original notions about the origin and cause of earthquakes. They say that "once he all alive, then the outside die, but the inside still alive; sometimes he get tired and turn over;" hence the convulsions.

DR. DIO LEWIS, in his new book entitled "Our Girls," advocates the use of sun baths in summer, saying, "One good bath in the sunshine is worth more than many baths in the water, valuable as these are."

Two travellers stopping at a Des Moines hotel came near losing their lives, by blowing out the gas on retiring to bed. One of them, when asked if he smelt any thing wrong, said yes, but he thought it was the other fellow's breath.

A GEORGIA editor explains that the title he gave an article was "A Cut and Dried Affair," and it was the types which made it read "A Cut Dried Apple."

FOOTE, on being scolded by a lady, said, "I have heard of tartar and brimstone; you are the cream of the one and the flower of the other."

IT is currently reported and generally believed of the female sex that they do not scruple to *hook* each other's frocks.

WHY are horses in cold weather like meddlesome gossips? Because they are bearers of idle tails.

"ARE cats good to eat, mother?" "Of course they are, my son—good to eat mice."

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

URSULA CUTTS.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

It was noon of a sultry summer day.

Some eight or ten laborers—stalwart men, all of them—sat, or lay stretched at full length, under the drooping elms, enjoying an hour's rest.

Among them stood Ursula Cutts, pouring some of her home-brewed beer from a large pitcher into pewter mugs, which she distributed among the men; for although mistress of one of the finest farms on the Piscataqua, and widow of a colonial President, she did not disdain to minister to the wants of her household with her own hands.

While they were thus engaged, a trampling of horse's hoofs was heard, and a young colored boy came gallopping up to the gate, evidently in a state of great excitement.

"Hi! Massa say ef you don' wan' to be scalped, you must all run for your lives. The Injuns is comin', with old Toxus at their head."

Every man started to his feet with an eager question on his lips, but Ursula Cutts silenced them all with a wave of her hand.

"Where did your master get his news, Tony?" she asked.

"Lishe Gerrish he's been to Portsmouth, and he brung it," said Tony.

"Elisha's a marvel-loving lad, and not over stout-hearted, either; he sees an Indian in every stump. For my part I doubt the truth of the rumor altogether; for look you here, the copper-colored wretches have just made a bloody attack across the river, and retired with their prisoners, and consequently can be in no situation to make another attack so soon. Hiram Wetherbee, what is your opinion?"

"I've done my arrant, anyways," broke in Tony, "an' can't wait no longer."

"Wait one moment, Tony," said one who had not yet spoken. "Tell me, have you seen aught of my husband to-day?"

"Nothing whatsomever, Miss Drew."

"If you do see him, tell him that I and the child are here, and beg him to come to us at once."

"Yes, missus," answered Tony, and gallopped away to carry his tidings farther on.

Hannah Drew was spending the day with Mrs. Cutts, and had been attracted from the parlor by the noise of Tony's arrival.

"Well, Hiram?" said Mrs. Cutts, returning to her question.

"My opinion is," said he, "that you can't calculate on the doings of these savages as if they were Christians. If they were white folks, now, I should say as you do, that they wouldn't be likely to return immediately; but being wolves, and foxes, and devils incarnate, there's no knowing any thing except that they'll do all the mischief they can. And my advice is, that you women prepare for flight, while we men exchange our scythes for our muskets, and make ready to accompany you."

"And what say you, Simon?" asked Mrs. Cutts, evidently disappointed.

"The same, madam."

"And *you*, Thomas?"

"No prudent man could give any other advice," said he.

Mrs. Cutts having addressed the same question to each, and received the same answer, exclaimed,—

"Truly, now, a right valiant set of men! Go, then, since you are so easily scared, but do you think *I* will flee while yonder fields of waving grass are ready for the scythe, and acres of new-mown hay are waiting to be gathered into the barn? Run away in the midst of hay-making, for a mere breath, an idle rumor! That will I not, so sure as my name is Ursula Cutts!"

"This is the first time I was ever called a coward," said Hiram, in an injured, if not an indignant tone. "You asked my advice, and I counselled you to the best of my judgment. God knows it wasn't on my own account I spoke. I agreed to help you through with your haying, and I'll stick to my bargain, if that be your will, red men or no red men, and I doubt not my fellow-laborers here will say the same."

URSULA CUTTS.

"We do;" "we do," cried every one.

"Now that's well spoken," said Madam Cutts; "so here's an extra mug of beer all round, and then we'll all to the field; the hour's nooning was up twenty minutes ago."

"Dear Madam Cutts," said gentle Hannah Drew, "I beg you will listen to the advice of these good men, who, I'm sure, are none of them cowards. O I tremble to think what might happen if those dreadful Indians should find us here. Come, let us fly instantly."

"Go back to the house, silly child, and tend your baby, and leave the Indians to us. Why, you're as pale as a ghost, and look ready to drop. Go shut yourself in the parlor, and mind you don't leave it, or you may see a mouse!" and Madam Cutts, laughing gayly, put on her sun-bonnet and went to the field to superintend her laborers.

Mrs. Drew retreated to the house, as bidden. The parlor seemed dark and lonesome, so she threw back the blinds and employed herself in watching the haymakers, or in looking up and down the road for her husband.

The baby, meanwhile, was sleeping as if he never intended to awaken—and if he never had, the world would have been spared one pitiful little tragedy.

An hour passed; to Hannah Drew it seemed the longest she had ever known, when, looking out of the window, she saw an Indian just at the corner of the house. He had raised his weapon, and aimed it toward the hay-field, and Hannah, forgetful of her own danger, shrieked wildly, to warn her friends of their more imminent peril.

The warning came too late; for even as she uttered it, the ball sped, and Ursula Cutts threw up her arms and fell, shot through the heart. That tall figure in woman's garments, crowned with the white sun-bonnet, had been a conspicuous mark for the enemy.

With the crack of the rifle, ten, twenty, an uncounted number of savages burst upon the white men, who seized their muskets, and a fierce skirmish ensued; fierce, but short, for although the whites fought valiantly, in less than fifteen minutes three lay dead or dying on the ground, and the rest were taken prisoners.

Having accomplished this, the Indians next ravaged the house, and soon dragged Hannah Drew, with her infant, from her hiding-place.

It was unnecessary to bind a creature so utterly defenceless, so they placed her in their midst, and compelled her to keep pace with them. One despairing glance she cast backward, as she left the spot, wondering that her husband had not flown to her relief, and not knowing that at the same moment he was a prisoner in the hands of another party, and filled with distracting fears on her account, as he made his weary march [illegible]

Before sunset that night, three soldiers were sent from the fort to Cutts' farm, to bury the dead and aid the living—if such there were.

"*She's* dead as a door-nail," said one, bending over Madam Cutts.

"So is he, or if he isn't he ought to be," said another, pointing to the grim and ghastly figure at her side. "Just look at those wounds. I should think he'd fought the whole posse single-handed."

"I wish," murmured the supposed dead man, opening his eyes and pointing feebly toward Madam Cutts, "I wish *she* could have lived to know I wasn't a coward."

They were the last words of Hiram Wetherbee; having uttered them he closed his eyes again, and died in good earnest.

To narrate the sufferings of Hannah Drew during her imprisonment among the Indians, would be impossible. She had been with them about a week, when, vexed with the delay which the infant caused her, one of them snatched it from her and killed it in her sight. At first she was distracted with horror and grief, but when the fall rains and frosts came on, and she was exposed to cold, hunger and every kind of deprivation, she learned to rejoice that her little one was not with her to share her sufferings.

But there was happiness yet in store for her. After four years of captivity she was ransomed by a party of whites who traded with her captors, and restored to her home. Not until she reached her native settlement, did she hear any tidings of her husband, for letters travelled slowly in those days, and telegraphing was unknown; but there she learned of his capture, and of his release two years before, and that since he had spent his time in seeking her. As he always kept his friends informed of his movements, that they might communicate with him should they receive any information concerning his wife, a messenger was at once dispatched for him, and the two were soon happily reunited.

As they lived together till they were in the neighborhood of a hundred years old, it is to be supposed that they had ample time to sit by the fire and talk over their adventures among the Indians; and as they had a truly patriarchal number of descendants, their story is likely to be long remembered.

A Country Maid of the Olden Time.—The following quaint picture of "A Faire and Happy Country Maide" is now somewhat obsolete, but is pleasant to read, nevertheless, as a picture of the ideal of a departed lover of rural life:

"The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than the outside tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence—a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions. Nature has taught her that immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with chanticleer, and at night makes the land her curfew. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity. In choosing her garments, she counts no bravery in the world like decency. She is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts and prayers, but short ones. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them. Thus lives she; and her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet."

For the Companion.

TRUE AND COUNTERFEIT.

Among the passengers who took their places in the express train from Boston to New York, one summer morning, were two lads of about fourteen years of age, who, from the fact that they were dressed alike, and closely resembled each other in personal appearance, might have been taken for brothers.

and Max. They were on their way to Pennsylvania to visit a great aunt, whom they had never seen, and of whom they knew nothing excepting that she was very rich and had a fine place in the country; but the latter was in itself no small attraction to two boys who had seldom been beyond the limits of their native city.

To them every thing on this journey was full of novelty—not only the flying landscapes without, but their fellow passengers within, while they themselves were more than once commented upon as very intelligent-looking, gentlemanly lads.

And gentlemanly they were—at least, so far as externals went. They knew all of manners that a dancing-master or constant intercourse with well-bred people could teach them. They knew when to rise up and when to sit down, when to wear their hats and when to take them off, how to manage their hands and feet in company, and all the requirements of table etiquette.

And these externals are by no means to be despised or undervalued, for they are to the human being what the foliage is to the sapling—which without it would be a bean-pole—but they do not constitute all that belongs to a gentleman.

There is an instinctive courtesy which the ploughboy may possess and the prince may lack, and the possession of which makes the ploughboy the finer gentleman of the two. Here was the precise difference between Gerry and Max. While both were superficially polite, only one was thoroughly so; which that was I shall leave you to decide, after you have read my story.

They had got as far as Jersey City on their journey, and then just comfortably established, when a gentleman and a fashionably dressed young lady entered the somewhat crowded car, and looked about for a seat. Both lads rose at once, and resigned theirs with a polite bow.

"Sorry to disturb you, young gentlemen, but I am anxious to find a seat with my daughter."

"Very happy to oblige you." "We can readily find another," said the boys, and taking their satchels, made their way into a forward car.

They were not so fortunate as at first, for directly in front of them, sat a poor Irish woman with three children, one of them a fretful boy, and one a crying infant which she was attempting to quiet by singing, talking and tossing about. Not the most agreeable of neighbors, certainly, and so thought Max, for he exclaimed,—

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L M Hosford Oct70

"Horrors! I wish we had first and second class cars in America."

"Hush; she'll hear you," said Gerry, in a low voice, and giving Max a friendly nudge with his elbow. Then seeing that Pat, the boy, had stopped fretting to stare at the pictures in *Harper's Weekly*, which he held in his hand, he invited him to come nearer, which, after a little hesitation, Pat did, and as Gerry explained them to him, he forgot his griefs, and became quite merry.

When the paper ceased to amuse him, Gerry drew some oranges from his satchel, and gave each of the children one, for which kind act he had an immediate reward in its quieting effect on the baby.

"Why don't you take the baby, and hold it for her?" asked Max, who had been infinitely amused at the whole scene.

But Gerry took his cousin's jeers good-naturedly, listened sympathetically to the woman's story of her trials, and finally saw her safely landed at a way station with her children, when, after the manner of her demonstrative nation, she quite overpowered him with thanks and blessings.

By-and-by Max threw open a window, admitting a current of air, which, although accompanied by smoke and cinders, was refreshing to our vigorous young passengers. That it was not equally so to other travellers soon became evident, particularly as regarded two who sat opposite.

Seeing this, Gerry was about to close the window, when Max stopped him.

"It annoys those people," said Gerry.

"Well, it will annoy me to have it shut," returned Max.

"But I think the lady is an invalid."

"If invalids travel in a public conveyance, they must expect to conform to ordinary rules, and we have a right to open our own windows. Besides, we should get no thanks; they wouldn't know we shut it on their account."

"What difference does that make?" said Gerry. "There, see her gather her shawl round her;" and without more words he shut the window, and the next time he glanced toward the lady, was rewarded by a nod and a very sweet smile.

No incident worthy of note befell our heroes till they reached Philadelphia, the residence of their aunt, they saw a very queer-looking old lady on the platform, about to take the same train. She was standing surrounded by parcels and boxes, calling upon the various officials about the station to help her in with her luggage. "In a minute, ma'am," was the usual reply of these busy personages, as they rushed past her.

While she was still clamoring for assistance, Max and Gerry approached.

"Come along; don't stop for that crazy woman," cried Max, seeing that Gerry hesitated. "We shall lose all the good seats."

But he himself paused, as he was in the act of bounding up the steps, on seeing a very pretty young lady, in the prettiest of blue and gray suits, about to enter the cars. He helped her in, found her a seat on the shady side, and took his own in front of her.

By the time this was accomplished, Gerry appeared escorting the old lady, his arms full of bundles, and a parrot-cage in his hand.

"A pair of escaped lunatics," observed the companion of Max, with a giggle, which made him quite ashamed to own his relationship with Gerry, and hopeful that he would take another seat, and save him the mortification. But as Gerry deposited his travelling-bag beside him, that hope was cut off, and Max said,—

"That youth is a cousin of mine—a regular Don Quixote."

"He has chosen a most remarkable dulcinea," replied his new acquaintance.

It required two seats to accommodate "Dulcinea" and her effects, and when Gerry had got her comfortably established, with one seat turned back, and her treasures all around her, he sat down by Max, looking, it must be confessed, slightly relieved. If, however, he flattered himself that he had done all that was necessary for his charge, he was quite mistaken, for she proved a very exacting old lady indeed, desiring him to raise or lower her blind, to steady the cage while she fed the parrot, to arrange her numerous wraps, which had a way of falling off without any apparent cause, and many other little services too numerous to mention.

After awhile she fell asleep, and in nodding, lost her spectacles, which, as she did not seem to miss them, Max caught up and put on his own nose, imitating her manners as much as possible, thereby affording great amusement to himself and the young lady in gray—much more, probably, than it would if they had been aware that the old lady's eyes were wide open, and that she was watching them in the mirror opposite.

"When you are done with my glasses, I'll take them," said she, at length.

"O certainly," said Max, handing them back to her with a smile which he did intend her to see, and a grimace which he did not, but of both of which she had the full benefit.

It appeared that Rock Creek was her stopping place, as well as that of the boys, but as she was met there by a friend, she no longer needed Gerry's attentions. She was not forgetful of past favors, however, for turning to him as she was about to leave the cars, she said,—

"You're a good boy;" and to Max, "but as for you and that young miss, there, the next time your mothers let you go on a journey, I hope they'll send your nurse-maids with you."

The laugh which followed this remark among the passengers, who were gathering up their shawls and travelling-bags, might have been punishment enough for Max, but still worse awaited him, for just as he and Gerry alighted at their aunt's door, another carriage drove up, and from it descended the identical old lady herself, parrot, bundles and all.

It was no other than the aunt they had come to visit, just returned from a little trip to Philadelphia.

"So, so! you're my nephews, are you? I didn't expect you in this train. But come in; you're welcome, both of you."

It may be that Max thought she had forgotten the incidents of the journey, but if so, he soon found his mistake. Sitting in the window-seat, one day, hidden by the curtain, he heard a lady say to his aunt,—

"How much alike your two nephews are!"

"Humph! yes; very much alike," replied she; "as much alike as a good bill and a counterfeit."

FOR OUR GOOD.

We love our dead, and hold their memories dear;
But living love is sweeter than regret.
God's ways are just, and though they seem severe,
He can give back with blessings greater yet
Than we have lost. He chastens for some good,
That in our weakness is not understood.

For the Companion.

[illegible]

By M. A. Denison.

Every body knew that May Merton's home was not one of the most agreeable in the world. Every body, of course, means all the people in the village of Haydenville who were acquainted with the Mertons.

Mr. Merton was a hard drinker, who half worked an originally fine farm, but the place seemed going to ruin, and was mortgaged to its full value.

May was the eldest of seven children and knew the meaning of the word work. She had tended babies and helped in the family ever since she could remember. Her mother was always quiet and kind to her, but someway there was not that motherliness about her that May saw in the families around them, where the eldest daughter was generally petted and caressed.

Her father was only the head of the house, as he often called himself in his maudlin moods, and a very sorry head he was. He seldom spoke to May. When he did it was to command, or threaten. The girl worked bravely through it all to her fourteenth year; helped the younger children through with the many disorders incident to childhood, and kept up her studies fairly. To be sure she had often to stay at home, oftener to be excused early; but she happened to be a favorite with the teacher, who was not too exacting, so that, and little Joe, made her life pleasant in spite of all her hardships.

One night, when May went from school, she found the household in a terrible plight. Mr. Merton had come home maddened with drink, for it was election day, had locked his wife up in a room at the top of the house, and was raving about below stairs, from cellar to kitchen, in a fearful way.

The man had locked doors and windows, and May stood on the front steps, trembling from head to foot. At last a window in the garret opened and Mrs. Merton looked out.

"What shall I do?" queried May.

"I don't know, child," answered the weeping woman; "the children are gone off, somewhere—but little Joe is down stairs."

May clasped her hands to her heart in an agony; little Joe, the beautiful baby, her idol, in the power of a maniac.

"I left the child asleep," continued the woman, "and he chased me up here; if it should wake—and cry!"

May flew round the house for the second time, but the infuriated man had locked every door and window; there was no way of rescuing her darling, and so she sat down on the steps and cried bitterly.

It had been an unfortunate day. Her lessons had all been failures, in consequence of her having to work so hard at home. One of the girls had offended her, and a downright quarrel was the result, in which bitter things were said on both sides, and now she had come home to find matters going worse than ever.

No wonder it seemed a hard life to poor May. The golden sun shone on the grass plot before the doors, brightened all the meadows, and made the tree-shadows beautiful, but she saw only her own forlorn fate, stretching out and out, and no sweet sunshine to make its shadows endurable.

Presently another sound made her heart quake—the voice of little Joe, crying pitifully. In vain she rattled at the doors, and threw stones at the window, almost frantic with fear. Presently the child's voice suddenly ceased, and the trembling mother above and the wretched girl below, were left to infer what they might; there was no help for them.

In the midst of their trouble and alarm a door shut, heavily. May, starting to her feet, saw her father staggering off towards the Main Street.

Another moment she was in the house, Mrs. Merton was liberated, and both went with fear and trembling to the room where little Joe had been left.

The child lay in his cradle, quiet and white. They never could tell what had been done with him, but in less than a week poor little Joe was carried to the village graveyard.

May lost all heart at this cruel trial. The farm seemed going to ruin faster than ever. Her mother decided that she must leave school, and her father drank harder, making life almost unendurable.

"It's all trouble and weariness," murmured poor May, one day at recess, after a desperate encounter with Anne Longstreet, who sat in the next seat, and often taunted her with her misfortunes. "I don't care if I do leave school, and just grub and scrub all my life. I suppose I ought to be willing to be the offscouring of the earth, as that hateful girl called me, at recess. Don't I hope I shall be even with her, some time?"

The next morning she found a note on her desk the contents of which made her turn pale.

"MISS MAY WHATEVER,—You don't even belong to the Mertons, mean as they are. Nobody knows who you do belong to. You were left on the steps, or found somewhere, so that you haven't got any name. I hope you'll feel pleasant after you have read this, and hold your tongue when you're told to.

Yours, with *no* respect,
ANNE LONGSTREET."

This piece of school-girl malice was the finishing stroke with poor May, who turned white as ashes, took her books and hurried home, there to learn that the story was true. She had been found wandering about the streets, ragged and brown, and Mrs. Merton had adopted her.

"Here is something you wore on your neck at the time," said the woman, taking from a box a caricature of an ebony dog, clumsily fastened to a metal ring, through which a worn red ribbon was drawn.

On the whole, poor May decided that it was better to be nobody's child than the daughter of a raging drunkard, who was driving his family to distraction. Poor little Joe was gone, and in less than a week she had formed her plans. Leaving a newly placed rosebush at the head of little Joe's sleeping-place, she found a situation in a neighboring city.

It was hard work for two years, but May was not the girl to give up in any emergency. Her employers found her faithful. Her companions loved her, and old customers always liked to trade with "that slight, delicate, pretty girl who wore the queer little black dog round her neck, tied with a red ribbon."

One day May was unusually weary. In the first place she had heard sad news that morning. A letter from Mrs. Merton informed her of the tragical fate of the husband and father, and the breaking-up of the family. May had always sent all she could spare out of her wages, to make her adopted mother as comfortable as was possible, but after the receipt of this letter, she immediately took all her little savings, amounting to fifty dollars, and posted them to Mrs. Merton. The business had been unusually trying, for there were strangers in the city, attracted by a series of grand concerts, and May's fingers, and feet, and head ached. This, added to her heavy heart, made her almost wretched.

"May, May Merton, wait upon those customers, Mr. Johnson says. See what a splendid carriage they came in, and two coachmen in livery!"

So whispered one of the girls, and May went forward to wait upon a woman, mature and grand, whose beautiful face and snow-white hair made her unusually attractive. A well-dressed girl about May's age accompanied her.

Instead of asking for goods, the woman gazed, with a strange cloud in her countenance, at May.

"Who are you, child?" she queried, in low, quick tones. "For heaven's sake, tell me, where did you get that ornament on your neck?"

May grew pale to the lips.

"When I was a little child," she said, "I was picked up on the street—and this," fingering the toy, "was round my neck."

Well, there were life and bustle enough in the shop, after that. The splendid lady fainted away—the younger one cried out with terror. May accompanied the two, as one was led and the other carried, into the little parlor back of the store.

You anticipate the end. May had found her mother, who, when May was a little girl, had been suddenly called away to the dying bed of her husband, leaving the child with a nurse in whom she reposed every confidence. The husband died, and the sorrowful widow returned to her home to find nurse and child both gone, and all her endeavors to recover them were fruitless.

Years after she married a wealthy gentleman whose only child, a girl, seemed to fill the place of the daughter so mysteriously lost. Of course the facts of the case were never known, but May was transferred from the crowded shop to a home that seemed to her a palace. The little dog, her mother explained, had been given to the child by an old German professor, who had carved the monstrosity himself.

Perhaps the happiest hour in all May's eventful life, was that in which she sought out poor, broken down Mrs. Merton, and with her own hands, gave her the deed to a little home which her mother, in the gratitude of her heart, bought outright. To drive through the town in that superb chariot, to meet Anne Longstreet, remembering the old persecutions she had endured at her hands; to put up a little stone of pure white marble with a beautiful babe lying asleep, a broken lily in his hand, over dear Joe's grave; these were incidents to be marked with a white stone in her recollections, forever.

And that is a leaf out of one life-history.

For the Companion.

PHILLY GRANJO'S REIGN.

During the late Southern war, a squad of soldiers were out seeking provisions in a thinly settled region. Cold, hungry and tired, they saw little hope of success as they passed by deserted dwellings and empty corn-houses.

At length, however, they saw a light gleaming from the parlor window of an old mansion-house, and made their way towards it through a long avenue of orange trees.

When about to knock at the door, they heard a loud voice as of a person storming in a violent passion, while others were sobbing and pleading. Hurriedly knocking, a dead silence followed. Then a loud voice cried out,—

"I don't keer if 'tis massa and missus come back agin, and I don't keer if it is Jeff Davis and his sogers! I'll hit 'em all over de head wid dis fryin'-pan, and I'll smack 'em in de mouf wid de fire shovel, kase *I's reignin' now*. May be I'll kill 'em all!"

A low voice was heard in reply, and then a dash and a smash, and screams from several voices.

The young lieutenant in command of the soldiers ordered his men to break in the door; but the door saved them the trouble, for being without hinges, it went down with a bang at the first touch.

When they entered the parlor, they met a sight which would have made the rich owner of the house start with horror. In the great fireplace, beneath the high, white mantelpiece laden with clock and vases, crackled a pine knot fire, which sent out its sparks at will on the hearth-rug. The carpet was graced with frying-pans, pots, kettles, children, dogs and cats. The piano and sofa were covered with a mingled mass of corn-cake, bacon, clothes, sheet music and the feathers and legs of recently picked poultry.

Behind the piano, for protection, crouched an old negro with his head tied up in a cloth, wringing his hands in helpless fear. From a crack in the closet door peered out an old woman's withered face, smiling, through sheets of tears, at sight of "Massa Linkum's men." A stupid youth, with less intelligence in his eye than was in that of the dog, was sitting in the ashes, talking to himself, and between his sobs saying,—

"I'll done tell massa o' you, Phil!"

Three children were hidden behind chairs for safety, and one little woolly-headed fellow, who had sobbed himself asleep, lay stretched out under the piano.

These were the victims. The tyrant, in a scarlet crape shawl, and an ostrich plume in her

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wool, stood bolt upright in the floor, brandishing a long-handled frying-pan right and left, to the imminent peril of all the heads about her. She was a negro girl of sixteen or seventeen years, with the frame of an Amazon, surmounted by the head of a baby, and a face whose only expression was that of brutish cruelty and stubborn stupidity.

"Here!" cried the lieutenant, in a voice of thunder, as he grasped her by the arm that held the frying-pan, "stop this, or I'll shoot you in a moment!'

"Smack *yer* in the mouf, too! Don't keer ef you *be* a Yankee," was the only sentence the girl uttered by way of bravado; and that was whispered with her head down, to escape the expected shot.

The young man ordered two of the soldiers to hold her, and while they did so he called out to the old man behind the piano to know what all this turmoil was about.

Trembling in every limb, the old fellow piped out, "Massa, he cut'n run wid missus and de young ladies, and all de black folks dat was worth savin', when dey heard you was a comin' down on us last night. Dey's hid up somewhar, but dey couldn't take us. Minny and me, we's too old and good-for-not'in to tote off and feed in de woods, and Jake, he's sich a fool, dey's rader he'd die, or be stólen, den not. De chil'en, dey said, would cry, and so let de Yankees find 'em out. So dey took all dey could lug, and dey lef' us heaps to eat, and tell Philly to take good keer on us. But Phil, she's done gone half-witted, dough. She works peart under de lash! Massa has kep' her under, kase he knowed de blood dat's in her. Dere's murder in dat blood, gemman!"

"What ails her blood?" asked the lieutenant.

"Her granny was a king's darter in ole Afric, and was stoled away and 'slaved. But she fit, and fit, and fit ag'in slavery, till she done went wild and run off, and lived in de woods 'mong de wild critters, eatin' nuts, and berries, and grass, till she was found done froze to death! Den her son, Philly's fader, he got 'raged, and killed an overseer, and was hunged for't. Wid his las' dyin' breaf he order dis chile to cut her way to freedom, or kill herself! Dat's was her lesson 'stead of 'Bless and cuss not,' as our great Massa teached."

"Uncle Sam can tame her," replied the young soldier. "You have fine quarters here, uncle.

"Dat's so, sir! Quick's ever massa and de a-dies done gone out o' sight, dis yere young sarpint she driv us all in yere wid de pots, and kittles, and dogs, and cats, and chil'en. She stamp her foot and pull de keys 'way from Minny, and boxed her ears for holdin' on to 'em. Then she driv me, wid my rheumatiz, out for wood; and kase I didn't run like a boy, she done hit me over de head wid a fire shovel. She chase poor misfort'nate fool Jake, dere, wid de fryin'-pan; and she kick de chil'en, poor things, and—well, well, young massa, she cut on like she done been let loose out of de bottomless pit. But now de Lord and Massa Linkum send you here for our 'liverance from a cusseder bondage dan de old one!"

The lieutenant pointed his folded glove at his revolver, and stamping his foot, cried out, in a terrific voice, "What did you treat these folks in this manner for, you young snake? Speak out quick, before I have you taken care of."

"Kase," replied the fallen tyrant, chewing the end of the ostrich feather which had fallen over her eyes, "I allus said if ever I got a chance I'd pay 'em up for hookin' my granny from Afric, and beatin' me wid de lash—so I done gone and did it!"

"But these old creatures didn't 'hook' your granny, nor whip you. What did you beat them for?"

"Kase dey b'longed to massa, and I was bound to be a lady once, and be sarved like de young misses, and den to kill de chil'en, so dey couldn't sell 'em! Le' me go, I tell yer!"

"No; I guess I shall take you where you won't beat others," replied the young man. "They never saw any thing like you at the North."

"I reckons Mr. Linkum 'll smack you in de mouf, when I tells him you made dese yere horrid ugly creturs hold me tight; and quick's I gets my hands loose, I'll do it to dem. I reckons old uncle and Minny will go hungry 'fore dey gits any more corn and bacon from me!"

"Hand out the keys," cried the lieutenant.

"Done gone loss 'em," she replied.

"Hand them out before I shoot you!" shouted the young officer, struggling to keep a sober face.

"Done throw 'em down de old well," she answered.

"Dere isn't no old well, massa," squeaked old Minny, through the crack in the door of the closet; for she had not yet ventured out. Massa done filled it up wid trash, after three or four of our chil'en done got drownded in it!

"Shut up dere, you!" roared the prisoner. "I throwed dem keys up into de big tree, 'side de door; and I burnt 'em up in de fire, and den I made Jake swaller 'em hot, for axin for more bacon!"

"Pull them out of your pocket," cried the officer.

"Done got no pocket."

"Aunty, come here and search her."

Minny crept out, and saying to the soldiers, "Hold tight, gemmen," took hold of the girl much as she would have done if she'd been made of red hot iron; and after fumbling about her person a moment, brought forth and jingled in triumph the very keys which had been lost down a well, thrown up into a tree, then into the fire, and finally eaten up!

The boys in blue took possession of the mansion-house for their commander's headquarters. After this, Philly, in constant dread of being shot for improper behavior, became as meek as a lamb, doing whatever she was ordered by soldier or fellow-slave.

She still, however, appeared in the finery of the young ladies, sometimes decking her woolly head with artificial flowers, while she was barefoot! When the army marched Northward, she was one of the motley crowd that followed them.

THE STORM.

The air is chill, the rain falls fast,
And dark and wintry is the night;
Keen is the bleak and stormy blast,
And not a star affords its light.
How can I, then, ungrateful be,
Who have a house to cover me?

How many poor around me roam,
Not knowing where to lay their head;
Without a friend, without a home,
Except it be a mud-walled shed!
How can I, then, ungrateful be,
Who have a house to cover me?

How can I, then, while thus I live,
Be discontented with my lot?
The Lord doth countless mercies give,
Yet who so often is forgot?
O may I ever grateful be
For all the Lord has given me!

For the Companion.

HOW JACK WENT TIGER-HUNTING.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

Jack was reading Du Chaillu. He spent a good deal more time that night over Du Chaillu than over his Latin.

His mother and Bessy were seated by the fire, and presently he came over and turned his back to the grate, putting his hands behind him, with a swaggering way he had.

"I've got an idea, mother!" he said.

"I'm glad of that," said Bessy, under her breath. Mrs. Leigh shook her head at her.

"Well, my son?"

"Du Chaillu's in this country, you know?" Jack's face was red, and his voice like a trumpet, from excitement.

"I believe he is."

"O, I know it, ma'am! I saw in the paper he was lecturing in New York. And he's going back to Africa next fall. And I—I've made up my mind to go with him!"

Bessy stared.

"To Africa?" said Mrs. Leigh, folding her hem.

"Yes, mother." Jack was a little damped to find his views received so quietly.

"That is, with your permission. But you see all through this book he is inviting the boys to go. He was but a lad when he killed his first lion. He says nothing would delight him more than to take some fine courageous fellow into the jungle, and teach him how to trap elephants and hunt tigers. O, if I could wing a tiger with my gun!"

"Will you thread my needle, Bessy? I think if you wait, you will be a better shot in a year or two, probably, Jack."

"*You* think I couldn't stand it," blustered Jack. "Why, I've got muscles on me like iron. I tell you, nothing would please me better than footing it through the jungle for months, eating leopard and monkey steaks, and fighting gorillas. Those negroes were poor stuff for hunters, *I* think! Used to give out in a week or two. So did Du Chaillu. Why, *I* could go on for months, and never complain."

"Who was that whining over his grammar, awhile ago?" asked his sister.

"That's a very different matter," stammered Jack, angrily. "What kind of sense is there in *amaba—bis—bus!* That's stuff! If I had a chance with my gun, now, at a lion, say"——

"If you cannot conquer nouns and verbs, Jack," said Mrs. Leigh, "I am not afraid for the wild beasts."

"As for Bess, she needn't laugh," growled Jack. "What does a girl know, with her curls, and paniers, and folderols? She never even read Du Chaillu;" and he stamped into the dining-room and began to kick off his boots.

"You should not tease your brother, Bessy."

Bessy laughed. She was a fat, pretty, good-tempered girl, very fond of Jack and just as fond of squabbling with him.

"He is such a fellow to brag, mamma. Now I know he'll be at it again. There he comes."

Jack came in and leaned with his elbows on the table, watching his mother and thinking.

"Now Du Chaillu and those fellows," he broke out, "had a way of skulking behind trees and shooting at animals from ambush. I don't approve of that. I would not do that. The way to meet a wild beast is to fix your eye on him boldly. Look him straight in the eye. What are you laughing at, Bess? I tell you, scientific men say there's nothing like the power of the human eye. Then when I had him fixed, I'd take aim deliberately and fire. I'd have him at an advantage, you see. Mother, there's a fire! I hear the bells!"

"Yes."

"Can I go? Just to see where it is? Only to the corner? I won't go a step beyond the corner, I promise you."

"Very well, Jack, I trust you."

Jack's word, when he gave it, was as good as his oath, and although the street was quite dark, yet as they lived in a quiet part of the city his mother saw him go without fear.

There was a good deal of noise and confusion outside. An engine ran past and men shouting; but in half an hour Mrs. Leigh and Bessy heard Jack coming leisurely up the steps, whistling and talking.

"Here, sir! Wheet! wheet! This way. In with you. Gracious, mother, how dark this hall is! Why don't Ann? Wheet—wheet! There!" opening the back door, "stay there till morning." He shut and locked the door again and came into the parlor.

"'T wasn't much of a fire—near two miles off—somewhere about the Northern Mills."

"There was great confusion," said Mrs. Leigh.

"There always is. Now if I was the captain of a fire company, I'd manage differently. I'd say to this man, go here, and to that man, go there, and they should not dare to utter a word. Then the fires would be put out."

"Who was that in the hall, Jack?" asked Bessy.

"A big dog; a most tremendous fellow. He came running along side of me on the street, and turned up the steps as I did. Somebody's lost him, I suppose. I kept him in the yard till daylight, and then I can see him and find his owner."

"Was he a pretty dog?" said Bess, eagerly.

"How could I tell? I told you I didn't see him. As he brushed by me, I felt that he was a strapping fellow. The hall's as dark as pitch."

"You didn't fix him with your eye, then?"

Jack said nothing, but lighted his candle and went to bed.

The next morning he was awakened by a thumping at the door, and in rushed Bessy, wild with excitement, the morning newspaper in her hand.

"O, Jack, listen to this!" jumping on the bed and beginning to read, breathlessly:

"ESCAPE OF WILD ANIMALS.—The fire of last night communicated with the stables where the animals connected with Drivers' Menagerie were stored for the winter, and several of them escaped. They were promptly pursued and captured, with the exception of the Bengal tiger, that was last seen making its way toward the southern part of the city. At the hour of our going to press no traces have been found of the animal."

Bessy laid down the paper. Her eyes were set deeper in her head than usual, and they burned like coals. "Jack!" she gasped, "what do you think?"

Jack's face, and neck, and very ears were scarlet. He stammered, and did not seem nearly so tumultuous as usual.

"I think it's in our back yard," he said, at last. "I wish you'd get out of this, Bessy. I'll—I'll get up and call a policeman."

"A policeman! What on earth can he do with a tiger?" cried Bessy, in discomfiture. "Why, I thought for sure, Jack, you'd fix him with your eye; or wing him. Sha'n't I bring you your gun to wing him?"

"Perhaps I will," said Jack, loftily. "But I must be dressed first."

Bessy went out, but stood just outside of the door, trembling and quaking, her hand on the knob. Her mother had gone out early. Usually she had very little dependence on Jack or his bravery, but any thing in the shape of man or boy is a comfort to a frightened woman, and all of Jack's boasting came back soothingly now to Bessy. In half a minute Jack had scrambled into his clothes and was out.

"Have you seen it? Where is it?"

"It's in the coal-shed; in the darkest end. Ann's got the back doors tight locked and bolted, and she's up in bed with the pillow over her head. There's your gun, Jack."

Jack took the gun, and still in his stocking feet, went on tip-toe to reconnoitre. From the second-story window, he saw that the yard was quite clear. Just by the house stood the coal-shed, dingy and dirty enough at ordinary times, but now covered with the mystery and horror of an African jungle.

"You think it's in there, do you?" he said, under his breath.

"O, Ann heard it! Such a horrible roar! Up in the very back part. How will you get at it to shoot it?"

"I'll call in the police as soon as I'm sure it's the tiger. If it was in the jungle I'd face it. But such animals are always doubly furious for being confined."

"There's a knot hole in the shed. You can peep, Jack. He won't see you."

But Jack was growing unaccountably pale, and his teeth were chattering. "I'd—I'd rather not open the door—on your account, Bess. He might run in."

"Fire your gun and he'll dash out into the yard!" cried Bess, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, in her excitement. "Good gracious! what will the girls say at school when they hear we've had a real tiger in our shed. If you'd only shoot him, and we'd have him stuffed."

"I mean to shoot when he comes out."

But Jack's fingers shook so as he adjusted the trigger, that one would have thought he had the palsy.

"I'll tell you what to do!" shouted Bessy, clapping her hands. "I'll go down to the kitchen window, and throw a bone out in front of the shed-door, and when he rushes out for it, you look if it's the tiger or not."

"Very well."

"Unless you'd rather throw the bone"—hesitated Bessy, her heart giving way.

"There's not the least danger for you, Bessy. And I'm a better judge of tigers. I'm more familiar with their habits than you."

Off went Bessy, and finding a half-eaten roast of beef in the pantry, she opened the kitchen window, her heart choking her as she did it, and flung it out with all her strength. There was a rush from the shed, but Bessy had closed the shutters and was flying up the stairs. Half-way up, stood Jack, pale and breathless.

"Was it the tiger?"

"Yes."

"O, Jack!" Bessy clasped her hands. "Is he—is he big?"

"O, he's a monster. His eyes are like coals of fire." Jack jerked out the words as he dashed down the stairs and out of the front door, shouting, "Police! police!"

One can easily guess what followed then. When Mrs. Leigh came home from market, a dense crowd packed the street for half-a-square from her house, on the outskirts of which skirmished women with babies in their arms, boys open-mouthed, and cart-men cracking their whips, whose horses stood waiting in a crowd at the corner. In front of the door stood one of the vans of the menagerie. Wild cries of "The tiger!" "The lion!" resounded from side to side, and every time the door opened, the crowd fell back, expecting him to charge on them. Way was made for Mrs. Leigh. Every body looked at her with respect.

"He's in your house, ma'am."

"It was your son that discovered him."

Mrs. Leigh hurried in, terrified at the thought of what might have befallen her children. The house was filled with men. Policemen were in full force to keep order. The keepers from the menagerie had a net suspended over the door of the shed, to catch the tiger when it should rush out. Half-a-dozen men stood with guns ready pointed, in case he should attack them.

"But don't fire, unless in case of absolute necessity," pleaded the keeper. "Consider the cost, gentlemen. That beast is worth, as he stands, two thousand dollars."

"What's your two thousand dollars to us?" growled one of the men, cocking his gun. "Consider our lives."

Nobody as yet had seen the lion but Jack, who stood in an upper window, the observed of all observers.

The keepers went on with their preparations. It was their plan to shoot into the shed, over the tiger's head, and when he charged on them, capture him in the net.

"Let every man take care of himself," said the keeper. "Fire if we do not secure him. Are you ready, men?"

The men, with pale faces, lowered the net. "All right!"

"Look out, then. One, two, three!"

"Bang!" went the pistol over the beast's head. There was a moment's pause, and then a fierce dash and a shriek from the people, caught up

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and echoed by the crowd outside. The men tugged at their net and caught—

"Brown's big yellow dog!" shouted the policemen.

"Where's that young coward that fooled us?" The keepers raged and the crowd cheered.

But Jack had hidden away with his shame and could not be found. He never was known to brag again.

BURIED MONEY.

There is always a mysterious charm about buried money or treasure, especially in the search for it. This extends even to the finding of lost articles. We once knew a boy who would throw his jacknife some distance ahead of him, and then walk up slowly to where it lay, and make believe find the knife,—and he evidently thought "it paid."

The buried treasures of the Incas, in South America, employed the Spaniards and others, several generations, and have not been recovered yet. Capt. Kidd's money kegs have been searched for along the coast of New England at various times and in many places. At Dighton Rock, on Taunton River, the beach has been turned over repeatedly for supposed treasure hidden.

The oriental nations are universally given to burying specie. The Chinese, Japanese, Persians, Hindoos, and modern Egyptians are hiding all they can get of the precious metals. The current of gold and silver has been flowing eastward for ages, and no hard money ever comes back again, in any quantity, from that side of the world.

When the English took the ancient fortress of Mooltan, in Hindostan, they found in the underground vaults, chest after chest crammed with gold scabbards blazing with jewels, and tiers of copper canisters filled with gold *mohurs* and other specie, amounting to over twenty millions of dollars in value.

A great amount of money has been hidden by robbers and pirates in remote places; sometimes on some lonely island where the shadow of some high rock falls at a certain hour of a certain day of the month.

In times of war, money and valuables are often honestly secreted by parties who never return. I have before me some "pine-tree shillings," which came from a large number of silver pieces ploughed up by a farmer in Massachusetts. They were many years.

On a voyage, several years since, with a cargo of tobacco to the Mediterranean, we stopped at Gibraltar for a clean bill of health, and also for another purpose. There was on board a French passenger from the States, who had crossed the ocean on a singular errand.

Many years previous, a party of guerillas, and he was among them, had been sacking the small town of St. Roque, plundering the churches and murdering the inhabitants. They were surprised in their fiendish work by a band of Spanish soldiers. The robbers fought desperately without hope of quarter, but were overpowered.

Five of the party, including himself, were together, and escaped with their foraging sacks filled with doubloons, gold crosses and such like articles. In haste, they hid their sacks in the side of a certain hill, and *carefully noted* the spot, so as to return at some future time and take them away.

Three or four of the five were mortally wounded in the skirmish. This man was, very likely, the only survivor, but was not absolutely sure of it. He had been living many years in the city of New York, a peaceable citizen, but the secret of the unclaimed booty had so disturbed him in his later years, that he was at length induced to make this voyage and search for it.

The captain allowed him the use of the boat with an oarsman, and they went ashore in the night, landing on an unfrequented part of the coast. Having secreted the boat, at daylight they went off afoot into the wild country up among the hills. As the old man approached the scene of his former bloody conflict, and the spot where the treasure was buried, his excitement became intense.

There was no difficulty in finding the place. The landmarks were all there, and his memory was as vivid as though the events were of yesterday. They turned up the earth, searched all around again and again, and deeper, but in vain. The money was gone! and he was three thousand miles from home on a fruitless errand.

He had talked about it privately for years, had often recalled every minute circumstance of the hiding, and had even dreamed that he found it. He surely saw the money buried right there, out of sight, and unobserved, and he helped to heap the dirt on it to keep it there.

It was gone, and the man returned disappointed, gloomy and almost prostrated with exhaustion, from the intense excitement through which he had passed. S. H. G.

THE FIRST SUNRISE.

There was no sun, but there was light,
The bonds of darkness rending;
There was no earth, but shores of night
With seas of day were blending;
And o'er the world, without a sound,
In grand, eternal silence bound,
The dim-lit flood extending.

God spake the word; up rose the earth,
The waters round it clinging;
And with glad wonder at its birth
The highest heavens were ringing;
Through all the world a sound went out
The sons of God for joy did shout,
The morning stars were singing.

There fell a silence from on high,
And hushed the wondrous story;
God spake; and sunrise drenched the sky
And smote the mountains hoary;
Then burst from heaven a mighty song;
The sons of God, so bright and strong,
Gave unto Him the glory!

Sunday Magazine.

DANIEL LAMBERT.

One of the largest men who has lived within the last hundred years was Daniel Lambert, an Englishman. He had a world-wide fame, and was considered one of the greatest wonders of his day. His father was a man of ordinary size and lived in Leicester, England, and up to the age of about twenty, young Lambert was not larger in bulk than most young men. He was, however, very muscular and courageous, as the following adventure, in which he was one of the principal actors, will show:

One day a company of strolling players were exhibiting their dancing dogs and bears, a short distance from his father's house. There was a crowd of spectators, and young Lambert was among them. A dog belonging to a friend of Lambert, not enjoying the antics of one of the huge bears, flew at him, in high displeasure. The beasts grappled. The bear's nose was muzzled so that he could not bite, but he embraced the dog after the usual bear fashion, and pressed him to the ground.

The players were highly indignant, and sprung forward to unloose the muzzle from the bear's head. Lambert protested against this. The players insisted. The muzzle was pulled off, when Lambert, in defence of the dog, seized a pole that was near, and struck the bear a tremendous blow upon the head. The animal for a moment was stunned, and the dog released.

Bruin, not liking this treatment, turned upon his new opponent, as soon as he had collected his scattered senses. Lambert struck at the bear, but the animal was as expert with his paws as a prize-fighter with his fists, and warded off every blow. The fight became exciting and dangerous. No one interfered but the dog, who was manly enough not to forsake his friend, and did his best to keep up a "fire in the rear."

Lambert's blows fell heavy and fast, but without much effect. Bruin was closing upon him. The pole became useless. Not by any means intimidated, when his shaggy antagonist came near enough, Lambert struck him a tremendous blow on the head with his fist, that fairly brought him to the ground. This sort of argument seemed too strong for the bear, and with a frightened roar he sprang to his feet, and sought refuge among the spectators. They not liking his company, scattered, and for a time there was a laughable spectacle of ground and lofty tumbling, that was not performed by the strolling players.

Lambert was a man of genial, unobtrusive disposition, bright, benevolent and well-informed, and of much more than ordinary intellectual power. As a great curiosity, he was visited by all the noted men of his day.

He was too much of a gentlemen in his tastes, to entertain, without repugnance, the thought of exhibiting himself to be gazed at by strangers. But he could not go into the street without being followed by crowds of people. His house was besieged by persons who insisted upon seeing him, until at length he was forced almost as a necessity to place himself on exhibition.

So in 1806, he went to London. His apartments, it is said, seemed like a place of fashionable resort. For a time he was the rage, and large numbers of his visitors were from the best society of the metropolis.

The most amusing interview that he enjoyed was a visit from Count Borulawski, a very celebrated Polish dwarf. The fabled history of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdignag seemed to be realized when Lambert rose to give the little count a full view of his prodigious body. The dwarf was hardly higher than Lambert's knee, and great were his exclamations and laughter. He felt of the giant's legs,—

"Ah, mine gracious," he exclaimed, "it ish flesh and blood. I feel de warm. It ish flesh and blood! No deception! I laugh. I am pleased; for I hear it ish all cheat.

Lambert asked the little fellow if his wife was alive.

"Ah, no," he replied. "She dead." And putting his finger significantly to his nose, he added, "I not very sorry; for when she angry with me, she put me on the mantel shelf for punishment."

Lambert died at the age of thirty-nine. His prodigious size may be estimated by his weight, which at the time of his death was seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. He measured nine feet and four inches round the body.

REPUBLICANISM IN ENGLAND.

England is supposed to be the most conservative of countries; that is, the country in which men are least prone to change merely from the love of change. Englishmen will consent to make reforms, but they must know "the reason why" for making them, or they are not made.

It follows from this that republicanism ought not to be very popular in England, for that, in these days, implies love of change; and a republic could be set up in England only through a change of a very remarkable character.

Yet, if we can rely upon one of the principal London journals,—the statements of which are supported by other evidence,—not only is republicanism making much progress in England, but it is *Red* republicanism that is there on the increase, meaning republicanism of the extremist and, such as never has found much favor in the United States.

Republican clubs, we are told, are forming all over England,—and we suppose it is feared that those clubs will be used to knock over the great and ancient institutions of that country.

That there is something in this would seem to be supported by the fact that the authorities are alarmed, and are seeking to suppress or annoy republicans. Some of the clubs are held in public houses,—and such houses are refused licenses. This is a pitiful and a spiteful way of striking, or striking at, political opponents,—but it is not the less a common way of dealing with them, by all parties.

Mr. Auberon Herbert, who is a member of the House of Commons, representing the ancient town of Nottingham, lately made a republican speech to his constituents, who listened to it with delight.

This gentleman is no "low-born adventurer." He belongs to the highest aristocracy. He is a brother of the Earl of Carnarvon; and the Herberts are one of "the great governing families" of England. When such a man talks republicanism, we may be assured that republicanism is popular with no small number of Englishmen. Politicians do not often waste their words on unpopular subjects.

Other members of the aristocracy are almost as radical as Mr. Herbert, and perhaps some of them are even ahead of him. So the people are not likely to want leaders. Occasionally it happens that an aristocracy is overthrown by some of its own members, who act as chiefs of its democratic enemies. Such may be the fate of the English aristocracy at some future time.

England once was a republic, and though that republic was short-lived, it has a glorious history. At the beginning of 1649, when the Roundheads cut off the head of Charles I., they made a republic of his chief kingdom, and then conquered Ireland and Scotland. It was a military polity, though called the "Commonwealth," and it could not have stood an hour had it not been for the support of the army,—an army that ever was successful, having "organized victory, and made it permanent."

Cromwell became the head of that republic, and would have made himself King, only that the army would not let him do so, for the soldiers were republicans, and God-fearing men. It was not till after his death, when the military republicans quarrelled among themselves, that royal government and the House of Stuart were restored. England was never greater than she was from 1648 to 1660.

Should England again become a republic, she would not be governed by an army, but by the people, as America is governed; but so far as human foresight can determine, she may remain a kingdom for years to come.

OLD WINE.

Many of man's works last much longer than man himself. Even so fragile a thing as a common house, which is peculiarly exposed to the attacks of fire and storm, has been known to endure for three hundred years,—and outside of the Bible records few men have been known to live half that time.

When we look at the Pyramids, we do not marvel at their age, or wonder that the Arabs should say that they defied the flood and survived it. They are so strong, so great, and so massive, so solidly established on the earth, that they are all but types of eternity, and it would seem that they ought to be able to laugh at all the assaults of time. There is nothing strange in their endurance,—the strangeness rather is in the fact that they too must pass away.

But when we read that a simple liquid made by man has lasted longer than half-a-dozen generations of men, we wonder at it, as we think that the mere process of evaporation ought to dispose of it completely before the lapse of more than two hundred years.

Yet it is certain that men have, in this very year, drank of wine that was made in the early part of the seventeenth century, before the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth, and about the time that Henry Hudson was looking at the wild site of what is now the great and opulent city of New York, with almost a million of inhabitants.

This marvellous thing was done at a feast held in Germany, in honor of the conclusion of that peace which put an end to the war with France.

It appears that this wine was stored away almost two hundred and seventy years ago, after a great and renowned vintage,—and that the store has been drawn from only on great and solemn occasions, and that there is enough of it left to last for many years to come. It outlasted the old German Empire, it may outlast the new Empire of Germany.

We have read somewhere of wine that was stored away by a great Belgian family in or about the year 1440, when Charles VII. was King in France, and Henry VI. was King of England. Some of this wine is yet in existence, and it is more than four hundred and thirty years old.

The ancients had old wines. In the year of Rome 121 before Christ,—the year in which Caius Gracchus was murdered,—the autumn was very hot, the hottest season of that denomination ever known; and in consequence there was a great vintage, and the wine made was the best the Italians ever had.

Great quantities of this wine were made, and were long preserved, and formed a favorite drink at the tables of rich Romans. It was known as the *Vinum Opimianum*, or Opimian wine, because L. Opimius was Consul in the year in which it was made.

Some of this wine was in existence in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, two centuries after it was made. It was then thick as wild honey; and so strong, bitter and harsh, that it could be used only after having been freely mixed with water.

FOLIAGE PLANTS.

Within the last five years there has appeared in our gardens a new and wonderful class of plants. They are very beautiful. They bear no flowers, or rather the flowers are so small as to be comparatively unnoticed. The beauty of the plants is in the leaves or foliage.

Nature has lavished upon the leaves of these plants the wonder and glory of her colors and forms. Most of our plants have plain green leaves. These are brilliant in red, gold, purple, yellow, blue, brown and even white. These colors, instead of being expended upon the flowers, are spread in stripes and blotches on the leaves. Imagine a geranium with white leaves, with a red spot in the centre; or one with red and gold rings on a pea green ground. Think of tall, bushy plants of a deep, dark purple, or flaming with red or gold color; of others as black as night or as white as snow.

To begin to describe all the wonders of these foliage plants would take more space than we can give. They must be seen to be appreciated. The day is coming when our gardens will be brilliant with them.

Should you care to obtain some of them, buy the Colens, Mrs. Pollock geranium, Panicum variegatum, Achyranthus, Perilla and Centauria.

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These are among the more common of these plants and can be bought of the florists at almost any green-house. Their use is mainly garden decoration. They are not cut for flowers, but are used in the borders, to enliven the effect of the more free flowering plants.

FOR THE "HICCUPS."

We have read of some remarkable remedies for the ills that afflict mankind. There were earthquake pills in Horace Walpole's day; there are backache pills in our own; and perhaps some enterprising patent medicine inventor will be carried so far forward on "the advanced thought of the age," as to bring out millennium pills soon. A recent magazine writer has already declared that the reason why rats, mice, bugs and other vermin are so plentiful, is because people are so gross and wicked. When folks become morally refined, such disagreeable things, he says, will become *absorbed*, and we shall have only sunbright birds and butterflies, and such objects as delight the heart of man.

That is all very well; but we should like to see the man whose goodness will prove so exhaustive, as to absorb a rat, or even a bug! However, here is something from an old book, that is a little more commonplace, and said to be a specific for hiccoughs. It's to be repeated rapidly, and is warranted not to kill—if it don't cure.

"When a twister twisting,
Would twist him a twist,
For twisting a twist
Three twists he will twist;
But if one of the twists,
Untwists from the twist,
The twist untwisting
Untwists the twist."

If this alone does not prove effecacious, alternate with the following:

"Robert Rowly rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
Where rolled the round roll
Robert Rowley rolled round?"

For extreme cases use Peter Piper and his "pickled peppers."

MEMORY OF INJURY IN A DOG.

It almost seems as if dumb animals partake the human feelings of spite and revenge in proportion as they approach man in intellect. Anger is common to all animals, but only the *superior ones* are capable of a long grudge! The elephant is one instance of this, and the St. Bernard dog, the most intelligent of the canine kind, seems never to forget an injury. One of these knowing brutes, belonging to a peddler in Norfolk, Mass., severely bit a boy, the other day, who had tormented him in his kennel three years before, and the Boston *Transcript* tells the following story of the revengefulness of another of these animals:

Messrs. Emerson & Porter, stable-keepers on Friend Street, Boston, have a thoroughbred German St. Bernard dog, named "Spot," imported to this country when a pup. When but three months old he was kept in the old Massachusetts stables, where a colored man was in the habit of going to catch rats in the morning, as they ran from the mangers of the horses.

He caught them with a pair of tongs as they were eating in the cribs, and dropped them into a bag to take to the owners of terrier dogs, kept for "rat-killers."

One morning the colored man caught a rat by the tail and "Spot" was lying near; the negro dangled the rat about the dog's mouth to see if he was a "ratter." The rat bit the dog on the lip, but he took no notice of the rat or the colored man, except to shake the rat from the hold on his lip.

After the dog grew to maturity, he would never permit the colored man to enter the stable, although the occurrence happened when "Spot" was three months old; he is now eight years old, and weighs ninety-eight pounds. There is a colored man employed in the stable, for whom the dog appears to have great fondness, and takes no dislike to any colored person except the darkey who caused the rat to bite him. But upon that individual of African descent Spot seems determined to visit retributive justice.

CARLYLE AND HIS MOTHER.

I was not surprised when I visited Scott's Bridge, in 1855, to discover touching proofs of the friendly feeling which all the people about his birthplace cherish for Thomas Carlyle.

An old friend of his boyhood, a poor handloom weaver, at Ecclefechan, told me the author's last visit to the neighborhood had been made in the opening days of 1854, when his venerable mother was laid in the grave. That mother, said my informant, was a woman of high intelligence, distinguished at once for high-toned piety and unfailing kindness of heart; and to her most of all, though the father had been a man of earnest character, the neighbors were inclined to ascribe the greatness of the son.

Of this mother and her son Thomas I was told one anecdote which struck me as very beautiful, and which appears to me even more significant to-day; and as I believe it to be a true story, and one which has never been published, though there seems to be no good reason why it should not be told, I may relate it here.

Before setting out for Berlin to make certain inquiries in connection with his "Life of Frederick the Great," he went down to spend a few days with his mother in the old house at home. On the morning when he was to take his departure for the South, a crowd of old friends were assembled on the railway platform at Ecclefechan to see him off—schoolfellows and trusty allies of the bygone years, with whom he had

"Paidl'd in the burn,
And pu'd the gowans fine."

On entering the railway office, putting his hands into his coat-pocket, he discovered there something bulky, of the presence of which he did not seem to have been aware. Opening the mysterious parcel, he saw that it contained some nice home-made Dumfriesshire bannocks, which his fond old mother—just as when he was a little boy at school—had stowed away (this time surreptitiously) in the pocket. This discovery was too much for him—simple as the circumstance was, it moved him greatly, carried him back over the years to days of "Auld lang syne," and when his friends gathered round him to grasp his hand and say good-by, his eyes were suffused with manly tears!—*Rev. W. H. Wylie.*

PHARAOH AND HIS FIRST-BORN.

The testimony from old monuments to the truth of the Bible is already wonderful and abundant. The following is a strangely interesting instance of this, confirming the story in the 12th of Exodus, of that awful morning when the oldest child of every Egyptian family was found smitten by the angel of wrath, "from the first-born of Pharaoh, that sat upon his throne, to the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon," and "there was not a house where there was not one dead." Dr. Cumming, of London, says:

There are monuments to be found to every Pharaoh save the one who perished in the Red Sea! Concerning him two stones have been found narrating many of his exploits, but each ends with, "and ——," a long black line succeeding. Every other of the Pharaohs, we find, was succeeded by his eldest son, according to the law of Egypt; but of this Pharaoh it is expressly said that he was succeeded by his second son; while no account whatever remains of the first son. What astonishing confirmations of Scripture are these.

TRANSLATIONS.

We don't quite agree with Mr. Emerson in preferring a translation to the original text. But it is a great comfort to many who have not studied the classics, or modern languages, that they can find so good translations of eminent authors. Mr. Emerson says:

I do not hesitate to read all good books in translations. What is really best in any book is translatable,—any real insight or broad human sentiment. Nay, I observe that, in our Bible, and other books of lofty moral tone, it seems easy and inevitable to render the rhythm and music of the original into phrases of equal melody. The Italians have a fling at the translators, —*i traditori traduttori:* but I thank them. I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book in the original, which I can procure in good version. I like to be beholden to the great metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under heaven. I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother-tongue.

A SCHOOL-MASTER'S LETTER.

A schoolmaster in a Western State seems to have found English grammar too much for him. He sent a local paper the following communication, and the editor made him famous by printing it:

Mr. Editor sir

as there was three boys in my school (district No. —) which deserved praise I thought I would send this to you. their names are —— —— aged 9. —— —— aged 6 and —— —— aged 8 years, neither of which has a tardy mark —— —— 2 absent days and the others not any In a school of 36 scholars why could there not have been 30 that the sam could be said of them.

What a blessing it would be to our country if parents could learn that Teachers could not learn their children when they were absent every third if you think this worth noticing please note it in your much valued paper.

A FRIGHTENED ELEPHANT.

Last Wednesday a storm blew several cars from a "siding" of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railroad on the main track. The conductor of an approaching freight train saw the cars, but his eyes were so dazzled by successive flashes of lightning that he thought they were still on the side track, and a collision followed. He had as passengers four lions and an elephant, which were frightened quite out of their wits; the elephant, in particular, an eye-witness says, "appeared the picture of fear, his huge frame trembling like a leaf in a storm, and the big tears falling thick and fast from his eyes."

A TAVERN boaster vaunting his knowledge of the world, was asked by a wag if he had ever been in Algebra? "O yes," said he, "I once passed it on the top of a coach."

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Perry Mason & Co.,

Publishers Youth's Companion.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

My *first*, if you do, into trouble you'll get,
So take my advice, and be honest, my pet.
My *second* may always be found in a spring,
And it is in the middle of every ring.
My *whole*, when the earth is in winter laid bare,
Calling loudly for food at one's door we oft hear;
But though to a beggar reduced by the cold,
The hero he is of a tale often told.

2.

RIDDLE.

I have a good head, but not any face;
I've only one leg, which is quite out of place,
For, since I've no body, it unites with my head,
I'm made of a metal, but it's not tin nor lead.

CLARENCE.

3.

ENIGMA.

It is composed of eleven letters.
The 7, 10, 8, 11 is a fruit.
The 4, 5, 6 is a personal pronoun.
The 5, 11, 1, 2 is an ultimate element.
The 3 is a consonant.
The 8, 9, 10 is an animal.
The whole is on this paper. STAR.

4.

REBUS.

5.

WORD SQUARE.

1. My own.
2. Thought.
3. Close.
4. Features. W. H.

6.

HIDDEN STATES.

1. Don't cry Emma, Inez will go.
2. Oh, I own my error.
3. John is going over, month after next.
4. This cream is sour, I believe.
5. The steamer Ohio was due last night.
6. The Indian asked for drink.

BELLE BRANDON.

7.

I am a preposition of two letters.
Prefix the letter B, I am a winged creature.
Prefix the letter C, I am a quadruped.
Prefix the letter F, I am found in all.
Prefix the letter H, I am used by men and boys.
Prefix the letter M, I am found in houses.
Prefix the letter P, I am a gentle slap.
Prefix the letter V, I am used by brewers.

NELSON.

Conundrums.

When are a young lady's ear-rings like people in debt? When they are in her ears (arrears).

How is it that at crockery shops you never find the master at home? Because he deals in China.

Why may we consider soldiers to be authors of works on beauty? Because they so often write about face.

At what place in India does it rain horses? At Nag-pore.

Why is a tournament like burglary? Because it is a knightly occupation.

What is the great motive for travelling? A locomotive.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Tomato, Orator, Martin, Attila, Toilet, Ornate.
2. Milk-pan.
3. Keep innocent if you would be happy.
4. Andover, Amherst, Belfast, Berlin, Cairo, Boston.
5. "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."
6. Fib, Lo, Even, Stride. Hiccuns.—FLESH. BONES.

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FATHER FALK.

John Falk sat down to eat,
With Arab brood unkempt around him;
Rude vagrants such as you might meet
In alley or deserted street,
Of want the very scum!
To each he had assigned a seat,
Wherever he had found him.
But first he said, "Lord Jesus, come
And be our guest,
Then what we eat is surely doubly blest."

Then up a lad outspoke:
"Why does He never come? Do tell us;
We wait like solemn Christian folk,
Before a crumb of bread is broke,
Or we have drank a drop.
Is it, His anger we provoke,
We are so little zealous?"
"Dear child," Falk said, "be patient, stop!
Though in strange guise.
Our invitation He will not despise!"

Uprose the boy, and said,—
"If so, a vacant chair I'll set Him;
I'll put a plate upon the spread,
And on it place some wheaten bread,
That He, the holy One,
Who had not where to lay His head,
May sweet refreshment get Him!"
No sooner said, than it was done!
Though what would grow
Out of the courtesy, they did not know.

He scarce had laid the plate,
When, lo, without there was a knocking.
A stranger lad stood at the gate,
Eager to eat the food they ate,
With famine in his eyes.
Him in the empty chair they sat,
The spokesman boy still talking.
"He could not come!" so he replies;
"To take His place,
He sends this lad our waiting board to grace."

"Ah, yes," said Father Falk,
And then he seemed some angel smiling,
Like flakes of gold fell down his talk;
"Ah, yes, He still on earth doth walk,
In human son and daughter!
Disguised, our earthly pride to balk,
Nor once our simple faith beguiling;
And when we give a cup of water
At misery's call,
'T'will be to us, as though He drank it all."

For the Companion.

RASH SPEECHES.

One ought to beware of rash speeches and to remember that it is a fearful thing for a guilty man to make an appearance of innocence by appealing to the name of the Deity. "The angels of death overhear what we say," remarks an old writer, "and God often gives them commission to smite a man, *ex ore suo*."

We read in the Bible that "a fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul."

Dr. Calamy relates, in the history of his "Life and Times," certain melancholy and startling circumstances, which he associates with an inconsiderate prayer. A doting father, believing that God was about to remove from an evil course of life an affectionate but perverse son, who was sick, made this petition:

"Let him become what he will, so may he live, I shall be satisfied."

The boy recovered his health, passed through an unusual course of wickedness, by which he brought his distressed mother to the grave, and was at last arrested for fearful crime, and sentenced to be hanged. He exhibited no feeling or concern in his last hours, and said, coolly, to his father when the time came to go from the prison,—

"Father, will you see me to the tree?"

It may be presumption to say that the boy's wicked career was permitted as a punishment for that rash prayer,—and it may not be presumption—we cannot tell. But apart from this the story very impressively teaches us that we ought to be careful in speech before God.

Hannah More relates in verse the story of an English maid servant, who had stolen, and denied the theft. To make her denial more emphatic, she prayed God to strike her dead, if she was guilty. Immediately she dropped lifeless upon the floor.

Cotton Mather relates a number of such instances in his "Magnalia," among them the following:

"A man in our Narragansett country, having set his dog to mischief his neighbor's cattle, denied the fact with imprecations that he might never stir from the place if he had so done. The neighbor to whom he denied it, expressing himself troubled at his impudent lying, this atheist hereupon used the name of God in his imprecation, that God would never let him stir out of the place, if he did the thing.

"The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when he sunk down dead in the place, and never stirred any more."

A young actress in New Jersey, some years ago, was ridiculing a revival of religion in the company of her friends. Her head becoming unsteady with the excess of her wicked folly, she suddenly leaped up and exclaimed, as with deep religious fervor,—

"I have got salvation! I am happy now! I am all ready to die!"

A few moments after these impious ejaculations, she fell to the floor, a corpse.

How far God specially interferes in cases like these—cases that are very frequently found in biography—it is impossible for men to decide. This, however, is certain; a man conscious of guilt, who has invoked God as a witness to his innocence, or who has blasphemously ridiculed his Maker, carries within himself an active principle of destruction. The effect upon his own conscience of the awful act he has committed, may be sufficiently terrible and startling to cause his death. And so the fearful moral lesson remains the same, and carries its own warning.

MONKEY AND DOG FIGHT.

I do not approve of fights between animals, or between men, but I once saw "a duel" between a monkey and a dog, that I could not prevent, and which was just as sensible in its way, as the duels that are sometimes fought by men. It certainly showed great pluck and expertness in the monkey.

An Italian "organ grinder" stopped, one day, opposite a tavern in Cheshire, England, where I was boarding. In one corner of the public room two rough looking men were talking, and near them lay a large sporting dog. He was an ugly looking beast, and showed in every movement that he had been trained to fight.

The Italian commenced a tune upon his organ, and at the same time dropped from his shoulder a slender little monkey, who at once commenced passing a jaunty cap for pennies from the men standing about the door.

The moment the organ struck up, the two sporting characters inside began to look angry. The noise interfered with their conversation. One of them, the owner of the dog, went to the door and ordered the Italian to pack up his traps and be off about his business.

"Nah, nah, you no landlord. I no go from dis place," said the Italian. 'Dis eese mi peezeness. I right to be here as mooch as you," and he went on playing.

"If you don't stop your noise, I'll set my dog on your monkey," threatened the Englishman.

"Dat ces good; you make your dog go at my monkey; vary good. Dog go at monkey, monkey go at dog."

The Italian drew the little monkey to the top of the organ and began a talk with him, in an excited sort of a pow-wow, pointing to the dog, and at the same time putting in his little fist a small stick pointed with metal. It seemed great folly for the man to risk what seemed so one-sided a battle. I thought he better leave the place and avoid it. The dog was large and savage enough to eat the monkey at a mouthful.

The two roughs of course expected an easy victory for the dog, and his owner set him fiercely at his little antagonist. The animal rushed at the monkey, but the little fellow was not to be seized. Quick as a flying squirrel he leaped out of the way, and bounded upon the back of the dog. The cur gave a howl and a plunge, and threw his head around angrily to catch the monkey. Then he shook himself fiercely, but the monkey held on.

I saw the monkey's fore paw going up and down, but what he had in it I couldn't see, for it moved as fast as the fans of a windmill that can't be seen for their motion. The dog howled and ran off, the crowd opening to let him pass.

We were all excited, and ran to see the end. The roughs called to the dog, and the Italian called to his monkey, and the bystanders shouted to see the pluck of the little fellow, still holding on at the dog's neck, and pounding away at the back of his head.

It was more than the dog could stand, for he soon stopped howling, and in a few minutes he was dead.

The monkey was without a scratch, and dismounted from the neck of his prostrate victim as fresh and as ready for his tricks as ever.

The brave little creature, laying hold of his hat, at once passed it around among the spectators, who, I verily believe, amid their laughing and hurrahing, threw into it more than he had ever received before.

COL. WHEELOCK'S AUCTION.

The colonel of the Ninety-Seventh New York Volunteers in the late war was a hardy, brave, kind old man, who had long been known as "Father Wheelock." A correspondent of the Lowell *Courier*, who was a chaplain in his regiment, relates the following story of Col. Wheelock's auction. It was told him by the colonel:

"There was," said he, "among the drafted men sent me in the fall of '63, a poor fellow from Auburn. I pitied him, for he was very destitute, and had left a large family. He fell sick, went to the hospital, and died, I think quite as much of homesickness, as real disease.

"During the holidays I received a Christmas box for him, and must tell you how I got rid of it.

"Just after dress parade I mounted a stump and shouted to the boys that I had something to tell them. They came running together, and when there was a crowd, says I,—

"'I'll drop for half an hour the dignity of colonel and turn auctioneer.'

"I then told them about the box and the letter which accompanied it. It was a most touching one; praying God to keep her husband safe, and telling of their struggles and the love which had sent him a little remembrance from home.

"Boys," said he, "we do not know how soon our families may be just there. This appears a good, true woman. We must do something to comfort her a little under the heavy news I must write. This box contains a small fruit cake, a pair of suspenders, a skein of thread, and a few needles. A comrade of his company offers me five dollars for the box, to help the family; but I think I can do better.

"I then cut the cake into forty slices, about a mouthful apiece, and putting one in my pocket, said,—

"'These are fifty cents apiece, but I will go double. Now who bids?'

"The adjutant kept count and took the money, and in five minutes all of the cake was gone.

"The suspenders were then brought out, and run up by fifty cents at a time to five dollars, at which price they were knocked down and paid for.

"'Put them up again, colonel,' said the men; and this time they were struck off at seven dollars; and so twice more, till they brought in all nineteen dollars."

"The skein of thread was divided, and realized three dollars.

"Seeing the men were doing every thing, while the officers looked thoughtlessly on and enjoyed it, I took one of the needles, and said,—

"'These are a dollar apiece.' I then handed it to Capt. A., saying,—

"'Young man, I'll make you a present of that.'

"'No, you don't, colonel,' said he; 'I haven't got the money by me, but will get it when I go to my tent.'

"The officers took the hint, and the needles were cleaned out at the same figure.

"So the poor fellow's box, not worth more than a dollar, brought $79 50, to which I added a trifle of my own, and sent her a check for one hundred dollars, hoping it might meet her wants in her time of trouble.

"Yesterday I got a letter from the wife;" and with that he handed it to Maj. W. and myself. It conveyed her thanks and blessings, and was—but I won't try to say—only I don't wonder the colonel's eyes were suspiciously red, and his voice quavered a little, as he left the tent, saying,—

"Chaplain, you'll be sure to give me the next job in the auction line."

ROMANCE IN WAR.

The war in Europe has made many wives widows, and many children fatherless. There will be mourning in families for years, over the havoc of the last few months. But there are romantic incidents even in times of bloodshed, and the following will have attractions for our female readers:

A young and thriving merchant of Saar Louis was to have been married at Saar-Louis, to a young lady from Scleiz, on the 16th of July. On that morning came the telegraphic order of mobilization. The train carried off the bridegroom a quarter of an hour before that fixed for the marriage.

He, like thousands of other men of an equally good position in life, took his place as a private in his regiment—the Fortieth Hohenzollerns—and cheerfully arranged with his bride that the marriage should take place as soon as the regiment reached Saarbruck. He would then go off to the war and she would return, as his wife, to her home.

The bride came on the day with her brother to Saarbruck. I had the pleasure of walking up with them in the afternoon to watch the battalion in which the bridegroom was to appear and pass from the high road into the bivouac field.

The bridegroom, who was there in the thick of the helmeted stream, ran from the ranks and kissed his bride with German fervor. The men marching past looked at them with sympathetic admiration, but with no sign of wonder, much less, of course, derision.

Then the bridegroom ran on to the place he had left, and the bride went to an officer, and begged a few hours' leave for her bridegroom that they might be married. The officer, of course, was only too glad to listen to such a request from the lips of such an applicant, and escorted the bride to the colonel of the regiment, from whom leave had to be obtained. We saw the bride, with dark eyes more expressive than ever, and a shadow of apprehension over her broad forehead—not too German for perfect beauty—repeating her request to the colonel, and winning from his lips of discipline the gentlest answer. The bridegroom was sent off on leave, and the marriage was fixed to take place the following day.

BALLOON ADVENTURE.

The balloon ascension recently from this city by Prof. Torrey, was an exciting affair, and came near proving a terrible disaster.

The balloon was inflated with hot air by means of a furnace set in the ground, the chimney or tube for insertion in the mouth of the balloon being a section of steam boiler. Just as the balloon, in rising, cleared the tube the flame flashed fiercely, and set fire to it. The ropes were let go, when the immense canvas globe, inflated with the heated air, rose rapidly upward, the daring æronaut clinging to a trapeze suspended from beneath with ropes, and performing a number of graceful feats as the air ship soared aloft, and was borne along by the wind, which was blowing almost a gale at the time.

Meantime the fire, which had been communicated to the lower portion of the balloon at starting, continued to blaze around the edges; but the professor, apparently oblivious to the dangerous position in which he was placed, kept up his daring feats on the trapeze, hanging alternately by one foot or one hand, and performing sundry graceful evolutions while carried along at an elevation of about one thousand feet from the earth.

The balloon was borne eastward for some distance by the current, when the heated air having cooled it, commenced a rapid descent, landing on the commons east of the hydraulic, near Gary's flax mill, about half a mile from the starting-point.

While approaching the earth with considerable force, the balloon came in contact with a willow tree, when the professor, releasing his hold of the trapeze, took refuge in the branches, and broke his fall by seizing hold of a limb, which gave way, and he came to the ground, ending his perilous journey without serious injury, though his ankle was slightly sprained by the concussion.

The ascension was witnessed by hundreds of people, who were thrilled with the spectacle of the daring æronaut dangling in the air, and performing astonishing acrobatic feats while the flames threatened to consume the frail bark which bore him along.—*Dayton Journal, April 22d.*

WHAT MARY GAVE.

Children ought never to be content with giving money received from their parents. They can give something more valuable, as the following shows:

I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister, who was cutting teeth. She gave a string, and a crooked pin, and a good deal of good advice to the three-year old brother who wanted to play at fishing.

She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home, for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away.

But this is not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind, and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the pleasant young face; she wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted in such a frank, artless way, that he thanked his daughter in his heart.

She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story by her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it was ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.

THE DOCTOR'S HORSE.

The *Bristol County* (Mass.) *Republican* says:

Almost every day anecdotes of horses are told us which illustrate the capacity for thinking in the equine world. But the latest incident comes from Missouri.

In a certain town in that State lives a horse of more than ordinary intelligence. His owner is a physician, and a church-going man. Recently the horse was left standing in the road. After a time he became impatient, and went in search of his owner. With logical calmness he proceeded to the favorite haunts of the doctor.

Not finding him, he walked around to the church. He looked up at the dark windows, heard no singing, and then came to the conclusion that it was not a night for service, or there would be a flood of light from window panes, not to mention the racket made by the choir or preacher.

He turned carefully, so as not to upset the buggy, and with a puzzled air marched slowly back to his master's house. Did not this horse manifest intelligence of a high order? He reasoned calmly, and proceeded with logical clearness to find the doctor and gently remind him that it was time to go home and enjoy supper and rest.

He hunted for him at his favorite resorts, and not finding him, sadly turned homeward, no doubt feeling that he had done his full duty in making the search. Incidents can be multiplied without number, which bespeak the reasoning powers of the horse.

LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

No young lady can be too well instructed in any thing which will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may be placed in such a position that it will not be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor, but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she was to preside personally over the cooking-stove and pantry. Indeed, it is often more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our hands.

Mothers are frequently so nice and particular they do not like to give up any part of the care to their children. This is a great mistake in their management, for they are often burdened with labor and need relief. Children should be taught early to make themselves useful, to assist their parents in every way in their power, and to consider it a privilege to do so.

A TRIUMPHANT EXAMPLE.

An intelligent boy in the national school of a large and populous town in Lancashire, on being examined, among others, by the commissioner, was asked, "Do you know any of the effects of heat and cold?"

"Yes, sir; heat expands and cold contracts."

"Good, my boy—you have answered well, now an example."

"Why, sir, the days at midsummer are the longest, and in the winter the shortest!"—*Onward a Week.*

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For the Companion.

OLD PUSS INQUIRES FOR HER KITTEN.

Where is my kitten, my little gray kitten?
I've hunted the house all around;
I've looked in the cradle and under the table,
But nowhere can kitty be found.

I've hunted the clover and flower beds over;
I peeped in the old wooden spout;
I went to the woodpile and stayed there a good while,
But never my kitty came out.

I've been in the attic and made a great racket;
I peeped into little Dick's bed;
I've looked in the stable as much as I'm able;
I hunted the wood-house and shed.

I called little Rover, to hunt the field over,
And help find my kitty for me;
No dog could be kinder, but he couldn't find her;
O where can my poor kitty be?

I saw a boy trundle away a small bundle,
And drop it down into the brook.
Could that be my kitty, so cunning and pretty?
I think I'll run down there and look.

For there is no knowing what people are throwing
When *things* are tied up in a sack.
Whatever they carry, not long do they tarry,
And always they come empty back.

AUNT CLARA.

For the Companion.

JACK STONE'S VISIT.

I have just got home. I have been to see my Cousin Dick, who lives in Boston. I believe I have told you he is a very nice boy.

He does not live on a farm. They do not have farms in Boston. They have almost every thing else. There are so many people there, I thought Boston must be the whole world. I never saw so many churches in my life.

I always thought Mr. Gooding kept a very large store, until I went to Boston. I am sorry to say Boston has lots of larger stores. I went to the Museum, and saw every thing that was curious and strange. If the animals and whales had been alive, I should have wanted to keep hold of uncle's hand. They were harmless. I

saw a big fountain on the Common, and the water went up so high, I could not look at it without tiring my eyes. I could not see any one making it go. Boys had boats sailing on the water, and it gave me pleasure to look at them.

They have a big jail in Boston, where they put bad people. It is a very handsome place to look at. Dick says he guesses some of the people who live there, would like to take a look at the outside.

I saw lots of policemen, that keep people in order. One of them was taking a ragged boy to jail. He had been stealing. I thought of a little card my Sunday school teacher gave me. It says on it, "Thou shalt not steal." I wondered if that little boy's teacher had given him one, and he tore it up, and forgot what was printed on it. We do not have any policemen where I live, in the country. They are a very peaceable kind of people there.

There was a house on fire when I was in Boston. I never heard so much noise in all my life. It would have driven grandma crazy. She has a very quiet disposition. The people, when they go to a fire, seem as if they wished to run over everybody. I was much surprised at a Boston fire.

I heard some one shout out "Fire," and I looked around. I saw a great thing coming towards me. It was full of smoke and was on wheels. I thought it was the house that was on fire, and they were going to take it down to the water and put it out there. I was mistaken.

I have been mistaken about a great many things in my life. It was a steam fire engine. Perhaps the man that makes the pictures for this paper, will draw you one. I cannot describe it. Cousin Dick took me into a printing-office. It was a very curious place. I never saw any thing like it before. They put a piece of white paper on a machine, and it comes out all printed. I have tried to tell some of my cousins about it. It sounds very strange to them. They say I take advantage, because I have been to Boston, to tell some great stories. Perhaps I did not see aright, but it *did* look so to me.

People dress up a good deal in the city of Boston, and Cousin Dick knows a great many boys. He told them what my name was, and then he told me what their names were, so I should know them. They call me "Master Stone." It sounds strange to me.

I have seen soldier men in the streets. They don't have guns. They play on hand-organs, and people give them money. Some of them have a monkey. I wish they could make me a visit. It would please grandpa *so* much.

Grandpa is always pleased with any thing new, and he says he never gets tired of hearing me tell of the sights I saw in Boston. I get very tired telling him, sometimes. He says he would like to go there, himself. Grandma says she wouldn't be paid to live in a noisy city. She is a very contented person.

I think Boston people must be always hungry, for they have places where you can get things to eat, all over the city.

I saw a statue of Benjamin Franklin. He must have been a very good looking man. I have heard father read some about him in a book. He was a poor boy once, but he made a very smart man.

Father says a great many poor boys get to be wise and good men, because they have to work so hard.

I am of grandma's opinion. I should not like to live in the city all the time. You cannot see cows, or sheep, or hens and chickens there, unless they are dead ones, at the butcher's.

There is another reason I like the country. I can run about, and don't have to watch my clothes for fear I may dirty them, and don't have to keep dressed up all the time, as Cousin Dick does.

JACK STONE.

A CURE FOR ANGER.

Two little sisters, one seven and the other five years old, were playing together, when a little difference arose between them. Lucy, the elder, feeling that anger was rising, said,—

"I am getting angry; I had better go out of the room for a few minutes."

She went out, and soon returned with all the angry feelings gone. How she spent the few minutes, I think most of our little readers will know. Lucy had not read her Bible in vain; she knew the meaning of the sweet words,—

"Ask, and it shall be given;" and many times had she proved them to be true when fighting against her naturally hasty temper. How many sad scenes would be avoided if all children would follow the example of little Lucy!

BESSIE.

Little Bessie lives on a farm. One cool October day she saw the men making bonfires in a field. They piled up the dried boughs, and leaves, and cornstalks, and set fire to them.

Bessie was delighted, and ran to help. She picked up sticks and twigs in her apron, and threw them on the piles, laughing and dancing as the bright flames leaped high into the air. It was fine fun.

When she went in to supper she was eager to tell her mother about the bonfires.

"And I know why the men made them," said she, wisely. "It was to warm the pastures, so the cows won't catch cold!"

NEW LOAN OF THE UNITED STATES.

The subscriptions to the New Five Per Cent. Stock of the United States now amount to about $60,000,000, They are confidently expected to reach $200,000,000 by the time the New Bonds are ready for delivery in May. The proposals of the Secretary of the Treasury will then be changed for the following programme:

First—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third—Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference, after the above-mentioned two hundred millions are taken up, in the following order, namely:

First—Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of bonds.

Second—Subscriptions for equal amounts of bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Third—Subscriptions for any five per cent. bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

Subscriptions to the remainder of the $200,000,000 of five per cents., which are unconditional, are now going on, and the bonds will soon be issued to the subscribers, who can receive a scrip certificate in advance, if they desire to pay their gold or exchange United States 5-20s at once, in the registered or coupon form. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The reduction of the public debt since the close of the war of the rebellion, and the relief, at the same time, to the annual burden of interest, are as follows;

Principal of debt, 1865	$2,755,995,275
Paid under Johnson	265,595,371
Principal, March 4, 1869	$2,491,399,904
Paid under Grant	223,083,673
Present public debt	$2,268,316,231
Interest charge, 1865	151,832,051
Reduced in four years by redemptions and funding 7-30 notes	25,442,501
Interest charge, 1869	$126,389,550
Reduced in two years by payment	12,052,998
Present interest charge	$114,336,552

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents. for new five per cents. of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents. for four and a half per cents. of 1886	$4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents. for four per cents of 1901	$14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

The whole proceeds of the new loans will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and, in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20s are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of advertising United States loans.
TREASURY OFFICE, New York, April 15.

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Three Little Words.

This is the odd title of a new song and chorus by J. A. BUTTERFIELD, author of "Sweet Ethel May," "When You and I were Young, Maggie," etc. The words are as full of poetry as the Western prairies of bright flowers in spring-time; and the music as liquid with soft melodies as the love-songs carolled by wild wood-birds at sunrise. Such a wedding of poetry and music as there is in **Three Little Words** cannot fail to make this one of the great popular songs of the times—one that long will be remembered, as we remember sweet music heard in dreams. Sold by music dealers *everywhere*, and mailed to *any* address for 35 cents, when you say where you saw this notice. Address T. W. MARTIN, Agent, Chicago, Ill. 21-1t

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For the Companion.

SOMETHING ABOUT BOATS.

It is curious enough that the origin of the most useful and necessary inventions is almost unknown, and that, seek as we will, no chronicle is found which can tell us to whom we owe many things without which our daily life would seem a strange piece of work. Every thing grows from the want of it, and chairs and tables, pins and needles, patent coffee-pots and "bloom of youth," all came from the demand for them.

So, though nobody knows, or, at any rate, has ever told, our splendid ships grew up from the simple log on which a savage crossed from one side to the other of a stream in his way. Holding on by the left arm and leg, his right served as an oar, and having once found himself master of the situation, what more natural than to make improvements, and by fastening one log alongside another, form a raft.

This would answer in still weather, but the dashing waves of a storm, would suggest some sort of bulwark, and plaited osiers, or extra logs, would fill this office. With increased size the right arm would fail to guide the growing craft, and thus from the want came a paddle and rudder.

At their best, such rafts were awkward, helpless sort of things, and a *canoe* was the next step in improvement. Long before history had one word to say, the nations of Northern Europe had learned the use of canoes made from hollowed trees, and as the silent work of ages has lifted ancient beaches far above the present sea-level, these canoes have been dug out from the spots from which, by a people utterly unknown to us, they were once launched.

Even farther back, *coracles*, or wicker boats, covered with leather, were used, and Herodotus describes minutely, some which he saw on the Euphrates, and which were made in Armenia. They were circular, with an osier frame covered with leather, and the thrifty Armenians, having taken down the river a heavy lading, amounting sometimes to one or two hundred tons, broke up the boats, sold the ballast and lining, and carried back the leather on the backs of asses. Even to this day, on the west coast of Ireland, these *coracles* may be seen, made of a horse's skin, or simply tarred canvas tightly stretched.

Bladder boats are found all over the world. Xenophon describes the soldiers of Cyrus' army, as crossing the Euphrates in boats made from the skins with which their tents were covered, filled with light hay and sewed up, and to this day, in some parts of India you may see, borne by the swift river currents, a boat made from a sheep skin, the legs and neck tightly tied, and the whole filled with air. Astride of this, the traveller journeys on, and as time is something to which he attaches no value, he is content to do without oar or rudder, and float on at the river's will.

Passing from these tropical streams, to the rivers and oceans of the Arctic Zone, the Esquimaux seal-skin canoe, filled often with inflated bladders, gives another form of the same idea. Then there is the New Zealander's surf-boat, the Chinese junk, the proa of the Ladrones, and a host of strange craft, just as queer as the nations who own them. It would fill a book to describe all these, and a wise man who knew what boys like, has written just such a one, so that whoever buys Ringston's "BOY'S OWN BOOK OF BOATS," will know far more than the *Youth's Companion* can ever take time to tell them, at least about small boats. Of large ones you shall hear more. HELEN C. WEEKS.

VARIETY.

A SHIRK.

If half the suffering endured by the subject of the following sketch was real, the fellow had pluck enough for three soldiers, and instead of shirking service ought to have been a hero in it. We cannot believe but that much of his apparent insensibility to torture was owing to actual paralysis. *Appletons' Journal* gives its authority to the story:

About sixty years ago Phineas Adams enlisted as a private in a regiment of militia, then on duty in England. He soon became disgusted with his position, and shortly after his enlistment applied for his discharge on account of an ulcerated wound in his arm; this was refused him, because the wound was of his own contrivance. He had then a similar malady on his leg.

He purposely fell down a flight of stone steps, and was taken up with the blood oozing from his ears. After this he told the doctor that he thought he was growing deaf.

"Are you very deaf?" asked his attendant, in a whisper, and he imprudently answered,—

"Very deaf."

From that time he was held to be a confirmed malingerer, and no complaint of his was credited. However, he fell into a state of (apparently) profound insensibility. He was bled repeatedly; his head and back were blistered, without producing any sensible effect, and strong electrical currents seemed to provoke no bodily sensation. Snuff never so much as made him sneeze, and the most pungent salts only made his eyes water.

It was then resolved to try nitrous-oxide gas. The tube was applied to the man's mouth; but his teeth were so fast locked, that no power could open them.

Then, by compression of the mouth and nostril, he was compelled to breathe nothing but the gas, when his pulse showed that he was quitting life, and the experimentalists had to desist. He continued in the condition of a corpse; his limbs fell by their own weight; his eyes were closed; and he paid no attention to pins thrust under his finger-nails. In this hapless condition it was thought advisable to resort to the desperate remedy of trepanning.

They thought his fall down stairs might have produced a depression of the brain. Accordingly, his scalp was raised, and the head examined, during all which process the young fellow (who was but eighteen) gave no sign of sensibility, with the exception of a single groan.

It was before the chloroform days, of course, and he must have suffered torture. As no beneficial result accrued from this operation, Phineas Adams obtained his discharge from the regiment. He was held, indeed, to be at the point of death. He was discharged on the 20th of August; on the 28th he was out with his father, with a gun in his hand, and on the next day did an excellent day's work as a farm laborer.

He pretended that he had felt no pain during the last six months, save when the surgeons scraped his head; but his recovery was too complete and rapid to be credited as genuine. It was whispered, one day, that a sergeant's guard was coming to once more restore him to his regiment, and he absconded the same night.

If his cause had been a good one, his case would have deserved the title of the Martyrdom of Phineas Adams.

"BEHOLD HOW GREAT A MATTER A LITTLE FIRE KINDLETH!"

It is said that a single fire-cracker thrown by a careless boy was the origin of the conflagration in Portland, three years ago. The London *Builder* traces the late burning of Constantinople to a cause equally trifling.

A poor woman was about to go to the upper floor of her living place to bring down the *mangal*, or pan of lighted charcoal, for cooking; but feeling lazy—the day was warm—sent her child for it. The child let the pan fall on the stairs, near a window curtain, and the result of the woman's change of mind was that terrible fire we have heard of, which reduced thirty thousand people to destitution, utterly destroying many hundreds of them, and some thousands of houses.

BOAT-TRAVELLING IN BENGAL.

A missionary had retired to rest, when there was a rap at his cabin door, and a voice exclaimed, "Sahib, look out on the bank!"

He opened the Venetian blind, and looked out. Close to the boat, at the edge of the water, sat a huge animal. The glare of his eyes and the black stripes on his body plainly showed that he was a tiger. He seemed to be contemplating a spring on board, and a gory feast on the boatmen, many of whom were lying asleep on deck. In low tones and affrighted whispers, the mangee begged the sahib to put an end to the savage visitor. But the missionary had no rifle or pistol with him, and felt perplexed and anxious. Suddenly he thought of a speaking-trumpet he usually took about with him; and, seizing it, he blew a blast that echoed and re-echoed over the waters. The beast turned his head in wonder, then slowly rising, shambled off into the jungle.

COULDN'T SELL HIM ANY THING.

"Atom," of the *Harvard Advocate*, visited the French Fair, and thus reports his experience:

Young Lady.—Sir, wouldn't you like to buy some tickets in a punch-bowl?

Atom.—No, thank you; I never drink.

Young Lady (insinuatingly).—Well, wouldn't you like to buy some cigars, then?

Atom (with a very grave face).—No, thank you; I never smoke.

Young Lady (losing patience).—Well, I'd offer you some soap if I thought you ever washed.

Very saucy in the young lady; but gentlemen who use neither strong drink nor tobacco, are least likely to need extra soap.

INSECT APPETITE.

The man who wished he had a throat a mile long, and a palate all the way, might envy the feats performed in the world of insignificance. Some insects are endowed with an appetite so keen, and a digestion so rapid, that they eat incessantly throughout the whole of their lives. They begin as soon as they are born, and go steadily on till they die. Their existence is a feast, without a change of plates, or a pause between the courses. Morning, noon and night, their mouths are full, and an endless procession of favorite food gratifies the unwearied palate. They know not the name of meals. Breakfast commences with infancy, and their only after-dinner nap is a passage to another state of existence.

MALE AND FEMALE COUNTERS.

The work of counting mutilated fractional currency and legal tenders received at the Treasury Department for redemption from all parts of the country is done entirely by women. It is said that they excel men in counting the currency, as they are quicker and their fingers are more pliable, but they do not succeed so well with the legal tender, as their hands are not large enough to grasp the bundle and separate the notes quickly.

A POEM in an agricultural paper, called "Song of the Farmer Boy," very appropriately commences with "Ho! brothers, ho!"

AN aristocratic lady, after anxious inquiry as to what would remove paint spots from her window glass, was told that "elbow grease" was the best thing known; whereupon she naively exclaimed, "O, I'm so glad I have found out! I wonder if they keep it at the apothecary's."

LITTLE Arwin, twenty-one months old, noticed our cat, as she washed her face and made her toilet. Arwin looked on for a time, then said, "Monie, old cat oil her hair;" and as she still smoothed her fur, she said, "Old cat oil her hair *much!*"

THE business men at Davenport are poetical. One of them has out the following literary gem as a sign:

"Here lives a man who never refuses,
To mend all sorts of boots and shoeses."

THE hunters of Siberia, when pressed by hunger, take two pieces of board, and placing one on the pit of the stomach and the other on the back, gradually draw together the extremities, and thus allay, in some degree, the cravings of the appetite. This is said to be a very economical kind of board.

NOT HIS FAULT.—"How do you do, sare?" said a Frenchman to an English acquaintance.

"Rather poorly, thank you," answered the other.

"Nay, my dear sare," said the Frenchman, "don't thank me for your illness; I cannot help it."

AN honest Jonathan from the interior, on his first visit to the metropolis, was awakened, one morning, by hearing the cry of "Oyst! buy any oysters?" in the mellifluous tones of a vender of the luscious shell-fish, who was passing under the window of the hotel. A noise so new to him startled him, and he asked his room-mate what it meant.

"It's only oysters," replied his fellow-lodger, pettishly.

"Oysters!" exclaimed Jonathan, in astonishment; "and do oysters holler as loud as that?"

W. B. SEARS, Fire Insurance Agent, 40 State Street, 39—1yeow BOSTON.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

THE TURNING POINT.

"The work *must* be done this week," said the doctor's wife, "or else we shall never be ready in time for our summer vacation."

"Well, and can't it be?" queried Rose, her seventeen-year old daughter, looking up from a long seam, white as a snow-drift.

"I'm afraid not, my dear," was the reply. "Miss Parker just called to say that her sister—you remember that pale little seamstress—was very ill, and would not be able to come this week, as she is threatened with fever."

"Too bad." Rose's pretty face grew anxious. "Last summer we had to wait till the middle of the season. Won't Miss Grant come?"

"She has already taken in work enough for a month, and Miss McLarned is going to the city. They are the only people with whom I dare to trust my work, with my old-fashioned notions of every stitch set just so;" and the doctor's wife smiled, a little anxiously.

"Mother, there are the Harmons;" and Rose looked out of the window in the direction of a bare house, that, with one withered elm before it, stood on the edge of a bare slope of pasture land.

"Do you think I would send these fine muslins to such a dirty place?"

"But mother, I think it's because the poor woman is discouraged. Her husband was such a drunkard, and now he is dead, she doesn't seem to know what to turn her hand to. Margaret *told* me as much. Margaret is a sweet girl, and I know her mother sco[illegible] and scolds. The poor child will surely go wr[illegible] I'm afraid, she sees so little that is pleasant [illegible]ome. Mr. Sawyer, who lives on the hill, w[illegible] like to get her there to keep house for him, [illegible] bear with all his whims. I am afraid Marg[illegible]t will go, so as to get away from home troubles."

"She had better die," said the doctor's wife. "Poor Mrs. Harmon! She has seen easier times. I wonder"——

"I am sure she would do the work beautifully," broke in Rose, eagerly, as her mother paused; "and she might come up here."

"So she might," said her mother, her anxious face brightening; "if I were only sure she would suit me."

"Margaret, herself, is a capital sewer, and I saw some of her mother's work; it is the one thing she doesn't slight, Margaret says. May I go over there?"

"Yes, dear, get her if you can," replied her mother, to whom more than one bright thought had occurred.

Hat and mantle on, out tripped Rose, and all her sisters in the garden, royal with dew-drops and modest with blushes, bowed to her as she passed them.

"We're to do good as we have opportunity," murmured Rose, as she paused near the yellow house.

Two half-grown boys were scrambling about the roof of a small shed, and a child's unmusical scream came through the open window of the house. Rose saw a wash-tub set in the middle of the floor, steaming with hot soapsuds; she heard also the sound of a heavy hand, dealing blows.

Presently a slight figure came forward and made a dive at the tub.

"Mrs. Harmon!" called Rose, standing by, but not looking through the window.

"Rose Lightfoot, is that you?" cried Mrs. Harmon, her faded, thin face appearing at the opening. "I'm ashamed to have you catch me so, but Margaret's gone down to the store, and the baby is cross, and it does seem as if things went all wrong. Do come in, won't you?"

"I can't stop, Mrs. Harmon, we're in such a hurry at home, and Miss Parker has failed us;" Rose hurried on with a crimson face. "Mother wanted me to ask you, as a great favor, if you wouldn't come up to the house and help us a couple of weeks. She'll give you a dollar and a half a day—and—and we are in great need of help."

THE TURNING POINT.

Mrs. Harmon's worried face lighted a little. Overhead the two boys fought and shouted.

"Jim and Joe!" cried the woman, with her shrillest voice, "if you don't come down, I'll get the clothes pole, and whip you till I break it."

There was a sudden cessation of hostilities, but it was only a lull.

"Well, I don't know, Rose; I'm sure it would be a great lift to us, just now, and Margaret might keep house. To tell you the truth, she's gone to see if she can't sell some tidies she's been knitting; for the child hasn't hardly a decent gown to her back."

"We would buy her tidies," said Rose, eagerly; "we must have a new set; mother was speaking of it yesterday."

"Ah, you rich folks!" said the woman, smiling faintly, but there was a dash of bitterness in her voice. "But you're very kind; and tell your mother I'll come. If there's one thing I pride myself on, it's my sewing; I had a good thorough training in that."

Meantime, the hubbub had commenced again on the low roof. A moment after, as Rose turned, she saw the much enduring mother poking at the two cubs with the broom, and though her heart was aching a little, the antics of the untrained children and the frantic gestures of the woman made her laugh.

Mrs. Harmon presented herself next day at the house of the doctor. Dressed in a neat calico, her hair tidily trained back, her small, ladylike figure seemed to fit into this pleasant home with all its beautiful surroundings.

Rose and her mother sat down beside her, refinement breathing from all their ways, words and actions. The atmosphere suited the woman. She toyed with the rich silks, and daintily poised the fine laces, thinking to herself, meanwhile—

"I, too, had such things once, but alas, now, for poor Margaret! Every thing is unpleasant in our home."

"Rose, my dear, please hand me that bit of tape," said Mrs. Lightfoot.

"Certainly, mamma;" and up sprang Rose, rewarded by a sweet smile and polite "thank you," from the doctor's wife.

Mrs. Harmon flushed and paled. She had received a new revelation. It had been her way to order, always; and as to thanking her own children for doing what it was their duty to do, she had never thought of such a thing.

So, by-and-by, the doctor came in, and he kissed his wife and kissed Rose. Soft and pleasant words from lip to lip, gracious consideration for each other's comfort, deference and unstudied courtesy; what a wonderful lesson she learned that day!

That night she went home thoughtful. Margaret, pale and unyouthful, sat with the heavy baby in her arms, rocking it to sleep. She had done her best in making things comfortable, but she did not look happy; she dreaded her mother's tongue.

"Give me that great boy, dear," said her mother, with a strange throb at her heart. "You have tired yourself out, I'm afraid."

Margaret absolutely grew pale, as her hands fell apart, and she looked wonderingly at her mother, whose tears were very near their outlet.

"O no," she managed to say, presently; "I did try—I"——

"You are all the time trying, my good Margaret, and very little thanks you ever get from me," quivered the mother's voice. "How nice you have made the room look! Mrs. Lightfoot is going to give us some beautiful flowers, and the doctor wants Joe to go with him and hold his horse. Says if he proves what he thinks he will, he shall send him to school, and may be make a doctor of him."

"Bully!" shouted Joe, from under the bedclothes, where the two boys had been pinching each other for the last half hour, and struggling to hide their cries for fear of the great stick that hung in the corner.

The old habit came very near asserting itself—the fingers of the right hand clenched, and the old frown came back. Margaret stood by, trembling. But slowly the mother's face turned towards her, and a beautiful smile broke over it.

"I hope our Joe'll be the best boy in town, now," said she, graciously; "the doctor says he's the smartest, and I'm sure he'll try his best to work for mother."

There was at once silence under the bedclothes. Jim and Joe were by no means vicious. They had done nothing all their lives but retaliate, and there was no possibility for them to do so now.

Margaret looked round the room in amaze. There was a chance for them, she thought, with a swelling at the throat. How pretty and ladylike her mother looked! And she had spoken of flowers; and home would be sweeter in the future; and just then she caught her mother's eye, and heard four little words, whose magic made her heart leap.

"No more scolding, dear."

Whether to run up stairs and have her cry out, or give way there to the pent-up emotions that were likely to smother her, the girl did not know; but presently she was down on the floor, with her head in her mother's lap, hiding her tears.

They were silent a long time after that; but it was the turning point in Margaret's life.

"No more scolding;" why, it was like a rift letting light out of heaven, and henceforth their home was a place of rest, and peace, and love.

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Uncle Zebedee can bring the Boys."

The above is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Peyton, from Geneva, to her sister, Mrs. Short, of Stockton, Conn. Mrs. Peyton had been spending a year abroad with her husband for the sake of his health; and as their stay was likely to be protracted, she had written for her two boys, who had been left behind. She had also invited Mrs. Short's two boys to come and spend a year or two with her family in Europe. Her brother Zebedee was about to visit the Old World, and could bring them on.

This will serve to account for the appearance of Uncle Zebedee in Naples, where he landed on a mellow day in February, *en route* for Switzerland, bowed down with the responsibility of several trunks, and the still heavier responsibility of four fine lumps of boys. Scarcely had they landed when they found themselves surrounded by the lazzaroni.

The air was filled with a babel of exclamations:

"Signori!" "Signo!" "M'sieur!" "Moosoo!" "Carry ze baggage!" "Show ze hotel!" "Hotel del' Inghelterra!" "Eccellenza you vant good naisy rosbif you kumma long side me!" "Come long!" "Hurrah!" "Ver nais!" "O, yes!" "Ha, ha, you know me American mistuire!"

All this, together with scraps of French, German, Russian and other languages which the lazzaroni had picked up for the purpose of making themselves agreeable to foreigners. They surrounded Uncle Zebedee and his four boys in a dense crowd—chattering, gesticulating, grinning, dancing, pushing and grimacing as only Neapolitans can. And they tried to get hold of the luggage that lay on the wharf.

Ragged, hatless, shirtless, blessed with but one pair of trousers per man; bearded, dirty, noisy; yet fat and good-natured withal, the lazzaroni produced a startling effect upon the newly-arrived travellers.

Uncle Zebedee soon grew utterly bewildered by the noise and disorder. One idea, however, was prominent in his mind, and that was his luggage. He had heard of Italian brigands. At the sight of this crowd, all his early reading came back before him. "Rinaldo Rinaldini," a charming brigand book which had been the delight of his childhood, now stood out clear in his recollection. The lazzaroni seemed to be a crowd of bandits, filled with one purpose, and that was to seize the luggage. The efforts of the lazzaroni to get the trunks roused him to action. Springing forward, he struck their hands away, and drew the trunks together in a pile. Three lay in a row, one was on the top of these. The pile was a small pyramid.

"Here, boys," he cried, "keep by me. Don't let these varmints get your trunks. Sit down on 'em and keep 'em off."

Saying this, Uncle Zebedee put the two "Short" boys on a trunk on one side, and the two "Peyton" boys on a trunk on the other; and mounted himself upon the middle trunk, where he sat down, and glared defiantly upon the enemy.

This action was greeted by a burst of laughter and a shout of

"B r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-avo!"

To which Uncle Zebedee and the boys made no reply. In fact it would have been difficult for them to do so if they had wished, as not one of them understood a word of any language spoken among men except their own. So they constituted themselves into a beleaguered garrison, and entrenched in their citadel, they bade defiance to the foe.

The foe, on the other hand, pressed round

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them, attacking the garrison with broken English, broken French and broken German, and sometimes venturing to seize the trunks.

Time passed on, and the garrison sat there holding their own. At length they all became aware of the fact that they were excessively hungry. It was evident that this kind of thing could not last much longer.

Meanwhile Uncle Zebedee had recovered his presence of mind. He was naturally cool and self-possessed, and after mounting the trunks, and gathering the boys about him, he quickly rallied from his confusion, and looked eagerly around to see some way by which he might be extricated from his difficulty.

At last a way appeared.

Immediately around him stood the lazzaroni, as urgent, as patient, and as aggressive as ever, with their offers of assistance. Beyond them were people passing up and down the wharf, all of whom were foreigners, and therefore inaccessible. Beyond these again was a wide space, and in the distance a busy street with carriages driving to and fro.

Uncle Zebedee looked for a long time, hoping to see something like a cab. In vain. They all seemed to him to be "one-hoss shays," and what was worse, all seemed to be filled.

"Boys," said he, at last, "I'm goin' to make a move. You jest set here and hold on to the trunks. I'll go an' hunt up one of them one-hoss shays. There aint nothin' else that I can do. Hold on, now, hard an' fast, till I come back."

Off went Uncle Zebedee, and the boys remained behind, waiting.

A very fine-looking set of boys they were, too.

There was Harry Peyton, aged about fifteen, tall, stout, with fine, frank face, and short, curly hair.

There was Sydney Peyton, about fourteen, tall and slight, with large eyes and dark hair.

There was Noah Short, rather pale, with serious face, and quiet manner.

And there was Tom Short, an odd-looking boy, with a pug nose and comical face.

Uncle Zebedee was not long gone. By some wonderful means or other he had succeeded in getting a vehicle of that kind which is universal in this city, and now reappeared to the delighted boys, coming at a tearing pace toward them, seated in—

Chapter II.,

A Neapolitan Caleche.

The Neapolitan *caleche* is a wonderful machine, and quite unequalled among all wheeled vehicles. The wheels are far back, the shafts are long, and one horse draws it. But in the *caleche* it is a common thing for any quantity of people to pile themselves. There is a seat for two, which is generally occupied by the most worthy, perhaps, but all around them cluster others,—behind them, before them and on each side of them,—clinging to the shafts, standing on the axle, hanging on the springs. Indeed, I have heard of babies being slung in baskets underneath, but I don't believe that.

At any rate, Uncle Zebedee and his party all tumbled in triumphantly. Two trunks were put in front, one behind, and one suspended beneath. Noah and Sydney sat behind, Harry and Uncle Zebedee on the seat, while Tom sat on the trunk in front with the driver. The lazzaroni looked on with mournful faces, but still offered their assistance. In patient perseverance few people can surpass them.

The Neapolitan driver saw at a glance the purpose of the Americans, although they could not tell him what they wanted. So he drove them to a hotel in the Strada Toledo, where he left them, after receiving from Uncle Zebedee the largest fare he had ever got in his life; for Uncle Zebedee gave him about five dollars, and felt grateful to him besides.

Their apartments were very nice rooms, on the sixth story of the hotel, which was a quadrangular edifice with a spacious courtyard. Around this courtyard ran balconies opening into each story, and communicating with one another by stairways, which were used by all the occupants in the house.

From the balcony a door opened into a parlor. On the left side of this was a snug bedroom, which Uncle Zebedee took possession of; on the right side was another, which was appropriated by Noah and Sydney; while the third, which was on the other side and looked out on the Strada Toledo, was taken by Harry Peyton and Tom Short.

Thus the four boys paired off, and made themselves comfortable.

That night the boys went to bed early. Uncle Zebedee retired last. All slept soundly, for they were fatigued.

But just before daybreak, and in the dim morning twilight, Harry Peyton and Tom Short were suddenly roused by—

Chapter III.,

A Most Tremendous Uproar in the Sitting-Room. Kicks! Thumps! Tables Upsetting! Chairs Broken! A General Row!—Above all this Din the Voice of Noah Short Calling,—"Harry! Tom! Hollo! Get up! Quick! Harry! Tom! Uncle Zebedee! Uncle Ze-be-dee-e-e-e-e-e-e-e!"

This was certainly enough to rouse any body.

Up jumped Harry and rushed to the door.

Up jumped Tom and sprang after him.

The noise outside was outrageous. What was it? Could it be robbers? No. Why would they make such a noise? What was it?

Slowly and cautiously Harry opened the door, and looked out into the sitting-room. It was as yet quite dark, and the room into which he peered was wrapped in gloom. What little he could see he saw very indistinctly.

Yet he saw something. He saw a dark, shadowy figure in rapid motion backwards and forwards, and at every movement some article of furniture would go with a crash to the floor.

Sometimes the figure seemed to be on the table, at other times leaping in the air. Suddenly, as he looked, the door which opened outward was banged back with a violent blow and shut again. Harry was nearly thrown over.

"What is it?" said Tom.

"I don't know," said Harry, "unless it's a madman."

"What shall we do?"

"If we were all together," said Harry, "we might make a rush at him and secure him. I've a great mind to make a start, as it is. Will you help?"

"Of course. I'm your man," said Tom.

At this Harry carefully opened the door again and looked out. The noise had ceased for the time. Tom put his head out also. They looked eagerly into the gloom.

Suddenly Harry touched Tom. "Look!" he said, "by the table."

Tom looked. It was certainly a singular sight which met their gaze. In the midst of the gloom they could see two balls of light that seemed like eyes, though there was no form visible to which the glaring eyes might belong. And the eyes seemed to glare from out that darkness directly at them. All was still now, but the very stillness gave additional horror to the Unseen Being whose dread gaze seemed to be fastened on them.

Suddenly Noah's voice was heard from the next room.

"Harry! Tom!"

"Hollo!" cried both boys.

"What shall we do? Can't you do something?"

"I'll see," said Harry. "Tom, light the lamp."

"I haven't any matches," said Tom.

"What a pity!" said Noah. "I haven't any, either," said Noah. "Can't you wake Uncle Zebedee? Your room is next to his."

At this Tom went to the wall between his room and Uncle Zebedee's, and began to pound on it with all his might. Uncle Zebedee did not respond, but there came a response from another quarter. It was from the Thing in the sitting-room. The fearful uproar once more began. Crash went the chairs. Bang went the tables. A rapid racket of hard footfalls succeeded, mingled with the smash of furniture.

Harry closed the door.

"If I only had a light," said he, "I would know what to do. But what can a fellow do in the dark?"

"I wonder what's the matter with Uncle Zebedee?"

"O, he would sleep through any thing."

"I wonder if it's a Neapolitan bandit?" said Tom.

"Pooh! it's some madman."

"I don't like those glaring eyes."

"If I only had a fair chance and could see," said Harry, fiercely, "I'd find out what there was behind those eyes, pretty soon."

Louder grew the din while they were speaking—the rattle—the bang—the smash—the general confusion of deafening sounds.

"I should like to know," said Harry, coolly, "how much longer this sort of thing is

To be continued."

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

JENNIE'S BROOCH.

It is Saturday night, and Carndell Street is crowded with laboring people, who have come out "to shop."

Amongst them, towering by a head above most of his fellows, is Will Stent, his grave, resolute mouth softening into smiles as he listens to the shrewd remarks of the trim little old woman—his mother—who, in her cloth cloak and black bonnet, trots nimbly beside him, the money he has given to her to lay out clenched tightly in her palm.

"Ay, let 'em call again," she comments, as her son turns a deaf ear to an invitation from a group of young fellows loitering at the door of an ale-house. "Let 'em call till they deafens theirselves; they'll not get you amongst 'em."

With a little self-gratulation at her son's soberness, Mrs. Stent turned into the grocer's shop to make her purchases, and Will, a tinge of color rising in his cheeks, stepped quietly back to the window of the jeweller, where all sorts of trinkets were displayed.

Down in one corner there was a little ivory brooch, delicately carved into a wreath of flowers, which, as the only simple ornament amongst a profusion of bright stones in golden settings, had attracted him. He thought Jennie, the maid at the Hall, never looked so well as in the print dress and linen collar she wore at her work; but he knew that the old-fashioned brooch in which she treasured a little bit of her parents' hair, was broken, and he had a fancy to replace it.

Before his mother had finished making her purchases, the ivory brooch was in Will's vest, and a pleasant vision dancing before his honest brown eyes of the glow of delight with which Jennie would open the little box that contained his first love gift.

Mrs. Stent talked on about the price of bacon and the fall in the soap, quite content with the occasional "yes" or "no" her dreamy son uttered as they toiled up the hills, beyond which lay the broad common, on whose verge stood their dwelling.

A merry voice trolling a popular song was heard behind them, and they were soon overtaken by a young man in the livery of the squire. With a nod to Mrs. Stent, who mentally anathematizes him as a conceited, chattering goose, he swings along by the side of Will, who more socially shortens his stride to keep step with him.

"Third time I've been into the town to-day; once for a tongue the butcher had forgotten, once with the carriage, and now for some books for Miss Margaret. Enough to run a fellow off his legs, isn't it? But never mind; I did a bit of business for myself at the same time. Didn't I see you outside Campton's? Looking at the wedding rings, I s'pose. I've been there myself to buy something for my sweetheart. Look ye here; pretty, isn't it?"

Will cast a glance at the silver brooch—a snake, with gleaming eyes of garnet—and though inclined to compare it unfavorably with his own purchase, civilly assented; but Mrs. Stent shortly said she didn't see what gals wanted with them things, when a pin or a hook and eye did just as well.

"Don't you tell my sweetheart that," cried Tom, not a whit discomposed, "or may be she won't wear it; and I've set my heart on her looking smart in it on Sunday.

"Who does he call his sweetheart?" asked Mrs. Stent, when the young fellow had parted from them to take a short cut across some fields. "Is it Jennie? Gals have such flirting ways there's no trusting none of 'em. I wouldn't be too sure of her if I was you."

Will made no answer. The maternal jealousy that looked askance at the young creature who had stolen into her boy's heart, had often oozed out in such speeches as these; but he had the gift of silence, and only betrayed by increased gravity the displeasure they gave him.

Nor was this often lasting; for he loved his mother dearly, and the kiss he gave her as he came into the cottage kitchen on the following morning, ready for church, was as hearty as usual.

"Now, dont'ee be late back as you was last time," she said, following him to the door; "the pudden was 'most cold, and the garden stuff was done to death."

Will reddened a little as he gave the required promise. Those walks home from church along the lanes, under the park fence, with Jennie sauntering beside him, were looked forward to and dwelt upon all the week through; and the pause at the stile, when the other servants at the Hall went on, leaving the young couple to say their parting words alone—had Mrs. Stent forgotten her own youth, that she murmured when those happy moments were prolonged? prolonged till Jennie fluttered off, afraid of a scolding from the housekeeper, and Will's dinner was spoiled.

It was a sunny Sabbath morning, and the breeze that danced amongst the dry leaves renewed life and gladness into the hearts of those who trod the homeward path after the morning service.

The squire's servants chatted cheerfully, and Jennie's cheeks were rosy with health and happiness; but what ailed Will? Although in recognition of their known attachment, room had been made for him to walk beside his betrothed, he had scarcely spoken, and there was a stern look in his eyes before which her high spirits vanished. Had any thing happened? Had he lost his work? No; Farmer Hyles often said Will was the best hand he had in his employ. May be he would tell her at the stile; and as soon as they were alone she raised her questioning glance to his grave face.

He pointed to the silver brooch that fastened her shawl. "I have seen that thing before, Jennie, and I know how you came by it."

The girl colored. "Well, Will, I've a right to wear it if I choose."

"Have you? Then you don't care what I think about it; and yet you've told me you love me, Jennie."

Her hands sought the trinket, but the next moment they fell by her side, and she looked at him with pouting displeasure.

"I'll not be controlled in such things as this *already;* I *will* wear the brooch."

Without another word Will turned on his heel and left her; and half angry, half sorry, Jennie ran—sobbing as she went—to the Hall.

"Isn't Jennie coming to have tea with us?" Mrs. Stent asked, as her son, after rejecting his dinner altogether, and wandering away over the common for hours, came home and began to unlace his shoes.

"She'll never come again, mother. It's all over betwixt us; and I've a headache—I'll go to bed."

The mother's first impulse was a joyful one. Will had been her all till the pretty face of this girl beguiled him. Winter and summer they had dwelt contentedly together in the cottage her dead husband's industry had made their own, and the thought of an interloper had been a galling one. To have to make way for a gay, flirty girl, who didn't know what hard work was; to feel that she had no longer the right to lay out Will's money—to plan for him, or even to labor for him—had filled her jealous heart with dismay.

She forgot what Will might be suffering while she rejoiced, and when, with a pang, she remembered this, and furtively investigated his face, she learned but little. Will made no parade of his grief. He was a trifle quieter, perhaps; and with a desolate look about his eyes when he lifted them sometimes from the books and papers he brought home from the town, and pored over from the time he left his work until their early hour for retiring.

Mrs. Stent moved about her work more briskly with each succeeding day, and took renewed pride in the pretty cottage; but the pleasure was checked when Tom, the young groom from the Hall, burst in upon her, one afternoon, with a face of concern.

"Pretty mischief I've done, and never knew it till I worried the truth out of poor Jennie, an hour ago! It's all a silly mistake, and my foolish chattering that's come between her and your Will. I got the brooch, sure enough, but she gave me the money, and asked me to get it for her. As to sweethearting, she's much too good a girl to listen to any of my nonsense. You'll tell Will all about it," he added, "and please give him this note from Jennie. I'd stay and see him, but I'm to go to Scotland with Mr. John, and we're off in an hour or two. You'll make him understand that 'twas my fault, won't you?"

Mrs. Stent watched him from the door as he bounded away, satisfied that all would be well between the lovers; and her face grew harder and colder with every passing minute.

Only that morning Will had gone off to his work with a lighter step, and his head as erect as of yore. There wasn't a doubt but that he had conquered any little soreness he had felt respecting Jennie; was it worth while to bring back the old remembrance, and induce him to risk his happiness again?

The wind blew cold across the wide, treeless common, and with a shiver the old woman went

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back to her fire, still twisting Jennie's note over and over between her fingers. It fluttered from them, and fell on the hearth close to a lighted brand that began to scorch the paper.

She stooped to save it, then paused irresolutely—paused till the letter that cost Jennie so many tears and pains to write was smouldering away; and with a guilty sense of her wrong doing, Mrs. Stent went and busied herself in another part of the cottage, till nothing remained but a few ashes.

Will was more tender to her than usual that evening; more tolerant of her peevish speeches; more anxious to please her. He altered the hasp of the lattice, so that it should not wake her from sleep by its rattling, and nailed some drugget around the door, saying, as he did so, "I must make all comfortable against the cold weather comes; I shouldn't like to think of you—the only friend I have in the world—shivering or suffering with the rheumatism through my neglect."

As she listened, his mother no longer regretted that the letter was destroyed. If he should ever discover what she had done, he would acknowledge that she had acted wisely, in not disturbing the content that had fallen upon them.

A day or two afterwards Mrs. Stent had occasion to go to Carndell. With her customary forethought, she timed her journey so as to be home before Will. For a wonder, however, he was home before her. He had taken the key from its hiding-place over the porch, lit the fire, and gone into his own room, where the noises he was making induced his mother to follow. Beside a box, in which he had packed his small wardrobe, knelt the young man; and on the card he was nailing upon it, the half stupefied mother read, "Passenger by the *Calliope* to Portland, for Nebraska."

"Don't look so scared, mother," he said, as he led her back to her arm-chair beside the hearth. "I'd have told you before, but I was afeard you'd take it to heart."

"Say it's not true, my boy! say it's not true!" she moaned.

"But that would be no good, when my passage money's paid, and I'm off to Liverpool with half-a-dozen more, first thing in the morning," answered Will. "Don't fret, I shall make a man of myself over there, and send for you to keep house for me."

"You were doing well enough here," Mrs. Stent expostulated. "The house and the garden's your own, and your wages is good. Why should you go elsewhere?"

Will averted his head, as he replied, in choked tones, "Don't say no more, mother. I *can't* stay here. When I lost Jennie, I lost all. If I'm to forget her, I must go right away. You don't know what I've felt since we parted."

Conscience-stricken, Mrs. Stent threw her apron over her head, and began to rock to and fro; whilst Will, afraid from her wild ejaculations that he had been too abrupt, made the tea, and waited upon her as handily as a woman, sitting beside her with her cold hands clasped in his till she grew calmer. Then he showed her where he had put a third of his savings for her use until he could send her more; and kissing her wrinkled forehead, said a faltering good-by.

She clung to his arm wildly. "*Already!* Nay, nay! ye said to-morrow. You'd not leave me yet, Will!"

"But I must be at Harborough to-night, mother; for we go from there by the first train. Say God bless me, and let me go."

She dropped back in her chair; and after fetching a compassionate neighbor, and feeing her to stay with his mother till the morning, Will Stent shouldered his trunk, took one glance round the dear old home it had been his pride to embellish, and dry-eyed but heavy-hearted, bent his steps across the common, nor once looked back.

"Fetch Jennie! fetch Jennie from the Hall!" were the first words the miserable mother uttered; and the neighbor, eager to oblige, sent one of her children to say that Mrs. Stent was begging to see Jennie, directly.

The girl flushed joyfully when the message was brought to her. Will had accepted her explanation; Will had sent to bid her come to his mother; and she lost no time in obtaining leave and hurrying to the cottage.

The night had closed in when she reached it. The neighbor had gone home to put her children to bed, and Mrs. Stent sat alone, the family Bible open upon the table before her, her rigid features ghastly with suppressed emotion.

A chill crept over Jennie at the sight of the expiring fire, the unsnuffed candle, and the despairing face that met hers. She looked around for Will.

His mother understood the look. "He's gone, child; we'll never see him more—never! O dear! the good Book's full of God's judgments on murderers and disobedient children; but it doesn't tell anywhere of a mother that wronged her boy and drove him from her, as I have done by mine."

Jennie tottered forward and sat down beside her. The revulsion was too great. She had come exulting in the prospect of a reconciliation; prepared to be a little cold and coy before she pardoned a repentant lover, and he was gone!

Then an angry sense of the hard judgment he had dealt her stayed the current of her grief. Putting her arms around Mrs. Stent's neck, she passionately cried,—

"How could he leave you? You had not vexed him."

A pause—a struggle, and the humiliating confession was made. At first Jennie started away, feeling as though she hated the cause of all this misery; but gentler thoughts soon predominated. Will had not ceased to love her, as she had been imagining. It was the depth, the intensity of his affection that had made his home intolerable, and was sending him over the ocean.

"Don't sob so terribly, Mrs. Stent," she said. "He will come back to us when he knows all."

"And who shall tell him?" was the desponding query. "Before a letter can reach him he'll be on his way to this new country he's bound for. He only stays at Harborough till early morning."

Jennie went to the door and looked out. A stormy sky and intense darkness met her gaze as she turned her eyes in the direction Will's footsteps had trod a few hours earlier. But her resolution was taken.

She came back to Mrs. Stent's side. "Kiss me, and pray to God to take care of me. I'm going to Harborough to fetch Will back."

The old woman caught hold of her hands. "Child, you maunt think on't. Why, 'tis a matter o' eight miles, and all cross country, nothing but common, an' mash, an' sandy ridges; and no road but a foot-track, that ye'd never find such a night as this."

"I'd do more than that for Will's sake," cried Jennie, with a sob. "Better risk any thing than let him go away thinking me false to him."

"I'd go wi' ye, but the strength's all gone out o' me," sighed the mother, beginning to waver. "If I were sure and certain nothing would happen ye"——

Jennie listened to no more. With one fervent prayer for protection, one hopeful, encouraging smile to Mrs. Stent, she was gone.

Only those familiar with the wild, desolate moors of that region can fully understand the difficulties that beset the undertaking. Jennie had often rambled with Will to where the hills overhung a wide, marshy valley, looking like the bed of a lake whose waters had been dried up centuries ago. On the further side of this valley, behind some dense plantations of the Scotch fir, she knew that the little town of Harborough was situated.

For Will's sake she resolved to be brave and strong; for the love of him she strove against the dread that assailed her, when a distant clock tolled the midnight hour, and found her still wandering amidst the quagmires of the marshy valley.

Stumbling on—still on—faint, despairing, she fell at last, overcome with fatigue. She could no longer conceal from herself that she was lost. Then as she crept beneath a bank for protection from the elements, a passionate cry rose up from her heart for help from above.

The hour for the departure of the emigrants from Harborough was at hand. Mothers and sisters were clinging about their dear ones; only Will Stent stood a little apart, more sorrowful even than they, for he was alone. The landlord of the inn where he had slept and breakfasted came and touched him on the shoulder.

"Will you lend us a hand here for a minute? Two chaps going to work have picked up a decent looking young woman. She seems nigh dead with cold, and my missus is for getting her into a warm bed, and sending for the doctor."

Will followed to where the motherly hostess was trying to force some hot tea between the lips of the insensible girl. One look at the poor pale face, around which the fair tresses hung damp and dishevelled, and it was tenderly taken to Will's bosom.

Jennie soon recovered sufficiently to tell her story, and the emigrants went to Nebraska without Will Stent, whose penitent mother received him back as from the dead.

Jennie, gay and happy, she had disliked; but the Jennie whose constitution long felt the effect of that night's wanderings, needed all her love and tender watching, and—true woman, despite her jealousy—she bestowed it ungrudgingly.

And so, in the early spring, the ivory brooch, that had lain so long in Will's pocket, was brought out to fasten the shawl Jennie wore at her wedding, and his mother's lips were the first to kiss her, and pray for a blessing upon the union.

MONEY.

Money borrowed is a foe
  Veiled in kindly seeming;
Money wasted is a friend
  Lost beyond redeeming.

Hoarded, it is like a guest
  Wan with anxious seeking,
Giving nothing for his board
  Save the care of keeping.

Spent in good, it leaves a joy
  Twice its worth behind it;
And who thus has lost it here
  Shall hereafter find it.

A DAY WITH THE WINNEBAGOES.

From a Correspondent.

"Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the gods of the Dacotahs,
Drawn and painted on the curtains."

Our party crossed the Missouri River at Sioux City, from the foot of Front Street. A smart little steam ferry-boat carried us over in a few minutes from Iowa to Nebraska, and we found ourselves safely landed in Covington. A pleasant ride of five miles through part of the region made so famous in "Hiawatha's Wooing," took us to the little town of Dakota.

Thence we travelled nine or ten miles along the course of the Missouri, and over prairie land, beautiful as an earthly paradise, until we reached the "Winnebago Reservation." This is a finely cultivated tract about two miles long and half a mile wide, and the Winnebago Indians have it by gift from the United States, to own and till in common as their "big field" or farm.

At the time of our arrival, we were surprised to see no one at work. The neat and well-kept appearance of the broad acres, growing with corn and vegetables, could hardly have been secured but by daily labor, but not a field had a man, woman or child in it. A turn in the road solved the mystery.

There stood a huge tent, or *tipa*, as it is called in the Winnebago tongue, and in it and around it were gathered nearly all the Indians of the settlement, old and young. They were wrapped in gay blankets from head to foot, and as the weather was quite warm, must have sweltered in their droll dress. But it was the custom of the festival they were celebrating, and they must wear it while the ceremonies lasted.

The greater part of them had their very heads muffled in the blankets, leaving only their eyes to peep out at the top and their toes at the bottom, so that they looked like an army of particolored bolsters sitting up or walking on end.

As we drew near we met the head chief, who is a gentlemanly man and talks English very well.

He told us that it was the day for the great "medicine dance," and the performance would commence as soon as all arrived.

Standing near the big wigwam we watched the preparations.

Certain persons in the crowd appeared to hold some special office or dignity, and their badges were decidedly Indian, and quite as droll as their dress.

One squaw had a stuffed weasel-skin in her hand that looked as natural as life. It was adorned with long red ribbons streaming from the nose, long blue ribbons streaming from the ears, and long green ribbons streaming from the tail. Tenderly and tightly enough she hugged her sacred weasel. No one else must take it for a moment, or even touch it.

Another squaw had a stuffed otter skin tricked out in the same way with ribbons. One big Indian, named Whirling Thunder, had a beaver skin made up and adorned in a like fantastic manner. Another flourished a bird skin, gaudy enough with ribbons and natural plumage to satisfy the wildest barbarian taste.

We inquired what these fanciful mummies were, expecting to hear some high-sounding name. "Medicine-bags," was the answer.

When all of the Indians had arrived the exercises commenced. Plenty of "exercise" there was, too.

First came a loud and unearthly "Hi, hi, hi, yah-yah-yah, ah-ah-ah," from the middle of the *tipa*, accompanied by a noise like the rapid churning of butter.

We looked inside and saw three men sitting on the ground at the farther end, pounding lustily upon some sand-bags, with gourd-shell rattle-boxes. These were the "band," (or, counting in the yells, we should call them band and "choir" both,) and they were performing the "overture" or introductory voluntary to the ceremonies of the day.

Before proceeding we will briefly describe the *tipa* or place of worship. It was about sixty feet long and twenty feet wide, and constructed like the average of Winnebago lodges, of long poles bent together at the top, and covered with rush mats. Other mats were laid on the ground around the whole interior space, for the convenience of guests, and for the Indians to sit on when exhausted by their "exercises." In the centre was a well-beaten, cipher-shaped arena, which was the place for the actual performances.

We now sat down and prepared to witness a genuine "medicine dance." In came Laugh-at, the oldest "medicine man," followed by other dignitaries of the tribe, younger than he. These took their stand in the middle of the arena, and around them sat the congregation of animated bolsters, known as "the medicine ring."

Joining the "medicine ring" is, with the Winnebagoes, about the same as joining the church with us, and the Indians who do not belong to it take no part in the inside ceremonies of the great dance day.

On this occasion, there were a good many of these outsiders standing or lying on the ground without the *tipa*, content to get an occasional glimpse of the pagan worship.

As the medicine men entered, the gourd-shell orchestra ceased their churning and hi-hi-ing, and there was a moment of total silence.

Then all the members of the ring rose up and stood in an attitude of reverence and devotion. We could not imagine what was coming next, but very soon discovered that they were waiting for a speech. The first orator was the great Laugh-at. He commenced with a flow of words (we suppose they were words, though they sounded to us like mere gabble) that would have excited the envy of any civilized preacher. Five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes, and still there was no cessation.

The prophet grew warm with his subject (whatever it was). He stamped, and shouted, and swung his arms. He stalked up and down the arena. He jumped, and whirled, and shook his head, and swayed his body. His harangue was as long as an old fashioned sermon, and when he stopped at last we did not wonder that he foamed at the mouth.

Meanwhile the ring stood solemnly around, and no one could guess the effect of the speech upon them further than they showed it by a series of nods and grunts while it lasted.

At the close of Laugh-at's harangue the trio of musicians broke into another furious voluntary with lungs and rattle-gourds. They made all the noise they could inside of five minutes, and then stopped, looking as if they knew they had done their duty and done it well.

This performance was followed by another speech by another old medicine man, the ring still standing and giving the most devout attention.

Then there was more "music" and another speech. We had heard a good deal about the Indians' wonderful power of endurance, but we had never seen an example of it till we looked upon that Winnebago audience. Surely no Christian congregation could have stood on their feet through a two hours' "meeting-time," and behaved so well as that "medicine ring" did. Not a grimace disturbed the seriousness of their faces. Not a sign indicated impatience or fatigue. They gave no sound or motion during the three long "talks" of their medicine men, save the invariable nod and grunt that indicated their interest and attention.

All this was but preliminary to the regular dance. Laugh-at now prepared to lead off in another *role*. Stepping into the arena—the gourd-players at the same time renewing their deafening din—he moved forward, mincing on his toes and tetering as he went.

This was the signal for others to follow, and part of the members of the ring (glad of a change, as they must have been,) stepped into the oblong behind old Laugh-at and shuffled after him with the same ridiculous teter-jump.

They danced to the farther end of the *tipa*, and walked gravely back to the place where the musicians were squatted. Then they started afresh and did it all over again. Back and forth, back and forth they kept up the exercise while the band belabored their sand-bags and howled "hi-hi-yah."

At length a little variety came into the performance, and the scene became quite an exciting one. The ceremony of "spirit shooting" commenced.

Here Whirling Thunder took the honor of first performer. "Thrice-proud Whirling Thunder," we should say, to make it sound Homeric, for this noble savage had three things to be proud of—first, because he was a medicine man, second, because he had been a chief, and third, because he wore a very high stove-pipe hat.

Armed with his ribboned medicine skin, thrice-proud Whirling Thunder suddenly leaped from the file of dancers and kissing the nose of the stuffed beaver, touched Little Rogue with it and darted away.

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Down dropped Little Rogue and lay like a dead man. The notion is that the spirit of the beaver has shot his spirit.

His body does not appear to be hurt, however. He is soon on his feet again; and now he must kiss his "medicine bag" and shoot somebody else.

A few minutes and there was another Indian down, and Little Rogue threw himself down on the mat where Whirling Thunder now rested with his tall stove-pipe hat on.

The excitement increased and continued till all the acting members of the ring had retired themselves to the mats by a shot with their medicine bags. If they were half as tired with their dancing as we were with looking on, their rest was pleasant. For between three and four hours these ceremonies, which seemed so childish to us, had been kept up with an energy and zest that superstition alone could have supplied. The poor musicians had the worst of it, we thought. The amount of pounding and yelling they did in all that time would have worn out any three civilized men.

Meanwhile a huge fire had been kindled outside the *tipa*, and enough bread and meat cooked in skillets and camp-kettles to feed the whole multitude.

And now that the rites of "worship" were over, "the craft" (as the Freemasons say) were "called from labor to refreshment." All took part in *this* performance. One did not have to belong to the "medicine ring" to qualify him to eat a good supper of boiled beef and corn bread.

They sat down on the grass, and, each family around their one great wooden bowl, and each person with a wooden spoon, the repast was dispatched with much appetite and sociability.

We waited to see the Indians break camp after the feast was finished. The mats of the *tipa* temple were taken down and rolled up, the kettles, bowls and spoons were packed in sacks, and the whole loaded on the backs of the ponies, and the *women*.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

From a Correspondent.

It is a sunny Southern afternoon, and I am going to tell you of a visit I made yesterday to an old, old graveyard at the west end of Washington.

Several times while out for a walk in that direction, I have had pointed out to me a clump or belt of pines, of peculiar richness in coloring, their pyramidal forms and wonderful tinting beautiful enough to be photographed. So solemnly they stand, so perfectly are they shaped between the earth and sky, that they seem a small, unique picture transplanted from some foreign land.

"You ought to go up there. It is the old Holmead Cemetery, one of the oldest in Washington, and there Lorenzo Dow lies buried."

Now I have heard of Lorenzo Dow ever since I can remember. My dear old grandmother's house was a stopping-place for ministers, and she has often told me of his peculiarities, his fondness for pungent sayings and ready jokes, his striking personal appearance, his broad pronunciation and withering sarcasm.

In the pulpit he must have been a power, as his face was exceptionally expressive. My mother remembers him as he preached one Sabbath in the old Bromfield Street Methodist church, in Boston. Often and often have I heard her quote his manner of announcing his text.

Fixing his magnetic eyes upon the audience, his flowing beard, tall, gaunt figure, and sharp gesture attracting the attention of old and young, he thus began:

"Watchman, what of the night? The night cometh, and also the mor-rn; and if ye would enquar-r' enquar-r ya."

Full of the memories that have made his name sacred, I went with Dottie Hall, over rough roads and across rocky places, to the old graveyard. Now Dottie is a wild little thing with a great deal of good in her, and in earnest or in mischief, her laugh rings out in the drollest fashion. I asked her the other day how she kept quiet in church.

"It's a dreadful cross," she replied, with a comical face, "and sometimes I do *roar* inside. Unless I shut my eyes or read a hymn book, resolutely, I'm sure to see something ridiculous."

So it was Dottie who found all the queer tombstones, when we entered the sacred enclosure. We wandered about, looking for Lorenzo Dow's grave, but finding it not. Here and there a fresh mound told of some recent sorrow. The broken cup, filled with withered flowers, the headless plaster image, the wreath laid only yesterday over some once loving heart, all these were touching mementoes to me, in spite of Dottie's perverse drolleries.

Losing sight of my companion for a moment, I soon saw her laughing, with the tears in her eyes, at a wooden head-board.

"You don't know how bad I feel," she said, "though I am laughing. Only look at that poor dumb piece of work, and just imagine how the unskilful black fingers labored over every letter. I feel so sorry for William and Felicie! I do, indeed;" and she laughed and wipedher eyes.

So then and there I copied the inscription to send it to you:

"SACRED
To the MeMoRY of
Rainer ElIZebth pAtrick
The BeloVed Daughter of
William & Felicie pAtrick
Departed this Life MaY 17
1870 Age 22 Years.

"dearest daughter though has Left us.
We thay Lost Most deepley Feeli
but tis God that has bereft us. he
Can All Our Sorrow heell."

There it is verbatim, in the largest kind of black letters on a white ground.

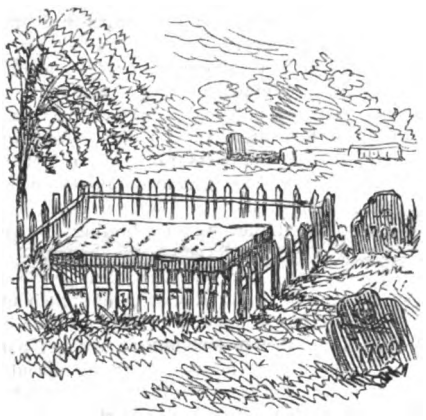
I never saw a graveyard in my life so overrun with onions. Whether the planting of such odorous things originated in the superstitious notions of the blacks in the times of slavery, or not, I am unable to tell. We asked of two or three nice-looking colored girls why there were so many of these vegetables covering whole graves and enclosures.

One of them "guessed they planted themselves; she never knowed of nobody doing it."

"Where is the grave of Lorenzo Dow?" asked Dottie.

"Over yar, in de white folks' side," was the reply; and so we learned that there was a white and a black side, even to graveyards. Many a slave has laid down the burden of his life at these humble portals, for there are sunken tombstones bearing the date of 1780 and 1800.

At last, after much pains-taking, we found the grave of the venerable and eccentric "prophet," as some called him.



It is a small enclosure, surrounded, as are most of the graves, with a wooden fence, white-washed, and that was generally the extent of ornamentation. In these Southern cities there is very little care evinced for the gardens in which at the North we plant beside our dead the rarest and most beautiful flowers. There is no poetry here, and scarecrows of death's heads and cross bones abound.

Some of the graves are ornamented with broken vases, and images which the rains and the insects have made hideous.

Lorenzo Dow died, as nearly as we could make out by the inscription, in the year 1836, and his age was either fifty-six or eighty-six; the numbers were so much defaced that we could not certainly tell. I think it must have been the latter, however, as I have always heard of him as a very old man.

"I say, don't it make you crawl," asked Dotty, "to walk over graves? Isn't it strange, life, and death, and all of it? I can't make it seem real, that there are people under our feet, who were once as lively and merry, and perhaps as silly as I am; who had all their little hopes and fears —used to go to market, and cook, and wash, and buy, and sell, and spend hours over new dresses, and read novels, and have their little histories and tragedies.

"And just look, there is a tombstone over a little baby.

"'Willie Joyce, aged one year and ten days; died June 7, 1800.'

"Now just think of it. That little baby has been lying here, if any of its dust is left, for seventy years. Its mother, and father, and sisters, and brothers, for all we know, are gone, too. How wonderful, that seventy years ago, some weeping mother stood where we stand, and saw her baby lowered down"—suddenly she caught my dress—"onions here, too!" she laughed, pointing to a small bed of that peculiar vegetable.

And so Dotty moralizes, and then straightway forgets the gravest subjects, tickled with a straw.

But the shadows were gathering amidst the pines. Groups of colored people sauntered over the enclosure, as gay there as everywhere.

We went out of the little graveyard with mingled feelings. The sun was setting, and threw his parting splendors on the rotunda of our glorious Capitol far down the level space overtopping every eminence.

On our way we passed a negro prayer meeting, and paused to listen to the shrieking supplications that filled all the air. But they were so fervent, so absorbed, so almost inspired, that for once Dotty found nothing to laugh at.

A coarse looking wooden building, with iron gratings at all the windows, and near by a chimney standing alone, its blackened fireplaces and smoked flues all that were left of the household comforts, and gatherings, and cheery flames that the vanished years have witnessed, suggested a story, which I will tell you some other time.

ALICE.

LOTTERIES.

One of the greatest changes that has ever occurred in public opinion in this country, relates to lotteries. Forty years ago,—and even much later in some sections,—lotteries were common all over the United States,—and with the exception of Sundays, there was hardly a day on which "drawings" did not take place.

These lotteries were authorized by the governments of the States in which they were set up, the "managers" paying large taxes for the privilege of instituting them.

They were used for all kinds of purposes,—for purposes of religion, of education, of benevolence, for internal improvements, and so on. In Rhode Island there was a regular School Fund Lottery, which existed down to very recent times.

The business was a large one, and gave well-paid employment to thousands of persons,—dealers, agents, clerks, printers, paper-makers, ink-makers, and many others. The lotteries were conducted with fairness, and the men engaged in them were considered just as respectable as men who pursued any other well known and reputable employment.

When lotteries were drawn, it was not uncommon to have citizens of the first standing assist, sometimes as witnesses, but quite as often as active agents. They would draw forth the tickets, and proclaim the numbers as they came from the wheel.

This was not done to make the business appear respectable,—for its respectability was not questioned,—but in order to convince all the world that the drawing was fairly made, and by men who had no interest in the result. So many persons were sure to "draw blanks," as the phrase was, or in other words did not draw prizes, that it was imperatively necessary to establish the belief that all had been fairly done.

Almost every person bought tickets, and those who abstained from purchasing, mostly did so from prudential considerations, and not because they supposed that the business was immoral. A very few abstained on moral grounds. In some towns the business was pursued on an enormous scale, and not only could "lottery offices be seen by the score, but many tradesmen added the "lottery business" to their other callings.

Lotteries were of every grade, and the prices of tickets ranged from one dollar to one hundred dollars. In order that the poorest men might have their chances, not only were tickets subdivided into halves, and quarters, and eighths, but classes of lotteries with small prizes were established, in which half tickets at half a dollar each could be bought.

The "highest prize" in one of these small lotteries was one thousand dollars; but in the highest class the highest prize was $100,000. The ordinary run of lotteries did not often go higher than $20,000,—and in most not beyond $10,000.

Packages of tickets were sold, which were insured to draw certain amounts; and individuals would combine to purchase a package, and then divide the proceeds. Great fortunes were made by not a few lottery dealers, and there are wealthy families now enjoying the highest social rank because their founders were successful in these vast gambling transactions.

The printing of lottery tickets and "schemes" was an extensive branch of a grand art, and it was very lucrative. Printers who were expert in ticket work, which was done in various colors, were paid very high wages.

Lottery venders were profuse in advertising, and entire columns were filled with their "schemes" (as the lists of prizes were called) and other matters. Some journals received thousands of dollars from them annually.

But all this has changed. The lottery business is now disreputable, and the change has taken place in public opinion, because this kind of gambling like every other kind is injurious to the men who indulge in it, and to society at large. In some States lotteries are suppressed by law, and almost everywhere they are under the ban of public opinion. And so it cannot be said, at least in this respect, that our people have not made some progress towards a higher and a purer morality.

THE TREATY WITH ENGLAND.

The most important matter now before the country, of a political character, is the treaty recently negotiated between England and the United States, and which is, at the time we are writing, in the hands of the Senate for ratification.

The secession war left a number of legacies of an unpleasant character. Among these were questions that grew out of England's conduct toward us during that war.

England acknowledged the Confederacy that was formed in 1861, by the Southern States, and did so in a few days after news had reached her that Fort Sumter had fallen.

This acknowledgment did not extend to the point of admitting the Confederacy to be a nation. It was limited to a recognition of that Confederacy as a belligerent. This gave to the Confederates a sort of legal character, and clothed their military and naval actions with the power of law, according to the views of nations. It legalized, so to speak, what under other circumstances would have been considered plundering and piracy.

It also gave the enemies of the United States among foreign nations the power to help its domestic enemies.

For example, after the Confederates had been granted belligerent rights, their cruisers could be admitted into foreign forts on the same terms as the vessels of the United States. They could repair their ships, and get provisions, and be treated generally as if they belonged to a nation that had been established for a hundred years.

Then the hurried acknowledgment of the belligerency of the Confederates was an insult to this country. It amounted to a declaration that the rebels were our equals in strength and resources; and it also amounted to an expression of belief that they would overcome us, and become an independent nation.

The effect of the acknowledgment was felt when the Confederates finally put armed ships upon the ocean. These ships were admitted into English ports, and were treated with great kindness, and furnished with all kinds of supplies, so that they had the power almost to destroy our commerce, causing immense loss.

Prominent among those ships was the celebrated *Alabama*, which was built in England, armed by the English, and had a crew of English seamen. It was because she was so successful against our merchantmen that the claims we preferred for damages against England are called the *Alabama* claims, though much of the evil was done by the cruisers, *Shenandoah*, *Florida*, and others.

Besides these demands on England, there were other matters in dispute that required attention.

There was the question of the fisheries, which has been a source of bad feeling for almost a century, and which of late years has become troublesome, because of the growth of Canada, and of British North America generally, the British North Americans being as much interested in the fisheries as we are.

This question has, more than once, threatened the peace of the two nations,—and both were anxious that it should be definitely settled; but then neither was prepared to give up any of its real claims or daring pretensions.

Finally, there was a dispute about the Northwestern boundary, involving the question concerning the island of San Juan, which, though of secondary importance, required to be settled.

In our second article, we shall describe what measures were taken to close these various disputes, and show, also, the manner in which treaties are made by our government.

THINNING OUT.

About this time the seeds planted in our flower gardens will be coming up, and will require attention. It is comparatively easy work to plant seeds and wait until they germinate and start from the ground, but to take further care of the plants sometimes troubles the best of us.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. So, if we care to have our flower garden look its best, and bear full crops, we must attend to it. As soon as the plants have appeared above the surface of the ground, they should be examined carefully to see if they are not too near each other. No two plants, however small, should stand close together. They want space to move about in the breeze, and must have room to expand their leaves, and stretch themselves up to the fresh air and sunlight.

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The larger they are the more room they need, and the wider apart they should stand. If they spring up too near each other, they must be thinned out. By this we mean that a part of the plants must be pulled up and thrown away, to give those that remain more room to grow.

In doing this, we must be guided by the size of the plant when it is grown up. If you do not happen to remember its dimensions, ask some one about it. If the plant grows six inches high, leave three inches between it and its next neighbor. If it is twelve inches tall, leave six inches. In every case leave a space equal to one half the height of the plant. This you may set down as a rule, and if you follow it you may be sure your seeds will have room to grow into sturdy and well shaped plants.

A FOOLISH EXPERIMENT.

It is said that there is hardly a form of slow torture known, so terrible as solitary confinement. This seems owing to the fact that enforced loneliness wears upon the *mind* as well as the body. The following is the first instance we ever met with of a human being absurd enough to undergo it for any great length of time of his own accord. The reckless experiment has nearly cost the man his life, and he will be fortunate if he ever has health or intellect again to enjoy his fifty thousand dollars with. The New York *Tribune* tells the story:

About ten years ago a young American from New York, Walter Hastings by name, dining in London in company with Lord C——, expressed the opinion that solitary confinement in a dark cell was not so dreadful a punishment as had been represented. His lordship—so goes the tale—offered Hastings ten thousand pounds if he would undergo entire seclusion for ten years. The proposition being agreed to, a cell was fitted up in Lord C——'s town house. It was from twelve to fifteen feet square. The prisoner was to be allowed candles, a few books, writing materials, plain food—the latter served by a man who was not to be seen. In this way Hastings has been living for a decade of years, his term expiring about the first of the present month. He is now released, and has received, we suppose, his hard-earned money. He emerges from his dungeon in rather a dilapidated condition, appearing, though only thirty-five, like a man of sixty-five years of age, his frame stooping and his steps tottering, his face sallow, his hair and beard white, his voice tremulous and his speech hesitating.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT HIM FIT FOR.

The lawyers get a good deal of satirical toasting from friends in mere pleasantry, and a good many left-handed compliments in sober earnest, from the rude and ignorant who judge every thing by what it is at its worst. To make a boy a lawyer because he lies is rather more absurd and ungracious than to make a boy a minister because he never laughs:

One of our smart city lawyers, (says the Boston *Times*,) was surprised the other day by an old lady entering his office leading a vicious-looking youth. She said,—

"Squire, I have called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him."

"The boy appears rather young, madam," said the lawyer. "How old is he?"

"Seven years, sir."

"He is too young, decidedly too young. Have you no older boys?"

"O, yes, sir, I have several; but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told my old man I thought this little fellow would make a first-rate lawyer, and so I called to see if you would take him."

"No, madam; he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy any better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?"

"Why, you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day; when he was five, he'd lie like all natur; when six, he was sassy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he'll steal every thing he can lay his hands on."

PESTS OF BRAZILIAN TRAVEL.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* has been travelling in South America, and tells his readers some of the very romantic, and some of the very *un*romantic features of his experience. Going to Tijuca, a mountain city of Brazil, he found several things that bit him and several more that *could* bite, and he says:

Tijuca, as well as Rio, has its drawbacks. The mosquitoes and flies are small, but make up in activity and persistence what is lacking in size. The former do not sing as loud as our Adirondack mosquitoes, but they are wonderfully intelligent. They note the arrival of a steamer with strangers. They follow them to their hotels, and never remit their attentions to them while they remain in the country.

When they present a bill, which is commonly in the night season, a small moiety is taken in blood at sight, and the balance is one, two, three, four and five days in swellings, and itchings, and burning, and scratchings, and objurgations, and maledictions, which if the little rascals could understand, in English, would make them repent.

Then there is an innocent-looking object, extremely minute, called a "barachuter." It belongs to the fly family, and calls upon you immediately in person, but you are not aware of it until it has left. You feel a fine prick, and find a small dot of blood. If you squeeze the bite smartly no ill effect will follow. If you neglect to do so, the worst for you; you will have occasion to remember the barachuter for several days.

There are some other notable insects also. On arriving at Tijuca and being shown to a cozy room in one of the cottages, Mrs. W. put her head out of the window on the ravine side to admire the flowers, but withdrew it instantly with a horrified look. I rushed to see what had alarmed her, and confess to have been startled. There were spiders stretched upon their webs under the low eaves whose bodies were three inches long, and whose extended legs compassed a space of six to eight inches in diameter!

I say nothing now of ants in great force, which *would* crawl up our bedposts and over and into the bed, nor will *I* more than mention a "thing" which one would naturally take to be a small, dry stick with little branches, which, when you had taken up, at once began to crawl over your hand. I should have said that the spiders before spoken of actually catch and devour the smaller birds.

There is a rat, one of which I saw, as large as an ordinary cat. They are called here by the natives the gamba, but there is nothing except its extraordinary size to distinguish it from a rat. I might extend this chapter on natural history, but forbear.

CAT'S TAIL FOR MEDICINE.

Remedies quite as absurd as this were gravely prescribed by the medical faculty two hundred years ago. It is hardly strange that ignorant people should be found who cling to follies of this sort even now.

Mr. Bowditch writes to the Troy *Times:* A friend from Shrewsbury, England, tells the following story, to prove how changeless and superstitious the poor still are in retired places. The doctor that attended his family had been lately called in to a girl who was suffering from epileptic fits. Her mother had been doctoring her, but on a sudden had abandoned her remedies. The reason of this change the doctor could not discover for a long time. At last, in a moment of gossipping confidence, the mother told him the secret of her great remedy for epilepsy, and the reason of its abandonment:

"Look'ee here, doctor," said she; "it was always Jane's custom at the full of the moon to have a fit; so, one day, when I got desperate about it, I thought of an old remedy of my mother's, and I called our old black tom cat to me. I put him in a basket with his tail out, and went to the dresser and cut off the last joint of his tail; and then I took that and dropped the blood into a tea-cup with some lemon juice, and gave it to Jane. And so I did every month. Well, at last the time come to cut the last joint off poor pussy's tail; but this time he guessed what I was going to do, and sprang out of the basket, scratched me down the face, and has never been heard from since; and that's the reason, doctor, why I sent for you."

TAKING THE BABY.

One of the trials and triumphs of photographic art is the wonderful process of getting good pictures of infants. The Louisville *Courier Journal* almost succeeds in photographing the process, as follows:

Photographer's appeal to the baby: "Hi-ti! [begins to dance]. Howdy dowdy! Dink-a-ling-ling! Whoopee! [Throws up his arms]. You! You! You! Bah-ah-h-h! [Scowls horribly]. See, here! There! there! there! Ching chung! Ching chung! Ratty tat! tat! tat! [Demoniacal grin]. Teety-teety! Diddle! diddle! diddle! Boo! Boo! BOO! O, now! Look here! here! Dad! dad! dad! Sugar! sugar! sugar! sugar! Rickety-rickety-rickety! Bum! Bum! Bum! Ah-ah-ah! There! there!" [Rag falls. Artist perspires. Mamma delighted].

THE DIRT-EATERS OF JAVA.

It is well known that, in different parts of the world, there are people who eat earth; among them are some of the natives of Java, who eat a red kind of earth as a luxury. This earth, which is soft and smooth to the touch, has been analyzed by a German chemist, who finds it very rich in iron, with a small quantity of potassa and soda. Some tribes eat earth to stay the pangs of hunger, by filling their stomach, and because at times they can get nothing better; but the people in Java eat their earth, baked in thin cakes, as an agreeable variety in their general diet. The cakes, when slightly moistened, are rich and unctuous, and the enjoyment in eating is supposed to consist in the sensation produced by a fatty substance. It is a curious fact in the history of human habits.

CAMPHOR.

The camphor tree grows in China, and is a most useful and magnificent production of the vegetable kingdom. The Chinese affirm that it sometimes attains the height of three hundred feet, and a circumference greater than the extended arms of twenty men could embrace. Camphor gum is obtained from the branches by steeping them when fresh cut. Besides yielding this valuable ingredient, the camphor tree is one of the principal timber trees of China, and is used not only in building, but in most articles of furniture. Camphor-wood trunks are in demand all over the globe to pack woollens and furs, or any article that can be destroyed by moths, as they are said to be insect-proof. It is also a light and durable wood.

Superb Presents.

The Publishers of the Companion

OFFER

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To those subscribers to the COMPANION who send the largest number of new names to the paper, up to July 1, 1871.

The number of Presents that will be given is **Seventy.** The Presents will be

1 Seven Octave Piano, cost	$475.
1 American Parlor Organ, cost	$200.
1 Smith's Conservatory Organ, cost	$100.
6 Elgin Gold Watches, cost of each	$100.
3 Weed's Sewing Machines, cost of each	$60.
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10 Bradley & Co's Croquet Sets, cost of each	$12.
10 Gold Tipped Rubber Pencils, cost of each	$3.
10 Silver Pencils and Gold Pens, cost of each	$3.
10 Beautiful Port Monnaies, cost of each	$3.

THE PRESENTS OFFERED ABOVE

WILL BE GIVEN

In Addition to a Premium for each New Subscriber,

As expressions of Respect from the Publishers to the Subscribers of the COMPANION who are the most successful in enlarging its circulation.

THE PIANO

Is from the well known manufactory of Messrs. WOODWARD & BROWN, 337 Washington Street, this city. It is seven octave, full round corners, French action, large size, highly finished rosewood case, with serpentine moulding. A superb present.

THE ORGANS

Are the American Organs, manufactured by Messrs. S. D. & W. H. SMITH, of this city. They are first-class instruments in tone, finish and manufacture. The name of the makers alone is sufficient to guarantee their superior qualities.

THE WATCHES

Are the superior watches manufactured by the Elgin Watch Company, of Chicago, Ill. They are in beautiful cases, and unsurpassed in all the qualities looked for in a good watch.

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If you have not received a Premium List, send for one.

Perry Mason & Co.,

Publishers Youth's Companion.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

WORD SQUARE.

To govern.
A river.
A bird.
Large quadrupeds. EDIE.

2.

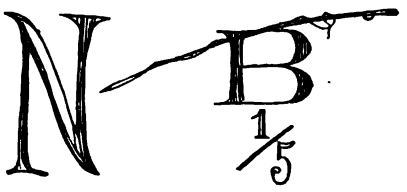
DOUBLE ACROSTIC

1. A chart.
2. Girl's name.
3. To fly.
4. Fragrance.
5. Denial.

The *initials* give the surname, the *finals* give the first name of a gentleman we all feel acquainted with. LULU.

3.

REBUS.



Distinguished by prosperity and adversity. G. P. B.

4.

CHARADE.

The other night, alas, upon my *first* I called,
She, thinking fondly that I owned my *second*,
Gave me brave welcome, till my news appalled
Her gentle ear. I on her faith had reckoned,
But she cared for me not a single nickel
I'd met my *whole*, she left me in a pickel.

5.

CONCEALED ARTICLES OF FURNITURE.

1. A workman should always have his tools in good condition.
2. Such air as that is not fit to be breathed.
3. He has gone so far in wickedness that it is useless to try to reclaim him.
4. You sought a blemish in it, but found none.
5. Elisha tracked and caught five rabbits.

WILLEY O. ISON.

6.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in large but not in small,
My *second* is in short but not in tall;
My *third* is in valley but not in hill,
My *fourth* is in river but not in rill;
My *fifth* is in snow and also in rain,
My *sixth* is in field but not in plain;
My *seventh* is in sin but not in wrong,
My *eighth* is in weak but not in strong;
My *ninth* is in island but not in strait,
My *tenth* is in dish but not in plate;
My *whole* is a town in the Old Bay State.

R. A. L.

7.

TRANSPOSITION.

Complete I am a fruit. Change my head and I am destiny; again, and I do not like; again, and I am a companion; again, and I am your head; again, and I am proportion. E. F. M.

Conundrums.

When is a concert-singer silent? When he holds his piece.

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat? Because it is first cradled and then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

If a ton of coal costs three dollars, what will half a ton come to? Ashes.

How do you swallow a door? Bolt it.

Why should a fisherman be rich? Because his is all *net* profit.

What trade did Master Jack Horner, of corner celebrity, subsequently adopt? Probably that of plumber.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Rob-in.
2. A nail.
3. On this paper.
4. Never spend your money before you earn it.
5. Mine, Idea, Near, Ears.
6. Maine, Ohio, Vermont, Missouri, Iowa, Indiana.
7. At, Bat, Cat, *etc.*

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FUNERAL HYMN.

"In funerals of the great, in ancient Egypt, the long procession of the train of mourners, bearing the bier before them, would stop at intervals, and set it down before the doors of certain dwellings in the way, advancing with the coffin, and then receding, as if in the pause to allow an interview between the spirit of the departed and the inmates of such dwellings.

"Thus the dead paused before the houses of their friends, to bid them the parting farewell of love; and before those of their enemies, to effect a reconciliation before they should be separated forever."

Slowly, with measured tread,
Onward we bear the dead
To his long home.
Short grows the homeward road;
On with your mortal load!
O grave, we come.

Yet, yet, ah, hasten not
Past each remembered spot
Where he had been;
Where late he walked in glee,
Therefrom henceforth to be
Nevermore seen.

Yet, yet, ah, slowly move;
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight;
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Rest ye. Set down the bier—
One he loved dwelleth here;
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide,
Ere he drew near.

Hearken; he speaketh yet;
"O friend, wilt thou forget—
Friend more than brother—
How hand in hand we've gone,
Heart in heart linked in one,
All to each other?"

Up lift your load again—
Take up the mourning strain,
Pour the deep wail;
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on.
Grave! bid him hail.

Yet, yet, ah, slowly move;
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight;
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe,
Lay the departed low,
Even at his gate.
Will the dead speak again,
Uttering proud boasts and vain,
Last words of hate?

Lo! the cold lips unclose!
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
"O thou mine enemy,
Come forth and look on me,
Ere hence I go.

"Curse not the foeman now;
Mark on his pallid brow
Whose seal is set!
Pardoning I passed away;
Then wage not war with clay;
Pardon—forget."

Now his last labor's done!
Now, now the goal is won!
O Grave! we come.
Seal up this precious dust;
Lord of the good and just,
Take the soul home!

ADVENTURE WITH A WOLF.

Grandma drew off her spectacles and shut her book. She leaned her head back against the large easy chair, and shut her eyes, thinking. "I remember as if it was only yesterday," she said, raising her head and looking at the young folks who had gathered around her. "I was only seven, and my little baby brother wasn't a year old.

"'I'm going to the spring-house,' said mother, 'and you must stay in the room and rock baby if he wakes.'

"It was a cool day, late in the fall, and the doors were all shut. Baby slept for half an hour. Then he awoke and began to cry.

"As I got down from mother's great easy chair, where I had been sitting, I thought I heard a strange noise outside. It wasn't Lion, for he had gone off with father to the mill. Something rubbed against the door, and made the latch rattle. I felt afraid and went to the door and fastened the bolt. I stood still listening with baby in my arms—he had stopped crying—and could hear my heart beat, thump, thump!

"All at once there came a short, cruel kind of bark, and then a snarl. A moment after, the window broke with a loud crash, and I saw the long head, open jaws and fiery eyes of a wolf glaring in upon me. An angel sent by our good Father in heaven must have told me in that instant of terror what to do. The wolf was climbing in through the small window, and to have delayed but a second or two would have been death.

"Moved as if by a power not my own, and without thinking what it was best to do, I ran, with baby held tightly in my arms, to the stairs that went into the loft. Scarcely had my foot left the last step when the wolf was in the room below.

"With a savage growl he sprang after me. As he did so, I let the door, which shut like a cellar door, fall over the stairway, and it struck him on the nose and knocked him back. A chest stood near, and something told me to pull this over the door. So I laid baby down and dragged at the chest with all my strength.

"Just as I got one corner over the door, the wolf's head struck it and knocked it up a little. But before he could strike it again I had the chest clear across. How savagely he did growl and snarl! But I was safe.

"And now I grew frightened about mother. If she should come back from the spring-house, the wolf would tear her to pieces. There was only one window or opening in the loft, and that did not look toward the spring-house, and so there was no way in which I could give her warning, or let her know, if she had seen the wolf, that we were safe.

"For a long time the wolf tried and tried to get at us, but at last I could hear him going down the stairs. He moved about in the room below, knocking things around for ever so long, and then I heard him spring up to the window.

"At the same moment I heard my father's voice shouting, not far off. O, how my heart did leap for gladness! Then came Lion's heavy bark, which grew excited, and I soon heard him yelling down the road in the wildest way.

"The wolf was still in the window. I could hear him struggling and breaking pieces of glass. Lion was almost upon him, when my father called him off in a stern command. All was silent now, but the silence was quickly broken by the sharp crack of a rifle, which sent a bullet into the wolf's head, killing him instantly.

"'Father! father!' I cried, from the loft window. He told me afterward that my voice came to him as from the dead. He ran around to that side of the house. Mother was with him, looking as white as a sheet. I saw them both clasp their hands together, and lift their eyes in thankfulness to God.

"When I tried to pull the chest away, I could not move it. In my great danger God had given me strength to drag it over the loft door, but now that the danger was past, my little hands were too weak to remove it. So father had to climb up by a ladder to the loft window and release baby and me from our place of refuge.

"Mother did not know any thing of our danger until she had finished her work in the spring-house. Just as she came out she saw the wolf's head at the window, and at the same moment father and Lion appeared in sight."

"God's care was over us," answered grandma, "and it is over us continually. We are in danger every hour, but He gives His angels charge concerning us."

MY SUBSTITUTE.

When I was a boy at school I saw a sight I never can forget—a man tied to a cart, and dragged before the people's eyes, through the streets of my native town, his back torn and bleeding from the lash. It was a shameful punishment. For *many* offences? No, for one offence. Did any of the townsmen offer to divide the lashes with him? No; he who committed the offence bore the penalty all alone. It was the penalty of a changing human law; for it was the last instance of its infliction.

When I was a student at the university, I saw another sight I never can forget—a man brought out to die. His arms were pinioned, his face was already pale as death—thousands of eager eyes were on him as he came up from the jail. Did any man ask to die in his room? Did any friend come and loose the rope and say, "Put it around my neck, I die instead?" No; he underwent the sentence of the law. For *many* offences? No; for one offence. He had stolen a money parcel from a stage-coach. He broke the law at one point, and died for it. It was the penalty of a changing human law in this case also; it was the last instance of capital punishment being inflicted for that offence.

I saw another sight—it matters not when—myself a sinner standing on the brink of ruin; deserving naught but hell. For one sin? No; for many, many sins committed against the unchanging laws of God. But again I looked, and saw Jesus, my substitute, scourged in my stead, and dying on the cross for me. I looked and cried, and was forgiven. And it seemed to me to be my duty to come here to tell you of that Saviour, to see if you will not also look and live.

"Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown in anguish worn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

"Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful! who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! Our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!"

And how simple it all becomes, when God opens the eye! A friend who lately came from Paris told me of an English groom there, a very careless old man, who, during a severe illness, had been made to feel that he was a sinner. He dared not die as he was. The clergyman for whom he sent got tired of visiting him, having told him all he himself then knew of the way of salvation. But one Sunday afternoon the groom's daughter waited in the vestry after church, saying, "You must come once more, sir; I cannot see my father again without you."

"I can tell him nothing new," said the preacher; "but I may take the sermon I have been preaching, and read it to him." The dying man lay, as before, in anguish, thinking of his sins and whither they must carry him. "My friend, I have come to read you the sermon I have just preached. First, I shall tell you the text: 'He was wounded for our transgressions.' Now I shall read."

"Hold!" said the dying man, "I have it! read no more; He was wounded for *my* transgressions." Soon after, he died, rejoicing in Christ's righteousness.

When I heard the story, I remembered Archimedes running through the streets of Syracuse straight from the bath where he had found out, in bathing, the secret of testing whether the king's crown had, or had not been alloyed by the goldsmith in making it, and as he ran, he cried, "I have found it! I have found it!"

Poor philosopher! you had only found out a new principle in science. Happy groom! you had found in Jesus Christ a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

The clergyman who visited the dying groom was thus led to seek and find salvation.—*Sir James Simpson.*

A CONJURER'S TRICKS IN A BOSTON MARKET.

You may remember the laughable story of the conjuror Hermann taking out a twenty-five dollar gold piece from one of a poor negro peddler woman's boiled eggs. Signor Blitz tells, as follows, how he once tried his ventriloquism in Faneuil Hall Market:

I once made a visit to this celebrated market, which, at the time, surpassed all others in the country, not so much for the luxuries it supplied, as for its cleanliness, conveniences, regulations and general respectability.

There were also many other reasons for its celebrity, and one, not the least, was the order everywhere observable, and the intelligence of those occupying stalls.

After a pleasant ramble around, well pleased with what I had seen, I arrived at the outside of the building, where it was customary for the country people to display and dispose of their produce. Seeing a barrel of apples, I inquired the price.

"One fifty," said the owner.

"Are they as good as they appear?" said I, taking one in my hand.

"Yes, sir, they are picked fruit."

"I do not believe a word of that!" seemingly spoke a man, in a gruff voice, who had just stopped with a basket of eggs.

"Neither do I!" seemingly said a tall, thin-looking woman, in a squeaking tone, as she walked up to the apples, a basket on each arm—one containing a calf's head, and the other a variety of vegetables.

"I do not care what you believe, sir, or what you think, madam," answered the apple vender, looking angrily at the parties.

At the close of the latter sentence, the loud cry of a child proceeded from the barrel, which produced no little amazement, all parties starting back with affright and surprise.

The woman declared that any man who concealed a child in a barrel of apples was a brute.

"That is my opinion," said the egg man.

Here the apple dealer protested against these insinuations; but, unfortunately, at this moment a cry of "Help! help! take me out! I shall smother!" came from the barrel.

"He is a villain!" squeaked the woman, appealing to the crowd that had in the meantime collected.

"Turn out the apples!" said one.

"Upset the barrel!" cried another.

"Send for the police!" suggested a third.

"On my honor, there is no child among the fruit!" exclaimed the countryman, evidently alarmed at the appearance things were assuming; but he had scarcely spoken these words when the child was heard sobbing aloud.

"It will die!" exclaimed several voices.

At the same moment the barrel was upset, the apples rolling in all directions, and, of course, no child found, much to the comfort and joy of the owner, and disappointment of the lookers-on.

"Well, that is odd!" observed the woman; "we all heard the child."

Here the calf's head in her basket commenced bleating, which she immediately dropped with alarm, when the apple man, who had been relieved from his difficulties, retorted on his female accuser, by calling her Beelzebub's wife.

"I am no such person!"

"You must be," said the egg man, as he stooped to take the head, which again bleated, when he quickly withdrew his hand, to the amusement of all.

"She is a witch, and should be arrested!" he exclaimed, when he was again interrupted by the clucking of chickens among his eggs.

"Hollo!" what is here?" cried he. "More witch's work?"

"A fine fellow, you, to talk of witches," chuckled the woman.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck," went the chickens; the calf's head bleating and the child crying; when, amidst this confusion, the police appeared, and demanded the cause of the disturbance; but immediately perceiving and recognizing me, laughed uproariously, and pointing at me, shouted,—

"Hollo, Signor Blitz! Up to your tricks, eh?"

At the announcement of my name the people gave three cheers, and separated.

SWALLOWED A SPOOL.

Childhood is full of mishaps—generally more comical than dangerous. But one of our country exchanges relates this singular case of peril and narrow escape from death by a little one while at play:

A nearly fatal accident recently happened to a little two year old child of Mr. Lester Sheldon, of Sturbridge, Mass. The child had been playing with a bobbin or spool from two to three inches long, and at the time of the accident was standing in a doorway with one end of the spool in its mouth. By some means the door was brought suddenly to, throwing the child out upon the door stone, and, striking upon the end of the spool as it fell, forced it down the child's throat far enough to bring the head of the spool below the tonsils and roots of the tongue, and so completely wedged it into the mouth as to render it almost impossible to move it, and quite impossible to withdraw it direct without danger of taking the tongue with it.

A physician was immediately called, and after removing a portion of the spool by splitting with a pair of nippers, he was enabled to raise the tonsil with his finger sufficiently to allow the head of the spool, by very careful movements, to be taken out.

Fortunately the hole through the centre of the spool enabled the little one to breathe, and this alone saved its life.

WELL COME UP WITH.

Perhaps there is no harm in smiling once in a while at the fulfilments of Scripture in the smaller events and incidents of life. We can hardly help smiling at the singular "coming home" of justice to the merchant told of here, who seems to have forgotten the text "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." The Hartford *Post* says:

An enterprising merchant runs both a grocery and a fish market, the latter by a deputy who every night makes returns of the day's proceeds to the proprietor. A day or two since the grocer found in his fish market returns a counterfeit five dollar bill. He didn't like to lose it, and he did not quite want to take the chances of trying to pass it.

"Sam," said he, to a fifteenth amendment citizen hanging about the premises, "here is a five dollar bill that is a little doubtful; if you will pass it I'll give you a dollar out of the change."

"Bery well," said Sam, and he took the bill and went off. Later in the day he returned, having accomplished the feat, and handed over four dollars in good money to the grocer.

That night on looking over the cash returns of the fish market, the grocer was more surprised than delighted to find the identical bill in the pile.

"Look here," said he to the market clerk, "here's a bad bill. Who did you get it of? didn't you know it was counterfeit?"

"That bill," said the clerk, "I took of old Sam, the nigger. I thought it looked suspicious at the time, but he said he got it of you, and of course I concluded it was all right."

DEFINITIONS OF BIBLE TERMS.

A day's journey was thirty-three miles and a fifth.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet, nearly.

A cubit is twenty-two inches, nearly.

A hand's-breadth is equal to three inches and five-eighths.

A finger's-breadth is equal to an inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents

A shekel of gold was $8 09.'

A talent of silver was $516 32.

A talent of gold was $13,309.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A gerah was a cent.

A mite was a cent and a half.

A homer contains seventy-five gallons and five pints.

An ephah, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was a gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

GEESE OR GOOSES.

The New York *Tribune* decides that the plural of titmouse is titmouses, not titmice. "On the same principle," says another paper, "the plural of tailor's goose is gooses, as indeed we hold that it is."

This reminds us of an anecdote in regard to a country merchant, who wanted two of these tailor's irons, several years ago, and ordered them from Messrs. Dunn & Spencer, hardware merchants, then doing business in this city. He first wrote this order: "Please send me two tailor's gooses." Thinking that this was bad grammar, he destroyed it and wrote this one: "Please send me two tailor's geese." Upon reflection, he destroyed this one also, for fear he would receive live geese. He thought over the matter until much worried, and at last, in a moment of desperation, he seized his pen and wrote the following, which was duly mailed: "Messrs. Dunn & Spencer,—Please send me one tailor's goose, and ——, send me another." This was the only way he knew of to order two of them; but, of course, he had not read the above wise decision.—*Petersburg (Va.) Courier.*

We have heard of a merchant who wanted a dozen of the same article, and got over the difficulty by ordering "one tailor's goose," and immediately under it "eleven ditto."—*Boston Courier.*

THE SPRINKLE FAMILY.

Living at Marion, Smythe Co., Va., is a gentleman named Elmadoras Sprinkle, the happy father of eight interesting children, six girls and two boys, who bear the following names:

Memphis Tappan Sprinkle.
Empress Vandalia Sprinkle.
Tatnia Zain Sprinkle.
Myrtle Ellmore Sprinkle, (boy).
Okeno Molette Sprinkle.
Og Wilte Sprinkle.
Wintosse Emmab Sprinkle.
Onyx Curwen Sprinkle, (boy).

The cause assigned for giving such singular names, is that Smythe county is *sprinkled* all over with the Sprinkle family, and when their names are mentioned, it is "John Sprinkle, son of old Jesse Sprinkle," and our particular Sprinkle is determined that when any one of his children is spoken of, the public shall know which particular Sprinkle it is without having to refer to the paternal ancestor.

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SONG OF THE DUCK.

One little black duck, one little gray,
Six little white ducks running out to play;
One little lady duck, motherly and trim,
Eight little baby ducks bound for a swim!

One little white duck running from the water
One little fat duck—pretty little daughter!
One very grave duck swimming off alone.
One little white duck standing on a stone.

One little white duck walking by its mother,
Look among the water reeds, may be there's another;
Not another anywhere? Surely you are blind;
Push away the grass, dear; ducks are hard to find.

Bright little brown eyes! o'er the picture linger;
Point me all the ducks out, chubby little finger.
Make the picture musical, merry little shout!
Now, where's that other duck? What is he about?

I think the other duck's the nicest duck of all;
He hasn't any feathers, and his mouth is sweet and small,
He runs with a light step, and jumps upon my knee,
And though he cannot swim, he is very dear to me.

For the Companion.

MINNIE'S SUN-BONNET.

Minnie's mother made her a little white sun-bonnet. There was a ruffle around the edge and a cunning little bow on top. Minnie was delighted, and wanted to wear it out in the back yard, where she played.

But her mother said that her old hat was good enough to play in, and she must keep her sun-bonnet to wear when she went to walk.

So Minnie's mother hung the new sun-bonnet in the closet, and Minnie ran out to play, and very soon forgot all about it.

But the next day she saw the closet door open, and she remembered it. She went to the closet and looked at the little white bonnet hanging on its high hook.

The more she looked the more she wished to wear it. She did not like to wait till her mother was willing. She wanted it *now*. Her mother had gone up stairs, so naughty little Minnie brought a chair to stand in, and took down the sun-bonnet.

She turned it round and round, and looked at it as long as she pleased. Then she put it on, and climbed into another chair, so that she could see herself in the glass.

She thought it was very pretty indeed, and she wished that some one could see how nicely she looked in it. She was afraid to go up stairs to her mother, so she concluded to go out and stand by the front gate, so people could see and admire her new bonnet as they passed. So she ran out and stood by the gate.

She stayed there several minutes, but no one went by but an old man and two or three boys, who did not even glance at her. So she thought she would walk a little way down the street.

When she reached the corner she didn't choose to go back; so she went on and on, turning more corners, and sometimes crossing the street.

Several people looked at her, and wondered why such a little child should be walking alone. Vain little Minnie thought they were admiring her new sun-bonnet.

At length she was tired, and thought she would go home. So she turned around and began to walk back. But after walking a long time she seemed no nearer home than at first. The streets and houses all looked new and strange.

Minnie did not know where she was. Still she kept on, till her poor little feet could hardly move, they were so tired. At last she stood still and began to cry.

Pretty soon a lady ran out of a house near by and came to Minnie.

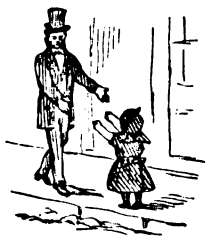
"What is the matter, dear?" asked the lady.

"O, I want to go home," sobbed Minnie.

"Where is your home?" asked the lady.

"I don't know," said Minnie. "I tan't find it anywheres."

The lady carried Minnie into her house, and that frightened the little girl more than being in the street. She cried so hard that at last the lady set her out on the door-step, thinking some of her friends might see her there. And in a few minutes, who should come hurrying along but Minnie's papa.



He was looking for his pet, and was very glad to find her. He carried her home, and Minnie promised never to touch her white sun-bonnet again without leave.

NOBLE AND BOBBY.

My uncle had a fine black horse, to which he gave the name of Noble. He deserved the name, for he was a good, faithful horse.

But he had one bad fault. It vexed him so to have the little curs run out and bark at his heels, that he would sometimes, in his effort to kick his tormentors, almost throw his rider.

At last my uncle got a good, wise dog, whose name was Bobby; and soon my uncle made Bobby understand that he wanted him to follow Noble, and keep the curs from running out at him.

This service Bobby used to do; and he learned to do it so well, that Noble soon grew to be very fond of him. Whenever he came in from a journey, he would rub noses with Bobby, as much as to say, "Bobby, my good fellow, I love you dearly. You drive off these bad little curs, and you keep guard over me when we stop. I love you, Bobby."

Every night Noble would seem to be uneasy till he knew that Bobby was shut up in the stable with him; and then he would lie down content in his stall, and go to sleep.

As for Bobby, he gave love for love. Once, when Noble fell down on the ice, my uncle tried to keep the good horse's head down till he could get the harness off.

Noble did not want to keep his head down; he wanted to jump up. But soon Bobby saw what my uncle was trying to do; and then this wise dog ran to the horse's head and barked.

His bark meant just this: "Keep still, Noble, old fellow! Master must get the harness off before it will be safe for you to rise. You just lie still for a moment, and then you can get up safely."

And, as soon as Bobby came to him, Noble lay still, quite still, till my uncle got the harness off; and then the good horse jumped up and shook himself, and Bobby frisked round him, and barked with joy.—*Nursery.*

TWO SYMPATHETIC LITTLE GIRLS.

One day, seated in a buggy with two of my children, I was driving up a steep hill, when little Kate amused me by saying, "Poor old Pat! see how hard she's pulling. I'm going to help her all I can." So, pushing against the dashboard, she consoled her sympathetic little heart by thinking that she was rendering old Pat a great deal of assistance in getting up the hill.

A lady related a similar incident to me.

Her brother, one day, was slowly toiling up the steep mountain road that led to La Grange, Ala.; his little daughter was riding behind him. She suddenly said, "Pa, I'm so sorry for your horse; he seems so tired. I'm holding myself up, and trying to make myself as light as possible."

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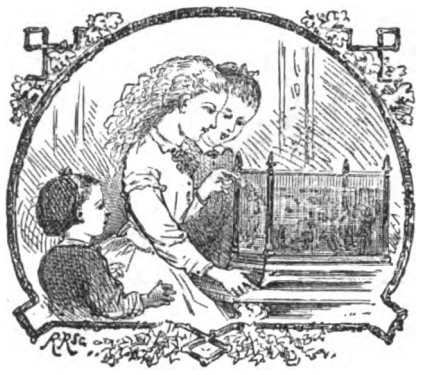

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For the Companion.

THE SUN'S CROWN.

The sun, being the king of day, must of course have a crown. His face is, however, so bright that it is only when he puts on a mask that we can see his crown. That is to say, it is only in eclipses that the sun's *corona*, as the astronomers call it, becomes visible to us.

When our satellite, the moon, comes directly between us and our solar centre, it usually covers it so that it is entirely hidden. But no sooner does this take place than the dark circle seems to be surrounded by a bright halo, almost as brilliant as the moon on a clear night. Streams are shot forth from it like those we see in auroras, and flushes of white light, which resemble the tails of comets. These extend from the circle as far as the width of the moon itself.

This is the sun's crown. And a noble crown it is, right worthy of the great monarch of our system. What is it made of?

It was observed long ago, but astronomers have only lately become at all certain as to its nature. At first it was supposed to be the atmosphere of the moon, illuminated by the solar beams, but visible only when the greater lights were obscured.

If this were so, however, the moon's surface would be lighted up more than half in an eclipse through the refraction of its atmosphere, just as our earth is lighted by the sun's rays, some minutes after it has actually set behind the horizon. When also the moon is nearly new her horns would extend beyond a semicircle, if she had an atmosphere like ours.

Another explanation of the light round the eclipsed sun, like the halo round a martyr's head, is that it is due to the passage of solar light through our own atmosphere. This explanation would need itself to be explained, for how could the passage be so distinctly defined when, usually, the sun's rays are so widely diffused?

It is now generally acknowledged that the sun's crown is really his own, and not lent to him by either the moon or the earth, and, moreover, that it is one of inconceivable extent and magnificence, far greater, indeed, than the sun himself.

It is settled that there is a large quantity of matter existing between the sun and the planet Mercury, which used to be attributed to some other invisible planets, but is now regarded as belonging to meteors or shooting stars.

The earth passes through a hundred systems of meteors every year, and each system contains an incalculable number of these bodies. They move round the sun, not in a circle, but in a pear-shaped orbit, exactly like that of some of the comets. As there are millions of millions of them all whirling round the sun they are supposed to be very thick in his neighborhood. Further, when they get near the central fire-place they must be very liable to catch fire, and themselves give out a brilliant light. Besides, there would naturally be discharges of electricity between these innumerable minute stars and the sun, which would cause a radiating or shooting appearance, resembling that of the aurora borealis, which is also caused by electricity.

This is the latest theory in explanation of the sun's crown, showing it to be rather a retinue of attendants or slaves, who are, many of them, willing to be burned up for his glory.

VARIETY.

UNSEEN INFLUENCE.

A minister who has buried a loved member of his family, describes the blessing after death that the departed can be to us, by this homely but touching illustration:

In the deepening twilight of a summer evening, a pastor called at the residence of one of his parishioners, and found seated in the doorway a little boy with both hands extended upward, holding a line.

"What are you doing here, my little friend?" inquired the minister.

"Flying my kite, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Flying your kite!" exclaimed the pastor. "I can see no kite—you can see none."

"I cannot see it, but I know it is there, for I *feel it pull.*"

A few years back the angels came and bore far above us out of sight, one that was very dear to us all. The attachment of our heart was not broken. The connecting ties were lengthened, not broken. We loved her while here, we love her still. She loved us while in the flesh. We are sure that she loves us none the less in her new condition. Rising higher and still higher in the heaven of heavens, we *feel her influence.* She is with Christ, and attracted by gentle influences, we are tending toward her peaceful home, with the prospect of the same glorious companionship.—*Earnest Worker.*

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A Lynchburg (Va.) paper gives the following incident of the late terrible flood in that State:

A mother and several little children were making their escape from a "narrow neck of land" which lies between the river and the canal. They had reached the banks of the canal, when they were amazed to find that the bridge was already gone, and their only hope was to cling on to the abutment of the bridge until the angry waters should subside. But as they stood there clinging to the abutment, the waters continued to rise higher and higher, while in the deep darkness they could hear the crashing of trees and the thunders of bridge timbers, that were wildly dashing all around them. They had been in this desperate condition for some time, when the little girl felt that her strength was gone, and, with a wild shriek of terror, she exclaimed,

"Kiss me, mother, for I can't hold on any longer!" and with the warm pressure of that mother's lips upon her cheek, she was swept away—and was seen no more.

LUCK AND LABOR.

Last week two boys left their country homes to seek their fortunes in the city.

"I shall see what luck will do for me," said one.

"I shall see what labor can do for me," cried the other.

Which is the better to depend upon, luck or labor? Let us see.

Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck lies abed wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor on character.

Luck slides down to indolence.

Labor strides upward to independence.

Which is likely to do most for you, boys?

HOW RELIEF CAME.

Providence has ways of its own to take care of Christian missionaries. The *Missionary Herald* says:

The Berlin Missionary Society escapes a debt of ten thousand thalers, threatened by diminution of receipts growing out of this French and Prussian war, in a singular way. In 1857 some three or four square miles of land, so barren as to escape taxation, came into its possession. Located in far-off South Africa, it promised nothing. But it lies within the diamond region, and the percentage levied on "discoveries" yielded, up to the end of 1870, just the needed ten thousand thalers.

PURITAN SURNAMES.

The following are given in a recently published work on English surnames, as specimens of the old Puritans in England, about the year 1658. They are taken from a jury list in Sussex county, and cannot fail to cause a smile in our day: Faint-not Hewet, Seek-wisdom Wood, Redeemed Compton, Accepted Trevor, God-reward Smart, Make-peace Heaton, Be-courteous Cole, Repentance Airs, Return Spelman, Kill-sin Pimple, Fly-debate Roberts, Be-faithful Sinner, Hope-for Rending, Weep-not Billings, Elected Mitchell, Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White, Stand-fast-on-high Stringer, Search-the-Scriptures Morton, The Peace-of-God Knight.

GHASTLY VANITY.

A woman who died in New York, a short time ago, made arrangements, previous to her demise, for a very elaborate funeral *levee.* (We use this word for want of a better). Her shroud was "a brown cloth robe, trimmed with gros grained silk, and the coffin was "extra size, square built, with plenty of room in it." It was "trimmed in splendid style," and was fitly matched by the other accessories, the entire get-up costing $1,395-11." It is evident that even in the shadow of death this woman thought more of her mortal clay than of her immortal nature. It is doubtful if, in the whole period of her earthly life, she spent as many dollars for the benefit of her soul as were at the last gasp devoted to the tricking off of her tenantless and crumbling frame.

SQUIRRELS IN THE BALLOT-BOX.

The Yarmouth town-house has been closed since the last annual town meeting. On opening it on Tuesday last it was found that a squirrel and her five young ones had taken possession of the ballot-box. The mother had made a nice nest among the ballots cast for selectmen and other town officers. The nest and young were removed, but when the town meeting was dissolved the nest and young squirrels were restored to the possession of the ballot-box, and the town-house locked up.

A GOOD FEE.

John Paul, a somewhat celebrated literary character, wrote on the envelope containing the marriage fee—a fifty dollar fresh from the treasury—the following lines, addressed to Rev. Dr. Buddington, of Brooklyn:

"Fee simple you've bestowed on me,
In turn please take a simple fee;
Had I the power, dear Dr. B.,
I'd make this 'L' two times a 'D.'"

HOW TO DRESS FOR YOUR PICTURE.

It is well known that some colors do not "take well" in photographs. Blue, purple, violet, pink and magenta will come out very light. Dark shades of brown, drab, green, maroon and plain black goods, without gloss, will take a rich drab color. So, also, scarlet, cherry, crimson and dark orange. Silks come out lighter than woollen goods.

WHEN THE CHINESE want to describe a person who pretends to be very brave, and makes a great parade in order to show his courage, they say that "he is cutting off a hen's head with a battle-axe." A coward, who boasts of his courage, they call "a paper tiger." They compare a person who pretends to be what he is not to a fox who tries to look as noble and strong as a tiger. If a person is ignorant of books, they will say, "Turn him upside down, but not a drop of ink will come out of him."

THE ENTIRE ALPHABET is found in these four lines. Some of the children may like to learn them:

God gives the grazing ox his meat,
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry,
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high.

A THIEF made a raid upon the premises of a preacher named Guild, in Nebraska City, the other night, and captured a lot of shirts, sheets, cutlery, etc. Next morning the bundle was left at the door, with the following: "Rev. Gild: Didden no twoas a minneisters hous or woodent a took theas things. Hear they is.—CONSCIENCE."

DANGEROUS PUPPIES.—A tiger at the Dresden zoological gardens recently gave birth to three young ones, but being unable to rear them, the director procured a dog of the requisite qualifications, which adopted them at once, and now, at the end of several weeks, is as fond of them as if they were her own progeny.

AN IMPUDENT LAWYER of New York, meeting a soldier with very full whiskers, said, "I say, my dear fellow, when are you going to put your beard on a peace footing?" "Not until you place your tongue on the *civil* list," was the retort.

MRS. SPECKLES says the best vegetable pill yet invented is an apple dumpling; for destroying a gnawing at the stomach, it is a pill which may always be relied on.

ONE of the sable orators of Old Virginia made a good point when he said, "De oyster got mo' sense dan some folks, 'cause he know when to keep his mouf shut."

JOSH BILLINGS says, in his "lecter," "Rats originally came from Norway, and nobody would have cared if they had originally staid there."

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We'll strive to do "the best we can";
Teach those of young and tender years,
If they'd be saved from anxious fears,
And each would be a useful man,
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Teach them when they may need new CLOTHES,
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

OUTWITTED.

By the Author of "Master and Pupil."

You never saw Miss Coleman, my old teacher, —I am sure of it! Ah! how well I remember her and her fifty pupils of all ages, from four to sixteen or seventeen! What a hard task she found it to manage some of them, too! Looking back, I do not wonder now that she used sometimes to lose her temper, and in her zeal for good order, occasionally punish an innocent scholar instead of the true culprit

There were several unruly spirits in our little school, but the ringleader of all was a large, overgrown boy named Hugh O'Neil. I think Miss Coleman was always a little afraid of him, for he was noted throughout the neighborhood for his vicious habits and cruel disposition.

Once, in a fit of anger at being punished by his father, he set the shed on fire. At another time he threw a billet of wood at his mother because she did not give him his dinner at the moment he wanted it; and his little brothers and sisters dared not offend him in any way.

One Friday afternoon, a good many years ago, it was, too, I carried my latest *Companion* to school, which proved to be the means of affording the children an hour's amusement,—for on Friday afternoons, Miss Coleman usually read aloud a story for the entertainment of her little class, and for that purpose, had frequently availed *herself of my Companion's* treasure-house of amusing and instructive tales.

That afternoon she read us an article upon the elephant, illustrating his fierce and revengeful nature, and then told us about a menagerie she had lately seen.

While she was talking, Hugh O'Neil took from his pocket the stump of a clay pipe, placed it between his lips, and then deliberately lighted it. All the boys in the vicinity commenced to laugh. At first, Miss Coleman fancied they were laughing at her, but she soon discovered the cause of the disturbance. An angry light came into her piercing black eyes, but O'Neil nonchalantly smoked on, with insulting bravado. It was a challenge.

Miss Coleman turned white, but said, quietly and firmly, "O'Neil! take that article from your mouth and throw it into the stove."

"It aint an article," he replied; "it's a noun, ma'am," and puffed away as though she had not spoken, bracing himself back in his chair, and thrusting his hands defiantly into his pockets.

By this time the school were aware that something serious was going to happen; and quite a number of terrified little girls laid their heads upon their desks and began to cry.

I was, myself, considerably frightened, and my heart went pit-a pat, I assure you. Still, I had no idea of shedding any tears; for, child that I was, I cherished the most unquestioning confidence in Miss Coleman's ability to manage any number of Hugh O'Neils.

She opened her desk and took from it a long rattan, already splintered by use.

"Hugh!" she said, "I expect to be obeyed. Put that pipe into the stove, or throw it out of the window behind you,—one or the other. I shall not repeat my command a third time."

O'Neil removed it from his mouth for an instant, and blew an imaginary puff derisively toward her. Then replaced it and continued smoking.

Miss Coleman rose from her chair.

O'Neil rose also.

"Come on," he said. "Who's afraid? I can whip ten like you, ma'am."

Some of the larger boys laughed aloud; but two of them cried out, "Shame!"

Miss Coleman hesitated, as though undecided what was best to do, and then sat down and hastily penned a little note, which she handed to me, saying,—

"Nelly, carry this directly to Capt. Simonds, at the station-house."

OUTWITTED.

I took it, and with trembling steps, started toward the door.

Then Hugh O'Neil swore a terrible oath, and leaping over the seat next him, snatched the note from my fingers, and tore it to atoms.

"John Stark!" said Miss Coleman, "come to the desk. I shall write another note, and this time I shall entrust it to you. *I also expect that it will be delivered.* Henry Solomons may accompany you; and if O'Neil attacks you, defend yourselves."

Stark was a large boy, but he was a coward, and he did not care to receive a pounding at O'Neil's hands. Miss Coleman comprehended his poltroonery at a glance, and sarcastically remarked,—

"So you are afraid, are you, Stark? Well, poor boy, you are to be pitied. I won't urge you. I'll carry it myself." And the woman had actually got as far as the sixth desk in the middle aisle, when O'Neil placed himself in her path, with the evident determination to throw her down, if she moved another step forward.

"Try it!" said he. "But you won't never have a chance to try it again, ma'am."

"Hugh," she replied, "it would be useless for me to attempt to measure my strength with yours; and if I were a man and not a woman, I should hesitate to place myself on a par with a brute and a bully—for that is what you are. You are master of the situation, because you can exercise brute force. That is all. But if I may not punish you for your detestable conduct as you deserve, the law can and shall. Here is the second note. Without your permission, it seems, I may not attempt to send it. Destroy it, if you like, as you did the other. Johnson, I am faint. Step down to the yard, quickly, and bring me up a pitcher of water."

Johnson went to the closet for the pitcher, but could not find it. "It isn't here," he said.

"You are mistaken," Miss Coleman returned. "I will find it for you."

She followed him into the dimly lighted recess, and took it out from under the sink.

"Johnson," she whispered, hurriedly, "lock the lower door behind you when you come in, and bring me the key. You will find me standing by the window near my desk." Then added aloud, "So much for searching. Open the window, Nelly!" she called to me, "and Solomons, I would thank you to assist me to the platform."

He obeyed her instantly; and deathly pale, she leaned against the jamb, the chilly March wind blowing across her cheeks, while, obedient to her direction, Solomons held to her nostrils a small bottle of ammonia which she had bidden him bring from the drawer in her desk.

The utmost confusion reigned in the schoolroom. Presently Johnson appeared with the water, and under cover of the little group who had gathered about her, he handed Miss Coleman the key.

She cast a swift glance into the street below, then the color suddenly came back to her face, and, leaning out, she called, as she dropped the key to the sidewalk,—

"Capt. Simonds, come up stairs immediately; I need you. And this is the key to the outside door."

Hugh O'Neil heard her. He knew now that he was a prisoner, and that retribution was at hand. He strode quickly to the platform, and pushed Solomons aside, determined—the cowardly scoundrel—to be revenged upon the woman, who, in spite of her weakness, had shown herself so courageous. But the spirit of his great grandfather who fought at Bennington, had entered into Stark. He sprang upon O'Neil from behind, tripped him, and with the help of three other boys, pinned him to the floor, until Capt. Simonds came to the rescue, with a merciless pair of steel handcuffs.

O'Neil was taken to the station-house, and to court, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the House of Correction for assault upon Miss Coleman.

He never entered the school-room again; and in less than a year was convicted of housebreaking and burglary, and sent to the State prison.

Having served out his sentence there, he went to California, and met his fate at the mines, where, one day, becoming involved in a drunken quarrel, he was stabbed, and died almost immediately.

Miss Coleman married and removed South, and I have heard nothing from her now for more than fifteen years. But I think none of her pupils will ever forget her, or the thrilling little drama enacted in her school-room on that memorable March day, so long ago.

ROUGH PLAY AT RUGBY.

Boys are more or less rough everywhere, but in American schools there is certainly less of the knock-down-and-drag-out style of sport encouraged by authority and custom than in the foreign schools. In German universities a boy is almost dubbed a "milk-sop" if he doesn't fight sword-duels and get a scarred face, and at the famous "Tom Brown" school in England the boxing and bruising among the youngsters is absolutely warlike:

"Football games read superbly in 'School Days at Rugby' and similar books; but they are becoming more and more a terror to parents, including those who do not molly-coddle their children, but yet like to have their boys bring home whole bones. Of course the ideal British boy is afraid of nothing; but when a single surgeon reports among his practice within a few weeks, as one has lately done at Rugby, one lad with a broken collar bone, one with a severe injury in the groin, one bad[illegible]t in the ankle, a fourth with an ugly woun[illegible]he knee, and two more sent to their homes on crutches, it would seem that athletic exercise is slightly overdone at the popular school, and even the boys themselves would welcome a step toward reform."

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mystery Revealed.

For some time longer the boys kept the door shut, and the noise at length ceased as suddenly as it had begun. It had now grown much lighter, for inthese southern countries, twilight, whether in the morning or evening, is but of short duration, and light advances or retires with a rapidity which is startling to the natives of more northern latitudes.

This increase of light gave fresh courage to Harry, who, even in the dark, and in the face of the mystery, had behaved very well, and he began to arrange a plan of action. His arrangements were soon completed. He simply drew a large jack-knife from his pocket and opened it.

"Now, Tom," said he, "you follow me."

"All right," said Tom, cheerily.

Harry opened the door quietly and looked out, while Tom, in eager curiosity, peered forth at the same instant. There was sufficient light to see every object in the room. A scene of wild disorder revealed itself. All the furniture was turned topsy turvy. The door leading to the balcony was open, and there, standing calmly on the sofa, stood the Being that had created such excitement.

One look was enough. One cry escaped both the boys.

"A Billy goat! a miserable Billy goat!" cried they.

And the next instant both of them had sprung forward and seized the animal by the horns.

Then began a struggle. The goat was strong. He was also excited by the singularity of the surroundings and the suddenness of this attack. So he showed fight, and resisted desperately. Harry and Tom, however, held tenaciously to the horns which they had seized. Backwards and forwards the combatants pushed and dragged one another, with a new uproar as loud as the previous one.

In the midst of this they were interrupted by the appearance of Uncle Zebedee.

The door of his room opened and that venerable personage made his appearance in a long night-gown, which reached to his heels, and wearing a long night-cap, which nearly touched the ceiling.

"Wal, I never!" was his ejaculation. "What's this, boys? What *are* you doing with that goat?"

The boys gave no answer, for they were struggling with their enemy. By this time Noah and Sydney made their appearance, and each seized one of the goat's hind legs. This additional help decided the contest. The animal was thrown down, and held there, still kicking and struggling violently.

Scarcely had they taken breath when there was another interruption. This time it was at the outside door. A burly Italian stood there, very brown, very dirty, very unsavory and very ragged. He stood for some time without saying a word, staring into the room, fixing his eyes on the goat as it was held down by the boys, then on the long and slightly sepulchral figure of Uncle Zebedee, and finally on the disordered and broken furniture.

"*San tissima madre!*"

This was the exclamation that at last burst

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from him. At this the boys looked up, and as they did so with an unconscious loosening of their grasp. The goat, feeling the grasp relax, made a mighty effort and rolled over. Then he leaped to his feet. Then he made a wild bound toward the door over the prostrate forms of Noah and Sydney. The big Italian tried to evade the animal's charge. He was too late. Down he went, struck full in the breast, and away went the goat into the balcony, and down the stairs, and so into the outer world.

Fortunately no bones were broken. The Italian picked himself up, and casting a stupid look at the boys, moved away, leaving the occupants of the room standing there in their night-clothes, and eagerly discussing the knotty question of—

Chapter V.

How in the World did the Goat get there?

This was indeed a knotty point.

Till at length it was unravelled by Uncle Zebedee.

"Wal! I declare!" he said, "ef I didn't go and leave the door open!"

"You," cried all.

"You see it was [illegible]iful close and suffocatin' last night, so when you went to bed I jest left the door open to get cool. Then I went off to bed and forgot all about it."

That was clear enough as far as it went, but it didn't account for the presence of a goat in the fifth or sixth story of a hotel. This they found out afterwards. That very day they saw flocks of goats being driven about from house to house. At other times they saw goats in their own hotel. They were hoisted up to the various stories, milked, and left to find their way down themselves. This fashion of using goat's milk was a common one in the city. As to their visitor, the Billy goat, he was undoubtedly the patriarch of some flock, who had wandered up stairs himself perhaps in a fit of idle curiosity.

"If it hadn't been dark," said Harry. "If it hadn't been so abominably dark."

"We were like Ajax," said Noah,—

"Give us but light and let us see our foes,
We'll bravely fall though Jove himself oppose."

"O, that's all very well," said Uncle Zebedee, "but who's going to pay for all that furnitoor. The goat can't."

"Uncle Zebedee," said Tom, "there's a great deal in what you say."

Uncle Zebedee turned away with a look of concern in his mild face and retreated into his room.

(It may as well be stated that Uncle Zebedee had to pay for the furniture. The landlord called up an interpreter, and they had a long and rather exciting interview. It ended in the landlord's receiving a sufficient sum to furnish a whole suite of apartments in another part of the house.)

Chapter VI.

A Joyous Ride—Hark! Hark! the Dogs Bark, Beggars come to Town, some in Tags, some in Rags, and some in a Tattered Gown—A Pleasant Meditation on a Classic Past very Rudely, Unexpectedly and even Savagely Interrupted, and likely to terminate in a Tragedy—Perilous Position of Noah and Sydney.

The boys were of course all eager to see Naples. Uncle Zebedee was quite willing to gratify them in any way. So they hired a carriage, and found a guide who could speak English—Michael Angelo by name,—and thus equipped, they set out first for Baiæ.

Out of town they went through the crowded streets, past the palaces, cathedrals, gardens; past the towers, castles and quays till at last there arose before them the mighty grotto of Posilippo. Through this they drove, looking in astonishment at its vast dimensions and also at the crowds of people who were passing through it on foot, on horseback and on wheels. Then they came to Pozzuoli, the place where St. Paul once landed, and which is mentioned in the New Testament under the ancient name Puteoli.

Here they were beset by beggars.

On they came from all sides,—the lame, the halt, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the diseased, the half-witted; idiots, cripples, mutes, in such numbers that it was a wonder how this most beautiful place in all the world could have such a population.

The sight of this produced strange effects on the little party. Uncle Zebedee, filled with pity, lavished money on them all in spite of the remonstrances of the guide. Sydney's sensitive nature shuddered at the sight. Harry tried to speak a few words of Italian to them, which he had caught from Michael Angelo. Noah murmured something about the ancient Romans, while Tom kept humming to himself the elegant refrain of—

"Hark! hark! the dogs bark,
Beggars come to town,
Some in tags, some in rags,
Some in a tattered gown."

The beggars followed them as far as they could, and when these were left behind other reinforcements arrived.

Thus they were beset by them in the crater of the extinct volcano of Solfatura.

They encountered them at the gateway of Cumae.

At the grotto of the Cumae au Sybil,—at Nero's baths,—at the Lucrine lake.

In fact everywhere.

Still they enjoyed themselves very well, and kept up their pursuit of sights until late in the afternoon. They were then at Baiæ, and here the carriage stopped at a little inn, where the party proposed to dine. Here the beggars beset them in fresh crowds, till Uncle Zebedee was forced to close his purse, and tear himself away from these visitors. Harry and Tom went about the town to see if they could find donkeys, and have a ride after dinner; while Noah and Sydney strolled off toward the country.

"Come, Syd," said Noah. "Let Harry and Tom enjoy their donkeys. For my part, I want to get to some place and sit down and look at this whole country. It's the most classic spot in the world."

"It's the most beautiful and the most poetic," said Sydney.

Walking on, they at length came to a place which projected slightly into the sea, and here they sat down.

"O, what a glorious sight!" said Sydney. "Look at this wonderful Bay of Naples; how blue, how blue the sky is! And look at Vesuvius, opposite. There is an immense amount of smoke coming from the crater."

"Yes; this is the place that the elder Pliny sailed from at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii. And look all around you. That little town was once the magnificent Baiae. Over yonder is Lake Lucrine, which Virgil sings about; on that side is Misenum, where the Roman navy lay. There is Caligula's Bridge! What a glorious place! Every thing that we have read of in history gathers round us. Cicero, Cæsar, Horace, Virgil, seem to live here yet. Nero and Agrippina—every old Roman, good or bad—Caligula and Tiberius; and look, Syd, that is land out there. As I live, that is Capræa! And see—O, see, Syd, that is—

"Dateme un baisccho—signori—per l'amor di Dio sono povers molto povers."

It was in the very middle of Noah's rather incoherent rhapsody that these words burst upon his ear. He and Syd started to their feet, and found close behind them a half-dozen of those inevitable beggars. Two of them were old men, whose bleary eyes and stooping frames indicated extreme age. One was a woman on crutches. Number four was a thin, consumptive-looking man; number five and number six were strong-limbed fellows with very villanous faces. It was with a universal whine that these unwelcome visitors addressed the boys.

"Dateme uno baisccho signori per l'amor di Dio!"

Noah shook his head.

"Sono miserabile," said number five.

"I don't understand," said Noah.

"Noi abbiam fame," said number six.

"Non capisco," said Syd, who had learned that much Italian and no more.

"O signori nobilissimi."

"I tell you I don't understand," cried Noah.

"Non capisco," repeated Syd.

"Siamo desperati," said number six, with a sinister gleam in his eye which neither of the boys liked.

"Come, Syd," said Noah, "let's go back. Dinner's ready by this time."

And he turned to go.

But as he turned number five and number six placed themselves in the way.

"Date un baisccho," they whined, and each of them seized a boy by the arm. They tried to jerk their arms away, but could not.

"Let us go," cried Noah, "or it will be worse for you."

The men talked with one another without relaxing their hold. Then they tried to pull the boys away. But the boys resisted bravely, and began to shout for help. At this the other beggars came forward menacingly, and number five and number six put their arms round their heads over their mouths. The boys could not utter a cry. They could scarcely breathe. They were at the mercy of these miscreants.

To be continued.

PERSEVERE.—"I learned grammar," says Cobbett, "when I was a private soldier, "on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase, and a bit of board lying in my lap was my writing-table. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or sheet of paper I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half-starvation. I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men; and that, too, in hours of freedom from all control. And I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome the task, can there be in the whole world a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?"

LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

They call me "Little Chatterbox;"
My name is little May—
I have to talk so much, because
I have so much to say.

And O, I have so many friends!
So many! and you see
I can't help loving them, because
They, every one, love me.

I love my papa and mamma,
I love my sisters, too;
And if you're very, very good,
I guess that I'll love you!

But I love God, the best of all;
He keeps me all the night,
And when the morning comes again,
He wakes me with the light.

I think it is so nice to live!
And yet, if I should die,
The Lord would send His angels down
To take me to the sky.

For the Companion.

THE LITTLE SERVANT GIRL'S STORY.

By Alice Robbins.

"I don't see as they need to speak to me in that way, if I am a servant. I wonder if they think I have no feelings, that Miss Bertha and Miss Matty look at me so scornful, sometimes, when they give me orders. Well, I'm poor and uneducated, and must bear it, I suppose.

"But I can't! I can't! I want to know things. Even the little children in the nursery are learning their lessons every day, but I have nobody to teach me or to speak kind to me.

"Cook says, when I talk to her, that I ought not to expect it; that I ought to be glad enough to be here, when I think of old times. I *am* glad. I don't have a great deal of hard work to do. It's run here and run there, for the young ladies, mostly over soft carpets and through beautiful rooms. My only trouble is, that I stand and admire them. O, I do think they are so wonderful, those pictures with green trees, and mills, and woods, and pretty children in them. I love them so, that I am glad to get a glance, only just one.

"Yes, I must say as I'm glad to be here. They clothe me neatly, and they give me enough to eat, and sometimes they trust me to wheel the baby; then I'm happy.

"How Miss Bertha and Miss Matty would laugh if I told them that little Harry makes me think of my little baby brother who went to heaven a year ago! They are such very proud young ladies, and dress so stylish, and their pa is rich!

"My mother used to tell me that my pa was different, once; that he lived in a pretty house, and she had things nice and pleasant. I suppose it's all true, but I never knew any thing about it.

"We lived down in Grange Street—O, such a horrid street! Though I'd been used to it, 'most all my life, I never went under the old broken roof of the house down there, but I felt sick and shudderin' like.

"My pa drank hard; that's the way he went after he lost his money. Mother was sickly, and they kept going down, down, till at last we got on to Grange Street, with all the low foreigners that lived there.

"Sometimes I was half frozen, and sometimes half starved. I never had clothes enough to wear, and we never had half fire enough in winter. There were great gaps in the wall, too, and cracks under the doors that you could put your finger in. How the wind used to whistle there!

"Some good ladies used to come to see us, once in a while. I am sure they must have been good, or they never would have travelled all the way up stairs in that old rickety house. One day when I got home—for I used to go a begging, then—I found a dear little baby there, and pa was sober. I never felt so happy in all my life as when they told me he was my little brother. My fingers were almost froze, and as to my feet there wasn't a mite of feeling in them; you might have cut them off with a hatchet, I do believe, and I should hardly have known it; but I forgot it all.

"I do love little babies so, and he was such a tiny, pretty mite! Mother told me then that the ladies had promised us wood and coal, if pa would only keep sober, and he had signed the pledge, too, she said.

"O I was so happy over this; but the baby was the best of all. I begged a lot of old list, and I stuffed up all the cracks, so that the cold wind shouldn't get to him. I never minded begging after that, because, you see, I could always look forward to the baby. It seemed as if I'd got to pick things up for him, too. I'd gether all the sticks and bits of coal I could find, and was all the time on the lookout. Once I picked up a dollar bill out of the gutter, and I went right away and bought him a little hat, though he wasn't old enough to wear it.

"Well, would you believe it, much as pa liked the dear baby, he didn't keep the pledge he'd signed, and I had that to worry me. Suppose he should come home, you know, wild and wicked, and should take the baby! It seemed as if I couldn't bear to be out, then; but we got poorer, and I had to. Mother, too, kept weak and ailing, worrying and fretting about pa.

"But somehow, little Ted was a lucky child. I mean people give him clothes, and he was sure to be kept warm. They make a great fuss over little Harry, here in the house, and I don't blame 'em. I love to see 'em hug, and kiss, and fondle him, though it makes me cry, sometimes. But Harry never begun to be so pretty as my little Ted. *His* hair hung in little round rings, and his cheeks were red and white, as if you squeezed a ripe cranberry on the snow. I've often done it, to remember how pretty he was.

"Two or three people wanted to take little Teddy; but though mother often cried, and said it would be ever so much better for the darling, yet she couldn't give him up, but always said, 'Wait till I die.'

"We had the lady picked out, too, such a sweet little lady, always dressed in black, with such smiling blue eyes, though, someway, there seemed a shadow in them, too. She did love Ted, and cried when mother spoke of poor pa, and kept bringing little warm clothes through the winter. Mrs. Appleton, her name was, and I never see a bright, rosy apple, but I think of her, and wonder where she is.

"I knew mother would die and leave me, she talked of it so much, and if she did, I meant to get where Teddy was. Something told me the lady would take me to see to him, knowing how I loved him. That's the way, mother told me, that Pharaoh's daughter did with Moses, when he was a little baby, that the king wanted to kill, and I never thought of Moses but what I thought of Teddy, and prayed to God to let me go with him.

"But He didn't. I'll tell you how it was.

"Father got going lower and lower down, you see, after he'd give up the pledge. He seemed to forgit us all, and even mother's sickness didn't make no impression on him.

"One day I come home and found mother asleep. It was a dreadful wet, muggy day, and I'd been longing so to see little Ted's pretty blue eyes! Well, I kindled a bit of fire, and then I went to get a peep at the baby; but he wasn't there!

"I called mother; but though she'd open her eyes and look at me, she didn't seem to know what I said, and never looked for the baby. O, how I did cry! I thought God had forsaken all of us, if somebody had come and stole that dear, pretty baby. While I was crying and moaning, and trying to make mother understand, in came old Miss Green, with something wrapped up in an old tattered shawl.

"'Your father was down to the pawnbroker's, with this,' she said, 'and sold every rag off of the back of this blessed baby, and that old skinflint took it, too. Lucky I happened to be there and see how drunk he was. I jest caught off my shawl, and took the poor little thing, which was laughing in its daddy's miserable face, and I shouldn't wonder if little Ted's got his death a cold.'

"O my dear, precious baby! How quick I caught it, and dressed it in something, whatever I could find, and hugged it, and wished I never, never had to go out again and leave my poor sick mother, and my little helpless brother. But what good did it all do?

"Next morning little Ted made a queer sound in his breathing, and I had to run round in the rain to find a doctor, and father left the door open on him—and O the likes of such things for poor people is miserable to bear, most miserable!

"Well, the doctor come, and said he was going to die—my little Teddy, my own dear little baby, that give me all the hope I had.

"I never could tell how I lived through all the trouble. Perhaps it was 'cause mother died, that same day, and father was brought home all crushed, from having something fall on him when he was drinking with the money he got for the baby's clothes.

"I don't want to talk about it, nor yet think

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of it, any longer. Folks that know about it, say I shall see little Teddy again, and I want jest to get right through the world, and go to that shining place where my mother and little Teddy are living so happy; only it would be pleasant to have a kind word, now and then, on the way."

For the Companion.

THE GOOD OF A DISAPPOINTMENT.

By Una Locke.

"Mother! See here, will you? We've got something! See that fellow, will you?"

"A dog? Where did he come from?" asked Mrs. Stanley, looking up from her gridiron, where she was broiling fresh shad before an open wood fire.

"O, he came along, and we're going to keep him, if the owner doesn't come. Tim saw him first. He is the liveliest fellow you ever did see, flying 'round the yard, and biting the chips, and snapping up the little sticks like a woods afire!"

"Yes," spoke up Tim, "he has torn that old rotten stump all to bits."

"I tell you what," rejoined Sam, "that dog will make a hunter. We will take him after woodchucks."

"Well, you must take him out of doors now, and call your father to breakfast," said their mother.

On their way to the barn the boys encountered another auditor.

"Albert Morly, see our dog! He is going to be ours!"

"What's his name?" asked Albert.

"He'll come to any name you've a mind to call. Why, he'll come—that dog will—if you say Robinson Crusoe! Here, you sir, Robinson Crusoe, come here!" and Sam added a prolonged whistle.

The black and white dog, sure enough, flew towards him, snapping at his thick boot, then was off again like a fiery Jack o' lantern, careering about house and barn.

"I believe I shall name him Skip. See him, will you? He's a smart puppy! Don't you think he'll make a hunter, Albert?"

"He'll hunt like a Trojan," assented Albert; "but you'll find the owner will come for him, fast enough."

For once the boys had forgotten breakfast. A laugh recalled them to their duty. Sally was at their side. Black-eyed, red-cheeked Sally never scolded at any delinquency. She only laughed, but somehow it seemed to answer quite as well. The boys moved off to call their father to breakfast, whistling for the dog to follow.

But he was evidently an eccentric genius of a dog, and had ideas of his own. Just then he was particularly engaged in running a race with his shadow, and could not come. The reluctant boys went in to breakfast.

"I'll tell you what," speculated Sam, "I think that dog hadn't been treated well where he lived, and so he run away. Didn't you see where somebody had hit him a cut on his neck? *I* did. He's tickled enough to get where they understand him. It makes him half crazy, he is so glad. I don't believe he'll ever go back to where he came from."

That was a consolatory thought all day to the boys, while they raked hay in the meadow, without the dog. They planned for him plenty of hunting in the woods for miles about, till the last load of hay for the day went rumbling into the barn.

Before they went to supper, and then to bed, they looked about for Robinson Crusoe, alias Skip, and discovered him asleep in the "great bay" of the barn.

When the head rooster of the farm had called a few times from his speaking trumpet, "How-do-you-do-oo-oo-oo?" and Capt. Slater's fowl had replied, politely, "All-is-well-he-re-sir," the boys were ready to go and look after their dog.

"O, Skip is asleep yet," said one boy to the other.

But after breakfast he was not to be found. All day he was absent and did not return at night, neither the next morning nor the next night. The boys were as sober as though they had been prevented from going to Greenboro' to general muster. It was too bad.

"I wish we had tied him up," said Tim.

"I wouldn't worry, boys, may be it is all for the best," said their cheery mother. "The owner would feel worse to lose him than you would."

"Yes," said pleasant Sally, "like enough there are little children who were crying to lose him. They'd be tickled enough to see him coming home, wagging his tail. Let him go home to his folks."

"But you see, mother, he was such a bright dog," said Sam. "I'd rather have him than a Fourth of July."

"Yes. But I've known disappointments to turn out for the best, many a time. Like enough your father will get you a real hunter some time."

A loud knock at the door. Three men with guns stood there.

"Can you tell us," asked one, "whether there has been a black and white dog along here within a day or two?"

"Yes, sir," said both boys at once. "Day before yesterday he was here, but he ran away. We've hunted all about for him, but couldn't find him."

"We're after him to shoot him. He was bit by a mad dog not long ago, and he'd begun to have tantrums. We tied him up but he broke away."

The boys' eyes were big with excitement.

"He snapped at my hand once," said Sam, "and grazed the skin, but he didn't draw blood any. I thought he was at play."

"Narrow escape for you," said another man.

The mother silently gave thanks to the good Father.

Next day Aunt Molly came in. She was a kind of newspaper. "That dog you took in, they tell me, bit several cows over here in Mountmeadow, and was as mad as a March hare. Some men followed after and shot him. It's a dreadful marcy he didn't bite any of you."

The incidents of my story occurred eighty years ago, perhaps longer ago. But I have heard it many times told by members of the family. Both Sam and Tim passed away aged men, long since.

A ROYAL FREAK.

Many a traveller, passing down the Heilige Geist Strasse, in Berlin, has had his curiosity excited by a singular figure, looking down from the third story of an old building. It is a Medusa-like bust; snaky tresses twine around the head, the eyes seem to leer with envy, and the tongue protrudes from the thin lips. This is the *Neidkopf* (envy-head).

For more than a century and a half its stony eyes have glared at the passers-by.

How came that fiend-like image to be set up in the decorous old street? It is a curious history.

King Frederick William I., whose whims and oddities historians have delighted to portray, had among his many eccentricities an itching desire to be familiar with the domestic affairs of his subjects; to be the head, not of the State only, but of every family in his dominions. Like the famous Caliph, renowned in oriental story, he often wandered in disguise through the city, observing the habits of the burghers, mingling freely in their chat, and meeting many an odd adventure.

No one dared to recognize the King, for it was a chance merely whether his majesty was in the best or in the worst of humors. He might chastise the presumption of his indiscreet subject with the ponderous cane he always carried, or good-humoredly order him to mind his own business.

One evening, while strolling along the Heilige Geist Strasse, he passed before a house so dilapidated that, but for the friendly support of the contiguous buildings, it must have fallen to the ground.

It was a summer evening. The shops were all closed, and the men, with their wives and children, were enjoying their *pretzels* and beer in the public gardens. In this house alone was the sound of labor. On the ground floor was a poor little shop, its shutters thrown wide to admit the evening breeze.

Looking in through the open window, the King saw a goldsmith bending over his work, never for an instant raising his eyes. After observing him awhile, his majesty entered the shop in his usual unceremonious style.

"How now, friend!" cried he, "art never idle for a moment? I would I could get a dozen fellows like thee, instead of the lazy rascals who do naught but eat and sleep, if my eyes are off them for a moment."

The goldsmith, recognizing the King's voice, looked up, alarmed. But soon he recovered himself, reassured by his majesty's good humor. The King evidently did not desire to be recognized.

Seating himself on a wooden stool, he bade the trembling artisan proceed with his work. But a torrent of questions from the royal visitor left him little opportunity for it. Catechized, point by point, as to his domestic affairs, his past life, his present prospects, the poor little man was almost overwhelmed.

Encouraged by the visitor's kindly interest, he at length poured out his troubles. All his life sickness and poverty had pursued him. Toil as he might, from dawn till twilight faded, he could barely keep the wolf from the door. Often, for lack of means to purchase the gold and silver necessary in his trade, he was even forced to decline the orders sent to him.

Frederick William had a kind heart hidden under his rough exterior; and he listened with moistened eyes to the sorrowful story of a life-struggle with want.

The next day a splendid carriage dashed down the street and drew up before the goldsmith's old house. The neighbors thrust their heads out of the windows, and could hardly believe their eyes when a servant in the royal livery entered the little dark shop.

He brought an order from the King for a splendid service of gold. The royal treasury was to supply materials.

From this time the fortunate goldsmith labored more industriously than ever. Orders poured in on every hand. The King took great interest in the service, and often, in a corner shielded from the observation of curious eyes, watched the progress of his work.

One day, going suddenly to the window, he saw, at a casement across the way, a woman making the most hideous faces and insulting gestures to the goldsmith. She thrust out her tongue, glared at him with her angry eyes, and seemed almost bursting with rage and fury. On perceiving his majesty she vanished from the window.

Frederick William demanded the reason of this strange conduct.

"Ever since your majesty has graciously honored me with your royal favor," replied the goldsmith, "this woman, the wife of a wealthy goldsmith opposite, who for years has been a thriving tradesman, has treated me in this strange manner. Though fortune has favored her so long, she is enraged that prosperity should at length smile on me."

He then showed the King a platter, on which, among the arabesque designs which he had traced, appeared a striking portrait of the fury. One day, he said, disturbed continually by her outrageous behavior, he could not refrain from transferring her face to the work.

As the King contemplated the skilful handiwork of his *protege*, a thought struck him, which seemed to delight him beyond measure; and he walked out of the shop chuckling to himself.

Next day came an order for the goldsmith, requiring him, for a brief period, to transfer his shop to another street; his majesty graciously intimating that the one he occupied needed repairs.

As the cost was to be defrayed from the royal treasury, the command was joyfully obeyed, and the happy goldsmith bade adieu, for a season, to his tormentor.

Weeks passed on. He was beginning to feel much at home in his new quarters, when a second message bade him return at once to his former dwelling. Sorrowfully it was obeyed. Turning the well-known corner he reached the place. He rubbed his eyes, and stared in blank amazement. Surely this could not be the spot! Where once stood the crazy, tumble-down tenement, rose a commodious dwelling. On the ground floor was a handsome shop. And looking down from the third story—could it be? Yes, indeed, there scowled the portrait of his enemy; his own design faithfully copied! With a ghastly leer it seemed to reflect, as in a mirror, the hideous countenance opposite.

As he stood staring at the figure, hardly crediting the evidence of his senses, the King, who had been watching him from the shop, came out, and clapped him on the back.

"Well, my good friend," cried he, "how dost thou like thy new quarters? Thy fair neighbor may writhe and twist her pretty features to some purpose now. But she'll find it hard to match the rival I've given her."

Whether the lucky artist found the royal device for the punishment of envy effectual, is not now known. But good luck did not forsake him; and throughout Frederick William's reign, he stood high in favor with the monarch.

A few years since, and perhaps still, the traveller, walking down the Heilige Geist Strasse, might see the *Neidkopf*, with her hateful sneer, her writhing snakes and stony eyes, still looking down from her "bad eminence," and glaring malignant on the passers-by.—*Christian Union.*

NO BONES IN THE OCEAN.

Mr. Jeffrey has established the fact that bones disappear in the ocean. By dredging it is common to bring up teeth, but rarely ever a bone of any kind; these, however compact, dissolve if exposed to the action of the water but a little time. On the contrary, teeth—which are not bones any more than whales are fish—resist the destroying action of the sea-water indefinitely. It is, therefore, a powerful solvent. Still the popular opinion is that it is a brine. If such were the case, the bottom of all the seas would long ago have been shallowed by immense accumulations of carcasses and products of the vegetable kingdom constantly floating into them.

Dentine, the peculiar material of which teeth are formed, and the enamel covering them, offer extraordinary resistance to those chemical agencies which resolve other animal remains into nothingness. Mounds in the West, tumuli in Europe and Asia, which are believed to antedate sacred history for thousands of years, yield up perfectly sound teeth, on which time appears to have no impression whatever.

For the Companion.

IN THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

What they do with the Women, and what the Women do—Wherewithal they are Clothed—How the Prisoners Fare, etc., etc.

It was a raw April morning on which I started out to visit the Jail and House of Correction—since the same establishment serves both purposes—in East Cambridge.

In the Jail, criminals awaiting trial and sentence are kept; while to the House of Correction are committed women who are convicted of crime, and men whose offences are not so grave as to demand their incarceration in State Prison, which in the ranks of wickedness seems to bear about the same relation to the House of Correction that a college does to a school. If you steal a little thing, you go to the lower House; but if you rob audaciously, State Prison receives you.

It was just about the prisoners' dinner time; and I found that their fare was essentially the same with that of the inmates of the State Prison, at Charlestown. It was similarly served, moreover; each convict marching along with his oblong tin basin—filled with pea soup, this time—and his square piece of bread, to his solitary cell, where he was locked in to eat it. But here were women, as well as men, in confinement, and they fared just the same.

All men and all women are sinners, in a general sense, as all flesh is grass; but this was the first occasion in my life on which I had been brought in contact with women who were criminals, too bad to live at large in the world—such women as seem impossible to all of us who judge womanhood by our own mothers and sisters.

I found that in the House of Correction were 203 men and only 29 women, and in the Jail were 84 men to 4 women. I flattered myself that this vast difference in numbers spoke well for the gentler sex; but Mr. Adams, the keeper, said a bad woman was so much worse than a bad man, that the difference was partly balanced in that way. According to the law of gravitation the greater the distance from which an object falls the more surely it comes to grief. Perhaps a similar law of spiritual gravitation accounts for the utter moral wreck of a depraved womanhood.

Mr. Adams took me, first of all, to the feminine side of the prison, and confided me to the care of one of the matrons. I looked with extreme interest at the women under her charge. A large proportion of them were Irish, with faces not very different from Bridget or Margaret in your own kitchen, except that often the eyes were red, and there was something shifty and unsteady in the expression. All the female prisoners were dressed alike, in gowns of dark blue calico with white spots. They do the making, mending and washing for the whole establishment.

From the well-appointed laundry, on the lower floor, I followed the matron up stairs to the women's work-room—a large and cheerful apartment where the sunshine comes in pleasantly, and plants are growing luxuriantly in every window. Here they were all busy—some at sewing, the rest at the easier parts of brush-making, which is the chief industry carried on in this place.

I saw several faces that interested me particularly. One was that of a nice, placid-looking old woman, whose chief crime is that she likes gin better than molasses. Your purse or your life would be safe in her hands—not so your wine-flask, or even your cologne bottle. She has spent most of her time, for years, in the House of Correction. She cannot keep herself from drinking, she says—so she goes out, and in a week or two her familiar face appears again. "Sure this is the only place where I can behave mysel'," she says, contentedly, and settles down without more ado to her darning and patching. Indeed, many of the women have been here again and again—for when once a woman becomes addicted to intemperance, self-restraint seems to be impossible to her.

A pretty young American girl of perhaps twenty-one, with bare, well-rounded arms, was washing down the stairs; and I asked a ques-

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tion or two about her. I found that she was in for stealing, and young as she was she had been a wife and mother. Somewhere in the world a little child two years old was waiting for her.

Women who are sentenced here, and who have babies under a year and a half old, are allowed to bring their little ones, and the upper hospital room is turned into a nursery for them. A residence here is a blessing in disguise to the poor infants; for at least their mother is kept sober while she is in confinement, and the babies are warm, and clean, and fed on something besides gin.

One of the female convicts, with a handsome, boyish face and a frank, bright smile, interested me greatly; and her story was both sad and strange.

She was born in a poor-house, her father having died a few months before, and her mother having no other refuge. In the poor-house she lived until she was two or three years old. Then came a man and woman from the country and adopted her.

Why they did not take a boy, instead, I cannot imagine; for they dressed her always in boy's clothes, and brought her up to out-door rather than in-door labor. She knew no Sunday. Church bells never chimed for her. She learned from the rough men with whom she labored to swear, to chew tobacco, and to drink with the worst of them. Indeed, to drink was her only consolation, since all the while some inherent, deep-buried womanliness stung her from time to time into a sense of something she might have been, and ought to have been, but was not. To escape from the torture of this self-knowledge, she drank deep, and time and again the summer dews fell on her bared, low-lying head, or the pure white winter snows covered her, where she had crawled to the side of some fence to sleep her drunken sleep.

It was for drunkenness that she was finally committed to the Cambridge prison. Here, for the first time, she was clothed in the garb of her own sex, and brought in contact with true womanhood, religious and kindly, in the matrons of the institution.

When I saw her, except that she wore her short hair parted like a boy's on one side, there was nothing to distinguish her from any bright, well-behaved young working girl. With the unaccustomed feminine garb she has been learning equally unaccustomed feminine tasks. She could plough a straight furrow, or hoe her row clean, before; but she could not wash, or iron, or sew. Now she is learning to be a woman, and she is so bright that she learns quickly.

Very different was the story of an inmate recently discharged—one who was born and bred as a lady; whose fingers were skilful in music as in embroidery; who showed in every movement of how cultured and carefully nurtured a girlhood she was the wreck.

What could have turned the brilliant promise of her life into such a failure? Was it a strange taint in the blood which came down from some reckless ancestor? or was it merely weakness which left her to drown her first trouble in the wine-cup, and led her on and on, until she was committed to the House of Correction as a common drunkard?

My heart failed me as I listened to the story of her fall, and then looked around me on these sisters of sorrow—these women who should have been the comfort of some honest man's home, the mothers of happy children, but who were convicts here now, locked into their cells to eat lonesome meals of broth and bread, working at tasks not of their own choosing. I was glad to go away from their hopeless faces—most hopeless when least sad.

I looked into their rows of empty cells. They seemed to me nearly a third smaller than the prison cells at Charlestown. They had no shelf, no chair, no pictures—nothing, in short, but the narrow bed which was turned up against the wall, and a sort of box, the top of which answered for table, and in which they kept their salt, vinegar and pepper, as well as the Bible, which, thank Heaven, is furnished to each one.

As we walked by one long tier of cells, the matron told me that at the end of it was confined a woman who was there for three years—a New York pickpocket, who was so violent and unmanageable it was found impossible to keep her with the rest of the women.

"Sometimes she raves at us terribly if we even go by her," the matron said; "I don't know how it will be to-day."

As we drew near her cell, I looked through the grating with interest, and saw, not a virago or a lunatic in appearance, but a delicate woman's face, very pale, with thin, nervous lips, and lighted by the gleam of two wonderful, pathetic, half-frightened blue eyes. A woman born to all womanly possibilities, an innocent baby so few years ago, brought now so low that she could not even be trusted to associate with her peers in misfortune and misery! My heart choked me.

I went up stairs to the hospital with a feeling that somehow the world was out of joint. I found a large and cheerful room which had been set aside for the sick—no cells in it, but single beds, and in front of each a warm, thick mat. Above this room was another, corresponding in size, just now untenanted; but the place where all such babies as fate sends to the prison are kept and cared for.

It was time, then, to go back to Capt. Adams for an afternoon's stroll through the workshops. We first glanced for a moment at the men's cells. They were narrow like those of the women, and destitute of every thing but the customary bed and box. There was a long row of punishment cells, which contained nothing but a board and a blanket. In the doors to these last was no grating—the prisoners who are bad enough to get into them, being shut away from every gleam of light.

The men's hospital was very like that of the Charlestown State Prison, though I think the cells were somewhat larger, and perhaps a little more comfortably fitted up. The chapel accommodates both men and women, being divided, however, into two compartments, separated by a half partition, higher than a tall man's head, behind which the men on one side and the women on the other listen to the same exercises.

From the chapel we went down and out into the pleasant, sunny yard, and into the basement of the workshops, where a steam engine tugs away with such deadly precision that it seems alive—for all these vast buildings are warmed and the cooking is done by steam.

Then we went up and up through the different work-rooms busy as bee-hives; and everywhere saw the men silently and faithfully working. They are all clothed in motley—half of the man is a rusty black, the other half is gray.

Mr. Adams differs from Warden Haynes in thinking that there is a great additional security in this parti-colored dress. In his opinion it makes it much more difficult for the convicts to escape. Their first problem is how to get a suit of clothes, since, being seen in the penitentiary garb, whoever should return them would think he did the State a service.

He showed me a pair of trousers, which one ingenious convict had made of his dark-colored bed blanket. I confess that in the depths of my undisciplined heart I was half sorry that so much adroit contrivance was rendered of no avail by the discovery of the aforesaid trousers before they had been used. Attempts to escape would probably be less frequent here than at State Prison, whatever the dress, since the men are here on much shorter sentences. Women are sometimes sentenced here for life; but the longest term for which men can be committed is five years; and very few of the sentences are even of so long duration.

It was probably owing to the briefer terms of their imprisonment that the men seemed to me to look somewhat more contented and less hopeless than at Charlestown. I noticed a good many young boys in their teens. To one of them I said,—

"Have you been here long?"

"A year and a half," was the reply.

"And shall you stay much longer?"

"No"—and a gleam of pleasure lighted up his face—"my sentence will expire in ten days."

I turned to another—a handsome fellow of perhaps seventeen. "And you—how long have *you* been here?"

"Two years, and I am in for three."

"Well," I said, "I guess you won't come back here. You look to me as if you knew enough now to take care of yourself."

"I mean to try, at any rate," was the answer, modest though strong; and I believe he will succeed; for a life need not be abandoned to despair because once and again temptation has surprised it, and sin, like a strong man armed, has laid it waste.

I feel sure that the prisoners are treated with unvarying kindness—that Mr. Adams seems to them their protector rather than their tyrant—but, when we have satisfied ourselves ever so certainly that they are not abused, what a sad, joyless life is theirs at best—a life to which a merry holiday on Fourth of July, another on Thanksgiving, and half a one on Fast day, offer the only relaxation or variety. I wondered that they could look as cheerful as they did—that heart and flesh had not quite failed them. I looked out into the yard, at the spot where Greene was hung—the last hanging, by the way, which this yard has witnessed—and wondered if the punishment which sent him out of the world was not lighter than that which would have kept him in it, a prisoner for life. Then I walked across the yard with the keeper to his pleasant home, and heard his little golden-haired grandchild sing,—

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,"

and I wondered if these men in motley, to whom Sunday after Sunday their chaplain spoke of that far-off rest, might not be longing, many of them, in the depths of their tired, empty, aching hearts, to go on and away to the "sweet peace" "of the heavenly Eden," the wonderful, far-off home, of which, one day in seven, their minister tells these homeless.

THE TREATY WITH ENGLAND.

NO. II.

After the close of our late civil war, the English government, representing the opinion of the English nation, became anxious for the restoration of cordial and harmonious feelings between the people of Great Britain and this country.

Our government, representing the opinion of our people, was just as anxious for the restoration of such a state of feeling here, because they knew that Americans felt irritated and uncomfortable because of the treatment they had received from England. Consequently there were several attempts to negotiate. To our first demand, in 1865, for satisfaction, England made a negative reply. In 1866, she signified a willingness to treat. In 1868 the Johnson-Stanley Convention was agreed upon, at London, but our government refused to ratify its action. Then the Johnson-Clarendon arrangement was made, also at London; but that was rejected, almost unanimously, by the United States Senate.

Early in the present year negotiations had gone so far as to lead to the appointment of the (so-called) Joint High Commission, composed of a number of eminent Englishmen and a number of eminent Americans, which was to sit at Washington, and make a treaty, so far as their powers admitted of their doing so.

This Commission labored for many weeks, and at length produced what is known as the Treaty of Washington. According to the terms of this arrangement, England expresses regret because of the losses she was the means of inflicting upon this country, which is deemed an apology for her expression of hostility to us.

The following is the language of the apology: "Her Britannic Majesty has authorized her High Commissioners and Plenipotentiaries to express, in a friendly spirit, the regret felt by Her Majesty's government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the *Alabama* and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by those vessels."

According to the terms of the treaty, the "*Alabama* claims,"—that is, the demands we have for damages done our commerce by rebel vessels that escaped from British ports—are to be "referred to a tribunal of arbitration, composed of five arbitrators, to be appointed in the following manner, that is to say; that the first shall be named by the President of the United States, one shall be named by Her Britannic Majesty; His Majesty the King of Italy shall be requested to name one, the President of the Swiss Confederation shall be requested to name one, and His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil shall be requested to name one."

The arbitrators are to meet at Geneva, in Switzerland, and transact their business quietly and carefully. The action of a majority of their number will be of binding force.

Other war claims are to be decided upon by a Commission of three persons, to sit at Washington. One commissioner will be appointed by Queen Victoria, a second by President Grant, and the third by the King of the Spains.

The question of the fisheries, and that of internal navigation, are then arranged, and in ways very liberal on the part of Great Britain, which should be satisfactory to this country.

Finally, the North-western boundary question is referred by this arrangement to the Emperor of Germany, who is to decide, peremptorily, whether our claim or that of England shall be established.

When the Commission had completed its labors, and those labors had been approved by the American Executive, the Treaty was sent into the United States Senate, May 10th, and at the time we are writing, has not been ratified.

All treaties to which this country is a party must be ratified by the Senate, or they are of no binding force. Every thing else may be done, but lacking ratification they amount to nothing.

Not only must the Senate ratify a treaty, to make it complete, but such ratification must be the work of two-thirds of all the Senators present when the vote is taken.

Thus, should there be sixty Senators present, and voting, forty of them must vote for ratification, or the business is a failure. Were thirty-nine to vote for it, and only twenty-one against it, the treaty would be lost. This seems hard,—but such is the provision of the Constitution, the great organic law of the land. Our Senate, when full, consists of seventy-four members, but there are some vacancies,—so that the highest vote expected on this Treaty is sixty-nine. Should that be the vote given, forty-six Senators would have to vote in the affirmative, in order to ensure ratification.

WEEDS.

Some one once said that the earth was own mother to the weeds, and only step-mother to the garden flowers. The analogy is correct in this, that weeds are the natural offspring of mother earth, and increase and flourish under her care. Every girl in the country knows how the weeds grow. With the most astonishing freedom they come up wherever and whenever they please. No matter how much pains are taken to plant seeds and set out bedding plants, the weeds will spring up by the side of them, to the injury of the poor plants. The best course, therefore, is not to complain about them, but go to work and drive them out.

This is not very hard to accomplish. If the work is begun early, the weeds can be disposed of very quickly. In the first place we must choose a bright, sunny day, that the sun may wither them after they are thrown upon the ground. Should a cloudy day be taken, they might take root again, and our work would have to be repeated.

Next, begin to destroy the weeds when they are not more than half an inch high. They will then come up easily. Use a common hoe, or, better still, a shuffle hoe, or even an iron rake. Go over the ground carefully, and do not leave a weed standing. If you cannot reach under the tall plants with your hoe, use your hands. Hand pulling is wearisome, but if you are careful to take the weeds when they are young, you need seldom stoop to use the hands. Do not suppose that it is too hard work for you, ladies. A shuffle hoe can be used by any stout girl twelve years old. We have seen young friends of ours use a hoe for nearly six hours, and when evening came look brighter and fresher, than they would if they had been in the house all day.

ROMAN ENGLISH.

In the year A. D. 55, Britain was invaded by Julius Cæsar, and from that time for nearly four hundred years was more or less under Roman influence, if not in subjection to the Latin power. Our language shows plain traces of this influence, especially in names of places.

Thus English towns, the names of which end in *chester* or *cester*, as Chester, Manchester, Chichester, Leicester, Worcester, Gloucester, were all originally Roman stations, and were so called from the Latin *cæstra*, meaning a fortified camp. Roman settlements are distinguished by the ending *coln*, as in Lincoln, (and the German Cologne or Koln) which was the Latin *colonia*, colony. The ending *wick*, as in Hardwick, Swanwick, bailiwick, and *wich*, as in Norwich, was the Latin

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vicus, a village. Street is from the Latin *stratum*, the Romans being the first to make paved roads in England.

It has been supposed that the word *munt*, mount, was at this time derived from the Latin, *mons, montis*, mountain, as the British had no word to signify a high hill, and did not need any till they were driven to the mountains by the Romans.

Marsh considers that we are indebted to the early Romans for cheese, (both the name and the thing) and that we get it from the Latin *caseus*. Others find the root of the word in the Welsh *casiaw*, to curdle, while Webster regards it as both in its linguistic and practical origin connected with *squeeze*.

The Romish missionaries afterwards introduced some Latin ecclesiastical terms into English. The chief of these are minster, from *monasterium* for church, as in the names Westminster, Leominster, &c.; porch, from *porticus;* monk, from *monachus;* bishop, from *Episcopus*, &c.

THE RULE OF CONTRARY.

A crusty old farmer needed a second wife (having probably worn out the first) to take care of his house and dairy, and proposed to a widow, well-known for her gentle disposition. She needed a home, and as he was sober and honest, she accepted his offer.

Her neighbors thought she had made a bad bargain, but they said if any one could tame the surly fellow, she could, for nobody could treat her roughly.

It was soon, however, seen that the more yielding she was the more arbitrary he became. If she wished to go to church or town, he would not go; but if she was busy or sick he was determined they should go. The butter was always either not salted enough or ruined with salt. The pigs and poultry were either starved or overfed. Nothing was right. The poor woman knew not what to do, till despair suggested to her a different plan.

Late one afternoon, when a storm had begun to rage, a peddler, with a heavy pack, came to the door and begged for a night's shelter. She told him if he would follow her instructions she could get leave for him to remain.

"I will tell you that you *shall not stay in my house*. Sit down in the porch till the master of the house comes, and then repeat my words to him."

Scarcely had she closed the door on the shivering peddler when her husband came up and gruffly demanded, "What do you want here, man?" The peddler did as he had been instructed.

"Shall not stay in her house, did she say? Indeed! Walk in," cried the old curmudgeon, and threw open the door with a bang, which was no sign of hospitality.

He then scolded his wife for refusing the stranger admittance to *his* house, not *hers*, and insisted on her giving him a hot supper and the best bed. After that the gentle woman always had her own way, but it was by the rule of contrary, but if any kind of deception is right hers certainly was. She treated her husband as the Irishman did his pig, which was so contrary, that when he wished it to go towards Dublin he always drove it in the direction of Cork.

STALE BREAD.

People who suffer from indigestion and require stale bread are recommended to try some of that just found in an oven of the buried city, Pompeii. It is the stalest bread known, having been baked eighteen hundred years ago! Perhaps the staleness in this case would be "too much of a good thing." Housekeepers find it difficult to keep stale bread always on hand, but this, we imagine, would never be any thing else. It would be too hard even to break one's fast.

COOKING GRIDDLES.

"Flap-jacks" are a favorite cake with miners and emigrants, and the men learn to cook them with great dexterity and success. Mrs. Jane Swishelm, by way of illustration, relates the following:

I never knew the significance of the impulse which leads all boys to want to bake griddle-cakes, until I saw a French half-breed from Selkirk, beside his ironless cart, on the open prairie, preparing his evening meal. He had a large fish broiling on the coals without any intervention of a gridiron. His batter and his "flap-jacks" were in a bucket. He heated and greased a long-handled sheet-iron frying-pan, poured in enough batter to cover the bottom, set it over the fire, kept on serenely attending to other matters, as though no "flapjacks" were in danger of being burned, as it would have been if any woman had set it to bake; but just at the right moment he came up, looked into the pan, took hold of the handle, shook it gently, then with a sudden jerk sent the cake spinning into the air, caught it as it came down square in the centre, with the other side up. The cake was turned as no woman could have turned it, and with an ease which showed that the man was in his proper sphere.

THE "COUSIN" AND HIS HORSE.

The old custom of "cousining," or going about and quartering one's self on friends or relations until the welcome is worn out, is pretty much passed out of date since the days of railroads. An exchange, however, gives a modern instance of this fashion, where the man received a decided hint not to come again:

A country gentleman lately arrived in town, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady, who had married a merchant. The parties were glad to see him and invited him to make their house his home, as he declared his intention of remaining in the city only a day or two. The husband of the lady, anxious to show his wife's relative all the courtesy he could, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable. Finally the visit became a visitation, as the merchant found, after the lapse of five days; besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable. Accordingly he went to the man who kept the livery stable, and told him when the gentleman took his horse he would pay the bill.

"Very well," said the stable-keeper, "I understand you."

Accordingly, in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill, of course, was presented to him.

"O," said the gentleman, "Mr. ———, my relative, will pay this."

"Very good, sir," said the stable keeper, "please get an order from Mr. ———. It will be the same as the money."

The horse was put up again and away went the country gentleman to the store the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you?" said the merchant. "Well, good-by, sir."

"Well, about my horse; the man said the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that is all right, sir."

"Yes—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse is not."

CAMELS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Twelve or thirteen years ago some enterprising adventurers brought a small herd of camels to this country, thinking to make them useful on the vast plains of the South-west, once known as "The Great American Desert." Their descendants still remain in Washoe, Nev., and a Nevada paper gives the following interesting account of their acclimation and use in that State:

On a ranche on the Carson River, eight miles below the mouth of Six-mile Canon, and about seventeen miles east of the city, is to be seen a herd of twenty-six camels, all but two of which were born and raised in this State. But two of the old herd of nine or ten brought here some years ago are now living. It would seem that the original lot fell into the hands of Mexicans, who treated them very badly, overloading and abusing them.

The men who have them now are Frenchmen, and men, it seems, who had formerly some experience with camels in Europe. They find no difficulty in rearing them, and can now show twenty-four fine, healthy animals, all of Washoe growth. The camel may now be said to be acclimated to Nevada.

The owners of the herd find it no more difficult to breed and rear them than would be experienced with the same number of goats and donkeys. The ranch upon which they are kept is sandy and sterile in the extreme, yet the animals feast and grow fat on such prickly shrubs and bitter weeds as no other animal would touch. When left to themselves, their great delight, after filling themselves with the coarse herbage of the desert, is to lie and roll in the hot sand.

They are used in packing salt to the mills on the river, from the marshes lying in the deserts, some sixty miles to the eastward. Some of the animals easily pack eleven hundred pounds.

A TRAVELLER'S CARELESSNESS.

Putting one's railroad ticket in the hat-band is very convenient for the conductor to see, and saves a good deal of pocket fumbling, but it is not always safe. A sarcastic exchange thus "itemizes" a certain wayfarer's mishap on the Boston and Albany Railroad.

It is common for men to smile in lofty superiority at the little scrapes into which women are apt to get when travelling alone. But we have never read or heard of any feminine act so deliciously unsophisticated as that of the man, who, starting from Boston for San Francisco, stuck his hundred dollar ticket for the whole distance into his hat-band.

Whether he was proud of the distance he proposed to traverse and wanted to make manifest the fact to all men, or whether he really thought the device would secure him from being accosted by any conductor until he reached the Golden Gate, we are unable to determine.

He kept his ticket in place for fifty miles or so, and then it fell out as he went for a cup of coffee, and he was compelled to buy another. Fortunately the loss occurred at the honest station of West Brookfield, and the traveller will get his money back, but it should be a lesson to his fellow-creatures.

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Perry Mason & Co.,

Publishers Youth's Companion.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

CONCEALED MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1. Lulu, tell John that I want him.
2. You may call it mob, or gang, which you please.
3. Levi, O, linger not by the way.
5. Do go off, I feel so sleepy.
5. He sold rum for many years.
6. Lilly, return that letter at once.

GERTRUDE.

2.

CHARADE.

My *first* is novel.
My *second* is to plant.
My *third* is a harbor.
My *whole* is in Massachusetts.

G. G. B.

3.

WILLY WISP.

4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

Two towns of Maine,
Which you will see,
If you go over
This with me.

CROSS WORDS.

A cut or thrust,
A foreign land,
A bird of prey,
One bred on sand.

HAUTBOY.

5.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in tub but not in pail,
My *second* is in sleet but not in hail;
My *third* is in grate but not in stove,
My *fourth* is in kick but not in shove;
My *fifth* is in meek but not in bold,
My *sixth* is in bought but not in sold;
My *seventh* is in hate but not in love,
My *eighth* is in lark but not in dove;
My *ninth* is in smile but not in pout,
My *whole* no housekeeper can do without.

F. O. B.

6.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 5, 11, 7, 4, 9 is a part of the face.
My 13, 16, 2, 15, 7, 14 is an alliance.
My 9, 6, 4 is not cold.
My 8, 11, 5, 14 a city of Italy.
My 10, 2, 8 a domestic animal.
My 5, 16, 1, 2, 12 is a memento.
My whole is an institution of learning in New England.

M. E. H.

Conundrums.

What slight difference is there between a duck with one wing and a duck with two? Only a difference of opinion, (a pinion.)

Who takes things as they come? The thief.

Why is a flogging-block like a secret drawer? Because it's a *hiding*-place.

If I were married, what river would my wife and I be like? Meander (me and her).

Why is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon? Because she is a cut-lass.

When is it right to take any one in? When it rains.

Of what British subject does a hotel bill most commonly remind you? Of an Inn-doo.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Rule, Ural, Lark, Elks.
2. Map, Alice, Soar, Odor, Nay.—PERRY MASON.
3. Napoleon Bonaparte.
4. Mis-fortune.
5. Stools, Chair, Sofa, Table, Hat-rack.
6. Greenfield.
7. Date, Fate, Hate, Mate, Pate, Rate.

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"MOTHER'S FOOL."

"'Tis plain to me," said a farmer's wife,
"Those boys will make their mark in life;
They never were made to handle a hoe,
And at once to college ought to go.
There's Fred—he's little bette'n a fool;
But John and Henry *must* go to school."

"Well, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
As he set his mug of cider down,
"Fred does more work in a day for me
Than both his brothers do in three.
Book larning will never plant one's corn,
Nor hoe potatoes, sure's you're born,
Nor mend a rod of broken fence.
For my part, give me *common sense.*"

But his wife was bound the roost to rule,
And John and Henry were sent to school;
While Fred, of course, was left behind,
For his mother said he had no mind!

Five years at school the students spent,
Then into business each one went.
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
And parted his hair, of course, in the middle;
While his brother looked rather higher than he,
And hung out a sign, "H. E. Brown, M. D."

Meanwhile, at home, their brother Fred
Had taken a notion into his head;
But he quietly trimmed his apple trees,
And weeded his onions, and planted peas;
While, somehow, either by hook or by crook,
He managed to read full many a book;
Until, at last, his father said
He was getting "book larnin'" into his head.
"But for all that," said Farmer Brown,
"He's the smartest boy there is in town."

The war broke out, and Captain Fred
One hundred men to the battle led;
And when the rebel flag came down,
He came marching home as *General* Brown.
But he went to work on the farm again,
(And ploughed the ground and sowed the grain),
Reshingled the barn, and mended the fence,
And the people declared "He had common sense."

Now, common sense was very rare,
And the State House needed a portion there;
So the "Family Dunce" moved into town,
And the people called him *Governor* Brown;
And his brothers, who went to the city school,
Came home to live with "Mother's Fool."

B. F. RUSSELL.

HOW THE BIBLE IMPROVES WITH AGE.

It seems incredible, at first thought, that the oldest monuments (and therefore the most valuable) confirming the truth of the Bible should be discovered last. Yet such seems to be very nearly the fact.

One would naturally suppose that if any outside relics or records bearing witness to the correctness of the Scripture history, were ever to be found at all, the time to find them must be as soon as possible after that history was written, for the destroyer Time would make such discoveries less and less probable every year. But in reality the contrary has happened, and it can almost be said that with every hundred years of distance added to the interval, since the writing of the Scriptures, some witness has come to light older and nearer to the time of that ancient writing than was ever known before.

When our common translation of the Bible was made, about two hundred and fifty years ago, no written copy of the New Testament was known to exist older than the tenth century after Christ, but since then two or three manuscripts have been found much more ancient, and one written almost within the lifetime of the fathers who remembered St. John.

Two hundred years ago no manuscript of the Old Testament could be had of an earlier date than the twelfth century of the Christian Era, (or, as some say, the eighth,) but now *Appletons' Journal* tells us that Dr. Levishon, a Russian rabbi living at Jerusalem, has found a venerable copy of the Pentateuch written nearly six hundred years before Christ, when the prophet Jeremiah was alive, and the Temple of Solomon was standing!

It was not till a few years ago, comparatively, that the remarkable stone picture carvings of Egypt, which throw so much interesting light on the Books of Genesis and Exodus, were translated and given to the world. It would seem as if Providence had planned to preserve the oldest and most precious monumental proofs of the Bible from decay, hidden in mysterious safety until men are wise enough to know how to value them and use them in the best way.

We dare not say that the embalmed bodies of Jacob and Joseph will ever be found, but we could almost infer it from the rate of the discoveries already made. Their tombs still exist in the Holy Land, guarded by the Mohammedans, and no one has ever yet explored them. But at any rate, events as they have transpired thus far, such as the translations of Egyptian and Syrian inscriptions and the finding of the "Moabite stone," with its record twenty-eight hundred years old, sufficiently show that the Bible improves with ago. The longer it stands the stronger it grows, and they who love it and believe it lose nothing by patient waiting when its truth is called in question.

THE Crown Prince of Prussia has a genial way with him which has won him popularity. After a combat before Paris, while reviewing his victorious Bavarians, one of them eyed him with a broad smile.

"What is up, comrade?" asked the prince.

"Why, is it not jolly," was the good-humored reply, "to see your royal highness just as bespattered with dirt as we are?"

A tap on the shoulder was all the rebuke he got.

WHAT A LEAF DOES.

The Bible says "we all do fade as a leaf," but the following makes it very plain that if we all *work* "as a leaf," we serve our turn pretty well, and need feel in no wise ashamed to be compared to that wee bit of organized nature. What can be more interesting than this description of what a leaf does?

It pumps water from the ground, through the thousands of tubes in the stem of the tree, and sends it into the atmosphere in the form of unseen mist, to be condensed and fall in showers,—the very water that, were it not for the leaf, would sink in the earth and find its way, perchance, through subterranean channels to the sea.

And thus it is that we see it *works* to give us the "early and the latter rain." It works to send the rills and streams, like lines of silver, down the mountain and across the plain. It works to pour down the larger brooks which turn the wheels that energize the machinery which gives employment to millions,—commerce stimulated, wealth accumulated and intelligence disseminated through the agency of this wealth. The leaf does it all.

It has been demonstrated that every square inch of leaf lifts 3-500 of an ounce every twenty-four hours. Now, a large forest-tree has about five acres of foliage, or 6,272,640 square inches. This, being multiplied by 3-500 (the amount pumped by every inch), gives us the result,—2,352 ounces, or 1,196 quarts, or 294 gallons, or 8 barrels. The trees on an acre give 800 barrels in twenty-four hours. An acre of grass, or clover, or grain, would yield about the same result.

The leaf is a worker, too, in another field of labor, where we seldom look,—where it works for the good of man in a most wonderful manner. It carries immense quantities of electricity from the earth to the clouds, and from the clouds to the earth. Rather dangerous business transporting *lightning;* but it is particularly fitted for this work. Did you ever see a leaf entire as to its edges? It is always pointed, and these *points*, whether they be large or small, are just fitted to handle this dangerous agent. These tiny fingers seize upon and carry it away with ease and wonderful dispatch. There must be no delay; it is "time freight." True, sometimes it gathers up more than the trunk can carry, and in the attempt to crowd and pack the baggage the trunk gets terribly shattered, and we say that lightning struck the tree. But it had been struck a thousand times before. This time it was over-worked.—*American Entomologist.*

It is a fact that regions where the forests have been mostly cut off are more afflicted with droughts than new countries.

A REPUBLICAN PRINCE.

A visitor to the Portuguese island of Fayal, (one of the Azores,) writes to the Boston *Advertiser* an enthusiastic account of our American Consul there, Mr. Dabney, a wealthy merchant, who has been on the island many years. He lives in a happy, patriarchal way, with his married children and young grandchildren around him, and has so endeared himself to the people by his benevolence to their poor, and his devotion to their commercial prosperity, that they regard him as their father. We extract the following description of his ride through the town one holiday spring morning, and the warm greetings that met him on every side:

So constant were Mr. Dabney's consular and business cares at that season that he rarely went beyond the town of Horta; but every body knew in advance when he was going; the news travelled from village to village like the Fiery Cross in Scotland, and that lovely April day became more than commonly a *festa*-day.

It seemed as if the whole population of the island were out beside the seaside road, to meet him; the picturesque fishermen, the blue-robed women, the graceful, black-eyed boys, the old crones, who seemed to have outlived every thing but love for him. As we rode along, with the dashing surf of the blue ocean on one side, this surf of human emotion seemed to swell, and beat, and murmur on the other.

At every curve in the road new groups sprang up from their expectant waiting. They pressed forward to grasp Mr. Dabney's hand, to kiss it, to kiss his stirrup; while he, with his graceful horsemanship, turned from one to another as he rode, and held always hat in hand for the humblest. He remembered every one by name, and made the sweet Portuguese accents sound sweeter from those kindly lips.

Since then I have ridden with the staff of plumed major-generals past long lines of glittering soldiers—but I have never beheld another scene like that. And yet the recipient of all this homage was a simple American merchant, dwelling on a foreign island which had a civil governor, and a military governor, and whole boards of officials, and yet left room for him to be its essential king.

He so monopolized the energy, the courage and the statesmanship of that little community, that he seemed to constitute its force; his sway was greater than that of Rajah Brooke, in Borneo, because Mr. Dabney's weapons were those of peace. If he seemed like a feudal lord, it was the feudalism of love. If we can only think of him as the Consul, it is because his personal dignity and demeanor elevated that title, usually so insignificant, into something of its ancient grade. It seemed as if he must be some one of Roman consular dignity who had somehow lingered on this lonely island, and whose title had been reaffirmed by the President of the United States.

HOW SANCHO SCARED HIMSELF TO DEATH.

The New York *Times* adds one to the already numberless monkey stories. It is interesting, of course, and especially because it illustrates more thoroughly than usual the character of the queer animal. We suppose the "moral" of the story is, "Curiosity will kill you if you carry it too far:"

We met a friend of ours whose expression of face was indicative of the greatest sorrow.

"You knew Sancho," he said, "my monkey!"

We assented.

"Well, listen. Christmas week somebody gave my little girl one of those fearful toys called jack-in-a-box. It was an awful thing, fully two feet high.

"The monkey saw it. When the child went to bed I was busy reading, when all of a sudden I heard the most awful noise in the next room. I rushed in, and on top of a chest of drawers lay Sancho in a regular fit, with the jack-in-a-box sprung alongside of him. He had stolen it from where it had been hid out of his reach. From his terror, I thought his curiosity had been well punished. We were mistaken. That box had an awful fascination for that monkey. He absolutely craved the excitement. Life was apparently a blank monotony without it. For days he would not go near it, then again he would pine for it.

"He got the hang of arranging the wire fastening, and would touch it off with the end of his foot. Instead of getting accustomed to it, every time it jumped up the same scene would be enacted. After a while it had positively an effect on his health. It became too much for his nervous system, though the stimulant he must have, cost what it would.

"Some few days ago he began to mope, though always hankering after the box. Yesterday the poor little fellow was very bad—so weak he could not crawl to where the box was. In order to revive him we sprang it for him. That seemed to stimulate him a little, though he was just as frightened as ever. This morning we found him dead alongside of jack-in-the-box. It seems during the night he must have had just strength enough to set it off for the last time, and get the last shock. It was a clear case of *felo de se.* Poor Sancho!"

TEXAS CATTLE KINGS.

The following reminds us of the patriarchal days, and the herds and flocks of Abraham and Job:

Richard King has a farm on the Santa Catrutos River, of 84,182 acres, on which he keeps 65,000 cattle, 20,000 horses, 7,000 sheep and 8,800 goats, and employs 300 Mexicans to attend them. He sells 10,000 beeves annually. A Mr. O'Conor owns a large pasture-field on San Antonio River, where he grazes 40,000 head of cattle, and sells $75,000 worth each year. He commenced the business in 1852, with 1,500 head, and his present enormous herds are the result of natural increase.

Another man, named Robideaux, has a ranch of 142,840 acres near the mouth of the Rio Grande. It is surrounded on three sides by water, and to enclose the fourth required the building of thirty-one miles of plank fence. He has 80,000 head of cattle, beside an immense amount of other stock.

John Hitson, whose farm lies on the Brazos River, has 50,000 cattle, and drives to market a squad of 10,000 or so annually. Ten years ago, he had a beautiful little blue-clay farm in Tennessee, which he sold to get money enough to take him to Texas. He is now forty years old, and, besides his Brazos property, owns a stock farm nearly as extensive on the South Platte, in Nebraska. During the month of October, last year, it is stated that it took 111 cars per day to transport Texas cattle from Abilene, Ka., and that a single bank in Kansas City handled, during the season, over $3,000,000 cattle money.—*Hearth and Home.*

It is said that Texas has 4,000,000 cattle—more than half of the whole number reported in the census as belonging to the United States. But then, in that great State they have one hundred and fifty million acres of pasture to run in, and they ought to be fat.

PROMOTED.

A man has been known to respect another who has thrashed him, but it is not often that one is found willing to give a *reward* for having been whipped, even though he knows he deserved it. The Troy *Times* tells this curious story of the way a clerk came to be promoted, but we shouldn't advise other clerks to seek promotion by the same process:

Col. James H. Hooker, an eccentric character, who died in that city some twenty years ago, was a remarkable man, and very eccentric withal. At times he would fairly boil over with passion, and was very violent in his speech and action. Yet he was a just man, and directed his fury against only what he believed to be wrong and rascally.

It is related of him that having a dispute with one of his clerks, the latter would not yield the point in issue to him, whereupon the colonel undertook to put his stubborn employee out of his office. But the clerk was too much for the irate colonel, and in the *melee* the old man was laid upon his back, and his countenance rather unpleasantly used.

Rising from his position, he proceeded to wash his battered face, brushed his clothes carefully, and, seating himself, asked the victorious clerk to come to him and report.

Said he, "A pretty thing you've done, sir; got yourself into a bad scrape; committed assault and battery; licked your employer. This shows that there's some stuff in you, miserable sinner, and now, you scamp, I am going to pay you for it. You are discharged from the desk you now hold, and to-morrow morning I want you to take a place next to me, and hereafter act as my confidential clerk, with your salary increased two hundred and fifty dollars. That's all; now go about your business."

The clerk thus promoted held the confidential position assigned him many years, during the remainder of the Colonel's lifetime, and never had to whip his employer again to get an advance of salary.

CAPPING STORIES.

Rubie was a shrewd little fellow, but rather chicken-hearted about having his first teeth taken out when they got loose. One day he came up to his Uncle Ben, who sat on the piazza, smoking, and teased him for a story. Uncle Ben began:

"Once there was a boy who wouldn't have his teeth pulled. His mother tried every way to get them out, but she couldn't. He was always too cute for her. When he got to be a big man he had the dreadfulest tushes ever was, and people couldn't bear to look at him. He hired out to 'tend store, but he scared the customers so that the man couldn't keep him. He tried to teach school, but the children made so much fun of him he was 'bliged to stop. Then he wanted to get married, but there wasn't any woman that would begin to have him. So he got to drinking whiskey, and went to Lower California, and turned heathen."

"Is that all?" asked Rubie, with his fingers in his mouth.

"No; after awhile he got 'shamed of being so wicked, and came back; but 'fore he could be respectable he had to have his teeth all knocked out with a hammer."

"Ho, I know," said Rubie, "you *made that up!* I bet I can tell one, too."

"Let's hear it," said Uncle Ben.

So Rubie capped his uncle's story with another.

"One time there was a man,—a real good, nice, splendid, kind man; but he had one fault,—he smoked. He got to smoking when he was 'way off 'mong strangers, and he kept on till his old, ugly, yellow pipe-stem wore out two of his front teeth; and his breath got worse and worse, so that his little nieces and nephews can't hardly bear to kiss him; and I'm 'fraid, if he don't stop smoking, he'll come to a bad end."

"Whew!" said Uncle Ben, rising and knocking the ashes from his pipe; "I'l have to clear out o' here."

TWO HEALTHY GIRLS.

Girls brought up with plenty of money, and with the habit of having every thing done for them, are apt to grow delicate, fretful and unhealthy by their very indulgence. Of course this injures their minds as well as their bodies, and sudden poverty would find them without either hands or brains to help themselves. "Gail Hamilton," that lively lady writer who doesn't believe in "woman's rights," describes a couple of girls of a very different kind:

I know two girls born to ease and wealth. In their early youth they were rich, careless, free. They walked, and drove, and rode, and hunted, and boated, and drank great draughts of happiness and health. Presently trouble came. Affairs were involved. The stalwart father became a confirmed and helpless invalid. Did they sit down and wring their hands? Did they go moaning all their days, begging men to give them a little sewing, a little copying, a little teaching? Not they. They began, in a small way, in a country town, to keep a "dry-goods and grocery store." They were always prompt. They gave fair measure and right change. They kept what people wanted; and if any thing was called for which they had not, they put it down on their list. They had the cleanest and nicest grocery for miles around. They hired a clerk, and bought a horse, and built a house, and are at this moment independent property-holders, as well as most piquant and agreeable women.

TINTED HONEY.

Fancy stock-raisers have sometimes fed hogs on madder (mixed in meal) to make their bones look red, but here is an experiment in better taste:

A beautiful specimen of rose-tinted honey was lately contributed by a London firm to the South Kensington Museum. On inquiry, it proved to be the result of an experiment instituted by a lady. Having a swarm of bees in a hive with a glass cover, she noticed that after making two small pieces of comb they ceased the work. She then began to feed them with honey mixed with water highly colored with cochineal, and scented with rose water. The result was thirty-seven pounds of rose-tinted honey.

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For the Companion.

A BLACK THIEF.

Ho, ho, Mr. Cricket, I'm sorry you're hurt,
I saved that nice melon to eat for dessert;
And here you've been eating it, day after day—
Did I step on your toes, that you're limping away?

I'm perfectly willing to give you a share,
But you've tapped every melon, and that's hardly fair.
You see they're not fit to put on to the table—
Ho, ho, you can jump! well, I'm glad you are able.

You feel very sorry, ah, yes, without doubt,
That you've eaten the best melons, inside and out.
You've eaten my apples, the fairest and best,
And now you are trying to claim all the rest.

Go home, Mr Cricket; yes, hop, jump or run,
And tell your mamma, all the thieving you've done.
And pray don't came back here, to-day or to-morrow,
Or you will repent, sir, I think, to your sorrow.

For this is my garden, and all that you see,
Pears, apples and melons belong, sir, to me.
And you have no right to jump over my wall
And help yourself thus, no, no right, sir, at all.

AUNT CLARA.

For the Companion.

A DOUGHNUT.

"*He's coming!*" screamed Johnnie, from his perch on the top rail of the garden fence, and "He's coming!" "He's coming!" was echoed through the yard and through the house, and hearing the words, Tinytoes, who was sitting on the floor, cutting paper into a tin basin, jumped up, saying, "Now we shall have custard pie for supper."

For Mother Savage (Savage by name, not by nature,) had said to the minister, "Bring a jug the next time you are coming this way, and I'll send your folks some milk."

Now milk was a pretty scarce commodity in the minister's house, for it was early spring, and the few eggs that the hens condescended to lay had been kept in anticipation of a custard pie, when the promised jug of milk should come.

[illegible] the minister was "going that way," [illegible] taken the jug, and the children were ju[illegible]

[illegible] horse didn't seem to sympathize with th[illegible], in their exultation. He came on, sober and steady as ever, with his head down, jogging along, as if it was no manner of consequence to him, that under the wagon-seat was a whole gallon of rich, sweet milk; and something else, too—an unexpected treat.

When the minister came in, he had the jug in one hand, and in the other a large parcel in brown paper.

"There's something Mother Savage sent, she said, "to please the 'young ones.'"

"She always calls us *young ones*," said Tinytoes, crowding her head into the circle, that she might see what the parcel contained.

It contained doughnuts; nice, fresh, crispy doughnuts, great, plump, twisted doughnuts! "O, O, O!" said Tinytoes, peeping between the others, because she couldn't look over them. She thrust in her little hand, and took one.

Nobody took notice of her, and as it was a little one, it was gone in about a minute, so when the father divided the cakes among the children, he gave Tinytoes as much as he did the rest.

Didn't Tinytoes know it was mean to take more than her portion? Yes, but the temptation was too strong for her, and she did it.

But when they were all eaten up she went about, feeling as uncomfortable as if she had the dyspepsia. She looked and acted very much as a poor dyspeptic does, too.

She went about with a rueful, melancholy countenance, and there was such a miserable sinking weight inside, that she kept laying her little hand on her bosom and heaving such heavy sighs, as ought never to come from the breast of a six year old.

At last she couldn't stand it any longer, and she ran out into the yard, where her mother was taking in the clothes-line, and told her how bad she had been, and how sorry and ashamed she was.

"I'm very sorry, Tiny," said her mother. "It was dishonorable in you. You had better go and tell your father, and then go up stairs and ask God to forgive you. Then if you could think of any way to make it up to the other children, I think I should want to. You robbed them, you know, by getting more than your share."

Tinytoes did as her mother said. She came to the tea-table with a face as calm and happy as ever. Before she sat down, she went and whispered something in her mother's ear. This was what she said,—

"You needn't cut me any pie, mother. I don't want any, and then the others can have bigger pieces—to make up, you know!"

And her mother smiled *such* a smile as Tinytoes would not have exchanged for a *whole* custard pie.

JOY ALLISON.

A WISE PUSSY.

I want to tell you a story of a wise old pussy cat. I tell it as I heard it, without note or comment. She had been the mother of quite a number of darling kittens, but they had been taken from her, again and again, by some naughty boys, and destroyed and drowned in the river. This had been repeated until her heart was almost broken with grief and disappointment. Well, it occurred upon a time, that she was blessed with a new family of three sweet, pretty kittens. She very cunningly hid them where the boys could not find them for many weeks. Two of them sickened and died one day, from such close confinement, though she nursed them very tenderly. The mother made excursions daily in the neighborhood, to see if she could find some nice little girl who had no kittie. At length she found what she supposed would be just the place for a good home, for there was no cat there, and moreover, she saw a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced little girl there, feeding her canary and pet rabbits. So, as soon as she thought that she could do it and not be overtaken by the boys, she took her only kitten by the nape of its neck, as pussy cats do, and started for the new home. When she reached the yard, she put it down, and motioned to it to be quiet and remain where it was. But as soon as the mother started for home, kittie started to follow; but she took it back again, and this time boxed its ears, and talked cat-talk to it pretty thoroughly. Again she started for home, and kittie started also, and again was dragged back and chastised more severely than before. So kittie submitted to her fate. Just then little Rosa, who had been a witness of the whole scene, went to the rescue. She took dear little kittie in her arms, fed, nursed and petted it, till it learned to love Rosa very much, and to feel quite at home. The old mother came often to visit kittie, but both parted very happy when the visits were over. So much for pussy cats.—*School Day Visitor.*

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For the Companion.

MORE ABOUT BOATS.

When the first squirrel crossed some one of the four rivers surrounding the garden of Eden—his boat a broken branch or twig, and his tail serving for both sail and rudder—he did not know, any more than the little Cain and Abel who perhaps watched him, that therein lay the suggestion of the stately ships that to-day cover the great oceans. Nobody knows how the thought grew. Chance references all through the Bible show that it did grow, and above all with the Phœnicians, who were the most famous sailors of ancient times.

Jealously as they guarded the secrets of their craft, even running their ships ashore at times to wreck unwelcome companions, truth, like "murder, will out," and people after people learned their secrets, till about five hundred years before Christ the Egyptians defeated them in a sea battle.

In Homer's time, ships were built large enough to hold nearly two hundred warriors, and were called *triremes*, from the fact that each had three banks of oars. *Biremes*, or vessels with two banks of oars, had been in use for many years, and in later days some were even built with four or five, but the most learned man is utterly unable to tell us how these various tiers of oars were managed, and can only imagine.

These *biremes* were long and narrow, the fore and after parts being much alike, except that a ram, or sharp beak, finished off the prow. The one mast was lowered in action, and the vessel managed by oars alone, and the main object was always to run this beak or ram into the enemy, and thus sink him.

When the boys talk about "cutting in," and spoiling somebody's little game, they do not know that they are using the old Greek form of expression, and that three thousand years ago *diek plons*, or "cutting in," was one of the old battle phrases, just as well understood by Greek boys, as "skedaddle" is by ours.

These *biremes* served as models for all ancient ships of war, the only difference being in increased size. The Romans, at first always defeated in sea fights, drilled their soldiers so thoroughly that they were soon even better sailors than the enemy; and their chief end seemed to be to make the engagement as much like a land fight as possible. They used javelins carrying fire; pots full of boiling pitch, and by means of cranes attached to the masts, dropped immense stones on the enemy's decks for the purpose of sinking him.

But all the Roman power and ingenuity could do little against the Northmen, the most reckless and daring sailors of ancient time. Their boats were the simple skin stretched over wooden frames, but their wonderful seamanship and utter disregard of danger gave them the victory nine times out of ten.

As their strength increased the navy was enlarged, and in the eighth or ninth century Harold Bluetooth, King of Denmark, commanded a fleet of seven hundred vessels. One of these ships had thirty-four banks of rowers, and both prow and poop were gilded, while on the sacred banner floating from the mast head, was embroidered a black raven, with open beak and wide-spread wings.

Wonderful stories are told of the agility and daring of these Vikings, not all Kings, as you may suppose, but drawing the title from two words,—*Vik*, a creek, or fiord, and *ing*, a suffix, meaning "*son* of." So Viking is simply "*son of the creek*," and truly they seemed to belong to water more than land. They could manage their ships, as a rider manages a horse; run along the banks of oars as they flashed through the water, and keep three javelins in the air at once, throwing each one high as the mast head. Fierce and cruel as they were, there was the stuff for heroes in them, and who can tell how much of the English pluck and bravery both on sea and land, comes from our Viking ancestors?

Shut your eyes and try to think of some of the most famous ships and fleets of which you have ever heard or read,—the galleys of the Mediterranean, rowed by the poor slaves, whose life was one long torture, and that beautiful one, in which, year after year, the Doge of Venice sailed out to wed the sea;—the stately vessels of the Crusaders, and later the three with which Columbus set sail for the New World.

Think of the great Armada, going down in the English Channel! of Lord Nelson's fleet and the dreadful fight of Trafalgar! of the poor little *Mayflower*, leaving Plymouth for an unknown country; and of the ship which came sailing into Massachusetts Bay, bringing food to the almost starving people, and making a Thanksgiving day, which I hope we shall all keep, as long as we are Americans!

Then come down to our own time, and remember the *Monitor*, that "cheese box on a raft," which fought the *Merrimac*, and was victorious. Think of the *Cumberland* going down with flag flying, and every man at his post; and the old *Monitor*, too, far down in the sea that roars around Cape Hatteras.

Ah, boys, the deep sea holds noble ships, and noble men as well, and you need ask no better romance than the true story of the brave souls who passed to God from wave and storm. Once get interested in the story, not only of sea battles, but of strange voyages "far countries for to see," and the still stranger and wilder life of even the commonest sailor, and you will, I think, have small desire to go back to Beadle, or the sensation stuff in too many of the weekly papers. Try it, at least, and in a year let me know which pleases best. HELEN C. WEEKS.

VARIETY.

PUZZLES.

One of the ancients, it is said, died of chagrin at not being able to guess a riddle propounded by a fisherman—"*Leaving what's taken, what we took not we bring.*" Aristotle was amazingly perplexed, and Philetas, the celebrated grammarian and poet of Cos, puzzled himself to death in fruitless endeavors to solve the sophism called by the ancients "*The Liar.*" "If you say of yourself, 'I lie,' and, in so saying, tell the truth, you lie. If you say, 'I lie,' and, in so saying, tell a lie, you tell the truth." Dean Swift, who could so agreeably descend to the slightest badinage, was very fond of puzzles. Many of the best riddles in circulation may be traced to the sportive moments of men of the greatest celebrity, who gladly seek occasional relaxation from the graver pursuits of life in comparative trifles. Mrs. Barbauld says, "Finding out riddles is the same kind of exercise for the mind as running, leaping and wrestling are for the body. They are of no use in themselves; they are not work, but play; but they prepare the body, and make it alert and active for any thing it may be called upon to perform. So does the finding out of good riddles give quickness of thought and facility for turning about a problem every way, and viewing it in every possible light." The French have excelled all other people in this species of literary amusement. Their language is favorable to it, and their writers have always indulged a fondness for it.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

SLEPT ON HER KNEES.

Horses are accustomed to sleep standing unless *very* tired, but it is rare to find one that never lies down at all.

Jacob Pitzer, of La Salle county, Ill., has a mare, Fanny, eleven years old, which has never been known to lie down, in the barn or elsewhere, except to roll when turned loose outdoors. She has been slyly watched a great number of nights to see how she slept, after performing unusually hard work; but she has never been caught lying down. Yet she is often found standing with her hind legs erect, but down on the knees of her fore legs, her head straight out before, with the chin and lower jaw lying on the floor or ground, for an hour at a time. This is the position that she is supposed to sleep and rest in. She is in good condition, works hard, feels (or acts as though she felt) well, and the skin of her knees is hard and callous.

TOO QUICK.

One morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M.'s store, with very angry looks. He had left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M.," said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and *that's* the young villain that I bought 'em of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell the man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready answer.

"You lie, you little villain," said the countryman, still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now look here, you old goose," said John. "If you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts *gratis*."

"O, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing, at the same time.

"Well, now, if that aint a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin, as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would always *stop to weigh* before they blame others.

THE MAN OF FIVES.

"There's luck in odd numbers," they used to say, but the poor fellow described here won't indorse the proverb:

There is a convict in Auburn prison named John Five, who is fifty-five years of age; he has been convicted five times of felony, each time receiving a sentence of five years. He has been married five times, and is the father of five children; stands five feet five in his stockings, and has five months and five days yet to serve. His cell is number five on the fifth gallery. What an unlucky number!

WHAT BECAME OF THE BEETLE.

"Window" is supposed to be one of the words for which no rhyme can be found. A droll fellow made the attempt, the other day:

"A cruel man a beetle caught,
And to the wall him pinned, O!
Then said the beetle to the crowd,
'Though I'm stuck up, I am not proud;'
And his soul went out at the window!"

THEY have sharp lawyers Down East. One of them, marketing for a dinner, asks a poultry dealer,—

"Is that turkey a young one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you take your oath of it?"

"Certainly I will."

Lawyer administers the oath, charges a dollar for the service, and takes his pay in poultry.

THE father of an interesting little four-year old daughter recently got a nice greyhound. The little prattler went into a neighbor's and carried the news that her papa had "dot a new dod." They asked her what his name was, and she replied, "I done know; I beve dey call him *oarhound*."

MRS. SARAH J. HALE, the well-known authoress, is a native of Newport, N. H., and in 1825 was a dressmaker in that village. She is now seventy-five years old, and resides in Philadelphia.

A FISHERMAN of Trinity Bay, on opening a codfish, one day, found in it a wedding ring bearing engraved on the inside the words, "God abov continew our love." The fish ought to have swallowed a spelling-book.

AN exchange mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculists. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a common pupil, has a college student in her eye.

AN advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms *and an acre of land.*

Reduced Prices.

The price of the **Carbolic Washing Soap** has been reduced and is now the best and cheapest soap to use. It requires less soap and less labor to make the clothes white and clean than other soaps. It is also superior for cleaning Paint. The suds is valuable for plants, trees and disinfecting purposes.

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BUY YOUR FISHING TACKLE, RODS, LINES, HOOKS, &C.,
—AT—
Bradford & Anthony's,
22 178 Washington Street, Boston. 5t

THE MONTH OF MAY.

See the children at their play,
In this merry month of May;
Joyously some pass the hours
Searching for the new-born flowers;
Others drive the hoop and ball,
Hear them to their comrades call!
From life's cares and burdens free,
Happy as they well can be;
And the Boys who need new "CLOTHES,"
Just step into GEORGE FENNO'S,
Where they're "*dressed*" from *head* to *feet*,
Corner of Beach and Washington Street.

COLDS AND COUGHS.—Sudden changes of climate are sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections.* Experience having proved that simple remedies act speedily when taken in the early stage of disease, take at once "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" let the Cold, Cough, or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be warded off.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many *worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing.* Be sure to OBTAIN the *true* "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold everywhere.

Mercantile Savings Institution,
No. 48 Summer Street, cor. of Arch, Boston.
SIX PER CENT.

interest will be paid by this Institution, on all *deposits* which remain in Bank six months next prior to the semi-annual dividend days, and five per cent. on all other deposits for each and every full intervening calendar month they remain in bank prior to the semi-annual dividends. This is the only Savings Bank in the State that pays interest on the deposits for each and every month they remain in Bank. The Institution has a guarantee fund of $200,000 and a large surplus in addition thereto. 22—13t

CARD.

Having become satisfied after thorough investigation, that Elastic Sponge, as now and lately manufactured, is one of the best of all the substitutes for curled hair, for many if not most uses in Upholstery, we have accepted the Agency of it, and intend to make it hereafter a specialty in our business. The objections which have been made to it and which it is well known we ourselves have thought were well founded, we have ascertained cannot be urged against the article as now perfected. The process of manufacture has been entirely remodelled under the advice and superintendence of one of the most eminent chemists of New England. New chemical and mechanical appliances have been introduced in cleansing crude Sponge, and in charging it with glycerine with such entire success, that Elastic Sponge may now be said to be chemically pure. There is absolutely nothing in it but the clean fibre of sponge and chemically pure glycerine.

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WANTED.—Agents ($2 50 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the UNDER-FEED, makes the "lock-stitch" (alike on both sides), and is fully licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. *50—1y

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

JACK'S GHOST.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

It was in the winter of 1868 that the great fire occurred. One December morning Charley woke in a great fright, he could not at first tell at what.

He thrust his little freckled nose out from under the blankets into the biting cold air. Beyond the eastern window all was gray and cold. The sun was not yet up, but there was a strange smell abroad, and he could hear a far-off, fierce crackling noise.

There was a window in the hall which opened to the west. Charley crept out to it, and met a red glare that lighted the whole horizon.

The next moment he was dashing into his father's room, shouting,—

"Papa! The stable! Fire! Fire! Where's Pete? Jack will be burned! Jack will be burned!"

"Quiet, my son! quiet! Dress yourself and go and waken Daniel. Tell him to bring blankets for the horses. They will take cold brought out into this air."

"And Jack! O papa, Jack!" cried Charley, running wildly up and down in his night shirt.

"I'll see to Jack, myself."

Jack was the monkey, some of whose exploits I have already told you. Mr. Gray was dressed by this time, and ran down the stairs. How could he be so cool? How could all big people be so provokingly cool, and think of every thing *at once*? It damped Charley's delightful terror just as a dash of cold water might have done. The fire was not half a fire after that.

Mrs. Gray was quiet, too. Even Ann, the servant girl, collared him authoritatively with "Put on yer overcoat, Masther Charley, afore ye stir a fut out into that cowld."

When he got out finally, he found his father and the two or three farm hands working hard, but saying nothing. The family lived too far from neighbors to hope for any help. The stable must go! But the horses were carefully blanketed and led out, and all the valuable harness and tools saved.

Charley ran about among their legs, yelling, "Fire!" and asking for Jack.

His father stopped to quiet him. "I took Jack out myself, and left him in the kitchen. *He* was in an agony of fright! But I do not expect any thing better *from a monkey*."

Charley's face grew very red, and he was quiet after that. He found Pete, and told him he was ashamed of the noise he was making. It might be excused in a monkey, but a boy ought to have more sense.

"Jack, did yer say?" exclaimed Pete, and shouts were suddenly brought to a close. "Whar is dat mizzabul little villain?"

"In the kitchen."

They then turned their whole attention to the fire, which, I must confess, was nothing but a source of fun to them. The clear red flames were a beautiful sight, breaking against the dark wintry sky; and as for any loss, Charley had no idea there could be any, as his father was so composed and cheerful. He dashed in to his mother with bulletins every five minutes.

The fire was over by daylight, and only a smouldering heap left.

When Charley came in to breakfast, he went to look up Jack.

"The little baste made out of the pantry winder," said Betty, "and off to the woods long before daylight."

"To the woods!" the children cried, in dismay. "O Betty! In the snow! You know he hasn't been out of a warm room in the stable this winter. And he hadn't even his jacket on!"

"To the dogs wid him an' his jacket!" said Betty, who was in no amiable mood. "The howl's tormented out of me wid the baste. Look at the rip he give me arrum thrying to keep him. He was so skeart wid the fire that chains couldn't howld him."

Mr. and Mrs. Gray seemed more discomposed when they heard of Jack's flight, than they had been by the fire.

JACK'S GHOST.

"The poor little creature could not bear a day's exposure," said Mr. Gray. "The stable is insured, but nothing could pay us for poor Jack."

As soon as breakfast was over, they made up a search party—Daniel and the two men, with Mr. Gray and the boys. Some of the neighbors, who had come up to see what had gone wrong, having seen the fire afar off, volunteered their help.

It was curious to see how many friends the mischievous little fellow had, and how all his cunning tricks were recalled with a sorrowful interest, now that he was gone. Some of the men who were mounted, skirted the open edge of the forest, the others searched the undergrowth in the middle.

Charley and Pete were quite confident of finding him soon. "You keep watch, Matty," said Charley, "and when we come back, if we have him alive, I'll flaunt my red handkerchief for a flag."

Mr. Gray and the men were not so hopeful. The woods ran back a dozen miles, and were full of deep hollows, into which the snow had drifted. If Jack had fallen into one of these, or if they did not succeed in finding him before nightfall, there was little hope of ever bringing him home alive.

It was a long day for Matty and her mother, seated at their sewing by the fire. Ann and Betty came in, now and then, with repentant faces, to ask a question.

"If I'd known the crayture was intendin' to take his own life, he might have torn me arrum off, afore I'd hev let him go," said Betty.

Towards noon Pete came gallopping back with news. "We've found his tracks down in Indian Hollow, between de creek an' de cart road. But dey's lost suddent just dar. Massa's feared he's done fall in de creek"—and dashed off again.

Matty slipped out of the room, and when her mother followed her presently, she found her crying over Jack's empty box in the hall. "I'll never feed him again," she sobbed. "And here's his little red jacket that I made myself. There's no use for it now. He's lying cold and stiff there under the snow."

That was a long, sad afternoon! The sky was gray, and there were little flurries of snow, now and then. Just before dark, Matty caught sight of two or three figures on horseback coming up the road, and ran out to meet them. In a moment she could distinguish their faces. "Charley is foremost, and O, mamma, he has no flag!"

It was too true. There were no signs of poor Jack. The next day every boy in the neighborhood took up the search, but to no purpose.

Jack was dead and gone; buried, no doubt, under some pile of drifting snow, in the depths of the great forest.

Somehow, the house was not the same after that. It was, indeed, as if a human being had been lost out of it, and one whom everybody loved, if they abused him, for Jack was a merry, affectionate little fellow, if he had his faults.

Charley, perhaps, missed him most of all. He had been in the habit of bringing Jack in from his warm room in the stable loft, and letting him sleep at the foot of his bed. Often, at night, now, he would fancy he felt him there, and put down his hand to pat him, and finding nothing, he could not keep back the tears.

Towards spring, when the snow was melting, a boy in the neighborhood brought some bones bleached white, which he had found in Indian Hollow.

"I thought this might be Jack, sir," he said.

"I fear it is," said Mr. Gray, sorrowfully. "We will bury them, Charley."

But Charley only nodded. He was looking at the bones with a lump in his throat, and could not trust himself to speak.

"I'll buy you a dog, Charley," said his papa, presently, putting his hand on his head; "or any pet you want."

"No, sir, thank you. I don't want any new friend in Jack's place;" and after that day he never mentioned Jack's name.

Now comes the curious part of my story. The horses were removed to another stable well warmed, over which a small room was furnished for Pete. Soon after he took possession of it he went mysteriously to Mrs. Gray, one morning, with the information that he had seen a ghost.

"Whose ghost, Pete?"

"Hush-h! Jack's, ma'am. Didn't say nuffin to Master Charley, coz you don't want him to bleeve in dem dar tings. But we colored people's got de gift of seein' 'em, dey say; an' sure's you're born, I sees Jack at my bedside las' night."

"Tut! tut! you've been dreaming, Peter, and I especially desire you will not say any thing to Master Charley about it."

Pete bowed and disappeared. But the next day, and the next, he came down with a most woful countenance, and sidling up to Mrs. Gray, would whisper,—

"Had dat ar dream ag'in, missus. Had it bad. Sure's you're alive, Jack's walkin'."

Pete's distress became so great at last that he ceased to eat, and, according to his own account, to sleep; and Mrs. Gray determined to mention the matter to her husband.

"Some one is playing a trick upon Peter," he said. "I will go up to his room and try to find what it is that has been done."

But before he went the secret had taken wind, like all other secrets, and he was followed by the whole household—Charley, Matty, Ann and Betty, included.

"You see, Pete," said Mr. Gray, "you must have been dreaming; there is no closet nor recess in the room where any thing can be hidden."

"Nothin' livin', sah; I knowed dat, berry sure. A pusson can't have the same dream, night after night for a month, kin dey, of a monkey settin' out dere, and warmin' its paws by de fire?"

Mr. Gray was puzzled and annoyed, the more as Charley and Matty stood by, pale and awe-struck.

"Where does this trap door lead?"

"Into the loft of the meat-house," said Daniel. "The rats is mighty bad there this winter, sir. They give me a heap of trouble, gnawing every thing I hang up."

Mr. Gray's face changed suddenly. He tore open the trap door, and there, on a comfortable bed of old woollen clothes, lay Mr. Jack, winking at them with his old jolly grin!

"He's alive! He's as fat as a puddin'!" shouted Pete, hauling him out.

I leave you to imagine the joy and triumph with which Mr. Jack was conveyed to the house.

Whether his terror had induced him to hide, or whether he thought he was responsible for the fire, and dreaded punishment, nobody knew.

"He wasn't like no other feller libin," Pete said, in telling the story. "Even when he was dead, he must play us a trick."

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Reinforcements—A Wonderful Battle—Disposal of the Captured.

It was in truth a perilous position in which Noah and Syd found themselves. Those ragged rascals, the beggars, were as remorseless as they were ragged. They had the boys at their mercy. The place was sufficiently far from the town to be out of hearing, and though the road was near, yet there were no people living in the vicinity. It was therefore sufficiently solitary to permit of any deed of violence being done with impunity.

Noah and Syd gave themselves up for lost. With a last frantic effort Noah tore his head loose, dashed his fist into the face of beggar number six, who was holding him, and tried to escape.

"*Scelerate!*" cried number six, and he threw Noah to the ground, and held him down, while he caught him by the throat.

But at that instant a loud cry was heard. There was a rush, and the next moment number six was torn away and rolled over on his back. A firm grasp was fixed on his throat, and a tremendous blow descended on his head from a stout stick wielded by the youthful but sinewy arm of Harry Peyton.

At that same instant, also, Tom Short had bounded at number five, leaped on his back, and beat him about his head.

The attack had been so sudden and so utterly unexpected that it carried all before it. Away with a wild cry of terror ran the four decrepit beggars, leaving number five and number six on the field to themselves and the four boys. Number six groaned with pain and struggled furiously. He wrenched himself from beneath his assailants, but they again got the upper hand and held on firmly. The struggle went on, and they rolled over backward and forward in a confused mass.

Meanwhile Syd, relieved by Tom, had become an assistant also. Snatching up a stone he dashed it full in the face of number five. The man staggered back, and fell, and Tom narrowly escaped falling under him. But number five sprung up instantly, and before Tom or Syd could close with him again, darted off without

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attempting to help number six, and ran for his life.

Cowardly by nature, the beggars did not think of the size of their assailants; their fears magnified the boys to men, and they only thought of safety in a panic flight.

But number six was there, with Harry Peyton's sinewy arms around him, and Tom and Syd now rushed over to where that other struggle was going on. This addition to the attacking force turned the scale completely.

Harry Peyton was very large and strong for his years, and besides, he was possessed of a bull-dog tenacity, and high-strung courage. In a very short time after the arrival of Tom and Syd, the would-be robber, and perhaps murderer, was lying on his face, motionless, held firmly down by the four boys.

"Boys," said Harry, who was sitting on his shoulders, "fold his arms over his back."

As they did this he twisted his handkerchief tightly, and then bound it around the man's hands as firmly as if it had been a rope. Tom and Syd were sitting quietly on his legs. Harry asked for their handkerchiefs, twisted them, tied them together, and then directed Tom to fasten the man's feet together. This was Tom's task, and he did it as neatly as though he had been brought up to that particular business exclusively.

The man was now bound hand and foot and lay on his face.

Harry watched Tom as he tied the knots, and seeing that the work was well done, he started up.

"Come, boys," said he, "let's give the thief a chance to breathe."

The boys, at this, all got up, and the Italian, relieved from their weight, rolled over on his back, then on his side, and made desperate efforts to free himself. The boys watched him carefully, but the knots had been too well tied. He then sat up, and drawing up his feet, he leaned his chin on his knees, and stared sulkily at the ground.

"And now," said Noah, "what are we to do?"

"I don't know," said Harry.

"Let's go for Uncle Zebedee," said Tom.

"Yes, do, Tom," said Harry. "You go; and be quick, or else those other beggars will be here."

Away went Tom, and in a very short time Uncle Zebedee was on the spot. Tom, in a breathless way, had told him all, but he scarcely understood it, and seemed bewildered at the sight of the prisoner. It was not until Noah had told the whole story, that he began to master the situation.

"Dear, dear, dear," he said, "and you really were attacked and made prisoners by bandits. Dear, dear, dear!" He looked inexpressibly shocked, and for some time stood in silence amid the loud clatter of the boys.

"Well, Uncle Zebedee," said Harry, at last, "what are we to do with him?"

"That's the very point," said Uncle Zebedee; "the very point that I'm thinking on. I'm beginning to think that the best thing you can do is to take your handkerchiefs back, and come an' get some dinner."

"What!" cried Harry, "untie him?"

"That's about it."

"What? untie him? Let him go? after he has nearly killed No. and Syd?"

"Wal, he didn't quite kill them," said Uncle Zebedee. "They seem oncommon spry after it all. No harm is done, I guess, so I dare say we'd best let him go."

Harry looked disturbed and turned away.

"You see, boys," said Uncle Zebedee, "here we are in a very peculiar situation. What are we? Strangers and sojourners in a strange land—don't know a word of the jaw-breaking language—surrounded by beggars and Philistines. Are there any law courts here? Are there any lawyers? Are there any judges? I pause for a reply. There aint one! No! If we keep this man tied what shall we do with him? We can't take him back in the coach. We can't keep him an' feed him in the hotel, like a wild beast. I don't know where the lock-up is, and I haven't seen a policeman in the whole place. Besides, if there was any, we'd all be kept in jail as witnesses in the case. Now I don't want to go to jail. So the long an' the short of it is, we'd best avoid all trouble an' let him go."

Uncle Zebedee's words produced a strong impression upon the boys. Even Harry saw that handing the man over to the authorities would involve some trouble on their part, at least. He hated what he called "bother." Besides, he had no vengeful feelings against the man; Noah and Syd had none. Their victory had made them merciful. So the end of it was that they did according to Uncle Zebedee's suggestion and untied the bonds.

Number six evidently was amazed. He rose to his feet, looked warily at the party, as though expecting some new attack, then looked all around, and then with a bound, he leaped away, and running toward the road, soon disappeared.

They ate their dinner at Baiæ, and then drove home. Noah and Syd felt a little sore. Tom had a bad bruise on his left arm from a blow, but on the whole very little harm had been done, and the boys did not regret that they had let the scoundrel go free.

The opportune arrival of Harry and Tom was easily explained. They had been riding on donkeys, and had seen the crowd around Noah and Syd, and the struggle. Fearing some danger for their companions, they had hastened to the spot and reached it in time to rescue them.

Chapter VIII.

Vesuvius—Ponies and Sticks—Sand and Lava—The Rocky Steps—The Rolling, Wrathful Smoke Clouds—Vesuvius warns them off—The Lost Boy.

The sight of Vesuvius from Baiæ had filled Noah with an ardent desire to visit it. All the rest shared this feeling. Vesuvius was before them always. The great cloud of dense black smoke which hung over it like a pall was greater, and denser, and blacker than usual. The crater was disturbed. There were rumbling noises in its wondrous interior, and all around, and all beneath, the mountain gave signs of an approaching eruptions.

Sometimes the smoke, as it ascended from the crater, would tower up high in the air for thousands of feet, far into the sky, a black pillar of smoke, which at the summit spread out on all sides, giving to the spectator the vision of a colossal palm tree,—the shape and the sign which is the inevitable forerunner of a coming eruption.

As yet the ascent might be made in safety, though every day's delay lessened the chances of an ascent by increasing the danger. This they learned from Michael Angelo, their guide. So they determined to go without any further delay.

Accordingly, two days after their excursion to Baiæ, they went out to Portici, and there hired ponies to take them to the foot of the cone. Michael Angelo went with them as general manager of the expedition. At Portici each one supplied himself with a good stout stick to assist his ascent.

On riding up they found the road good at first, but soon it became exceedingly rough. It left the fertile meadows and vineyards at the base of the mountain, and ran over a wild, rocky country composed of lava blocks which looked, as Uncle Zebedee said, like the "abomination of desolation."

No verdure appeared, no houses, no flocks and herds; all was wild, and savage, and dismal.

After passing over these lava fields, the party reached what is called the "Hermitage," a kind of refreshment station near the foot of the cone. After resting here for a little while they proceeded on foot.

The path was now rugged and difficult, and soon ascended at so steep an angle that it became rather climbing than walking. After a toilsome walk the path ended at the foot of the cone. It arose grandly before them, one side presenting a surface of loose sand, another part being covered with rough lava blocks. Over these last Michael Angelo led them, for these formed stepping-stones by which they might make an ascent. A number of men were here with straps, offering to help them up, but they all refused, and even Uncle Zebedee chose to rely on his unassisted muscle.

Then they began the ascent of the cone. The lava blocks were of all sizes, and lay strewn loosely down the steep side. It was like ascending a long, rough flight of steps, where all the steps were irregular. It was laborious and tedious. Often they had to stop and rest. Uncle Zebedee felt it most. As for the boys, they stopped rather on his account.

But when they got about two-thirds of the way up they grew more excited, and in Tom this excitement was most evident. Thinking that the others could take care of Uncle Zebedee, he started off alone and soon was far up, clambering over the rocks like a young chamois.

Usually there is one side of the crater which is accessible. There is almost always some wind, which blows the smoke away, and on the windward side the visitor of the mountain can stand and breathe freely.

On this occasion, however, there was little or no wind, and the smoke, which was far denser than usual, gathered in thick, black folds, which sometimes rolled down the sides of the cone and hid the crest from view.

Michael Angelo expressed a fear that they would not be able to reach the crest, and as they drew nearer, every step showed that this fear was well founded. At last, when within easy distance of it, there came rolling down a cloud of smoke so dense and so full of sulphurous vapor, that they all had to stop and cover their faces with their clothes.

It was evident that they could go no farther. They waited for a time, in great distress from the smoke. It rolled away at last, yet still hovered near them, every little while rolling down threateningly, as though to drive them back, and prevent the crater from desecration by human footsteps. They had evidently reached their farthest limit, and could go no further.

But where was Tom?

Scarcely had they discovered the impossibility of going farther when this thought came to all. Where was Tom? He had left them some time previously, and had gone far ahead of them. They had expected every moment to come up with him. But there were no signs of him any where.

Harry called out with all his strength. Noah and Syd joined in the cry.

There was no response.

Fear came to them—a sickening and awful fear. All shouted—the boys, Uncle Zebedee and Michael Angelo.

Still there was no response.

Again, again, and yet again they called, by this time in a horror of apprehension.

But to all these cries the surrounding stillness gave forth not one answering sound.

And the deep, dark, wrathful smoke-clouds rolled around and downward, moving close to them and over them, as though eager to involve them in that dread fate which they feared had overtaken the lost boy.

To be continued.

For the Companion.

SWALLOWING A BUMBLE-BEE.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

"Remember Gran'ther Buckminster? Why, yes, child, I should think so. I was only twelve years old when he died, to be sure, and now I'm eighty-five, and I've forgotten a great many things that have happened since then, and a great many of the people I used to know, but I shall never forget him, no, not if I should live to be a hundred.

"You've seen his portrait at Aunt Selina's, and a very good likeness it was always called, and it's pleasant to look at it, but I've got a better picture of him than that."

"Where, grandma? Why have you never shown it to us?" asked little Mattie, who never wearied of listening to her grandmother's reminiscences of by-gone days.

"It's in my mind, child. I can see him now as plainly as I saw him then, sitting in his study-chair, or walking slowly about the garden, or standing in the great, high pulpit, in his black surplice and full-bottomed wig, with all the people looking up at him as if he had been a prophet.

"You don't see any such ministers as he was now-a-days. Not that I would say aught against any of them, either—they are all servants of the Lord, I hope; but then they haven't his commanding presence and stately bearing.

"Folks used to reverence their ministers in those days; why, all the congregation used to stand in their pews till he had passed down the broad aisle, and every little boy and girl in the parish would stop and 'make their manners,' as they called it, when they saw him in the street.

"He was the adviser of his people, too, about their worldly affairs, as well as their spiritual, and there was no chance at all for a lawyer in the place, because he could settle the quarrels of his parishioners more to their satisfaction.

"O dear, I've laughed many a time to think of Miller Cartwright and old Nance Crowninshield. Nance, you see, was a witch—I mean some folks thought she was; there never was an awful storm, or an uncommon gale of wind, but they would shake their heads and say, 'Old Nance is abroad to-night,' and many a woman who wouldn't have owned to believing in witches at all, would slyly nail a horse-shoe on the churn when the butter didn't come well. There wasn't much mischief done in the parish, but old Nance was thought to be at the bottom of it.

"Of course I never believed in it; I was too well brought up for that, and gran'ther was set against it, but then I must admit that Nance did look like a witch, and that a good many things happened that were quite mysterious and out of the common order.

"She lived in a little house all by herself—her kind always do—and Miller Cartright, who lived close by, said he'd seen her fly out of her chimney on a broomstick many and many a night, and that next morning he was sure to hear bad news about somebody in the village.

"She was a continual torment to him, at least he thought she was. Sometimes his mill would stop all of a sudden, just for no reason at all that any body could see, and, do what he would, he couldn't make it work again, but by-and-by it would start off of its own accord, and go as regular as a clock. He was known to be as honest a man as there was in town, but more than one of his customers has had corn ground there, and when he got home, and opened his bag, has found it filled with sawdust and chips instead of meal.

"One day when gran'ther was leaning back in his arm-chair, with his handkerchief over his face, taking his afternoon nap, and I was curled up in one of the deep window-seats, working my sampler, I heard a great clattering and stamping in the yard.

"I wouldn't go to the door, for fear of waking gran'ther, but I peeped through the blind, and there was Miller Cartright galloping up to the house on his plough-horse. He flung himself off and rapped with the goad-stick he had in his hand—which I suppose was the first thing that came in his way—but without waiting for an answer, opened the door and came right into the study, all in his miller's frock and overalls.

"I was astonished at his rudeness, but soon found that the poor man had a good excuse, for the first thing he said, was, 'O, Parson Buckminster, do come to my house as quick as ever you can, for my wife's a dying!'

"'Eh! What?' cried gran'ther, pulling the handkerchief from his face and starting up. 'Mrs. Cartright dying? Polly'—that's me—'bring me my hat and cane. Mrs. Cartright dying! Why, I never knew she was ill!'

"'No more she hasn't been, sir; at least, only ailing a little, but she's—she's swallowed a bumble-bee!'

"'Swallowed a bumble-bee, hey?' said gran'ther, sitting back into his chair with a queer little smile. 'Well, that's odd, but not so odd as if the bumble-bee had swallowed her. But come, let's hear how it happened.'

"'Well, sir, about an hour ago, as I was at work in the mill, I saw Nance Crowninshield going past with her little black dog. She was knitting her brows and muttering to herself, but didn't look up. I knew there was mischief afoot, so I calls out to her,'—

"'"What do you want on my land? Begone, you and your imp together, and don't come here playing tricks with an honest man's property. Be off, I say."

"'"I'm only gathering a few water-cresses; surely that's no crime," says she.

"'"Water-cresses don't grow on my mill-dam," says I.

"'"No, but they do higher up the stream," says she.

"'"Well, you be off, water-cresses or no water-cresses," says I, "or I'll have you arrested for trespass."

"'I shouldn't ha' been quite so short with her, but that very morning I'd found two great stones in the hopper which wasn't there when I began to grind. She started to go, and then looked back and said,—

"'"Your wife's sick, aint she?"

"'"What's that to you?" says I.

"'"Nothing, only may be I can send her something to make her better," says she. With that she gave a horrid laugh and clim over the fence, and it wasn't a minute afterward, sir, that Podgy M'Cary come running out to say that my wife had swallowed a bumble-bee.'

"'Where was your wife at the time?' asked gran'ther.

"'She was on the bed, dozing like, because she felt kind o' poorly, and Podgy was sitting by her. You know, sir, or may be you don't know my wife always sleeps with her mouth open, and it being a warm day the window was open, too, and all of a sudden, a bumble-bee come buzzing in, and flew right down her throat.'

"'But what has that to do with old Nance?'

"'Do? Lud, sir, it was one of her imps, and my wife's been in spasms ever since, and she keeps calling for "the parson, the parson," all the time.'

"'It seems to me that this is a case for the doctor instead of the parson,' said gran'ther, with the same queer little smile.

"'It aint medicine she needs, sir,' said the miller, shaking his head; 'all the doctors in the world couldn't do her any good.'

"'Very well,' said gran'ther; 'you ride along, and I'll be round in a few minutes, and Polly, my dear, tell Ben to saddle Nimrod.'

"'Yes, gran'ther,' said I, and ran to the barn to do his bidding; but all the time I was planning how I could go and see the bewitched woman myself, unbeknown to gran'ther, for I dared not ask his permission.

"Now he was never a fast rider—he always went jig-jog, trot, trot, let what would happen,

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and it was nearly a mile to the mill by the highway, but there was a shorter cut across the fields, so what did I do but clap on my sun-bonnet, and scud through the foot-path like a rabbit?

"When I reached Mr. Cartright's door, all out of breath, there was gran'ther just coming over the hill; I could see his head bobbing up and down against the sky. I slipped into the house, and nobody noticed me, for although the room was full of people, they were all taken up looking at poor Mrs. Cartright, who lay on the bed, groaning and flinging her arms about, and foaming at the mouth.

"Presently in stalked gran'ther, and the first words he said were, 'Clear the room.'

"They all obeyed, hanging their heads and looking wilted enough, and I was following, but gran'ther said, 'Polly, my dear, go get some anise cordial.'

"I found some in the cupboard, and when I returned with it, he was sitting by the bed, talking. I know that what he said seemed to soothe Mrs. Cartright, though all I can remember was, that when she said, 'Then you don't think I've swallowed a bumble-bee?' he replied, 'No more than you've swallowed a camel.'

"He gave her some of the cordial, and bade me wipe her face and smooth her pillow, and then she asked him to pray with her.

"'That I will,' said he; 'but not because you've been bewitched, but because it is always good to draw nigh to the Lord in prayer.'

"After this, he went into the kitchen, which was still full of people, and berated them soundly for their folly, and sent them about their business.

"The next day Mrs. Cartright was round the house as well as ever, and I never heard of her swallowing any more bumble-bees.

"There *was* somethieg queer about gran'ther's horse falling lame as he did, though."

"Why, how was that?"

"O, I can't tell you now. It's been dark under the table this half hour, so kiss me and run to bed."

For the Companion.

MRS. LOOMIS AND DAUGHTER.

"Old Mrs. Dumpy's frizzle," cried Kate Morton, throwing a mass of tangled hair over toward Lute Smith.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Kate, calling that nice old woman names?" responded Lute, lifting the hair and shaking it.

"Well, she is dumpy, anyway," said Kate, seating herself, "but I suppose she is good, folks say she is. She's rich, though; I wish she would adopt me. Wouldn't I enjoy it? Just fancy us booked for Europe. 'Mrs. Loomis and daughter,' wouldn't that sound grand? Heigho! I suppose I must be content as I am—hair-dresser for old Le Meir. I can hardly get decent clothes—and I'm *so* tired when Saturday night comes. Well, some people were born to work, and some to play—I'm one of the unfortunates. That batch of hair belongs to Miss Gurney; what does her head look like when she gets it on? Here's one to be curled over, I suppose."

"Yes," replied Lute, who was the model-girl of the establishment; "and speaking of Mrs. Loomis, she *is* going to Europe, shortly."

"I dare say; plenty of money will carry one to the ends of the earth if one wants to go."

"She has asked me to go with her," said Lute.

"You!" cried Kate, astonished, "and are you going?"

"No; I don't dare to leave my mother for so long a time, or I would go, even if it was in the capacity of humble companion."

"I wish she'd ask me," said Kate.

"There! that same girl again!" exclaimed Lute, in a suppressed voice. She was here twice, yesterday, to find Mr. Le Meir. Did you ever see so sad a face? I declare it has haunted me since I first saw her."

The girl in question was small and graceful, and her face impressed one with the feeling that its owner was in trouble. She came towards the table where Kate and Lute sat, and in a low voice, inquired if Mr. Le Meir was in. Kate shook her head. Lute asked if her business was particular.

The young girl cast her eyes down; the blood rushed to her cheeks; her voice trembled.

"It is rather particular business," she said, in a low tone; "I—I thought of selling my hair." Then with a faint smile, she added, "I suppose people do such things, sometimes."

"And is it possible that is all your hair?" asked blunt Kate, looking at the great shining coils.

"Yes, it is all mine," said the girl; "but I must sell it—if I can."

"Certainly you can, though Mr. Le Meir won't give you near what it's worth, or any one else. Still I should think you might get a good price for it; shouldn't you, Lute?"

Lute had been studying the girl's face, and it pained her. The blue eyes and tender lips seemed formed for smiles, yet there was something that indicated trouble in the whole expression of the countenance. Besides, she was restless, like one hunted or frightened, and Lute could not shake off the impression that she was in some deadly peril.

"I wonder if I can stay till Mr. Le Meir comes in?" she queried. "I am a stranger in the city."

Lute said, "Certainly," and handed her a chair. As she sat there the stranger watched the two girls' busy fingers with fixed attention.

"It looks easy," she said.

"It is easy, after one learns how," laughed Kate.

"Does it take a long time to learn?"

"You give six weeks."

"And get no wages?"

"Of course not."

"But if one does not happen to have a home,"—her lips quivered,—"or money to keep one, during the time."

"I don't know what one would do in that case," said thoughtless Kate; "but almost every body has some kind of a home."

The girl turned away, her cheeks and lips pale. Presently Mr. Le Meir came in, and in a few moments the stranger was closeted with him, in his office. The window was open; every thing they said could be heard distinctly.

"Val! ah, you vish to sell you hair? Verra good! You have fine, silky hair—but de color is not in fashion."

Kate and Lute exchanged glances. It was precisely the color then most in fashion.

"I can give you fifteen dollars. It is the utmost," he said, in a few moments.

"I thought I should get twenty-five," said the low voice, in reply; "there is a great deal of it."

"Ah, it joost seems so—there is not much. I can give you but fifteen."

There was a short silence.

"I will come to-morrow," she said, evidently hesitating about the price, and glided out into the work-room. Lute was near the door, where she had gone for a glass of water.

"May I call and see you?" she asked, earnestly. The girl started.

"I am at 44 Crane Street," she replied, with the ghost of a smile, and hurried out of the shop.

"Poor thing! I wonder what the matter is?" queried Kate. "What did you say that made her start so?" But Lute kept her own counsel.

That night Lute went to 44 Crane Street. She was ushered into one of the smallest, poorest rooms of a great boarding-house. The stranger came to the door, looking absolutely blue and pinched. At first she was reserved.

On the table stood a pitcher of water, and there were crumbs, as if crackers had been eaten upon the waiter on which it rested. It was not long before Kate won the poor girl's confidence. It was a pitiful story that she told. There are many such instances that the world knows nothing of.

It seemed that her mother had lately died in a neighboring town; that her father and mother had led a terrible life on account of the profligacy of the former, and that to escape from his vileness and the companions he brought to the house, the poor, sensitive girl had left her home; determined, as she said, to die, rather than return.

Once her father had been kind and affectionate, but had become a slave to his low appetites.

"Have you no relatives?" asked Lute.

"None that I know. My mother offended her family deeply by her marriage, and she never spoke of any of them. I frankly confess to you that I don't know what to do. I know very little about work. I am in debt for this room, and am reduced almost to desperation. O, I don't know what I might not have done; but I prayed that God would raise me up a friend, that I might do nothing rash or wicked, and He has answered my prayer; I will never doubt Him again. You don't know how dreadful it is to be alone in a great city, without friends, and almost starving.

Lute was prepared for this. She lifted the little basket in her hand, and took from it some sandwiches, some fruit and a little bottle of cold tea.

"Now you must not be too proud to take this," she said, "or to eat it before me. When you first came into the store I became interested in you, and I am glad you did not sell your hair to Le Mier for the mean price he offered, when he would have charged fifty dollars for it to a customer, not a cent less. God certainly has sent me here, and I am sure I can do better for you than that. Wait till to-morrow. I will call again on my way down town in the morning."

Straight to Mrs. Loomis went Lute that night, and told her the poor girl's story. The old lady was interested.

"Bring her here to-morrow evening," she said.

When the young girl appeared she adjusted her glasses, and the first words she said, were,—

"You're the living image of a sister I had. What's your name?"

When she was answered, she seemed for a moment overcome with emotion.

"We treated poor Em shamefully," she said; "but then she married a brute. Come child, lay off your hat. I wanted a companion to go to Europe with me, and I think you'll do; only you shall go as my daughter. There, there, don't cry. Lute, dear, send my curls home in a new box; I broke the other."

So the stranger went with good Mrs. Loomis, and on the steamer's books was entered, "Mrs. Loomis and daughter."

Kind-hearted, practical Lute! Her modesty would protest against this public exhibition of her thoughtful, generous act, did she know that I had given it; but the lesson it teaches is too important to be lost—and that is, that there is no station in life in which opportunities for doing good to others may not be found, and used to save from sorrow,—perhaps from worse than death.

For the Companion.

WHAT WAS DONE WITH THE OLD DRESSES.

By Mrs. C. W. Flanders.

There was a great cleaning up at Aunt Huldah's, as there always was once a year. It was an occasion that Aunt Huldah's *partner* looked forward to as the bane of his life.

For his part he had never seen a speck of dirt in the house since he was married. It would be a relief to him if he could, for he has to stand five full minutes by the dial, scraping his feet on the door mat before he can be allowed to enter the kitchen. This is why he sits in the woodshed most of the summer evenings. He says it is too much trouble to clean his boots.

But this has nothing to do with our story. To begin again, Aunt Huldah had raised a large family of children, beside having had an oversight of all the neighbors'. I have observed that women who have large families are more benevolent than women with small ones. This, perhaps, was why our friend was called Aunt Huldah, by us all; and if she loved us in her benevolent way, we returned the affection with all the childish warmth we were capable of.

After the yearly cleaning up, there was a distribution of cast-off garments, right and left. The miserable little Dikes, that might be known anywhere by their purple feet and ankles, were sure to be parading shoes and woollen goods, and the Skimpses were as certain of dresses and shawls, as if their ship had come in from sea.

The particular cleaning up to which this chapter refers, was on the occasion of the youngest child putting on long clothes. It was a solemn event for Aunt Huldah, whose blue eyes grew misty every time she thought she *had lost her baby*, a loss she did not sustain, until the juvenile's feet rested upon the floor when she sat in her mother's lap. This was Aunt Huldah's data for giving the children up to womanhood.

As may be supposed, there were more odds and ends to be given away this year than usual. There was no longer any *youngest* to inherit the cast-off garments, and there was a clean sweep made from cellar to attic.

Old cloaks that had hung on pegs in dark closets; dresses too good to be given away; skirts that had plenty in them for the baby; bonnets and hoods that represented the fashions of many years, were all brought out into the yard to be ventilated, and held up for discussion and disposal.

"Now that's a real nice cloak," cried Aunt Huldah, holding up the garment and turning the sleeves inside out. "There's enough in that to make Jeff a pair of pants."

"Nonsense, mother! You know Jeff has got beyond homespun. He wouldn't look at them," cried Emma.

"Well, I don't suppose he would; but that wool was from the finest we ever raised, and the thread was so strong, the weaver said it never broke once in weaving."

"Wouldn't it make a nice cloak just as it is, for somebody?"

"I guess it would—we'll see!" and so it was laid aside, and other garments were held up, until the pile accumulated to quite large proportions. When the cleaning was all over, and order restored, and the house-warming celebrated, the question came up as to what should be done with all the old dresses.

"How would it do to send them to the Five Points Mission in New York?" asked pretty Rosa Lee, who had just returned from the city, where she had been to see the bright faces, that make one's heart so glad and sorry, in the mission.

"I don't suppose they would look at them, though there's a deal of wear in them yet," Aunt Huldah said. "Those city people are so airish, too."

"But you know at the Five Points they ask for just such garments as these. They keep parties on purpose to make over the clothes, and repair the broken shoes, and they are grateful for any thing they can use. And O if you could see the pitiful looking children that they pick up in the streets, you would be so glad to do something for them!"

"Glad! I guess I should be glad. Bless their dear hearts! If I only had a half-dozen of them to take Emma's place, wouldn't they be a blessing to me!"

"It would be the nicest thing we could do. Beside, you are going to the city to visit your sons there, and you would take such satisfaction in thinking you had done something for the mission, when you go to see it—and of course you will go to see it—everybody does, that has a heart in them!"

"I've a good mind to," Aunt Huldah said, looking toward the youngest.

"Yes, *do*, ma; we'll do them up nice, and when Jeff comes home he can take them back with him."

Rosa Lee laughed a little in a sly way. She knew just what a jaunty young fellow Jeff had become. He was not the young man to travel with *old clo's*.

"If you will let me help you, Aunt Huldah," Rosa said, wishing to spare Jeff's pride, "we will box them up and send them by express. I will see to all that myself, and write a note for you, and you may be sure they will be as grateful as grateful can be."

So the garments were all made tidy, and the corner grocer furnished a box, and Rosa came tripping in, one morning, with a delicately written note, which she offered for Aunt Huldah's approval, before it was sent.

"La me!" said Aunt Huldah, wiping her hands on her apron, and taking it daintily in the tips of her fingers, "I guess if ever they see *me* there, they'll know pretty quick that I didn't write this!" And she laughed such a good-natured laugh, shaking all over, like her delicious home-made jelly.

The box was sent, and in due time a very handsome letter of acknowledgment reached Aunt Huldah. From that day she felt that she had an individual interest in the Five Points, and that it was necessary to her happiness to visit that institution.

So, after the apples had been dried, and the apple sauce made, and the pickles, and preserves, and farmer-fixings seen to, in the early winter Aunt Huldah bought her a plum-colored velvet bonnet, and started, with her husband, to spend a week in New York city.

Nothing but Aunt Huldah's own language can convey an idea of what followed, and this was how she told it to Rosa Lee, after her return:

"The minute we got rested, says I to Jeff, 'I want to go to the Five Pints, the first thing.'

"'Have you got any friends there?' says Jeff.

"'I guess they have heard of me,' says I. 'The superintendent gave me a special invitation, if ever I came to New York city, to be sure and call on him.' Goodness! I wish you had seen Jeff open his eyes.

"Well, we set off for the Five Pints—Jeff along with us—and I took a few things in my bag to give any little child I took a fancy to. It wasn't such a dreadful looking street, after all, and to look at the building you wouldn't think it needed old clothes—now would you?

"I couldn't help feeling a good deal dashed, but Jeff, he walked right up stairs as if he was at home. The minute we came in sight, a gentleman beckoned us to come right along, and he looked so glad to see us, I thought he must be the one that wrote the letter—but he wasn't.

"The hall was pretty large and almost filled with people, but the children hadn't come in. Now I hadn't said any thing to Jeff about the box, because I didn't know how he would take it; and then, again, I wanted to see if the things had been used, before I told him.

"Pretty soon we heard a tramp, tramp, tramp, and the girls came in, two by two, and marched up to their seats. As true as you live, the very first girl I set eyes on, had on that red thibet dress that ran through our whole family. You see I knew it, because it had turned such a peculiar shade of red, by being washed so often. They had ripped it, and turned it, and trimmed it with black braid! And then such a pretty girl as had it on! Soon as I had time to think, I nudged pa. Says I, 'Do you see that red dress?

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That is the one your sister Jane sent Matilda, twenty years ago!'

"'You don't say!' cried pa.

"Just then Jeff whispered to me,—'Look at that miss in front of us. Don't she look as sister Emma did at her age?'

"I bust right out laughing. Says I, 'It's the dress, Jeff—that's the very dress Emma used to wear, that you admired so.'

"'How came it on her, then?' says Jeff.

"Well, I see about every thing I sent, all made over as nice as could be. I wouldn't have believed there had been so much value in them, though I wouldn't have sent them, you know, if I had not known they were good for something!

"When the girls were all seated, the boys came tramping in. Sakes alive! Didn't I wish they were all mine! One bright-eyed little fellow turned his eyes toward us, and looked as if he would snicker right out.

"'Ma,' whispered Jeff, 'that fellow's got on a suit that puts me in mind of the old family cloak that we used to wear rainy days!'

"'I shouldn't wonder,' says I, with a wink to pa—and you never see a man so tickled as he was in all your life. He knewed it the very first glance.

"'And look here, ma, there's another, rigged out in my butternut-colored Sunday suit,' says Jeff.

"I see as many as seven boys, all fixed up in my boy's old clothes—nice warm suits, as good as anybody's in the crowd. I tell you, I was glad enough to cry.

"The children appeared beautiful! I couldn't have answered the questions better myself! They sung and recited, and after that the superintendent made some remarks, and that was the way I found out who had written me that letter.

"He had a brother there that made some remarks, too. Says he, standing up alongside the superintendent, 'Which of us, do you think, is the best looking?' The girls all cried out that the superintendent was; but the boys only laughed and looked stupid. 'That's the way with girls,' says I, to Jeff; 'they are always the *quickest witted*.'

"After it was all over, we stood round kind of looking at things, when the superintendent came right up to us, and appeared to be very glad to see us. Jeff began to open his eyes when he see us shaking hands.

"Says pa, 'This is the lady that sent you a box of stuff from our place.'

"'From what town did you say, sir?'

"'From Pemberton,' says pa.

"'Indeed!' says the gentleman, holding out his hand again. 'It was the most beautiful box we have received this long time, and I should not be surprised if some of our children had the garments on to-day.'

"'I reckoned thirteen,' says I, 'that I could swear to; for we wore them off and on twenty odd years!'

"The superintendent and Jeff exchanged smiles, and Jeff cried out, 'So that is how my butternut breeches came here, is it?'

"Then the superintendent introduced us to the matron, a charming, pleasant lady, and they showed us the rooms, and the paintings and drawings the children had done, and gave us some tracts, and, and"——

Here, fortunately, dear Aunt Huldah had to stop to take breath.

Pretty Rosa Lee, who had been there and seen it all, and knew just how handsome Jeff looked sitting by his mother's side, had listened to her homely description with glowing cheeks, if not with moistened eyes.

"I am sure, Aunt Huldah, the visit did your soul good, as it did mine. I cannot spend money foolishly, now, as I used to once, for those dear young faces come up before me, and I think how many more there are to be gathered in and saved. I wish every woman in the land could visit the Five Points—I do, indeed."

Aunt Huldah began to sob, holding her apron to her face.

"You see, dear, we can't go there without being made better by it. We see what a little can do, when we look into the faces of them children. I think the sewing circle will consider the propriety of making up a box occasionally; and now that you and I have contributed once, we shall not rest unless we contribute often."

Aunt Huldah wiped her eyes and tried to answer something about its being more blessed to give than to receive.

When Rosa Lee went to reside in the city as Jeff's wife, she did not forget the poor children there.

To be sure Aunt Huldah never has had such another house-cleaning, and never will; but she manages to forward something to the mission every year.

The Dikes and Skimpses had improved their condition at last accounts, but Aunt Huldah has found other Dikes and other Skimpses in her own village, for whom she generously provides.

POWER OF SHORT WORDS.

BY ADDISON ALEXANDER, D. D.

[This poem is remarkable as a specimen of what may be done in vigorous, forcible writing, using only words of one syllable:]

Think not that strength lies in the big, round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
Light but not heat—a flash but not a blaze!

THE BIRD-KILLING SPIDERS.

Tropical America has a great many disagreeable insects and reptiles, but none among them excite more repugnance than the huge hairy spiders. There are several distinct species, each with different habits, and forgetting this fact, some writers have doubted whether any of them prey upon birds.

In their modes of life these spiders are some of them active during the day, others at night. One species fixes its den under the tiles of houses. It spins a muslin-like web, so as to form a chamber, and there conceals itself to await its prey. It is a sooty, black color, with curious flesh-colored palms, at the end of its long, shaggy feet. In expanse, it rarely exceeds five inches.

The hairs on the bodies of the larger species that are found on trees, are coarse and bristly, and cause painful irritation if they come in contact with the skin. Sometimes festering sores appear on the body if a person incautiously touches himself, after handling one of these repulsive animals.

The bird-catching spider lives on trees. It forms its chamber in any natural crevice in the trunks, and weaves over the opening its dingy-white web. The color of the spider is a dull, reddish brown. It covers an expanse as it crawls of about seven inches,—and is a disgusting, formidable-looking creature. Mr. Bates, the naturalist, states that he saw a huge insect of this species in the great forest that lines the banks of the river Tocantins, watching two dead birds, that it had killed. One of the birds was beneath its body, smeared with a filthy liquor exuded by the monster; the other was a few inches away, entangled in portions of the spider's web. There had evidently been quite a severe struggle between the hairy insect and its prey.

ALL IN ONE WORD.

A minister had a bright little boy who used to get very tired of sitting still in church. He once proposed staying at home, "because he knew every thing in the Bible and couldn't be teached no more," but his father smiled and said,—

"Then you must go to set a good example, Jamie."

And so Jamie had still to go and still to sit, too. One warm Sunday afternoon, as he trudged along by his father's side, he drew a sigh of some size and said,—

"It's pretty hot to-day, papa. If I was you, I'd preach awful short this afternoon!"

"I think I shall, Jamie," replied his father.

"Papa, don't 'Gospel' mean all the good there is in the Bible, put together?"

"Yes, my son; I think that is a good definition of 'Gospel.'"

"Then, papa, why can't you just say 'Gospel, amen'? That would be preaching all there is, without tiring folks to death."

Well, if preaching and praying were a mere form, it would do to squeeze them into a nutshell, in this way. But they are not mere forms. We need all the preaching we get to remind us of our daily duties, and far more praying for Divine help to do them.

WHAT I SAW IN THE ABBEY.

Letter from London.

I have been, for the second time, to Westminster Abbey.

Yesterday was Sunday, and papa and I were late, but the verger of the abbey, seeing such a clerical looking gentleman, Prayer Book in hand, and so demure and church-going-looking a young lady, had the grace to lead us away from the splendid west transept, into the middle of the great church, and he gave us one of the best pews there.

We sat opposite the choir boys, who looked very interesting in their white suits, and sang delightfully. One little fellow—he could not have been more than fourteen—who led in the soprano, sang like an angel; ay, and looked like one inspired. I dare say at ordinary times, he may be a very common-place little Johnny or Sammy, but the music seemed to fill every line of his face with a certain splendor.

It is useless for me to attempt any description of Westminster Abbey, unless I devote several dozen pages to the purpose, and copy the guide-book. There is so much to interest, in the sublimity and delicacy of the slender-looking arches that spring up far, far above, and look almost ethereal in the red and gold light of the great rose-window; in the monuments on every hand, so majestic and suggestive of kingly tombs and kingly coronations; in the wonderful poets' corner, where one might wander all day and yet feel at night but half satisfied, going back again to the calm face of Shakespeare; in the epitaphs written by the best talent of England, and in scores of other inspiring objects.

Who Sleep there.

The very pavement is sacred, for beneath it sleeps many a form whose presence once made the light and glory of England's finest society.

Ben Johnson sleeps there, and Thomas Babington Macaulay, and Dr. Johnson, and dozens of celebrities of whom we read with rare delight.

We saw the monument of Major John Andre, of whose fate every body speaks regretfully; William Congreve, the great dramatist, and Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, who queried in her last hour whether they should bury her in woollen or linen, and who wished her maid Betty to put a little rouge on her cheeks, that she might not look frightful after death.

The chapel of Henry VII. is one of the finest, indeed the very finest—what shall I call it—sepulchre in the Abbey. Every thing about it, from the elaborately carved doors to the ceiling, is perfect. The sides of the wall are filled with banners, and under the banners are the oaken seats in which the Knights of the Bath used to be installed.

Henry and his Queen Elizabeth of York, lie there, and Edward VI.

In the middle of the chapel lies the mother of Darnley, who married Mary, Queen of Scotts. Next to her, lies the recumbent figure of Mary herself. I looked at the royal effigy with feelings I cannot describe. She is not beautiful in marble. The features are worn and thin, the hands meekly folded, the form slender and delicately moulded. No matter what is said of Mary, to blame her, there springs up a feeling of pity in every breast at the mention of her name.

Manners of Visitors.

It was curious to note the manner of the various sight-seeers. One lady, dressed in mourning, with a little child at her side, wept as she stood there, and the little girl looked up at her mother with wonder, her lip curling and almost ready to cry herself.

Another was busy sketching the outlines of the form with studious accuracy. An old man peered into her face as if seeking for some defect, and then hummed and shook his head. I would have given a good deal to read his thoughts just then. A young boy walked round and round, and acted exactly as if he would like to poke the figure to see if it would move, while another glanced at it hastily, and with knit brow turned away.

Two Famous Queens.

Over on the other side, in the north aisle, lies the recumbent figure of England's greatest queen, the stately, but jealous and egotistical Elizabeth. Here they are, almost side by side, the murdered and the murderer—two famous queens.

Very different is her effigy from that of Mary. The nose is painfully aquiline, the brow too firm, the mouth resentful. I wonder if it is a good likeness. The ruff, the thin, long fingers, the exquisite stillness of the figure, are wonderful. She looks as if she slept; not as if she was dead. If only she had pardoned Mary, she would have added a great and crowning glory to her life; but she never forgave.

"Hard woman that," said the old man, who seemed to be looking for defects. "Cruel face—unhappy cranial development."

Other Objects of Interest.

There is another beautiful monument here, the two baby daughters of James I. "They look so cunning!" said the little girl who came with the lady in mourning; and so they did. Both lie quaintly dressed, in an old, old fashion, in a broad cradle, canopied, their little cherub faces side by side. They never knew life's troubles, royally born though they were. The pretty things went soon to sleep, and there they lie in fixed and dreamless slumber.

The verger, an old gray man in black, hurried us through most indecently, considering that he had been paid for the service. On many of the most beautiful monuments we could but cast one hasty glance. The lovely figure of Lady Catharine Walpole, mother of the great Horace; and not far from there—I really felt a little creeping chill as I gazed at it—in a little sarcophagus of marble, Edward V. and his baby brother Richard, Duke of York, murdered in the tower by the cruel Richard III.

Near by, lies John Addison, who, great by right of his genius, married a countess, and perhaps the latter is the reason why he is buried there.

And standing in the midst of these cold marbles, the thought came upon me,—

"These dead people have all lived. Suppose they could start from their tombs, what a dread and wonderful company we should see!"

We next visited the chapel of Edward the Confessor, dead eight hundred years—think of that. I believe he was a good king—but I have forgotten. In this chapel lies Elizabeth Tudor—the very name is imposing—one of the proudest faces I ever saw. She was the second sister of Henry VIII., and in strange contrast to her masculine beauty is an exquisite figure of Eleanor of Castile.

Do you remember the sweet story of her devotion? it may or may not be true, but I love to think it is, that she sucked the venom from the poisoned wound of her husband.

But time would fail me to tell of the notabilities that crowd this wonderful Westminster. Outside the throngs were hurrying by, but we forgot them. We stood in a great city of the dead. Ashes that once played wonderful parts in this world's history, were under our feet, and on every side. The sun did not brighten these chill, dark places, there was no sign of life, only the few people crawling round from monument to monument, and the old ghost of a verger, who grew nervous and kept poking us, to indicate that we were staying too long.

And when we did enter the bright, busy streets again, how curious was the contrast! Everywhere living faces, motion, smiles, hurry, business. We felt as if we had been in a city of the past, and so indeed we had.

That night I could not sleep, or if I caught a "cat nap," forthwith I saw Elizabeth's Roman nose, or the two little marble babies sleeping in dust, (I tried to wipe some off, but it seemed plastered on,) or the mournful features of Mary, the Scottish queen. ALICE.

THE RED LIGHT PUT OUT.

The revolutionists of Paris—called the Reds—whose conduct has brought so much misery upon that city, and added so greatly to the evil condition of France, have at last been overthrown, after having maintained anarchy about two months.

The existence in Paris of the "Commune," as it was called, dated from the 20th of March, and it received its death-blow on the 21st of May. It grew out of the want of proper action on the part of the regular French government, which has proved itself to be weak and inefficient.

When the armistice was made with the Germans, last January, it was provided that a French National Assembly should be chosen. Such an Assembly was chosen, and met, and became the government of France. It made peace with Germany,—and, after the Germans had marched into Paris, on the 3d of March, and then marched out, control of that city passed into its hands. Had a vigorous use been made of the authority

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thus acquired, Paris would have remained quiet, and thousands of lives have been saved, and the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property have been prevented.

Unfortunately, the government showed no energy, and did not occupy forts that were at its command near Paris; and while this encouraged the disorderly classes, other Parisians were made angry because the Assembly decided to hold its sittings at Versailles, and not in the capital.

At Montmartre there were more than four hundred pieces of cannon, which were allowed to remain in the hands of the disorderly class, and when, too late, attempts were made to remove them, an outbreak took place, and the rebellion began.

Leaders of the rebels soon appeared, and a sort of government was formed, which took possession of the forts that the regular government had neglected to garrison. An official Journal was issued on the 20th of March, from which time the Commune's brief life is dated.

Commune is a French word that means community, or inhabitants, but it is used in the sense of a town or a city that manages its own affairs. The word was of weight in the middle ages, when liberty began its existence in the *communes*.

A vote was taken in Paris on the 26th of March, establishing the new order of things,—but only 200,000 persons voted, though there are five hundred thousand voters there.

For two months a bloody struggle was carried on. The Versailles government waked up too late to prevent war, and it did not wage it with sufficient energy when it had to admit its existence.

M. Thiers, who is at the head of the Versailles government, wished to carry on hostilities so as not to injure the good people in Paris,—and, thus acting, he did little harm to the bad people there. The loss of life was very great, nevertheless, on both sides, without bringing the war to an apparent close.

The Reds, or Communists, did a great deal in the way of destroying monuments, and other public works. They overthrew the Column in the Place Vendome, which had been finished in 1810, in honor of the war of 1805, in which the French defeated both the Austrians and the Russians. They set fire to palaces, and behaved like vandals.

At length the Versailles government began to act vigorously, fearing that the Germans would interpose.

On the 21st of May they attacked the Reds, and for some days there was very hard fighting in Paris, which was not subdued till the 24th.

There was much loss of life, and great destruction of property, on those days. The Reds kindled fires, and destroyed buildings that are famous in history. But for this, their foes are nearly as much to blame as they were; for it was only the lack of exertion on the part of the Thiers party that gave the Communists power, and then allowed them to hold it.

A GREAT LOSS.

A Protestant Irish girl had been somewhat instructed in the Scriptures at home, and was much interested in the teachings she received at a Sunday school in this country. One day the class were studying the life of St. Paul, when she surprised them all by asking,—

"And where do Paul preach now, ma'am?"

"O Mary, Paul's dead," replied the teacher.

"Paul's dead! Is he indade? Will thin, that's a great loss! Sure, I'd expicted to hear him preach some day, when I got to this country; O, I'm just raal disappointed!"

It would indeed be a pleasure to hear the great Apostle preach, but of him more than any other mortal it may be said, that "Being dead he yet speaketh."

The case with him is just the opposite to that of the Irishman who fell off a cliff. "Are you hurt at all, Pat?" cried his companion. "No," replied Pat, in a loud voice, "I'm not dead, but speechless."

JUMPING ON AND OFF CARS.

When young people will not take proper care of themselves the law has to do it for them. We are glad to know that some States have fixed a penalty to the hanging about railroad cars by boys who do not seem to know what their lives are worth:

A bill was passed by the last Legislature of New York, making it a misdemeanor for boys to jump upon railroad trains, whether passenger or freight, punishable with a fine of not less than five dollars, and in case of a refusal to pay a fine, with imprisonment.

There should be such a law in every State in the Union, and it should be strictly enforced. Many of the country railroad stations are infested with gangs of boys who amuse themselves in trying to outdo each other in their foolhardy exploits of jumping on and off of trains in motion, and it is wonderful that the number of fatal accidents from this cause is not much greater than it is.

In the western part of Pennsylvania, about a year ago, an engineer gave a youngster a sound and well-deserved cuffing for persisting in thus endangering his life after repeated warnings. The boy's father prosecuted the engineer, and succeeded in having him fined. When, about six weeks afterward, the lad had both of his legs taken off by falling under a train, the sympathy bestowed upon the afflicted parents was not excessive.

CUTTING FLOWERS.

Why, any body can do that! Yes; but not in the best way. There is a time for every thing, and a right and wrong way of doing every thing. It is well to know both, even in so simple a matter as cutting a few flowers.

Always choose the evening, or a cloudy afternoon, as the time for cutting flowers. Just before sunset is the best hour. Then the night is coming, and the plants are sleepy. They are preparing to rest, and the sap is not flowing through their veins. The portion of the plant that is removed is then dormant. The streams of sap that flow through its stem are nearly at rest. The result is it does not wilt after it is cut. When the sap is flowing, every leaf and petal is calling for more sap, and not finding a supply, they fade quickly away.

As soon as a flower is cut, remove all the leaves except those just about the bud or blossom. The leaves are of no further use, and should be taken off. As soon as the cut piece is put into the light again it will begin to grow. The leaves will call for more sap. As we cannot give it them we put the stem in water. This takes the place of the sap, and for a time the cut piece lives upon it. It would live a long time if the water contained food for it. As it does not, the piece finally dies, in spite of all we can do. Nothing can long live on water alone.

Next, as to the stems. Cut them as long as you can, and do not take more than one flower or bud. If you pick a carnation, and with it several unopened buds, you will lose them. Finally you must remember that the more flowers you cut the more you will have.

LITTLE GIRLS LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

The sad event recorded below happened in the vicinity of Council Bluffs. Nothing could be more pitiful than two helpless little children wandering on one of those great wastes of level land so common in the West, not knowing where they are. A Western paper, the *Nonpareil*, says:

Two little girls, named Robinson, aged respectively nine and eleven years, were lost on the prairie, and one, if not both, died of exposure in the storm.

They were allowed to go upon a visit to the house of a neighbor, distant about a mile. They remained there until evening and then started to return. The storm had commenced, but no apprehensions were felt as to their safety. As they journeyed on, however, they lost their way, and wandered over the country in all that terrible uproar of the elements, far into the night.

At last one of them, the youngest, overcome with cold and fatigue, and unable to proceed, lay down and shortly died. Her sister, benumbed and wild with grief and terror, stayed near her body for a length of time, and then, in an almost dying condition, endeavored to find the track again.

She roamed about in this way several hours, until at daybreak, on Monday morning, she found herself near home. She reached the house and told what had happened, when a party was immediately dispatched in search of the other little girl's remains.

They were found at a comparatively short distance and brought in. It is since reported that the eldest girl has died of the effects of the night's event.

A FOOLISH COOPER.

A musk-rat flooded a town once by digging a hole in the banking of a canal, but a *man* ought to have known better than to trifle in that way with the mighty "Father of Waters:"

The great crevasse in the Mississippi levee at Bonnet Carre was caused, it seems, by the stupidity of a cooper, whose shop stood on the levee, which is there twelve feet high or more. This luckless cooper had cut a gap through the levee to serve as a roadway for his convenience. When he found the water rising to the level of his road the imbecile set up a board edgewise to stop the waters of the Mississippi, thus affording a close parallel to that ideal simpleton of the rhetoricians, who would dam the current of the Nile with bulrushes. This measure of defence was as successful as could have been expected. Afterward he and his neighbors undertook to barricade the crevasse with an old flat boat; but while they were discussing about the best manner of placing it, the river took the matter into its own hands and sent the flat-boat whirling through the gap.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property were destroyed by the flood, and there was no help for it till the water in the river lowered. All this loss through the thoughtlessness of one man.

Superb Presents.

The Publishers of the Companion

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To those subscribers to the COMPANION who send the largest number of new names to the paper, up to July 1, 1871.

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1 American Parlor Organ, cost.....$200.
1 Smith's Conservatory Organ, cost.....$100.
6 Elgin Gold Watches, cost of each.....$100.
3 Weed's Sewing Machines, cost of each....$60.
8 Presents in cash—each Present.....$25.
10 Silver Watches, cost of each.....$12.
10 Bradley & Co's Croquet Sets, cost of each.$12.
10 Gold Tipped Rubber Pencils, cost of each..$3.
10 Silver Pencils and Gold Pens, cost of each.$3.
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WILL BE GIVEN

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THE PIANO

Is from the well known manufactory of Messrs. WOODWARD & BROWN, 387 Washington Street, this city. It is seven octave, full round corners, French action, large size, highly finished rosewood case, with serpentine moulding. A superb present.

THE ORGANS

Are the American Organs, manufactured by Messrs. S. D. & W. H. SMITH, of this city. They are first-class instruments in tone, finish and manufacture. The name of the makers alone is sufficient to guarantee their superior qualities.

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If you have not received a Premium List, send for one.

Perry Mason & Co.,

Publishers Youth's Companion.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

CHARADE.

Take first, a grain quite common,
And then find a defence;
Then tell what town in England
The union represents. HAUTBOY.

2.

Ever running on my race,
Never staying at one place;
Through the world I make my tour
Everywhere at the same hour.
If you please to spell my name,
Back or forward 'tis the same. CORK.

3.

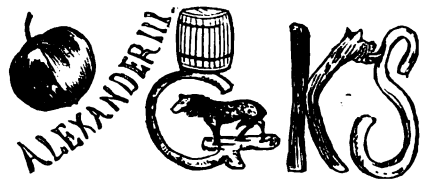
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A seaport town of Massachusetts.
2. Part of the face.
3. A weapon.

The *initials* and *finals* give the name of a marine bird. N

4.

REBUS.



WILLY WISP.

5.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters.
My 1, 7, 8 is pleasant to ride in.
My 2, 1, 4 is found in a pack of cards.
My 3, 2, 1, 4 is a drapery.
My 4, 7, 8 is a part of the body.
My 5, 2, 8, 6 is a perfume.
My 6, 4, 4, 8 is an animal.
My 7, 5, 6 is a conjunction.
My 8, 4, 2, 6 is the way to get information.
My whole numbers our days. HERBERT.

6.

A GRAMMATICAL SIX-WORD SQUARE.

Composed entirely of Nouns.

1. A country in Europe.
2. Insurgents.
3. The cap of state formerly worn by English kings.
4. A former Minister of Finance in France.
5. A classical proper name.
6. A domestic animal that has wandered from its owner. L. B. H.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between an editor and a wife? One sets articles to rights, and the other writes articles to set.

Why is the Gold Coast the best place to go to have your leg cut off? You will find the negroes (knee grows) there.

What is the best *crow*-nometer for early risers? Chanticleer.

What is the difference between a bill sticker and a man who advertises patent pills? One is a bill poster, the other a pill boaster.

What composer is the most noted of modern times? Chloroform.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Lute, Organ, Violin, Fife, Drum, Lyre.
2. New-bury-port.
3. The French Emperor had a collapse.
4. Stab, Australia, Cormorant, Ostrich — SACO BATH.
5. Teakettle.
6. Dartmouth College.

"OUGH."

The six different pronunciations of the final syllable "ough," which is such a terror to foreigners, are all contained in the following sentence:

"Though the tough cough and hiccough (hiccup) plough me through."

The lines so often printed,—

"Wife, make me some dumplings of dough," &c.,

which profess to give all the sounds of the syllable, do not contain the peculiar one found in "hiccough."

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THE ROBIN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And cruel in sport, as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not heard,
My poor bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth,
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well!
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like raindrops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

Atlantic for June.

HYGIENE.

THE SCIENCE OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

The art of health! Say, would you know
What laws to mind, what care bestow,
To keep your system sound and clean,
And so be happy? Learn Hygiene.*

God governs all things by fixed laws; and He has so made our bodies, that any violation of the laws of health will injure us, and often produce disease. Our lives may be shortened and made miserable by our ignorance and imprudence. For this reason it is we should understand the laws of life and health, and obey them.

For every sickness finds its cause
In some abuse of Nature's laws.
Learn then of sage experience
To match these laws with common sense,
And though you graduate at no college,
You'll own *one* choicest kind of knowledge.

We propose in a few brief articles to give a few hints on the structure of the human system. Our bodies chiefly consists of bones, cartilages, ligaments, membranes, muscles, nerves, blood vessels, nutrients, absorbents, and our various organs, as brain, heart, lungs, digestive organs, and our organs of sight, hearing, taste and smell. We shall speak of the bones in our next.

FRIEND D.

* This is properly a word of three syllables, but pronounced in two, Hy-geen.

TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

An officer on one of the ships of the United States Survey Service relates this instance of his own rashness and narrow escape with his life. He waded into the sea at Charlotte Harbor, Fla., to spear "stingarees," a fish like a flounder, but with a curious, rat-like tail:

I had started up a good sized stingaree, probably about three feet in width to two in length, with a "beauty of a tail," and soon the hunt became interesting. Twice had I pierced its body with the boat hook, and the water in the immediate neighborhood became dyed with blood.

The shoals extend out nearly a mile in many places in Charlotte Harbor, and I, in my excitement, had waded out full half that distance from the shore, and at least a mile away from my men. The thought of danger never once entered my head, although the harbor was full of sharks, many of them twelve to fifteen feet in length. My feet and legs were bare, my trousers being rolled up as high as possible. But I had gone out some distance from that depth, the water being up to my waist, and not dreaming of peril, was bent upon the capture of the fish I was pursuing.

Suddenly, but why, I could never comprehend, I turned my eyes from the stingaree and looked out into the harbor. I never saw that stingaree again, for my heart almost ceased to beat, as I beheld a monstrous shark, that no doubt had scented the blood of the wounded fish, coming in a direct line for the place where I was standing.

A feeling of horror pervaded me at once, Powerless, death-stricken it seemed, I gave one yell—Shark—and giving one desperate, agonizing look toward my men a mile away, I turned my eyes, almost starting from their sockets, upon the monster from which I expected the most horrible death.

The agony and mental torture of that fearful moment can never be described or forgotten; it makes me shudder now to recall it. As the shark approached me he lessened his speed, evidently reconnoitring the position. His graceful evolutions; the perfect ease with which he glided through the water, the under jaw dropped just enough to disclose the glittering rows of teeth, sharp as razors; the careless, lazy movement of that powerful tail; and above all, the cold, horrible glare of those small yellow eyes, fascinated me with a deadly terror.

In those short seconds I lived an age of horror. To see that ravenous demon so leisurely confident of his power, and I almost powerless, waist deep in water, and no weapon of defence but a common boat hook. I seemed to shrink into nothingness, when compared to my enemy.

He gave me but a few seconds to think or prepare for death, for quick as a cat he faced direct for me, and seemed almost to spring clear from the water as he dived for my legs. I could scarcely hold the boat hook in my trembling grasp, but as his body came within reach I struck at it with the energy and despair with which a drowning man would clutch at a straw.

In a breath I committed my soul to God, and for the next few seconds became nearly unconscious. Whether the monster felt the point of my spear or not, of course I cannot tell; I presume, however, that he did, for he missed me, his ponderous jaws coming together with a rush and snap.

Passing full around me, he dashed out into the harbor again, but not far, when he turned and began the same manœuvres as before. My feelings as he sprang for me, and the revulsion consequent upon my unlooked for respite, seemed to inspire me with new courage, and I felt that the cowardly monster might yet be balked of his prey. I gained an astonishing feeling of coolness and nerve, and determined to present a firm front when he attacked me again, which I knew he would.

I began a retreat, stepping cautiously backward, with my eyes fixed on the shark. Stealing a look toward the boat, I saw with joy that the men had got it off the beach and were manning the oars. That look nearly proved my last, for I had hardly turned toward the shark again before he was upon me. I cannot describe minutely what occurred, for I was taken completely by surprise, and lost my wits as well as nerve. I saw the dull glare and ferocity of those terrible eyes, the almost white, shining surface of the belly as it was partially turned upwards, and the water dashed in my face.

A deadly cold feeling went over me like an electric shock, as I felt the slimy body brushed my bare legs; something struck me on the chest, and, for an instant, I believe I became unconscious. The shark seemed to twist his body completely around me, the boat hook dropped from my hands, and I fell over the monster's back, my feet and legs being thrown entirely out of the water as my head and body were wholly submerged.

Nothing but an interposition of Divine Providence saved my life, for the shark failed for the second time in catching me between his massive jaws. The water seemed to restore me a little. I scrambled to my feet, and, almost wild with terror, looked for the shark, and none can imagine the joy I felt as I saw him swimming at full speed toward the entrance of the harbor.

I turned my face to the shore and staggered along until within a few yards of the beach, when I was wholly overcome and swooned from the effects of the dreadful ordeal I had undergone. Falling in water nearly two feet deep, and after such a remarkable escape from a horrible death, I came within a hair's breadth of drowning. The boat's crew arrived not a second too soon, as it was over an hour before I was resuscitated, and then only after the most unwearied exertions.

WHERE ELIJAH WAS FED.

The *Sabbath School World* has a long letter from a gentleman travelling in Palestine, describing a journey north-east from Jerusalem. We extract the portion which tells about the hiding place of the great prophet:

One of the most interesting points connected with this journey is the view it affords of "the brook Cherith," where the prophet Elijah was fed by ravens while the famine raged through the coasts of Israel, as we read in 1 Kings 17: 1—7. I had always pictured to myself a solitary, shady glen as the scene of that remarkable incident in the prophet's experience.

Then my fancy has been wont to locate the man of God in his loneliness, seated beneath some sheltering tree, on the pleasant bank of some murmuring brook. But how different from all this was the actual reality as verified by the scene here presented! In the very wildest part of this wild region is a deep mountain gorge.

On the opposite side of the gorge from where we stood, the mountain rose up almost perpendicularly for hundreds of feet. We approached the edge of the ravine and looked down. What a scene is there presented to the eye! Rugged, grand, gloomy, awful, it seemed like a fit hiding-place for such a prophet as Elijah, and must have been in striking harmony with the majestic sternness of his character.

It was enough to make one's head dizzy to gaze down that appalling mountain chasm. The sides are almost sheer precipices of naked rock, occasionally pierced by grottoes, apparently inaccessible to any thing except the eagles that hover around them. And far down at the bottom of this ravine is a little thread of green skirting along where the brook flows by. And there it was that Elijah was hidden, while Ahab in his rage was seeking him through all the coasts of Israel, and among all the neighboring nations.

HOW A GOOD ACTION WAS REPAID.

Nearly half a century ago, long before railroads were invented, a stage-coach used to run every day between Glasgow and Greenock, in Scotland. One day a lady who was travelling in this coach, noticed a boy walking barefooted and looking very tired as he struggled to get along. She asked the coachman to take him up and give him a seat, and she would pay for it.

When they arrived at the inn at Greenock, which is a seaport town, she asked the boy what he had come there for. He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him half-a-crown, wished him success, and told him to be a good boy, and try to love and serve God.

After this twenty years passed away. One afternoon the coach was going along that same road, returning to Glasgow. Among the passengers was a sea-captain. When they reached about the same spot just above referred to, the captain observed an old lady on the road, walking very slowly, and looking very tired and weary.

He asked the driver to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her. Shortly after, as they were changing horses, all the passengers got out except the captain and the old lady.

As they were alone, the lady thanked the captain for his kindness in giving her a seat, as she was unable to pay for one. He said he had always felt a pity for poor tired foot-travellers, for twenty years ago, when he was a poor boy travelling on foot near this place, some kind-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him up, and paid for his seat.

"I remember that very well," said she, "for I am that lady; but my condition is very much changed. Then I was very well off, but now I am reduced to poverty by the bad conduct of a prodigal son."

Then the captain shook hands with her, and said how glad he was to see her. "I have been very successful," said he, "and am now going home to live on my fortune; and now, my good friend, I will settle twenty-five pounds (*i. e.*, a hundred dollars) upon you every year, as long as you live." God paid her back again more than a hundred-fold what she gave in pity to that poor boy.—*Dr. Newton's "Best Loan."*

A LAWYER AMONG COWS.

Squire Wick, a lawyer who fancies what he don't know is not worth knowing, and whose home is not a thousand miles from the Pine Tree State, was a great favorite with the late Judge Cranch. Once visiting the judge, the latter invited him to walk over his farm. Among other places, they visited the barn-yard, and the squire was struck with admiration as he gazed upon the noble herd of cows which had just been driven up for milking.

He talked as elaborately of their good points as would a first-rate stock breeder, when the fact was, he knew next to nothing about stock, and some of the good points which he spoke of caused the judge a hearty laugh—in his sleeve.

"Well," said the judge, "which of the cows will you take?"

"Which will I take, your honor?" said the squire, not knowing the judge's meaning.

"Yes, which will you take? I am going to make you a present of one of them—which shall it be?"

"Really, your honor, this is unexpected; I will not object to the present, but had rather your honor would make the selection, as receivers should not be choosers."

"If you accept this present you must make the selection. Being a good *judge of stock*, you will not be likely to cheat yourself." And the eccentric judge smiled to himself.

The squire rubbed his gold-bowed spectacles, and began to view the cows with a critic's precision. After much scrutinizing, he said,—

"I apprehend, your honor, you would not like to part with that very fat, short-horned, thick-necked cow?"

"I have no choice; make your selection," said the judge, his risibles hardly controllable.

"I don't want to rob you of your favorite cow, but if you have no choice, I should prefer the very fat one; she has many good *points*."

"No favorite—no robbery at all—the fat cow is yours—my man will drive her to your house."

The delighted squire hastened home to inform his wife. In about an hour he saw the "fattest and the best cow in the village," as he styled her, driven into his yard, and dispatched a negro servant to milk her. In a few minutes in came the girl, giggling and laughing. Squire Wick knew something was wrong. There stood Dinah, "round up" with laughter, the empty pail dangling by her side.

"What is the matter, Dinah?" inquired the squire.

"O massa, for nuffin, only—ki ki ki, i i i, he he e e e!"

The squire looked at his wife—she at him—then both at Dinah, who had settled down by the door, her face covered with her apron, and her laughing machinery shaking her sides at a tremendous rate.

The squire became angry.

"Dinah," said he, at the top of his voice, "tell me what's to pay, or I'll throw you out of the house."

Dinah rose and controlled herself long enough to say,—

"O lor, massa, noffin, only dat cow of yourn's a *gemman cow!*" and then fell into another fit of laughter.

If you know how a chopfallen man looks, a portrait of Squire Wick's countenance would be superfluous.

GO TO SLEEP EARLY.

Many children, instead of being plump and fresh as a peach, are as withered and wrinkled as last year's apples, because they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that the bones grow only during sleep. This I cannot say, certainly; but I do know that those little folks who sit up late at nights are usually nervous, weak, small, sickly.

The reason you need more sleep than your parents is, because you have to grow and they do not. They can use up the food they eat in thinking, talking and walking, while you should save some of yours for growing. You ought to sleep a great deal; if you do not, you will in activity consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with.

Very few smart children excel, or even equal, other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, if not their bodies, are kept too busy; so that they cannot sleep, rest and grow strong in body and brain. Now, when your mother says Susie, or Georgie, or whatever your name may be, it is time to go to bed, do not worry her by begging to sit up "just a little longer."

But hurry off to your chamber, remembering that you have a great deal of sleeping and growing to do to make you a healthy, happy, useful man or woman.

FALSE FINERY.

Love of beauty is a fine and improving sentiment, but captivity to sham, and a weakness for mere glitter, are very far in the opposite direction. Certain shops in our cities, and nearly all the streets, abound in showy exhibitions of cheap jewelry, now-a-days, and simple girls buy the tawdry things to an extent which is pitiable. The love of display and fondness for dress which are fostered by this false finery, destroy many a young girl's innocence of soul and strength of character. The miss who escapes such vanity by having a sensible mother to teach her better (as in the following instance) is happy indeed:

My attention was called to the subject of "cheap jewelry," by a short conversation I overheard between two school girls, the other day, about twelve years of age. One of them was dressed very fashionably, with ruffles and trimmings enough for a lady, long pendants hanging from her ears, and her collar ornamented with a highly-colored brooch; the other child was simply dressed,—her only ornament a bow of plain ribbon under her chin.

"Why don't you wear jewelry, Lizzie?" said the most gayly-dressed of the two. "You would look very pretty with ear-rings, and I never saw you even with a breast-pin on."

"My mother says she does not like to see little girls wear jewelry; and she would not be willing to allow me to waste money in buying it, either," answered Lizzie.

"Nonsense! they don't cost much. I have *seven sets;* and some of them were only two shillings a set; and half the people would not know but that they are real. I think we ought to look as pretty as we can."

"Mother says," answered Lizzie, quietly, "that it is 'acting a lie' to wear 'make believe things;' and I do not think you would like to have any one of your seven sets spoken of by their right names,—*'brass and glass,'*—for they are nothing else."—*American Messenger.*

VICTORIA TAKING THE OATH.

The inauguration of Queen Victoria has often been described, but the following is new. It is by Lord Broughton, and gives a very pleasant picture of the Princess Victoria as a young girl, and the scene when she took the oath as Queen. After the Privy Council had named her as successor to his late majesty, the Princess was admitted to the council chamber:

Soon after she was seated Lord Melbourne stepped forward and presented her with a paper, from which she read her declaration. She went through this difficult task with the utmost grace and propriety; neither too timid nor too assured. Her voice was rather subdued, but not faltering, pronouncing all the words clearly, and seeming to feel the sense of what she spoke. Every one appeared touched by her manner, particularly the Duke of Wellington and Lord Melbourne. I saw some tears in the eyes of the latter. The only person who was rather more curious than affected was Lord Lyndhurst, who looked over her Majesty's right shoulder as she was reading, as if to see that she read all that was set down for her. After reading the declaration her Majesty took the usual oath, which was administered to her by Mr. Charles Greville, clerk of the council, who, by the way, let the Prayer Book drop. The Queen then subscribed the oath, and a duplicate of it for Scotland. She was designated in the beginning of the oath "Alexandrina Victoria," but she signed herself "Victoria R." Her handwriting was good. Several of the council, Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Wellington, came to look at the signature, as if to discover what her accomplishments in that department were.

ANSWERED.

An infidel travelling in the cars from Baltimore to Philadelphia, some years back, insisted on arguing with the passengers that the Bible was a lie. He said he could prove it by this one thing: That the Bible said God created man in His moral image; and said he, "We do not see it so. Therefore, I do not believe the Bible."

At last he spoke to a man who said, "You ought to read further and learn the cause of their present state."

The infidel said, "No, that is far enough to prove it a lie. We have nothing further to look at."

At last he came to a man who said he thought the Declaration of Independence the most foolish instrument in the world.

The infidel said, "I think it is the wisest thing."

The man said, "I think it most foolish, because it says 'all men are born free and equal.' Now we know that they are not born equal in size, weight, form or complexion."

"Yes," said the infidel, "but read on and it explains itself."

"No," said the traveller, *"you must stop there!* I will use your own arguments—*disprove that!"*

The poor man from that moment kept quiet, and was heard no more. The above was related by a friend who was present, Jan. 12, 1852.

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DAISY.

Daisy is a chatterbox,
Talks the whole day long;
Fills the house from morn till night
With her voice and song.

Daisy is a busybody,
Never still a minute;
Neat and calm is Daisy's home
When she is not in it.

Daisy is a little dancer,
Skipping all the day;
Thinks of little in the world,
But her doll and play.

Daisy is the greatest tease,
Climbing every where;
Stroking, patting mother's face,
Pulling down her hair.

Daisy searches for her toy
In papa's great pocket;
Frowns and shakes her little head
When he has not got it.

Daisy is the merry-maker
Of her happy home;
Strongest shadows fall upon it
When she does not come.

Daisy is not like her namesake
In the meadows green;
But she is the dearest Daisy
Eyes have ever seen.

Daisy fills our hearts with laughter,
Never causes tears.
God in mercy spare our Daisy
Many, many years!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

For the Companion.

ABOUT GERTIE—Chap. I.

Jennie Jameson attended school in the city, about twelve miles from her home, and as she was obliged to take an early morning train, she generally left her little sister Gertie in bed, when she started. She usually went into the chamber and kissed Gertie the last thing before leaving, but one morning she was very much hurried and forgot it.

As she entered the depot she heard some one say, "Why, just look at that child," and turning, there was Gertie holding up her long white nightgown with both hands, and running along bareheaded and barefooted, screaming with all her might,—"*Jennie—Jennie—you fordot to kiss me.*"

Jennie's face grew red. "Provoking child!" she muttered. "Now I shall lose the train! How ridiculous she looks!" thought poor Jennie, in still greater confusion, as just then the train came rolling in, filled with passengers, who were putting their heads out of the window, attracted by so unusual a sight.

The train and the child reached the depot about the same time, and Jennie caught the little apparition by the arm and shook her angrily. "You naughty little girl, what made you come chasing after me in this way?"

"Why—you—did—fordit—to kiss—me, you did," gasped the child; "and now you've shooked me most to pieces."

Jennie was thoroughly provoked, people were staring and laughing, the train was lost, and above all, how was she to get the child home? Carrying her was out of the question, she was so heavy; to have her walk back with those tender, little bare feet, and scantily clad as she was, was not to be thought of, neither would the little maiden be left at the depot long enough for Jennie to run home, obtain wrappers and inform her mother of the state of affairs. Just then a gentleman, who had witnessed the dilemma, came forward, and taking the little culprit in his arms, told the grateful Jennie that he would take her back.

Imagine mamma's astonishment, when the gentleman presented himself at the front door with his little charge, whom she supposed safe in bed!

After the gentleman had left, and Gertie was warmed and dressed, she said, "Now Gertie tell mamma all about it."

"I didn't mean to run away," sobbed the child, penitently. "Sister did fordit to kiss me, and I runned after her."

"But how did you get out, Gertie?"

"The door was lefted open—she lefted it open, or I shouldn't have runned."

"My little Gertie," said mamma, gravely, "you might have got on the railroad track, and been killed. *Never, never* run away again. You were very naughty, and mamma cannot let you go out doors again all day."

Gertie got such a cold in consequence of her chase after Jennie, that she was quite sick, so sick that mamma took her to sleep in her own room, where she could watch her through the night.

In the day time she lay on the lounge in the sitting-room, and this she liked very much.

The fire in the grate was so red and glowing; the pictures on the walls were so bright; mamma sitting in her low chair, sewing, and now and then humming a familiar tune; puss stretching lazily upon the hearth-rug; all these formed a very pleasant picture that Gertie loved to watch, with her eyes half closed, in a happy, dreamy way.

The doctor came nearly every day to see her, and laughed heartily at the droll little speeches she sometimes made, and in turn told her comical little stories that made her quite forget that she was sick.

By-and-by she began to get well, and the doctor came no more; but it was a week longer before she was able to go out doors.

RACHEL CLARK.

CHARLIE AND HIS HEN.

A very little boy last summer went from his home in the city to live on a farm. Soon after his change of residence, his papa gave him a fine black hen, and promised to let him have a dozen eggs for Blackie to set on when the right time came. Charlie was delighted with his present, but determined to have the little chickens immediately. He found some eggs and prepared a nest, in which he placed them. He next caught Blackie and set her on the eggs, but she flew back to the barn-yard, cackling as if she considered herself much misused. "We'll see if you won't set," said Master Charlie, severely, as he tried again to catch the naughty creature. She at first was rather shy, but when he held out his hand filled with corn, she came eagerly to get it. This time Charlie bore her away more triumphantly than before, and when he had placed her on the nest, he took a heavy stone which he had ready, and put it on her back. The little boy determined to keep his secret till morning, "For," said he, "Blackie may have lots of chickens then, and papa will be so 'stonished." Charlie found the hen on the nest next morning, and there she was likely to stay, unless lifted off, for the poor bird was dead. Charlie felt very badly when he found it out, but the little fellow declared, with his eyes full of tears, that it was all her fault, "Coz she wouldn't set no other way."

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THE SEA LION'S HOME.

All through the Pacific Ocean, among the great reefs along the coast, live the great seals, or sea lions. From Mexico to the North Sea, one may find them, but only among the reefs do they live continually, and one of the most remarkable of these lies off the coast of Oregon, between Port Orford and Cape Blanco. Orford Reef consists of seven large rocks, some conical, others flat-topped, and fifteen or twenty smaller ones, only visible at low tide.

Now come with me, on a summer's morning, when, save for the long swell, the sea is glassy and motionless. Half a mile from the reef, you hear the low rumble of their voices, and drawing nearer, find our friends "at home," the females each with her "pup," as the baby lions are called, and the males watching over them.

And what tremendous creatures those old fellows are! They wind and twist through the water, lifting heads and shoulders from it at times. On land, or rather on rock, they are clumsy enough, but still move with surprising speed, using their thick, muscular tails as propellers. All around the reef are immense beds of kelp or seaweed, swarming with fish, and into these the sea lions dive at will, coming up with great fish, which are craunched up in one mouthful.

Landing will be a troublesome matter. One must leap to the slippery rock as the boat rises on the swell, and more than likely you will land on all fours. How the great, shining black fellows roar and show their teeth, and the little ones yelp, as if, like the Chinese, they imagined you would run, if yelled at.

Shots from the guns will send the old ones into the water, but the little fellows, with their brown hair and soft, dark eyes, keep their places, not yet able to swim easily. You will hardly care to stay more than long enough to look about, for these are not pleasant neighbors, and after one more look at the huge creatures, you will be ready to leap back to the boat, and row to the other side of the reef, where are found a more peaceable set, the sea otters. Like the sea lion, these animals have a thick, muscular tail, but their fore paws can grasp and hold their prey, while those of the sea lion are only "flippers," adapted to swimming, alone.

The skin of the sea otter is very valuable, often bringing fifty dollars and more, but hunting them is such dangerous work, but few engage in it. One old man has spent his life in this way, learning their habits, and often rowing all day, through surf and breakers, about shoals and sunken rocks, for the sake of one skin.

Here is a little bit of his story, told in his own way, and when you have read it, you may call for "more."

"Why, I really believe that them otters has human sense. I've seen 'em dive down, catch a crab, come up to the surface and fasten themselves to a piece of kelp; then take the crab in their paws, and leisurely eat it, giving the best parts to the pup—for the female has but one whelp at a time.

"Then after supper they would commence to play with their little ones. Catching 'em suddenly, they would throw them away from 'em and dive. Up comes Mr. Pup and squeals like mad, and the mother, she goes down. By-and-by she comes up, swims around him, dodges in and out the kelp, and finally lets the little fellow to her breast. They suckles them, otters does, like cows. I tasted the milk onest myself, but it was awful salty.

"When they swim, too, they take the pups on their breast, and swim on their back, keeping the little fellows' heads out of water. They love them a heap, too. Why, I shot an otter onest that had a dead pup, and she had been lugging that pup for a week, sure, for it was all blue, and thin as could be. I suppose it was sick, and she lugged it around, and after it died she kept on lugging it.

"I have killed the mother, sometimes, with a pup in her arms, and the little fellow would swim after the boat and cry so consarnedly pitiful, that I almost hated myself for killing the old one. They're growing sca'ce, too, now. I've got 'em all named—the old ones—and don't mean to kill any more till the pups be growed."

HELEN C. WEEKS.

VARIETY.

BEAUTY.

You will hardly believe this story, or if you do, I am afraid your mamma will not; but it is certainly quite true.

Beauty was a most wonderful baby; not only in the way in which all mammas' first babies are so, but quite like something in a fairy-book. She was very, very handsome, with the most bewitching brown curls and starry blue eyes I ever saw, and so precocious that she walked and talked like a child of three or four years when only nine months old. She was the marvel of every body.

Now Lottie's papa had a spirited horse which he kept in a stable near the house, and the child went one day to the stable, and finding that by some accident the door had been left open, and the horse had unfastened himself, picked up the rope, and led him forth to drink! The little gypsy was delighted. Not so her papa and mamma, looking from the window. Her papa went toward her as fast as he could without startling the horse. In the meantime Beauty tumbled down, and the horse, sagacious and cautious, waited for her to pick herself up. In a moment she was on her feet again, the graceful little humming-bird that she was, and had arrived at the watering-trough with the spirited creature following, meek as a lamb, at the end of the rope, and had already set him drinking when her papa came up to her. Our Lord had given His angels charge over her.

She did not die young, as some people suppose all remarkable children do. She grew up a most charming and remarkable woman, doing good to all around her.—*S. S. Advocate.*

NOT A PROFITABLE "FIND."

Stealing ought to bring small pay. If it always did, as in this instance, there would be less property dishonestly "found," in hope of a reward:

A New York lad recently found a valuable Newfoundland dog—at least, he *says* he found it—and took it home with him, well knowing that a liberal reward would be offered by the owner. Next day the wily boy scanned the papers closely, and found the new-found dog described to a hair, the advertisement winding up with the offer of a *handsome reward* upon the animal being delivered up. The finder walked three miles to return the animal, and then awaited the reward, which proved to be a new five cent piece, the owner remarking, as he tendered the legal tender, that it was certainly a *very* handsome reward. The young chap has given up finding dogs, because, he says, it don't pay.

HAD HIS WRATH FOR NOTHING.

When low joking gets down to a certain level, one generally loses considerable by answering it.

An eminent journalist in Kalamazoo, Mich., declared in his paper that a rival editor had seven toes! The rival editor thereupon came out in a double-leaded article, in which he denounced the statement as untruthful, and declared that the "author of it was a liar and scoundrel." The eminent journalist replied "that he didn't for a moment wish to have it understood that he meant that all seven of those toes were on one foot." And now the rival editor tries to avoid the public scorn by asking his readers seriously, "Are these subjects which ought to be discussed in organs whose duty it is to mould public opinion?"

THE CAPTAIN AND THE BEARS.

Capt. Henry Turner, of Otisfield, Me., went with his oxen into the woods to get birch bark to make sap buckets, between Saturday and Moose ponds. While at work, his dog discovered a den in which some bears lay. His loud barking brought the captain to the den. He killed two of them with his axe and wounded the third in the head, but not mortally, and the wounded beast so clung to the opposite side of the den he could not be reached by an axe. The captain then cut a heavy stake, made one end sharp, and with that he dispatched the last bear. His oxen had now become uproarious. He fastened them to a tree by chains until he got his bears "all aboard." After fastening them on, he let his oxen loose and jumped on to the sled himself. The oxen ran (as the boy said,) upon the *decanter*, over logs and knolls, while the old gent stuck to the wreck to save his wages. They in a short time became quiet as sheep, and he arrived safe at home.

A NINETEEN INCH PRINCESS.

Amongst the exiles from France which the late disastrous war has driven to our shores, not the least remarkable is the graceful little lady who is now holding daily levees in the Burlington Gallery.

The Princess Felicie, as her exhibitors have christened her, is a genuine dwarf, a real living Lilliputian. She is, perhaps, the smallest female yet exhibited in London, one beside whom Miss Minnie Warren would be almost a giantess. Like Miss Minnie, the Princess Felicie is the child of parents of ordinary station, who have accompanied her over to England from her native Provence.

She is now in her ninth year, measures scarcely nineteen inches in height, and weighs just six pounds. She is of perfect symmetry in limb and feature, and altogether a pleasing and gentle child. The princess was presented to and most graciously noticed by the Emperor and Empress of the French a very short time before the commencement of the war.—*English paper.*

LARGE REVERENCE!

An Englishman, employed in a family living in Cleveland, while dusting in the library, accidentally knocked over a plaster bust of Washington, which, falling to the floor, was broken into a thousand pieces. Shortly after, one of the members of the family found the servant sitting in the midst of the fragments, and crying bitterly, whereupon the following conversation ensued:

"John, what is the matter?"

"O, I haccidentally knocked hover this bust while dusting, hand hit's hall broken to pieces," said John.

"Well, never mind; it didn't cost much."

"Hit hisn't the cost hi'm thinking hof, but the *disrespect to the man.*"

A DISMAL WAY TO COME AT IT.

Dean Ramsey tells a story of a Scotch beadle, who had taken a fancy to the manse housemaid. At a loss for an opportunity to declare himself, one day,—a Sunday,—when his duties were ended, he looked sheepish, and said,—

"Mary, wad ye tak a turn, Mary?"

He led her to the churchyard, and pointing with his finger, got out,—

"My fowk lie there, Mary; wad yo like to lie there?"

The grave hint was taken, and she became his wife, but does not yet lie there.

PUZZLED ABOUT MEANING.

A little five-year old boy was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only minced oaths, and but little better than any other profanity. In fact, she said he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths.

"Well, then, grandmother," said the little hopeful, "there's a big oath in the newspaper, 'by telegraph.'"

The old lady gave it up, and the boy is bewildered on morals.

A CONNECTICUT school-boy has written a composition on the horse, in which he says it is an animal having four legs, "one at each corner."

A FOND mother in Kingston, N. Y., keeps an old-fashioned rocking-chair setting in a corner as an ornament, because in it she has rocked ten babies, all of whom grew up to be men, and are now living and married.

AT A wedding, after the clergyman had united the happy pair, an awful silence ensued; which becoming rather irksome to a young gentleman, he cried out, "You need not be so *unspeakably* happy."

A CELEBRATED judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed without hitting him. Turning to a friend, he remarked, "Had I been an upright judge, that might have caused my death!"

A HORNED toad, from the swamps of Nevada, came through the mail, a distance of three thousand miles, to a young merchant of Wilmington, last week, having rode the whole distance encased in a sardine-box, from which he was taken out in the best health and spirits.

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15—30w

PUZZLES.

'Tis very common now-a-days—
'Tis done to please the young, you know—
In the papers to assign a place
For "*Puzzles*," just their skill to show.
They serve to discipline the mind,
And make the thoughts more freely flow;
And many pleasure in them find,
And some are wiser made, we trow.
The greatest "*Puzzle*," though, we know,
Is how BOYS get "A SUIT COMPLETE"
SO VERY LOW—of GEORGE FENNOW,
Corner of Beach and Washington Street.

Mercantile Savings Institution,
No. 48 Summer Street, cor. of Arch, Boston.
SIX PER CENT.
Interest will be paid by this Institution, on all *deposits* which remain in Bank six months next prior to the semi-annual dividend days, and five per cent. on all other deposits for each and every full intervening calendar month they remain in bank prior to the semi-annual dividends. This is the only Savings Bank in the State that pays interest on the deposits for each and every month they remain in Bank. The Institution has a guarantee fund of $200,000 and a large surplus in addition thereto. 23—13t

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Having become satisfied after thorough investigation, that Elastic Sponge, as now and lately manufactured, is one of the best of all the substitutes for curled hair, for many if not most uses in Upholstery, we have accepted the Agency of it, and intend to make it hereafter a specialty in our business. The objections which have been made to it and which it is well known we ourselves have thought were well founded, we have ascertained cannot be urged against the article as now perfected. The process of manufacture has been entirely remodelled under the advice and superintendence of one of the most eminent chemists of New England. New chemical and mechanical appliances have been introduced in cleansing crude Sponge, and in charging it with glycerine with such entire success, that Elastic Sponge may now be said to be chemically pure. There is absolutely nothing in it but the clean fibre of sponge and chemically pure glycerine.

The objections to Elastic Sponge being thus removed there remain its undisputed merits which certainly entitle it to be considered one of the most valuable as it is one of the most curious and interesting of late discoveries. Chief among these merits is, that it is proof against moths,—the great scourge of the business,—and against all other insects. Then its elasticity is permanent, based as it is upon the non-evaporable property of glycerine and the indestructibility of sponge fibre. We have always been satisfied upon these two points which are the essential requisites in such materials. The evidence is now equally clear that it is wholesome and sweet. It is certainly light and soft, easy to manipulate, and cheap enough for all except the lowest class of goods. For the cushioning of Churches, Theatres, Public Halls, Railway Stations, Omnibuses, Carriages, Steam and Horse Cars and the like, it will probably be found, everything considered, the best article in use. For all uses, and especially for bedding, we are now prepared to recommend the public to give it a fair trial as we ourselves intend to do. We are ready also to answer inquiries, make estimates and take orders for every description of work in sponge as well as to supply the trade the article in bales.

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—AND—
Incipient Consumption!
After all other Remedies Failed,
BY TWO BOTTLES OF
CONSTITUTIONAL
CATARRH REMEDY.

DERRY, N. H., May 1, 1871.
Messrs. LITTLEFIELD & HAYES, Chemists and Druggists, Manchester, N. H., Proprietors of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy:
I took three colds, one after another, till they resulted in Catarrh, and almost Consumption. The physicians told me I had congestion of the lungs. I remained for nearly a year sick, with nothing but Catarrh troubles, my head filling and the mucous dropping down into my throat, causing a wheezing cough each morning till I got rid of the droppings. It took away my strength, and I was fit for no business. I took all known Catarrh remedies, but they did no good, not a particle. I bought a bottle of your *Constitutional Catarrh Remedy*, some eight months ago, and found immediate relief. The second bottle restored me to health and business, built up the whole system and made me feel as well as I was before I was sick. My age is 54. I have never seen anything that will remove a cold as quick. It deadens it all right down. I never saw anything like it to create an appetite.
MOSES A. WALKER.
Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Weeks & Potter, Burr & Perry, Boston, and John F. Henry, New York, General Agents.
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

MRS. MAGRUDER'S GOAT.

Mrs. Magruder lived in Swampoodle.

What! Don't know where Swampoodle is, do you say?

Never heard of such a place?

Well, perhaps I ought not to be surprised at this; it is ever the way of the world to pass by the obscure and the lowly, though never so worthy, and note only the great and the magnificent. Thus travellers come to Washington and write letters for the newspapers, telling about the Capitol, and the White House; the President, the Cabinet and Congress, including not only what these great officials do in their public capacity, but also what they have for dinner, how many cigars they smoke a day, and even the length and breadth of their wives' and daughters' skirts; but not one of them all thinks it worth while to record the annals of Swampoodle! And yet the well-being and existence of the Swampoodlers is just as important (to themselves) as those of the highest dignitaries of the land, if they do not live in an aristocratic locality.

Swampoodle! It is not euphonious, but there the sun shines as brightly, and the chimes of Alayisius fall as sweetly, and Liberty, from her dome, looks down as kindly as on the Avenue or "West End."

And here, as I said, lived Mrs. Magruder.

She was a widow. At least she was, at the period of which I write. There was a time when it was different. That was when she had a husband. He died in the service of his country, but his widow never got a pension.

This is the way it was. He was a hod-carrier, and, when the Capitol was repairing, having occasion to carry a hod to the summit of the left wing, he fell and broke his neck.

It was the last hod he ever carried, but he was himself carried home on a stretcher, and his widow gave him a wake at which all Swampoodle howled in concert. Nevertheless, while she mourned his loss, she was consoled by the fact that there were more hacks at his funeral than at that of the grocery dealer, the week before.

But although Mrs. Magruder was a widow and a poor exile from Erin, she was not quite alone, for she had seven children, which, considering that her house consisted of one small room and an attic, was a very good number indeed.

Mrs. Magruder took in washing, and it was her proud boast that she starched the linen and darned the stockings of two or three members of Congress. When she darned, she sat at her front window and looked out upon the pigs and cows as they revelled in the soft red clay, and when she washed, she stood at her back window, and looked out upon,—I will not undertake to say what, for I was never there, and hence cannot know. I despise those historians who, for want of facts, are always drawing upon their imaginations.

Mrs. Magruder's dress was usually a red woollen petticoat, and a blue cotton gown looped over it, pannier style. For food, she usually had fish Friday, because it was Friday, and beans Sunday, because it was Sunday, and bacon and "praties" the rest of the days.

She also had a goat, which gave her milk. The goat's name was Nannie. She was a pretty creature, with soft, white hair, and not a bit of black about her, and her beauty, with her docile ways, made her a great favorite with the seven little Magruders, the nine little Van Brocks, and the twelve little Dahomys, as well as many other children in the neighborhood.

Larry Magruder made her a collar of materials which he bought himself, having earned the money pitching pennies and holding gentlemen's horses.

One day, when Nannie was browsing in the gutter, all unthinking of evil, a man came rattling down the street in a wagon. Seeing the goat, he stopped, and before any body had time to prevent him, or even to suspect his fell purpose, he jumped out, seized the unoffending animal, dumped her into his wagon, and drove away.

MRS. MAGRUDER'S GOAT.

He drove away, but after him followed the seven little Magruders, the nine little Van Brocks and the twelve little Dahomys, not to mention the numerous other children, black, white and mahogany colored, with which that neighborhood abounds, all rending the air with their cries; and Mrs. Magruder, as soon as she saw what was to pay, came running out of her door, crying, "Stop thief! stop thief!"

It was indeed a scene worthy of the artist's pencil, and I regret that I cannot sketch it, but although I once took drawing lessons, and learned to draw a goose and a boy, I never got so far as a goat. However, the man who draws the cuts for the *Companion* will do it for you.

When the man heard Mrs. Magruder bawl "stop thief," he stopped, not because he was a thief, but because he was not. Had he been a thief, he would have run all the faster.

"Look yere, woman," said he, "mebbe you don't know I'm an officer of justice."

"Justice, is it? Faith, thin, it's a quare kind o' justice ye has in Ameriky. In the ould country they calls it staling to run off with other folks' property."

"Your property no business in the highway, mum. There's a law against it."

"A law?"

"Yes, mum, a law that all goats,—goats, mind ye,—pigs or geese as is found loose in the streets, shall be seized and conveyed to the Alms House."

"And a pity it is that Gin. Grant and the United States Congress hasn't something better to do than to make sich laws as that, and I don't care if they know I said it!" said Mrs. Magruder, stamping her foot, and nodding her head defiantly.

The man laughed and drove on, while the children burst into fresh lamentations, and poor Nannie looked back and said, "Baa!"

Altogether it was a pathetic scene, and one calculated to move any heart but one long hardened in the exercise of official duties. When the wagon was out of sight, the melancholy procession dispersed, and the Magruder family returned to their once pleasant but now desolate home.

"Niver was a woman so put upon," sighed the widow, as she wiped her eyes on the toe of the congressman's stocking she was darning; "first me husband falls off a building and breaks his nick, and thin poor Nannie is carried off to be eaten by paupers. Ohone, Ohone!"

But Larry sat and looked in the fire, and thought over different schemes for getting the goat back again, but after the first burst of grief, neither spoke nor cried. You will notice that the thinkers are always the doers, and so it was in this case; so by the time his mother said to him,—

"Come, Larry, take this basket of clothes to the gingleman," his plans were matured. He would lay the matter before "the gintleman;" and ask his advice.

It was a bold thing to do—he felt that; but then there was a great deal at stake.

Mr. Noodle was a member of Congress and a bachelor, and, after the San Domingo question and the Ku-Klux Klan, the gloss on his shirt bosoms held the first place in his esteem. It happened that on this week they shone with uncommon lustre. He unfolded them, and a glow of satisfaction overspread his countenance, and even suffused the bald spot on top of his head.

"Nice woman. Your mother understands her business," said he.

Then Larry, seeing the great man in this genial mood, took courage and unfolded the story of the kidnapping, and the grief into which the family were plunged in consequence.

"O," said Mr. Noodle, "that's easily settled. You've only to pay your fine, and you can get your goat again."

"How much will the fine be, sir?" asked Larry.

"O, not more than two or three dollars."

Larry's countenance fell, for there was not that amount in the whole Magruder family, and by the time he had earned it, poor Nannie would have been skinned and eaten, probably.

He was leaving the room, dejected, which Mr. Noodle perceiving, asked, "What's the trouble, boy? Don't you like my advice?"

"Yes, sir, but we can't raise so much money," replied Larry, his voice smothered in tears.

Mr. Noodle glanced at Larry, then at his resplendent shirt-fronts, and his heart was touched.

"So you thought a good deal of your goat?"

"O, a heap, sir."

"And your mother will miss the milk, I suppose."

"I don't know how ever she will feed the childers without it."

"Well, see here. I don't owe your mother any thing—that is to say, the quarter isn't up, and it's a poor paymaster that pays in advance, and I'm not going to do it."

"Of course not; I didn't think of asking it."

"Don't interrupt; it isn't polite. I won't pay a cent in advance," said Mr. Noodle, taking out his pocket-book, "but I'll make you a present of three dollars; there, go and get your Nannie-goat, and mind you don't let her run in the street any more. It's a nuisance, you know."

"I thank you a thousand times, and if ever you're up for President, it's Larry Magruder 'll vote for you, sure."

So saying, Larry was off like the wind, and in course of half an hour was at the alms-house gate.

His heart beat rapidly as he told his errand, for he feared that he might already be too late, but on being taken to an enclosure where several stray animals were confined, he recognized Nannie among them.

She knew him, too, and in answer to his call, ran bleating toward him, and leaned her head against his breast, as he stooped to caress her. He had no difficulty in obtaining her release, and, fastening a piece of rope to her collar, he led her away, and before nightfall was once more in the familiar precincts of Swampoodle.

To describe the transports of the Magruder family when he and Nannie suddenly appeared in their midst, transcends my power; but this I know, that they ever after lived together happy and united, and were never again interfered with by any emissary of the law.

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A Fearful Search—A Desperate Effort—The Rolling Smoke Cloud—The Lost One Found—Down again over the Sliding Sands.

"I can't stand this any longer," cried Harry; "I'll go and hunt him up."

"We will all go," said Noah.

"Wait," said Uncle Zebedee, as the boys were starting; "we must hunt him as we do in the woods. We can't tell where he is. Let us form a line, and walk up as near abreast of one another as we can get, and yet far enough away to cover the ground. In that way we shall be more likely to find him."

At this the party extended themselves so that about twenty or thirty feet distance was between each. The five thus extended in a long line. Michael Angelo was at the extreme right, next to him was Uncle Zebedee, then Syd, then Noah, while Harry was on the extreme left. In this way they determined to go as far forward as the smoke would permit. The prospect was gloomy enough, but the situation of Tom nerved them to the effort. Besides, the smoke would at times retreat far up, exposing the surface to the very crest of the crater.

So they advanced, clambering over the rough blocks, and drew nearer and nearer to the summit. At length a heavy mass of black smoke came rolling down. It touched them. It enveloped them. It folded itself over them, and under them.

Each one fell flat on his face, and covered his mouth and nostrils with his handkerchief, so as to keep out the sulphurous vapors. It was almost suffocating; breathing was difficult and painful; and it was a long time before the blackness of the darkness was mitigated.

But at last the smoke drew itself back again, and the whole party stood up and looked around painfully for one another, panting heavily, and drawing laborious breaths.

"We can't go any further," said Uncle Zebedee. "I won't let you risk your lives, boys. You must all go back, and I'll go forward."

"No, uncle, I'll go," cried Harry.

"And I," cried Noah.

"And I," cried Syd.

"None of you shall go," said Uncle Zebedee, firmly. "I tell you I'm going. I order you to stay here, or go back."

Uncle Zebedee was deeply agitated, and spoke with unaccustomed sternness. "Go back," he said. "I'll find Tom or I'll leave myself here. Go back—do you hear?"

He darted forward, and turned to wave his hand at the boys.

But Harry had already darted upward, swiftly and eagerly. Onward he went, going first to the left and then to the right. Noah and Syd also rushed forward. Uncle Zebedee toiled after them, calling on them all to come back.

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Michael Angelo followed slowly, looking on in silence, but with a face of fearful apprehension.

Harry was far ahead. He had come to a place where the lava blocks ended; and where the soil was sandy. Here he paused for an instant and took a swift glance around.

He started—he had seen something. He made a quick gesture, and then sprang away to the right.

All this had not taken many minutes. It was an act of desperation of Harry, but he was determined to rescue Tom or perish. Fortunately the smoke for the time did not descend, but floated up from the summit, so that the edge of the crater could be seen, with a dull yellow gleam, caused by the sulphur that lay mingled with the sand.

Harry had seen a prostrate figure. It lay on the sand beyond the edge of the lava blocks. His first feeling was one of surprise that Tom had come so far; his next was one of horror, for fear he was beyond the reach of help. With frantic haste he reached the spot and raised Tom in his arms.

He was senseless.

And now as he stood there close to the perilous edge, the treacherous smoke which had thus far held back, rolled down once more. To face it was impossible. Harry flung himself down, and buried his face as before, looking up from time to time to see whether the smoke was lessening. The time seemed protracted to a fearful length. The dense fumes which penetrated through the thick folds of the clothes which he held over his mouth nearly suffocated him. He began to think he too was doomed.

And where were the others?

Scattered apart from one another, and thus they had been caught by the rolling smoke! They could only do one thing, and that was what they had done before. Uncle Zebedee alone refused to yield. He tried to toil on to get nearer to his boys. He had a vague idea of getting nearer to Harry, to die by his side. But physical pain was stronger than the determination of his soul, and involuntarily he flung himself down and covered his face.

But at last even that ordeal was past. The smoke lifted. It rolled away. There was air again for them to breathe. Harry roused himself before the smoke had all passed, and lifting Tom in his arms, carried him swiftly downward. He reached the place where Uncle Zebedee was standing, gasping for breath. The other boys had seen him and hurried up.

"Let me help you," they both cried. Uncle Zebedee also wished to carry Tom. But Harry refused.

A few paces over the lava blocks showed that Harry's strength would not be sufficient for such a journey. He stopped for a moment to take breath. But at that moment Michael Angelo reached them. He explained that there was another place of descent not far off, and led the way toward the right.

Here they found the side of the cone all covered with loose sand. Down this they went. At every step they sank above the ankles into the sand, and the sliding soil carried them down so that for every step they took, they were carried down the length of two steps.

When they were beyond the reach of the smoke, Harry fell backward, panting. The others scrambled toward him, eager to help him. But Michael Angelo raised Tom in his arms, and said that he would take care of him. At this Harry gave up his precious burden, and they resumed their journey, and were soon at the foot of the cone.

Here they sat down, and Tom was placed on the sand with his head on Harry's knees. His heart was yet beating. There was no water near, but they chafed his hands and feet, and did what they could. For a long time their labors were unavailing, but at last Tom opened his eyes, and drawing a deep breath, looked around him with a face of astonishment.

"What's—the—matter?" he muttered, in a feeble voice?"

"O, nothing," said Harry. "Don't bother—you'll be all right soon."

Tom seemed too weak to say much. He lay there with a bewildered face, evidently trying to collect his scattered faculties.

At length a party approached. They were going to try the ascent, and consisted of ladies and gentlemen. Some men were with them who had chairs, with which they were going to carry the ladies up.

When they saw Tom, and heard what had happened, the ladies refused to ascend. Michael Angelo, thereupon, obtained one of the chairs for Tom, and setting him on it, they carried him toward the Hermitage, where they soon arrived.

Here Tom grew rapidly better, and was able to tell his story. Taking advantage of a time when the smoke had retreated, he had made a rush, and had just attained the very edge of the crater, when suddenly he was overwhelmed by a tremendous cloud of smoke. He turned mechanically and ran. That was all that he remembered. He must have run for at least a hundred feet, for that was the distance which lay between the summit and the place where he was found.

Michael Angelo started off and got a carriage, by means of which Tom was taken to Naples. He did not seem to have suffered any very great injury. For some days he was languid, and complained of a taste of sulphur in his mouth. His coat, too, which on going up was of a dark blue color, had become quite faded. On the whole, Tom had ample reason to be thankful.

Chapter X.

Off to Rome—The Pontine Marshes.

The party remained in Naples some time longer, and visited the surrounding country, as well as other places of attraction in the city. These are so numerous, that if I were to try to describe all that they saw, the mere enumeration of places and things would prevent any descriptions of adventure.

Of course they visited Pompeii, and saw all those wonderful things which meet the eye now in the streets of the disentombed city. Of course they also visited Virgil's Tomb and the Royal Museum, the Villa Reale and the Castle of St. Elmo. Of course they made excursions to Sorrento, Salerno and Pæstum.

At last all this came to an end, and they left Naples for Rome, and on the evening of the second day, after a beautiful drive, they reached Terracina. Leaving this place on the following morning, their journey lay through the famous Pontine Marshes.

These marshes form a tract of country forty-five miles long, and from five to ten miles in width. Drained once by the Roman Emperors, they sank back to ruin during the middle ages; but finally were reclaimed by Pope Pius VI. But though cultivated, they are not habitable; and no place in Europe has a worse reputation than the Pontine Marshes.

The road was a magnificent one, and as they rolled along they met the peasants coming from their homes on the hill, to their work, showing by their pale, sickly faces how unhealthy that work must be. At about midday they reached an inn, where they remained about two hours, and then resumed their journey.

For the first half of the day they had all been in great spirits. Laughter, noisy conversation, jests and songs were all intermingled. But for the remainder of the day there was a change.

After they left the inn they began to notice that the air of the marshes was chill and unpleasant. A general gloom settled over the party. Tom held out most bravely, and for a long time his fun and nonsense provoked a laugh; but at last even he yielded to the general depression.

Harry felt on himself the responsibility of the rest of the boys to an unusual degree. He was only a few weeks older than Noah; but he was far stronger, and far more mature in many respects. So he kept warning the whole party above all things not to go to sleep. He had heard that the air of the marshes made one sleepy, and that to yield to it might prove fatal. Fever, he said, was sure to follow. The anxiety which was produced in him by his sense of responsibility, was of itself sufficient to keep him awake; so he found occupation in trying to keep the others from the impending danger.

At first they laughed at his fears; but as each one felt the drowsiness coming over him, the laughter ceased. Then they tried to sing. They exhausted all their stock of songs—school songs, negro songs, sentimental songs, and patriotic songs,—but in vain, for the songs were sung without any spirit or interest.

Noah and Sydney struggled bravely; and by incessant talk, somewhat forced, it is true, maintained wakefulness. Uncle Zebedee was kept awake by constant remonstrances from Harry, who, whenever he saw him close his eyes, shook him, and reminded him that on him depended the safety of the whole party. So Harry and three of them, at least, kept on their guard.

The one who gave way most was Tom. Harry had not expected this. He thought that Tom's flow of spirits would keep him awake through every thing. There he was mistaken. For this flow of animal spirits arises from constitutional causes, and when the body is affected it droops. So Tom yielded to the insidious atmosphere, and after a long silence his head dropped, and he fell forward over Harry's knees.

Harry seized him and lifted him up.

"Tom! Tom!" he cried. "Tom! You mustn't go to sleep. Wake up. Stop. Hollo! Do you hear?"

"All right," said Tom, in a drowsy voice.

"No, it aint all right. I'll not have it," cried Harry, shaking Tom violently.

Tom opened his eyes with a sleepy stare.

"All right," he said, again.

"Wake up. Wa-a-a-a-a-ake u-u-u-u-up!" cried Harry.

"In—minute," murmured Tom.

Harry then shook him violently again. Tom raised himself with a laugh.

"I'm—not—sleep—o'ly—fun"—he murmured, in scarce audible tones, and with a low laugh. "All right—you—jes'—le' me 'lone."

His head fell down again over Harry's knees.

At this Harry determined to trifle no longer. He seized Tom by his head, and tried to raise him up. But Tom, in his sleepiness, had a sleepy consciousness of Harry's purpose, and a sleepy determination to keep his head down. So he fixed his teeth firmly in Harry's trousers and held on, thus even in his half slumber evincing that whimsical tendency which was his characteristic while awake. Thus he held his head down, and the more Harry pulled, the tighter Tom held on.

At last Harry gave a tremendous pull. There was a sharp sound—Tom's head was lifted up—but there, beneath it, were Harry's trousers torn from his hips to his knees.

"Bother take it!" cried Harry—"and I have only one pair of trousers in the world."

At this the whole party burst into shouts of laughter. But even this did not wake Tom. His head fell down again. He was in too deep a sleep to be awaked.

"What shall we do?" cried Harry, in deep distress.

To be continued.

For the Companion.

ROSE MOWBRY.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

Nobody knows her story better than I do, for she was my charge from the time she was a baby three months old, till she was a young woman grown.

When she was seventeen she was betrothed to Elric Dunallen.

It was considered a very equal match, for although there was no title in the Mowbry family, they were respectable and had great wealth, and as Rose was the only daughter, she was likely to come into possession of the whole.

The Dunallens, on the other hand, were poor, but they could trace their ancestry back to the time of Wallace, and there were only two lives between Elric and a baronetcy,—one, that of a feeble old man, the other of a dissipated youth who bade fair to drink himself into his grave before he was thirty.

So there were no objections raised on either side. But although betrothed, they did not meet very often, for he was at the university, which was a long way off from Clyde. Some young ladies might have fretted at the separation, but Rose never fretted at any thing. I always likened her to the laverock, content to brood upon the little nest it weaves among the heather, or blithe to soar, singing, upward to the sky.

In truth she had so much to interest her, that there was no time left for idle repinings. Besides her books, there were her flowers, her birds and other pets, her music and embroidery. Not that she was fond of her embroidery, either. She sat down to it sweetly, as she did to any other task, but when she had accomplished all that was required of her, she would run to the garden or the green-house, clapping her hands and dancing like a child. Every creature on the place knew her and came at her call.

I remember once when she was out feeding the peacocks, the minister, who was a very austere man, passed through the grounds on his way to the house. He stopped and reproved her solemnly for wasting so much affection on dumb creatures who could not return it.

At first she seemed awed at his rebuke; then she looked in his face and repeated these lines:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

I do not know what the minister thought of it, but for my part, I thought he was well answered. Although Rose was betrothed when she was seventeen, it was not known outside the family until her eighteenth birth-night, which occasion her parents celebrated by a great festival.

Her dress was a very fine kind of India muslin; her ribbons of red, green and blue plaid—the Dunallen colors. They were Elric's present and worn at his request, but nothing could have suited better her dark complexion and brown eyes.

It was summer—the twelfth of July, as I have good reason to remember—and the gardens were hung with Chinese lanterns, so that the guests were not confined to the house, but roamed about as they pleased. It was about ten o'clock when the wind began to blow chill and damp, as if threatening a storm. I thought of Rose and her thin dress, and hastened in search of her with a shawl. I found her after a long time at the foot of the garden, where the river ran, but the dampness had already settled in drops on her hair.

She thanked me in her sweet way for bringing the shawl, but the mischief was already done. The next morning she showed symptoms of cold, which soon developed into typhoid fever, accompanied with delirium. I stayed by her night and day, and she knew me when she no longer recognized even her parents.

At last she passed into a stupor, and we all hoped that when she aroused from it she would be in her right mind; but we were disappointed. It is true she no longer talked incoherently, but she remained silent for hours, and though she appeared to know her friends, she could not bear to have them near her.

One day, thinking to give her a pleasant surprise, I put back the curtain while she was asleep, and hung Jack, the canary, in the window. When she awoke, he was singing cheerily, but instead of being pleased, she gave a kind of wild cry, and called me to "Take him out! take him out!"

"It's Jack," said I; "you used to like to hear Jack sing."

"Take him away," was all her answer.

I obeyed then, and next she wanted the curtain let down again, so that was the end of my pleasant surprise. Not quite the end, either, for that night Jack died—I suppose some poisonous thing got mixed with his bird-seed—so thinking to divert her mind, I told her that old Jack was dead, and would never come to worry her any more.

"I knew it! O, I knew it!" she shrieked. "Doomed! doomed!" and then she began to weep bitterly.

So when Elric sent her a bunch of flowers, she covered her face and cried, "Take them away."

All this time she had never once seen him, and although she was now strong enough to walk the room, and even to ride out had she chosen, she would not consent to receive a visit from him. He, poor fellow, feared that he had in some way given her offence, or that she had ceased to love him. At last he declared that he could bear it no longer, and begged to be allowed to have an interview with her, so with the approval of the doctors, I admitted him, only saying to Rose, as I opened the door,—

"Here's Master Elric come to see you, dearie."

She barely glanced at him, then put both hands over her face, and screamed frantically.

Elric was as pale as death, but he walked straight up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, said, in a beseeching voice, that might have moved a stone,—

"Rose, Rose, how have I offended you?"

But she writhed out of his grasp, fled to a corner of the room, and cowering down, uttered shriek after shriek. It was a long time before she became calm, and then her calmness was almost as bad as her distraction, for her countenance was melancholy itself, while over and over she repeated, "Doomed! doomed!"

"What do you mean by that? Who is doomed?" asked I.

"All that I look upon, Nurse Collins. All that I look upon and love. O, I have been so wicked, and this is my punishment."

"Come, come, now," said I, speaking up cheerily, though my heart was like lead, "you see I know better than that. You love me, don't you?"

"Yes; but that's different. I can't tell how it is, because my head is weak, you know; but every thing else that I love and look upon—my flowers, my birds, the sunshine, the little children, and every other bright and beautiful thing—they are all doomed to perish if I fix my eyes upon them. And Elric; tell Elric he must never come again; he must go away and forget poor Rose."

After this she continued to grow worse, and as a last resort, her friends sent her to a private asylum. It was a beautiful place—nearly as pretty as her own home—and I was allowed to be with her. At first the change of scene made no change in her. She stayed in a darkened room, as she had done at home; but by degrees, Dr. Hague, who was a very skilful man, accustomed her to the light, and in six months' time she would walk all over the house leaning on his arm.

Connected with the main building by a long corridor was a splendid conservatory, the finest I ever saw. It was two stories high, and the south front was glass. There was scarcely a nameable flower or shrub but you might find it there.

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Into this corridor the doctor sometimes succeeded in getting her, and so did I, and he firmly believed that if once he could persuade her to enter the conservatory, her illusion would be dispelled. And this became the aim of all our walks. In this passage we could hear the trickling of the fountains, and catch the scent of the flowers, and once I pointed out to Rose the crocodile in a pool at one end of the building. She looked at it sorrowfully and said,—

"Do you know what it was?"

"It was never any thing but a great ugly beast of a crocodile," said I.

"Nurse Collins, it was once a human being, a beautiful young man; but for somebody's sin, mine, perhaps, he was doomed to imprisonment in that horrible shell. Poor youth, poor youth! doomed! doomed forever!"

With that she began to weep, and I was obliged to take her to her room, and she did not come out again that day.

Weeks passed after this, but although we walked with Rose daily in the corridor, it was impossible to persuade her to enter the conservatory, and the doctor determined upon adopting another course. He therefore walked with her as usual, but said nothing about the conservatory. By-and-by he began to tell her a story—it was about the eagle which stole a little boy and carried it to his eyrie, and a good man, at peril of his life, climbed the steep and rocky cliff to rescue it. She became greatly interested as he went on, and fixing her eyes on his face, did not at all observe where she was going, till he had led her across the corridor and into the conservatory.

"So he rescued the child, and restored it to its mother's arms," said the doctor, as they entered the door.

Rose smiled, and when she turned her eyes from his face, she found herself surrounded by the flowers she so loved. For a moment she stood as if spell-bound, then seeing that they bloomed beneath her gaze as brightly as ever, she raised both hands, and exclaimed,—

"Father in heaven! Is it possible I have been mistaken in this matter?"

It was as the doctor predicted; from that moment her illusion was dispelled, and in a short time she left the asylum perfectly restored.

On her twentieth birthday I saw her married to Elric Dunallen; and although years have passed since then, she has had no return of her malady, and as it was entirely the result of the fever, there is no reason to fear that she ever will have. Perhaps some will be interested to know that Elric has now come into his baronetcy and an estate.

For the Companion.

THE CAVE IN NEWTON.

At the close of an evening entertainment, not many years since, in the town hall of Newton Centre, just as the audience were preparing to disperse, a well known gentleman entered breathlessly, and addressing the assembly, said that his two boys, Arthur and Johnny Burckhardt, had been missing from home and school the whole day, and had not yet been heard from. "Could any of the lads or misses, or any one in the hall, give him any information about them? Had any one seen them since the morning?"

The silence that ensued was broken by a little fellow who said he had seen them both that morning, and then other lads pressed forward and corroborated the statement that they were seen walking on the railroad towards the Falls.

It was a relief to know that some clew, though ever so faint, had been obtained. But this was quite early in the day. Where were they now? Had they taken the cars, and gone off, no one knew whither? What was their motive in running away from home? What was their plan, if they had any? or was it a sudden freak? Had they gone off afoot? If so, they had somewhat the start, but not much. They could not be many miles away. It was now ten o'clock, and no tidings yet of their whereabouts.

Many a heart kept vigil that night with the parents, wondering what could have happened to the boys. Some further search was made that night, but the next morning it was renewed with vigor. Parties were sent out to scour the woods. Diligent inquiries were made of schoolmates to ascertain, if possible, the cause of their elopement. Some information was thus obtained, from which it seemed to have been a deliberate plan of the older boy to run off, because he had been, as he thought, unjustly degraded at school.

While this search was going on, the next day after their disappearance from home, a letter was found tucked under the threshold of the front door, which read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—Johnny and me are going to camp out. I have been reading all about fishing and hunting, a good deal, and we are going to have a good time. I don't want to go to school any more, and be called a dunce. I took my hatchet, and Johnny took the big carving-knife, and we have got some first-rate hooks, and fish-lines, and snares, and some other things that I promised not to tell. Good-by. Excuse bad spelling. No more at present.
From ARTHUR BURCKHARDT, *Captain.*
JOHNNY BURCHKARDT, *Gamekeeper.*"

Foolish and thoughtless children! As though this would relieve the anxieties of their parents! This letter, however, removed a weight of anxiety from the minds of the whole neighborhood, and replaced it with about an equal burden of curiosity. There was an air of mystery about it, and this was greatly increased when, a few days after,—nothing having been ascertained in the meantime,—two other boys disappeared also. It began to look like a stampede. Where would it end?

While diligent inquiries are being made in Providence, New Bedford, Worcester, and other remote places for the fugitives, let us glance at what was going on within a mile's distance from the town.

Those who have been out to the Chestnut Hill Reservoir, or have ever climbed the hill for a prospect, will remember a large sheet of water to the south-west, called Hammond Pond. Between this pond and Newton Centre is a piece of forest, several miles in extent, as wild as the bed of a mountain torrent. Nature must have been in some kind of frenzy when she planned this region. Boulders of immense size are piled up in some places, three in a tier, one upon the other. Ranges of cliffs stand up almost perpendicular, traversed by deep ravines, which the sunlight hardly penetrates. Mossy slabs are tumbled about in heaps, giving no end of caverns, and grottoes, and subterranean hiding-places.

This natural preserve has long been a favorite resort for sportsmen, and has been stocked at times with game, especially foxes, by some of the neighboring gentry of Brookline. Being only six miles from the State House, and contiguous to the reservoir, the whole region may, in the course of events, be known at some future day as the *Alpine District of Boston.*

Boys are natural vagabonds. They take to gypsying and forest ranging, as a duckling does to water. Here there was a large village school full of boys, within a short distance of all this wilderness of fun. Those who lived nearest, claimed the first right to set snares for rabbits and partridges, and traps for woodchucks, muskrats and minks; but the caves were dark and pokerish, and had been but little explored.

About this time a secret club had been organized in the school, composed of a few of the more ardent admirers of Mayne Reid and Oliver Optic. It was called the Forest Rangers. They held very secret meetings in the woods, around a brush fire; had a Constitution, and by-laws, and regular officers, all very secret; and every member was bound to keep the secrets of the club, on penalty of expulsion, and being called a sneak. They had also a secret alphabet, to which each member had a key; and all their correspondence was carried on in cryptography—all of which was very boyish, and very absurd.

There were no boys in town who were so well skilled in wood-craft as they, and in the course of their rambles they discovered a cave large enough to hold a dozen persons comfortably, with openings into other apartments, and a natural fireplace, which had evidently been used for that purpose, perhaps by the Indians. It needed only some walls piled up on one side to keep the wind out, and a stock of dry branches to make it a splendid place for camping out. The approach to it was a zigzag fissure in the rock, so narrow that a man would have to edge along sideways to enter.

Afternoons and holidays the boys worked with a will, putting the place into first-rate order. In the course of their excavations they found fragments of iron utensils, and remains of bedding, which indicated more recent occupation than by the Indians. Indeed, this cave was well known to the writer before the boys ever saw it; for it was there that a couple of bounty jumpers, or deserters from the army, lived and kept house for several months, and where one of them died.

It was gloriously remote from the world, in the deepest shade of a hemlock grove, and very fascinating to the romantic minds of our young friends, who thought themselves the sole possessors of a mighty secret.

It cannot be wondered at, that so promising a scheme should take form and substance, and that the dream which haunted their sleeping and waking hours, of camping out alone, should become a reality on the first favorable opportunity. It was the talk in all their club meetings,—with the gray rocks around and overhead, the bright fire under the kettle, the partridge broiling on the hearth, and the bunks filled with dry leaves, where they might sleep so cosily, and live without the restraints of authority; in fact, be their own masters.

How long will it last? How will it end? are questions that childhood never asks itself.

When the first disappearance of the lads occurred, the writer was called away to a distant State; and this hiding place did not occur to him, as every one supposed at that time that they had run away in the most approved manner, to ship on a foreign voyage, or something of that sort. On his return, a week after, he inquired about the boys.

"Nothing has been heard yet," was the reply, "and their folks are dreadfully worried about them."

"Shameful! Let me have my long boots for a tramp. I'll spend the rest of the day, and see what I can do."

"May I go with you, father?"

"Yes; I'd like you for company, but not as a guide."

"Why, you don't suppose I know where they are, do you?"

"Well, they couldn't have lived all this time on nothing. There must be some confederates among you boys outside, to supply them with what they want. Hunting and trapping for a living is played out round here."

In the course of two hours the children were brought home to their troubled parents, hungry and dirty, ragged and homesick. Only one of them was fit for duty, and the three others were pretty well used up with colds and bruises. They had been tired out for several days, but were so ashamed and conscience-stricken withal, that they could not muster courage to show themselves. And pretty looking fellows they were. Their hands and faces were begrimed with soot, and the tears had worn channels down their cheeks.

It will be a salutary lesson for them. There is an old proverb, that applies very well in such cases as this: "Experience is a good school, though the tuition is high, but fools will learn in no other."

These lads have found out by personal experience, that Yankee boys cannot live like Indians, any more than a kite can fly without strings, and that playing truant is harder work than going to school.

For the Companion.

THE MERRY KINGS.

It has been a favorite subject among English ballad-makers to represent kings as making themselves familiar with the most humble of their subjects.

Thus, among old ballads, we find King Henry and the Miller; Duke Philip, of Burgundy, and the Tinker; King Henry and the Soldier; King James I. and the Tinker; King William III. and the Forrester; King Edward IV. and the Tanner; King Henry VIII. and the Cobbler.

Historians, too, delight in relating these stories. Thus we have King Alfred and the Shepherd; and King James V., of Scotland, and the Farmer. The stories of the disguises assumed by James IV., of Scotland, when visiting his subjects, and of the expedients used by Charles II., of England, when he became a fugitive, belong to this class of narratives.

It is our purpose to relate some of the most amusing of these stories, as we find them told by the old ballad-makers and historians.

KING HENRY (PLANTAGENET) AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

"Henry, our royal king, would ride a hunting
To the green forest so pleasant and faire,"

runs the old ballad. The "green forest so pleasant and faire," was Sherwood. You have read of Sherwood, the scene of the exploits of Robin Hood, the grand old hunting-ground of the Plantagenet kings.

Henry Plantagenet, with a great retinue of princes and nobles, entered the cool shades of Sherwood, one fine midsummer day, to enjoy the excitements of the chase. The King was young, then, and the party was a merry one, and a lively scene it presented as the horses cantered over the hills, and plume after plume dropped out of sight among the green leaves. The hunters separated at a rustic hunting lodge; hawk and hound were unbound, and the royal party were soon in full enjoyment of the hunt.

It was a long day's sport. Late in the afternoon the King became separated from his attendants. He was weary of excitement, and rode leisurely along, allowing his horse to make his own way, not doubting that he would soon strike the road to Nottingham. Night came, and on ascending a hill, by the light of the rising moon, he discovered, with great uneasiness, that he had lost his way.

He drew the rein and listened. The sound of falling water fell upon his ears, and presently, the noise of the turning of the great wheel of a mill.

He descended the hill in the direction of these sounds and soon met a miller in the way.

"Good man," said the King, "will you direct me to the road to Nottingham?"

"I think," said the miller, "that you yourself know the way."

"This is hard judgment," said the king. "For whom do you take me to be?"

"Good faith!" answered the miller. "I take you to be some gentleman thief."

"I am no thief," said the King. "I am a merry hunter, and I have lost my way. I must alight and stop with you to-night."

"Then there will be one knave the less," said the miller.

"What do you mean?" asked the King.

"That I will crack your crown, if ever you set foot here."

"Thou dost greatly abuse me," said the King, in an injured way. "I am a gentleman, and lack for nothing but a lodging."

"I suppose you to be one of those fine gentlemen who carry their importance on their backs. And an easy load it is!"

"I have gold at hand. Give me a lodging, and I will discharge the debt, if it be forty pence."

At the mention of gold, the miller began to prick up his ears, and to form a different opinion of his new acquaintance.

"If thou beest a true man," he said, "I declare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee to-night."

"Good! trusty friend," said the King, heartily. "Here, take my hand."

"I must know thee better before I take thy hand," said the miller. "I never take the hands of any but honest men."

The miller led the way to the house, where, according to the rhyming old ballad, which is very circumstantial on these important points,—

"They were seething of pudding and souse."

"Now," said the miller, "I want to see who you are."

"Look your fill," said the King.

"I like well your countenance," said the miller, deliberately. "You wear an honest face. You shall be well provided for, and you shall room to-night with Richard, my own son."

The miller's wife was a prudent woman, who delighted in the charming name of Bymytroth. She was not so sure as to the propriety of allowing the stranger to room with her son Richard.

"Look here, young man," she said, eyeing him very closely; "are you sure that you are not a runaway?"

"I am no runaway," said the King.

"Then I suppose you have a passport from the King?" queried the good dame, with a knowing look that indicated that she had now put his sincerity to the test.

"I have no passport. I am a courtier and not a servitor, and I find myself here to-night because I have ridden out of my way. I am able to requite you for all that I ask, and to well reward you for such kindness as you may be pleased to offer."

The King stood before the woman, hat in hand, as he said this, and made a low bow when he ceased speaking, which acts of civility won the good opinion of Bymytroth, as the mention of gold had won the good will of her husband, the miller.

"He seems to have been well-bred," she said to her husband. "It would be rather uncivil to turn him away."

"Yes," said the miller; "he seems to have good manners, and to understand his place. It is a good mark in a young man to be respectful to his betters."

"Young man," said Bymytroth, her face lighting up with good feeling, "you are welcome. And though I say it, you shall be well lodged to-night. You shall have fresh straw laid on the bed, and good brown hempen sheets to cover you."

"And you shall sleep," said the miller, "with no worse than our own son."

Richard Cockle, for such was the young man's name, now thought it his turn to ask the fine gentleman some questions, as he was to have him for a bed-fellow. So he asked him if he had ever been troubled with the *scabbado*, and if he was sure that there were no creepers in his hose.

"I pray," said the King in amazement, "what sort of creatures are those?"

Young Richard explained that he merely intended to ask him if he was not scabby, nor was troubled with vermin, which luminous explanation so excited the merriment of the King that he laughed

"Till the tears trickled fast down from his eyes."

The miller then ordered a sumptuous supper, which good Bymytroth, no longer suspicious and crispy, but smiling and mellow, presently prepared. In the middle of the repast, the miller said,—

"Good wife, bring forth light-foot." He added, "The King must not know of this. We live so near to merry Sherwood that we sometimes make bold with the King's buxom deer."

Then said the King, "*I* promise you that the King shall know no more of it from me than he knows now."

The next morning the courtiers were alert early, flying hither and thither, from hunting lodge to hunting lodge, seeking the King. One

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of these flying parties at last espied the miller's house and rode to the cheery place. The King, attended by the miller, was just preparing to mount his "faire steed" as they came up.

The nobles saluted the King joyfully, each one dropping on his knee. The miller was not slow to discover the truth, and, remembering the venison, he begun "shaking and quaking," for he thought that his last hour had come.

The King presently turned his attention to the miller, and, thinking to repay him for his kindness by conferring upon him the honor of knighthood, drew his sword. The poor miller now abandoned all hope, and shut his eyes to make his farewell prayer. But the King,

"His kind courtesy for to requite,
Gave him great living and dubbed him a knight."

The ballad from which this story is taken, considering its great antiquity, is very fine. In old English compilations of lyrical poetry it appears with a second part, in which the King is represented as making a great feast on St. George's day, and inviting his new-made knight. We copy a few stanzas as a specimen of the versification:

"When as our royal King was come home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminister lay;
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
In this late progress along on the way;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him the best.

"And now, my lords, quoth the King, I am determined,
Against St. George's next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new confirmed knight,
With his son Richard, shall be my guest;
For, in this merryment, 'tis my desire,
To talk with the jolly knight and the young squire.

"Many thanks for their paines did the King give them,
Asking young Richard then if he would wed;
Among these ladies free tell me which liketh thee?
Quoth he, Jugg Gumball, sir, with the red head,
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed.

"Then Sir John Cockle the King called unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-seer,
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearly.
Take heed, now, you steal no more of my deer,
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu."

It is not usual, as in this case, that we find a King rewarding a subject for breaking a law. But the forest laws of this period infringed upon the rights of the poor, and a royal act of clemency in this connection was well suited to touch the popular heart. Such incidents as this had a great fascination for the common people when their privileges were circumscribed by the despotic decrees of a King. Hence the leading incidents of this old story were reproduced in history, poetry and the drama, and became a fireside tale in the feudal ages.

HEZEKIAH.

THE EDIBLE TURTLE OF THE AMAZONS.

The large edible turtle of the Amazons is found in the upper part of the great river system that fills the equatorial plains of South America. The upper part of the great river flows through a nearly level plain, about a thousand miles in length, and about four hundred miles in width.

The land of the whole district is covered with luxuriant and lofty forests. The courses of the rivers through these dense masses of vegetation are exceedingly winding, and the waters frequently collect into immense lakes, with broad areas or marshes, many miles in width and length.

This wonderful region lying near the equator, produces many strange forms of aquatic life. Of these the most useful to man is the large edible turtle.

This animal is oval in form, and measures about three feet by two. Its legs are short, and, when by force or accident it is thrown upon its back, it is unable to recover its position.

Its flesh is exceedingly rich. The Indians of the upper Amazons rely upon it as their chief article of food throughout the year. It has, however, other uses, to them of scarcely less importance. From the eggs they prepare a thick oil, which they use for lamps and as fat to fry their fish and bananas. They export many thousand gallons of this article annually to the civilized settlements on the lower river.

Turtles are called, with justice, the cattle of the Upper Amazons. We will explain the way in which they are hunted, and the manner of preparing the oil from the eggs.

The rainy season, which lasts seven or eight months, ends in June. Sunny days come again, the waters ebb, the swampy land dries up, the forests blossom, and swarms of migratory birds fill the air, seeking new homes in the lands appearing above the subsiding flood. Every body prepares for the turtle harvest, which will soon follow. The turtles are obtained by shooting with the bow and arrow.

The bow is a powerful instrument, about seven feet in length, made from the hard, horny wood of a lofty tree, called *Pao d'arco*. The arrows are about five feet in length, and are pointed with steel. They are so constructed that the steel point separates from the body of the shaft on piercing the shell of the turtle, the point remaining, the shaft, with a long cord attached to the point, floating on the water while the animal plunges. The fisherman secures the shaft, draws in the cord and the captive.

The waters falling, the turtles congregate in countless numbers in the great inland lakes or pools. The fishermen leave the villages in their light canoes, and glide down the smooth tributaries, near which they live, into the main river, and, after several days' journey, arrive at the fishing grounds.

The situation of the turtle lakes is wild and picturesque. All around them rise the varied tropical forests; scattered amid the greenery, are groups of palm trees, with their tall shafts and nodding plumes; the plumage of parrots and toucans appears amid the luxuriant drapery, or troops of monkeys are seen leaping from bough to bough.

The calm surface of the pools at first shows no indication of animal life to the newly arrived fishermen. Signs of turtles presently appear in the winding circles of disturbed water; the canoes then approach, the steersman paddling stealthily, and all voices hushed. The snouts of the animals soon appear above the surface of the water to breathe the indispensable air; the convex surfaces of the shells next emerge; the bows of the fishermen are bent, and the arrows are quickly seen quivering in the bony covering. The concussion loosens the point of the arrow; the turtle dives, carrying with it the point of the weapon, while the shaft with the cord attached to the point, rises to the surface; the fisherman secures the floating shaft, draws in the line or lines, and, bringing up the animal, lays it, helpless, on its back in the bottom of the canoe.

In shooting, the arrow, describing a parabolic curve, has to be elevated, and the nicety with which the marksman calculates the distance and the degree of elevation, is very remarkable. He seldom misses. The instant one arrow has told another is let fly, when the light skiff is swept forward by the oarsmen with the speed of lightning.

As the dry season progresses, the declining waters lay bare extensive sand banks. Some of these banks are many miles in length, and rise twenty or thirty feet above the level of the lake or river. The mother turtles congregate in the tranquil waters near them, and on the clear, calm nights towards the end of September, they climb up the banks by countless thousands and deposit their eggs.

Crawling about half a mile, they commence excavating holes in the sand, to the depth of three or four feet. The first comer for each hole goes the deepest, and lays her eggs, about one hundred and twenty in number, and lightly covers them with sand; another succeeds in the same hole and then another, rarely more than three.

The holes are very near together. Three or four nights suffice to complete the whole work. The mother turtles are very timorous at this period, and any disturbance of the waters where they congregate, such as the passing of a canoe, would cause them to deposit their eggs along the muddy shores, where they would be lost.

On a certain day the people of the villages come together prepared for the work of excavating the eggs. The event is regarded as a national holiday. Men take with them their whole families, including their household pets, tame monkeys, parrots and so forth, and embark in the great family canoe, which is sometimes a commodious vessel of eight or ten tons. It is the midsummer of the year. The sun shines in cloudless skies and cool breezes temper the fierce tropical heat. It is the season of plenty, of frolic, of love.

The work of excavating the eggs begins with the music of drums. The eggs are speedily laid bare, and piled upon the bank in great heaps. They are about the size of a hen's, much rounder and about twice as heavy.

The preparation of the oil from the eggs immediately follows. They are thrown into an inverted canoe and mashed with wooden prongs. They are then left exposed, a day or two, to the heat of the sun, which brings all the oil to the surface. The produce is then skimmed off by means of large shells, is purified in caldrons over great fires, and finally stored in earthen jars for exportation.

The harvest of eggs lasts about a fortnight. The place, with its light canoes and airy tents, resembles a rude village wake or fair. The tinkling of violas is heard at night, when all the harvesters give themselves up to merry-making beneath the cool light of the tropic moon.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields
Before his cottage door!
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallow on the eaves,
And love is beaming in each eye,
Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers
More dear to him than wealth.
Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays
Around his humble cot,
And happy nights and cheerful days
Divide his lowly lot.

THE NEW REFORMATION.

When war breaks out the world is sure to hear all about it. It is a noisy thing, and so it is noisily treated. But other events, which are as important as wars, frequently happen without causing much excitement. The press gives them but little attention, and they are, mostly, seen only through their consequences.

Last year, when Germany was engaged in her struggle with France, there was no newspaper that did not blazon her exploits, but now little is said of what is going on among her people, though it is of great importance, as much or more so, than the late war. We allude to what has been called the new German Reformation, because certain German Catholics are arrayed in open opposition to the Pope.

It will be recollected that the General Council that met at Rome, in December, 1869, and sat for more than seven months, voted, after much warm discussion, that the Pope is infallible. In consequence of this vote, the Pope's infallibility was held to have become part of the belief of every Catholic; and all who should reject it would be liable to the pains and penalties of excommunication, and so, according to the tenets of the Papal church, be cut off from hope of salvation.

Nevertheless, there are men in the Catholic church who refuse acceptance of this new dogma. Most Catholics silently accept it,—the few do not. In Germany,—the same country that brought forth Martin Luther, almost four centuries ago, to oppose the pretensions of Popes in that long departed time,—open opposition has been made to the biddings of the recent Council.

The most noted leader of the movement is Prof. Dollinger, who resides in Munich, the capital of the kingdom of Bavaria. Unlike Luther of earlier days, he is an old man, being much older at the beginning of his work than Luther was when he closed his labors in death.

He is a man of great learning, and has all his life been engaged in literary pursuits. His character is high, and he has ever been held in general esteem. The Catholics were proud of him, and the Protestants held him in the utmost respect.

He has taken a bold stand, protesting against the decision of the Council, and openly declaring that the Pope cannot be infallible, because infallibility belongs only to God. This has led to a storm of denunciation from those Catholics who maintain the opposite belief, and the brave old man has been excommunicated.

But liberal men among the Catholics came forward at once to his support, some of whom are among the ablest and most learned men of the time, and whose high characters would give strength to any cause. Many of these men are Catholic clergymen. Almost the entire Catholic University of Munich is with the veteran Dollinger; and the Catholic laity of Germany are strongly on his side. He is also supported by many sound Catholics in other countries,—as France, Austria, Switzerland and Italy, and by the Bavarian government. Altogether matters look as if there was about to be a tremendous contest of religious opinions.

Bavaria, where the new movement against the rule of Rome seems to have the strongest hold, is a German kingdom, though it cannot be called an independent country since the creation of the new German Empire.

It was formerly an Electorate, and the governing family was, as it yet is, that of Wittelsbach. It was converted into a kingdom about sixty-five years since, by Napoleon I., when Bavaria (or *Baiern*) was the largest of those German countries that were allies of France, and stood by him as long as he was successful,—and then went over to the Allies, and helped pull him down.

There is some resemblance between the House of Wittelsbach and the House of Hohenzollern, in their histories, proceedings, and purposes. Both began in a small way, both increased their territories and their power by political arts and warlike deeds, and both aimed at becoming great, if not supreme in Germany.

For a time it seemed that the race would be to the Wittelsbachs, but after various fluctuations of fortune, from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, she has finally become one of the Provinces of Prussia, though still nominally a kingdom.

Prussia is Protestant, and Bavaria is Catholic. The former sided with the Reformation, and did something to help it. Bavaria went against the Reformation, bitterly so, under the Wittelbachs; and nothing proved more useful to Rome, or more injurious to Protestantism, than their fierce hostility. The House of Austria hardly did more to stay the course of religious and political reform than was done by the comparatively feeble, and far less known House of Wittelsbach.

Bavaria has remained Catholic to *this hour*, nor has she ever evinced any desire to change her religious faith. She has remained firm in her adherence to the old church, and is always mentioned as a resolutely Catholic country.

This it is that makes her present attitude toward Rome on the infallibility question so grave and so important. That country would seem to be reversing her old policy,—and the House of Wittelsbach seems about to do in its dominions what the House of Tudor did in England.

The King of Bavaria already has incurred the penalty of excommunication, by supporting Dr. Dollinger and his friends.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

Where are the haunted houses of the olden time? I would give much to see the picturesque old castles to which tradition gives such pleasing honors, where the lady in white, or the woman in black, glides round with spectral dignity, mourning, like poor Lady Macbeth, over some unrepented sin.

Myths of past ages are they all. People do not even shudder, now, if they happen to catch a glimpse of the moon over the wrong shoulder.

I have known persons to go round with a sorrowful face all day, because of spilling salt or crossing knives. I have known people to be miserable for weeks on account of a dream. I shall never forget when one old lady startled a table full of boys so that their cheeks were as white as the milk they were eating, by solemnly declaring, with a doleful visage, that something would happen before night. Each boy was on the lookout, that day, for trouble.

Supper came, and with it, Eddy, the fairest and youngest, breathless with excitement, his blue eyes shining.

"Ganma, didn't you say somefin was doin to happen?" he cried, impatiently.

The old lady solemnly nodded her head.

"Well, it's happened," cried triumphant Eddy. "A whole basket full of 'ittle mew kitties. There's five of 'em, all alive, up garret."

Such a shout went up from that table as made the very dishes caper with laughter. Grandma took it in good part, but we never heard the last of the "'ittle mew kitties."

I often think of the story a very brave old lady told me once. She had consented to sleep in the traditional "haunted room," as the house in which she was visiting was full of company.

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"I don't know how long I had slept," she said, "when I was suddenly wakened to full consciousness. I heard in my confused state shrieks of children and the tramping of feet. It seemed like a merciless massacre, and I felt like crying out, 'Spare the children!'

"The noises went on till I happened to remember that I had taken the haunted room to sleep in. Then for a moment I felt appalled, and trembled. It was only for a moment, however, for suddenly I remembered that I had read about rats, and that they sometimes met in great armies and fought as madly—well, as reasonable human beings do to-day. As I listened, and allowed my mind to conquer my fears, I found that the noise I heard was in reality caused by a fight in rat-land. The creatures had probably increased in such numbers that there was not food enough for all, so they concluded to kill off a goodly number for the sake of the rest.

"Suppose I had gone flying from the room with dishevelled locks and fearful cries? Every body would have believed that I had seen or heard some extraordinary thing, and I myself might have been deluded into the same supposition."

So much for strong nerves and good common sense.

AN ISLAND OF SILVER.

Just off the northern shore of Lake Superior, a little below Thunder Cape, and about fifteen miles beyond Fort William, lies an island that will have a history, though till lately as utterly uncelebrated and unthought of as a stone by the roadside.

Through all the hundreds of years that it has held its head out of water, it has waited in vain to be noticed. Nobody would even give it a *name*, for it wasn't big enough to be noticed in a geography, or put down on any map, being only a hundred feet long and forty feet wide.

But some two or three years ago men accidentally found out that, little as there was of it, it was made of very precious stuff. In fact it is, (as the phrase goes) *an island of solid silver;* that is to say, all the rock underneath it, or of which it is composed, is full of silver, in very rich fissure veins.

Silver Island lies within the British Possessions, and is claimed by the Montreal Mining Company. Last summer Capt. Frew, a gentleman *skilled* in practical mining, secured for a large sum of money the right to work the island and the neighboring 108,000 acres of shore. He at once formed a company and commenced operations.

The lower portions of the coveted rock being overswept much of the time by the waves of the lake, the first thing necessary was to guard it by some sort of breakwater. Accordingly, large timber cribs, filled with stones, were sunk completely round the island, and inside of these a "coffer-dam" was built and puddled with clay, till the whole was as water-tight as a great cup. Then two huge syphon pumps were rigged, and soon pumped the island dry.

This done the miners set to work. They dug a trench seventy feet long, and laid open bare, shining silver all the way. The "matrix" of the precious metal (*i. e.*, the rock that holds it,) is quartz and calcareous spar, but so rich is the deposit that only thirty parts in a hundred of the mass taken out is waste. When the mining commenced, six men took out $85,000 worth of silver in four days. There are now over fifty men at work, and the mine has yielded nearly a million dollars. Silver Island has earned a place for itself on the map now. It beats "Monte Christo" and the "Valley of Diamonds," for it is a *fact*.

A JOKE ON GOV. BRIGGS.

Conjurers in modern times do not often make great men the victims of their drollery, but here is a funny exception. Signor Blitz, the great ventriloquist and legerdemain performer, tells the following story of a visit he once paid to Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts:

One morning I paid my respects to Gov. Briggs, at the State House in Boston. I found him engaged in consultation with several gentlemen, but he courteously arose from his chair, expressed his pleasure at my call, and politely introduced me to those present.

His excellency was very popular, with an unblemished reputation, pure and incorruptible, was a leading and earnest advocate of temperance, his public and private life exemplifying the high, moral, Christian gentleman.

In the course of an animated and interesting conversation, the Governor made a special allusion to my profession, complimenting the educational effect it had upon the age, and the wonderful success with which it had corrected supernatual belief.

As I was about leaving, he requested, as a personal favor, that I would exhibit some trifling skill in my art.

"Certainly," I replied; "will any gentleman loan me a hat?"

"Take mine," said the Governor, presenting it to me, from which I immediately drew forth a bottle of whiskey, labelled "Old Rye."

At this revealment His Excellency was not less astonished than his friends; and I doubt if more hearty laughing was ever heard in the executive chamber. In the midst of all the merriment I remarked that "it was a bad omen for a temperance advocate to be found with a bottle of liquor." The Governor good naturedly answered,—

"True, signor; bad for my reputation, but brilliant for yours."

WRONG SIDE OUT.

Cheap advertising has a good many disadvantages. The incident below contains an example of one of them:

A gentleman who don't believe in patronizing the printer very liberally, displayed some goods on the sidewalk one day, with a card painted upon it, saying, "These Goods Just Received and for Sale very cheap." The card upon which he had painted his advertisement was a part of an old one from some New York house, and to save expense, he had taken this and used the back side. Unfortunately the wind gave the card a twist, entirely reversing the same. His astonishment may be better imagined than described when he was called to the door by a jolly crowd of friends, and asked to read his card, which in its present position read in printed letters as follows: "Great Frauds are perpetrated in these Goods. They sell for sixty cents, while their actual worth is less than twelve and one-half cents." Our merchant lost no time in finding the portion of the card cut off, on which was printed, "Our customers must be careful, for our brands are largely counterfeited."

A RAW EMIGRANT'S DINNER.

A scene like the following, described in the Portland *Transcript*, of a family just landed from Liverpool, can be witnessed many times a year in the most of our seaport cities:

Here stands a sturdy English peasant, with his mother, his wife, and his dozen sons and daughters of assorted sizes, standing about him; he gravely unwinds an old shawl from about a half-consumed ham, holds the bone as one would hold a violin, with the large end pressed against his shoulder, with a sheath knife gouges out irregular pieces, and distributes them in order, beginning with the elder and ending with the chubby two-years old. Then from another shawl he unwinds a large loaf of bread, gravely scrapes off the mould that has collected upon its crust, and distributes it in wedges of most uncouth forms. They all drink from a great stone jug so heavy that the smaller children cannot lift it to their lips.

BLUNDERING BIBLE QUOTATIONS.

A great many people who go to church Sabbath after Sabbath, and year after year, know little of the Bible. We recently heard of a gentleman who had represented his town in the Legislature, who, in advocating the division of a township, said, "Gentlemen, let us have peace! Our town is very large, and if we cannot agree on the site of a new town-house, let us say as David said to Jonathan when there was strife between their herdsmen, 'Let there be no strife between thee and me.'"

Another, a rich man, who had attended church from his boyhood, in speaking of a painful separation from friends, said, "I felt as Peter did when he said to his Master, 'Whither thou goest I will go, where thou diest I will die and there will I be buried!'"

It is not enough to hear or to read carelessly the Word of God. It must be studied and treasured up in the memory. If people choose to be ignorant of the best of books, they should never venture to quote from its pages.

A DISTRESSED OLD LADY.

Scenes like the following are of almost daily occurrence at popular depots, but human nature still cannot help smiling at them:

The frantic efforts of a crowd of people to get out of a railroad car, met by the frantic efforts of about the same number to get into the same car, squeezed one old lady so badly, on the arrival of the noon train, as to demolish her bandbox, and disarrange her waterfall, which dropped between the cars like a dumpling. The old lady used her voice on a high key, but the only articulate expression our reporter could distinguish, was, "Lor's a massa sakes a life, how do you s'pose any body's goin' to go on a railroad, ef this's the way you treat 'em? My bandbox, my bandbox, get off 'n it."

A polite railroad official intervened, and straightened the old lady's best cap, and spoke soothing words to her, but she refused to be comforted.

TOOK IN WASHING.

Girls who never learn to work because they expect to "marry rich" are the very ones to waste riches, and finally be *obliged* to work:

A young man wrote to a Boston paper asking whether it would be advisable for him to marry a certain "young and tender angel, who had never done her own washing and dressmaking." In reply, the editor advised him to do so by all means, and mentioned a similar case in his own experience, where the bride had never done her own washing; but after marriage she became so fond of the washtub as not only to work for her own family, but for several families among her own acquaintances.

Superb Presents.

The Publishers of the Companion

OFFER

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS

In Gifts

To those subscribers to the COMPANION who send the largest number of new names to the paper, up to July 1, 1871.

The number of Presents that will be given is **Seventy.** The Presents will be

1 Seven Octave Piano, cost.....$475.
1 American Parlor Organ, cost.....$200.
1 Smith's Conservatory Organ, cost.....$100.
6 Elgin Gold Watches, cost of each.....$100.
3 Weed's Sewing Machines, cost of each....$60.
8 Presents in cash—each Present.....$25.
10 Silver Watches, cost of each.....$12.
10 Bradley & Co's Croquet Sets, cost of each. $12.
10 Gold Tipped Rubber Pencils, cost of each..$3.
10 Silver Pencils and Gold Pens, cost of each. $3.
10 Beautiful Port Monnaies, cost of each.....$3.

THE PRESENTS OFFERED ABOVE

WILL BE GIVEN

In Addition to a Premium for each New Subscriber,

As expressions of Respect from the Publishers to the Subscribers of the COMPANION who are the most successful in enlarging its circulation.

THE PIANO

Is from the well known manufactory of Messrs. WOODWARD & BROWN, 387 Washington Street, this city. It is seven octave, full round corners, French action, large size, highly finished rosewood case, with serpentine moulding. A superb present.

THE ORGANS

Are the American Organs, manufactured by Messrs. S. D. & W. H. SMITH, of this city. They are first-class instruments in tone, finish and manufacture. The name of the makers alone is sufficient to guarantee their superior qualities.

THE WATCHES

Are the superior watches manufactured by the Elgin Watch Company, of Chicago, Ill. They are in beautiful cases, and unsurpassed in all the qualities looked for in a good watch.

THE WEED SEWING MACHINE,

Of which we offer three as presents, is a two-thread, lock-stitch machine, and is universally acknowledged as one of the best in use.

These Seventy Presents will be given to the SEVENTY SUBSCRIBERS who secure the seventy largest numbers of new names, NO MATTER WHICH OF THE PREMIUMS or COMMISSIONS they may receive for their new subscribers.

Remember, whether you get a Present or not, the Premiums given will pay handsomely for each subscriber you may secure, and you have almost a sure prospect of an additional and most gratifying PRESENT—**If you persevere.**

Subscription Price, $1 50.

Any person sending his own name, and the name of a new subscriber, can have two copies for **$2 60,** payment in advance. No Premium given.

A person sending his own name, and the name of two new subscribers, can have three copies for **$3 50,** payment in advance. No Premiums given.

If you have not received a Premium List, send for one.

Perry Mason & Co.,

Publishers Youth's Companion.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

ENIGMA.

My whole 7 letters spell the name of one of the United States.
My 5 is a vowel.
My 4, 7, 2, 3, 1, 6 is a man mentioned in the Book of Numbers. A. L. B.

2.

RIDDLE.

There is a word composed of three letters alone,
Which reads backwards and forwards the same;
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
And to beauty lays principal claim. CORK.

3.

CHARADE.

A *youngster* and his *uncle's* wife,
When joined, to you display
The quality that innate is,
In joyous hearts alway. HAUTBOY.

4.

REBUS.

Often seen at balloon ascensions.
WILLY WISP.

5.

CONCEALED TREES.

Just once darling.
Let them lock it themselves.
He wants to live for his children.
Did you pass us to-night?
Get the Herald, Ernest.
J. Olin, Dentist. SEYON.

6.

BLANKS.

Fill the spaces with words pronounced alike but spelled differently.
He —— —— apples.
When will —— play —— come?
The army advanced —— the —— time.
The —— was shot through the ——.
The —— was overtaken last ——. COOPER.

7.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A noted lecturer.
2. Temperance.
3. One name of the moon.
4. A town stormed by Suwarrow.
5. Affection.
6. The "Lady of the Lake."
7. Bivalves.

The *initials* name a noted student of the *finals*.
N.

Conundrums.

When were there only two vowels? In the days of Noah, before you and I were born—in the days no *a*, before *u* and *i* were born.

Why do the richest planters of Jamaica appear badly off? They live on coffee grounds.

Why does the minister have more wives than any one else? Because he often marries a couple at a time.

If a woman were to change her sex, of what religion would she be? A he-then.

Why is milk like the treadmill? Because it strengthens the calves.

Of what trade are the bees? Comb-makers.

What is the key-note of good breeding? B natural.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Corn-wall.
2. Noon.
3. Salem, Eye, Arrow—SEA-MEW.
4. Apples are but overgrown calyxes.
5. Calendar.
6. F R A N C E
   R E B E L S
   A B A C O T
   N E C K A R
   C L O A C A
   E S T R A Y

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THE PURITANS.

When the Puritans came over,
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
With tomahawks and scalping-knives,
That made folks' heads look queer;—
O, the ships from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year!

The crows came cawing through the air
To pluck the Pilgrims' corn,
The bears came snuffing round the door
Whene'er a babe was born.
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the butt of the old ram's horn
The deacon blew at meeting time
On every "Sabbath" morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
And pine tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shape of steeples slim;
And out the little wharves were stretched
Along the ocean's rim,
And up the little school-house shot
To keep the boys in trim.

And when at length the college rose,
The sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
Whose coat-tails whistled by;
But when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to the squaws.

They had not then the dainty things
That commons now afford,
But succotash and hominy
Were smoking on the board.
They did not rattle round in gigs,
Or dash in long-tail blues,
But always on Commencement days
The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans!
Their lot was hard enough;
But honest hearts make iron arms,
And tender maids are tough;
So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true-born Yankee stuff,
And kept the kernel in the shell
The British found so rough.

O. W. HOLMES.

For the Companion.

A SAD HISTORY.

There is a lovely enclosure on Tremont Street, Boston, called the Granary Burying Ground. It is near Park Street church, and in front of Horticultural Hall. The great houses shade it, the great elms lock their arms above it; few footsteps ever wander there, few sunbeams ever wither the greenness of the graves.

Near the street stands a dark slate-stone slab, which bears the following inscription:

"HERE LIES INTERRED THE BODY OF MR. BENJAMIN WOODBRIDGE, SON OF THE HONORABLE DUDLEY WOODBRIDGE, WHO DEC'D JULY YE 3D 1728, IN THE 20TH YEAR OF HIS AGE."

Hundreds read this inscription as they linger beneath the elms on the street, but comparatively few know the melancholy story associated with that grave.

Benjamin Woodbridge was the son of a gentleman in Barbadoes, and was sent to Boston to be educated. Boston was not a large city in those days. All has changed. But the great elm stood upon the Common, as it stands now.

Young Woodbridge possessed an ardent, kindling nature. He was spirited and social, and keenly susceptible to the charms of friendship. He had a friend named Samuel Phillips, a young graduate of the College at Cambridge, a man of high social standing, being connected with one of the most influential families of the colony.

Both Woodbridge and Phillips were gay young men. They loved the social wine-cup, and often frequented the gaming-table. When playing, one day, some point was disputed which led to angry words, and resulted in a duel, the first that ever was fought in Boston. The encounter took place near the great elm on the Common, on a moonlight night in July.

Woodbridge was killed. They found him next morning, lying bloody and cold on the grass. His tragic death filled the quiet old Puritan town with horror. He was widely beloved, and they covered him with flowers and buried him with many tears.

Phillips was conscience-stricken when he saw the dreadful deed he had done. Through the influence of Peter Faneuil, of historic memory, he obtained a passage that night on board of the British ship of war, the *Sheerness*, and in the morning, before the deed was generally known, sailed from the beautiful harbor of Boston, never to see it again. It is said that he never enjoyed a single peaceful moment from the hour when his friend fell in death by his hand.

He went to Rochelle, France, that charming city of the waters. He sought to gratify his æsthetic taste amid its scenes of fading grandeur, but in vain. Neither the music of the minstrels, the refinements of art, nor the morning and sunset splendors of the bay, could obliterate the memory of the stain of blood on his soul. He pined gradually away, and, in less than a year from the murder of his friend, he died of a broken heart.

"Let thine heart keep my commandments," God says to the young, "FOR LENGTH OF DAYS, AND LONG LIFE, AND PEACE SHALL THEY ADD TO THEE." HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

A SCENE OF CRUELTY.

Some time during last spring a *carnival* was held in the city of Washington, imitative of the wild festivities of that name so much delighted in by Italians and Spaniards. The effect of it is to bring out some of the most hateful qualities of human nature, if the following be taken as a specimen of its amusements:

The most exciting of their smaller races was not put down upon the programme. Ever and anon a dog, seeking out its lost master, would creep through a crevice, or venture in at the end of the avenue, and then every body would raise a shout, clap hands and terrify the dog, driving him up the broad, open street, where he would seek in vain anywhere a friendly opportunity to escape. The whole street being crowded six or eight deep for the entire mile, the terrifying demonstration would precede and follow the poor quadruped from both sides, and he would finally fall with frenzy or exhaustion. How like human nature is this, more terrible in its amusement than its ambition!

There was one dog—a beautiful, sleek spaniel which I saw at its master's side, and noted for its comely limbs, fine eyes and trustfulness. It went about with him like a child, say like his girl. Every body was merry, and so felt this exquisite creature.

Soon after, I saw that same comely spaniel trotting about uneasily alone. It had wandered from the owner and was seeking for him. Unconsciously it observed the wide-open entrance to the avenue, near the treasury, for "Straight was the gate and broad was the way," and the young spaniel peeped in.

Immediately there arose a fiendish cry of exultation, which propelled the poor dog upon its own alarm a rod further on, and there, while it stopped trembling at this unaccountable change in the air of the merry people, the whole long multitude caught the infection. The dog rushed first to one side then to the other; the very children and women kicked him back; he darted to the open place where he had entered, policemen and men repulsed him; the valves of that broad gate gave admission only and let nothing out.

Far along the vista the mocking rumble of request resounded to deliver up this helpless, quivering victim to their pleasure also. The little beauty saw only the long way open, and with its silky, pendulous ears bedrabbled, its bright eye full of fear, and loins shuddering, it placed its muzzle to the street and flashed down the savage gauntlet.

Like a mote of gray light it traversed the vista, its little soul in its eyes and feet—the pet of the fireside trying the first ordeal of the mercy of the highway. There was an awful meaning in the hiss and hoot, the laugh, the satisfaction, the insatiate appetite of the crowd for that helpless terror. From the treasury to the Capitol, from the Capitol back, and back and back again, the dog went bounding, but the hoot never ceased. It never proposed to cease. It was insatiable until the spaniel should die or escape.

Many times the dog ran to individual feet and fell there fawning like a human being, as if it had found men so kind in all its previous life that human nature must somewhere be compassionate. Ah! not in the mob is there compassion any more than in the monopoly.

The poor dumb being at last stood staggering in the midst of the street, exhausted, crazed, at the point of going mad. Some boys were stepping out to poke it on the more, when through the thick ranks an indignant gentleman broke, scattered the boys and lifted the dying creature to his breast.

In that warm bosom it shut its eyes as he stroked it with a father's gentleness. The owner had recovered his pet. Somebody remarked, "That must be Bergh!"

He reminded me more of Christ than any body I had seen that day.—*G. A. Townsend, in Chicago Tribune.*

FIGHT WITH A TIGER.

The following story is told in a letter from New Goa:

In the Province of Salcete is a village named Cuncolim, where the Marquis of Fronteira, of Portugal, holds an extensive landed property, and it is bounded on two sides by thickly-wooded hills, whereon tigers, leopards, jackals, wolves, hyenas, and other wild beasts reign supreme.

One evening, not long since, a full grown tiger entered the little village at the foot of the hill, and without ceremony walked into a poor man's cottage, at the hour all the members of the family happened to be absent at their daily vocations in the field, with the exception of an old woman. She, poor creature, no sooner realized the situation than she screamed lustily, but not lustily enough to drive the beast away from the place.

The poor woman next tried to effect her escape from the cottage, but infirmity proved a bar to her realizing her wishes in this respect. The bloodthirsty animal, therefore, leisurely approached and made short work of his victim.

The tiger, who had entered the cottage by the front door, now quietly walked through, out of the back door, which opened into one of the most frequented lanes of the village. There he perceived, gathered together, a score or two of men, of all ages, some with firearms in their hands, others with swords and sharp chaff-cutters, but the majority thereof with thick, heavy cudgels, and himself the subject of general observation and remark.

To clear a road for himself, the tiger sprang and caught one of the cudgel men by the throat. Short had been the cudgel man's shrift, had not a valiant Mussulman, perched on the roof of the old woman's cottage, sent a bullet through the tiger's right thigh.

This rendered the beast furious, and, perceiving the man from whom he had received such unkindly treatment, he, with a tremendous roar, sprang at one bound on the house-top, beside the Mussulman, who dropped his gun and shrieked for aid. The tiger seized him, with one bound descended with him in his jaws, and speedily made an end of him. The friends of the deceased, by this time also furious, and bent on vengeance, with butt-ends, swords, cudgels and stones, brought the beast to the ground, and so belabored him, that, with a mighty howl, he expired.

HOW THE GIRLS SHOULD TREAT BOB.

A roguish brother is an "eye-sore" to his sisters, but the following gives a good hint how to manage him:

One of the wisest and best women of our acquaintance has a family of sons and daughters, among whom one son, by the name of Bob, gives more than a due share of an urchin's provocations to his two sisters, named Maggie and Hattie. Whereupon this motherly mother, taking the part of each against the other, with a view to reconcile both, one day wrote on a slip of paper, and pinned on the window-curtain of the girls' room, the following bit of good advice:

"Young ladies, be kind and patient with your little brother. Consider yourselves a kind of missionary to this little heathen, and with a religious earnestness labor for his salvation. Do not kick him out of your room, but kiss him and treat him with a sisterly love and tenderness. He was once a sweet little baby like the one asleep in the picture! Now you perceive he is awake, and does the best he can to keep the rest of us awake also. You must regard Bob as a means of grace."

The effect of the above manifesto was equally happy on the girls and boy. "Robert le Diable" became "Bob the means of grace." Not that the young rebel surrendered immediately. He fought it out on the same old line for awhile, hoping to get put out of the room, or his ears nipped, or a pin stuck in his leg, or some other reasonable excuse for barricading the chamber door with twelve chairs, or for wheedling the pet goat up into the girls' closet, or for cutting the bed cords and letting down the mattress, or for executing several other ingenious tricks of his fertile mind; but he was so respectfully treated by the humane enemy that he had not the heart to make war against the spirit of peace. The rebellion within him gradually surrendered, and the latest bulletin from the orderly household is that universal anmesty prevails.

This policy suggested by Bob's mother, and carried out by Bob's sisters, of making Bob a means of grace to the rest of the house, has had its chief gracious effect on Bob himself. We commend the case as a specimen of the true statesmanship of family government.—*Golden Age.*

A NEW SOURCE OF SUGAR.

Of course every product of nature that tastes *sweet* contains sugar, or the "saccharine principle." The only question as to which of all sweet-tasting vegetables shall be chosen for our supply of sugar is, which one will yield the article with least expense of work and time. Many Northern families in the Revolution extracted it from cornstalk, and it is now thought that sugar and molasses can be profitably made from sweet potatoes:

The report of the Department of Agriculture for February, says the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, contains an item on one new branch of industry which will doubtless be extensively engaged in throughout some portions of the United States. It is in reference to the manufacture of syrup from sweet potatoes of the yam variety. The average product is said to be over two gallons of syrup to every bushel of sweet potatoes, and that the residuum, after the juice has been extracted, is a valuable edible for either man or beast. As there are large and extensive tracts of barren "piney wood" lands throughout Arkansas and Georgia, and other Southern States, which are almost worthless for any purpose, except that they appear to be peculiarly adapted to the growth of the sweet potato, the development of this new branch of industry will prove a God-send to those hitherto barren and unproductive regions. If a man with one mule can cultivate fifteen acres in potatoes, and the yield will exceed on an average two hundred bushels to the acre, we have as the result of one man's labor six thousand gallons of syrup, which is probably worth not less than fifty cents per gallon, as the syrup is said to surpass that of the beet in delicacy of flavor. It is stated in the report above referred to that the yield of syrup from sweet potatoes is much more abundant than from beets, and, such being the case, there can be no reason why the sugar product from the same source should not be proportionately greater.

A CURIOUS SEED.

Every one knows how wonderfully the thistle-seed, with its many hundred wings, is contrived to spread its species over the earth:

A plant in Ceylon has a singular provision for the distribution of its seeds. These are contained in a circular head, which is composed of spine-like divisions that radiate in all directions, making a diameter of eight or nine inches. When the seeds are ripe for distribution these spherical heads, with their elastic spines, are blown away by the winds and roll swiftly over the level shore for miles, dropping seeds as they go. If they come to water they float easily, and their spines serve as sails, so that they can cross estuaries. A plant valuable for taking root in the sand and protecting the shores from erosion is thus widely distributed, as it could not be in any way in a barren, birdless region.

WHERE SAMBO FOUND THE GOLD.

The first *kill* mining for gold in California seems to have had its origin in an attempt of some white men to play off a practical joke on a negro. So says a writer in *Lippincott's Magazine.*

In the earliest days of gold mining it was supposed that gold could be found only in certain locations on the river banks, in the bed, in gulches or flats, on riffles and bars. But gold was no respecter of these laws. There is near Columbia, Tuolumne county, a very large flat, over a mile in diameter, and perhaps four in circumference. It has been immensely rich. It is surrounded on all sides by hills.

One day, some nineteen or twenty years ago, a negro walked over this flat. He had just arrived in the country; he had come to dig for gold. He approached a party of miners at work, and asked them where he had better dig. These were geological miners. They held that gold should be found only in flats and low places. They were also white miners. White miners some nineteen years ago felt themselves at full liberty to expend their rough humor over a solitary, inquiring negro; so they told him that good diggings might be found up on yonder hill, pointing to one of the highest in the neighborhood, as yet untouched by pick or shovel.

It was a good joke thus to send Ethiopia up the barren hill that hot summer's day, the mercury standing at one hundred in the shade. Ethiopia confidingly went, dug, perspired, and opened one of the richest claims in Tuolumne.

The whites soon heard of it, and instead of laughing any more at their black neighbor they hurried to the hill and staked it all out in claims, giving the poor finder no little trouble to keep his rights.

MISTAKEN FOR A HOG.

Droll or dangerous blunders are apt to leave a mark that sticks to the victim life-long. One finds it hard to be twitted of a mortifying misfortune that happened to him years before, but he that behaves so badly as to *deserve* it, must expect others to prick his old sores:

Many years ago a family in Stockbridge, Mass., rose very early to kill a hog. Long before day the family were to have the scald ready, while, to prevent outcry of the victim, the eldest son was appointed to enter the sty, wake up the animal and drive him out. The father was to stand at the entrance with a huge club and stun the fatling before he had time to lift his voice.

This programme was carried out successfully as far as the waking up of the beasts; but the latter made objections to so untimely a call, and one of them turned upon the intruder, giving him a grip in the leg and obliging him to seek safety head first through the door.

The father, unable in the obscurity to distinguish between biped and quadruped, and thinking only of the latter, brought down the club so effectively as to leave a scar upon the forehead of the boy, which he carried to his grave, more than fifty years afterwards.

Nevertheless, we believe the pork got into the cellar in time to save the reputation of the family. But the occurrence leaked out, and was the occasion of a *bon mot* at the expense of the wounded lad. When grown to man's estate, he was one day hectoring an inoffensive old gentleman, who was a stammerer. The latter bore it for some time, and then turned the tables on his tormentor by saying, "Boy, they say that wh—when you were y—y—younger, your father st—st—struck you for a hog. It was the sm—sm—smallest m—m—mistake he ever made in his life."

AN ITEM ACCOUNT.

Judge L., of Virginia, was one of the most prompt and laborious men who have done honor to the bench. A certain Dr. R., noted for his exorbitant charges, had been called to attend a poor man during a long illness, and at its close presented a most exorbitant bill, which the patient refused to pay unless large deductions were made. The doctor insisted upon receiving the whole, and immediately brought suit.

The case came up before Judge L., who during its progress asked to see the account. When it was handed up it was found to consist of a single charge: "Medical attendance—so much." The judge required the doctor, who was present, to specify the items. He refused to comply, and the case was thrown out of court.

When the court had adjourned, the doctor thus accosted the judge: "That was an honest account, Judge L., an honest account."

"I know nothing about it," said the judge, in his sharp, decisive voice; "nothing about it, sir."

After an embarrassing silence, the doctor began again: "Judge L., we shall all have to give an account—an account, sir, of all the deeds done in the body."

"I know that, sir," retorted the judge; "I know that. But it will be an item account—an item account, sir!"

Matt. 12: 36 would seem to bear out the judge's assertion.

"WHAT are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch. "Improving my time," was the witty rejoinder.

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For the Companion.

THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

Two little robins, this fine June weather,
Are keeping house in a nest together,
Out on a bough of the old apple tree,
Where from my window their sweet ways I see.

Up in the morning before it is light,
Making their toilet, both early and bright,
Pluming their feathers and shaking their beds,
Winking and bobbing their little brown heads.

Now, let me tell you, their house, trim and fine,
Is furnished as pretty as yours or mine,
With downiest couches you ever saw,
Stuffed full of hair and the nicest of straw.

They have no dishes to wash or to break,
No puddings to cook, no fires to make,
No servants to fret them, without or within,
And yet this bird-house is kept tidy and trim.

The finest of pictures are hanging there,
Of roses all blooming in gardens fair;
Pictures of humming-birds, pictures of bees,
Pictures of orchards all filled with nice trees.

To-day I peeped into their nest, and spy—
Three little robin's eggs, blue as the sky.
Come, Helen and Jennie, Susie and Kate,
Take a sly peep, all, before it's too late.

For soon Mother Robin will sit on the nest,
And cover the eggs with her red, downy breast;
In three weeks or so, if you come here, you'll see
Wee baby robins, as many as three.

AUNT CLARA.

For the Companion.

ABOUT GERTIE---Chap. II.

"Mamma," said Gertie, very suddenly, one day, "what is that bright cloth oo be a sewin' of?"

Mamma looked up hastily. "Why, Gertie, I thought you were asleep."

"No, I've been looking at oo, sewin'. What is oo a doin' of? Say, mamma."

"I am making a dress for a little girl I know of."

"Is she a little swelled froat girl, mamma? Is she dot boo eyes?"

"She is not a little swelled throat girl now," replied mamma, smiling; "and if you should look in the glass, you would find she had blue eyes."

"O mamma, that's me! Be oo makin' a d'ess for me? What for, mamma?"

"How would you like to go meeting next Sunday?"

Gertie danced about in great delight. It seemed too good news to be true. "Yes," continued her mother, and you must be a very good little girl, sit quite still, and not laugh, or talk, or do any other naughty thing."

Gertie readily promised all sorts of good behavior.

The next day was Sunday, and Gertie's first thought was, "O, aint I glad I'm Gertie! It's Sunday, and I'm doing to meetin'."

On a chair beside the bed lay her nice clean clothes, and a new pair of little buttoned boots, red, with black tips. Gertie almost screamed with pleasure.

Jennie came in to get her ready for breakfast. "Mother has got your dress done, Pussie," said she, "and father brought home the cunningest little scarlet hat you ever saw. You will look like robin red-breast; and there is something else you will find when we get down stairs, so let's hurry."

There was no need of the last injunction, for even Jennie's nimble fingers could not keep pace with Gertie's impatience.

"Shall I have on my new d'ess?" asked she.

"No," replied Jennie; "mother said you were to put on your dressing-gown, till after breakfast; you might soil the other, you know."

Gertie was dressed at last, and was hurrying from the room when she recollected that she had not said her morning prayer. "Wait, Jennie," said she, "I haven't said my p'ayer, yet," and kneeling down, she softly and reverently said,—

"I thant thee, Lord, for twiet west,
An' for thy tare of me.
O let me fru 'is day be blest,
An' tept from harm by thee.

"O tate my naughty heart away,
An' mate me tlean an' dood.
Lord Jesus, save my soul, I p'ay,
An' was' me in thy blood."

Gertie's face was so bright when she entered the breakfast room, that papa caught her up, exclaiming, "Good-morning, little Sunbeam."

Presently the family sat down to the table, and after the blessing was asked, Gertie eagerly explored the contents of two large boxes piled upon her plate, and there she found the loveliest little white muff and collar, with scarlet linings and tassels to match her hat.

She was so overjoyed that she flew around to her father's side, and climbed up in his lap. It seemed as if she could not hug and kiss him enough in a hundred years.

"That will do, Gertie," laughed papa, as soon as he could recover his breath. "Now suppose we have some breakfast." So Gertie slid from his knee and tried to eat; but it was of no use. She was too happy; so her mamma laid away a little lunch, in case she should be hungry before church time.

RACHEL CLARK.

OUR PONY.

When my grandmother lived in the country, she owned a little Canadian pony. This pony was very good and gentle; and, as he never did any harm, he was often allowed to go all about the large yard, without even a halter around his neck.

One warm, sunny day, the front door had been left open; but the door at the farther end of the hall, which led into the sitting-room, was shut.

In this room grandmother was talking with some friends, when, all at once, strange sounds were heard in the hall. Grandmother got up and opened the door, and there was pony. He had come up in the porch, and had walked the whole length of the hall to the sitting-room door.

About a week after he came in at the front door, he thought he would try the back door. Grandmother went into the pantry for a dish, and there was pony eating up some freshly baked gingerbread.

He had walked through the woodshed into the kitchen, from the kitchen into the pantry, and there he was munching away as contentedly as if he were in his own stable.

What I have told you really happened; and I know you will think we had a very queer pony; do you not?—*Nursery.*

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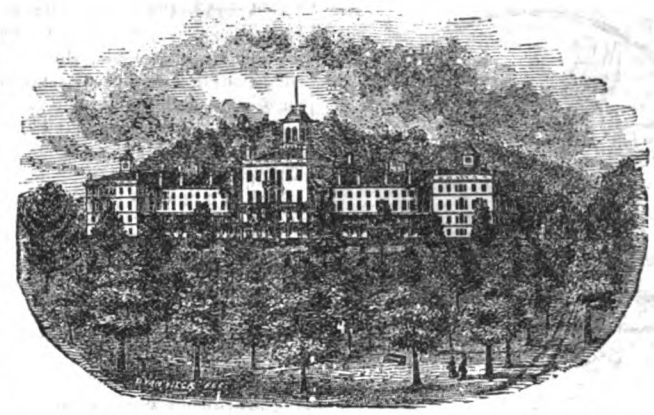

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For the Companion.

NEW MEASURES.

To reckon by tens, or according to the decimal system, is certainly the most easy and convenient way of measurement. In this country we have adopted it for reckoning money, but for nothing else. We count ten mills one cent, ten cents one dime, ten dimes one dollar, ten dollars one eagle; but we still reckon weight by the pound of sixteen ounces, &c., and the measurement of surfaces by yards, feet, inches, or by twelves and threes instead of by tens.

In France, however, since the reign of Napoleon I., all measurements have been made according to the decimal system. The standard measure of length and capacity is the *metre*, that of weight is the *gramme*. The weight of a *gramme* is that of a *centimetre* cube of pure water, taken at the temperature when it is most dense. The standard metre was found by measuring a line round the earth.

It would not of course be an easy matter to do this by tying a cord round the earth's waist. That would indeed be a waste both of cord and time. The measurement may be accomplished more easily by taking only a part and calculating the rest from this.

In 1806 the French government set on foot an expedition to measure a large arc or line, on the earth's surface, with greater accuracy than it had ever been done before. This was effected by triangular surveying from Dunkirk to Formentera, a small island on the coast of Spain, a distance of eight hundred and sixty-five English statute miles.

As the observations had to be made from the tops of mountains where there were no buildings except such temporary ones as could be erected, the observers often suffered from cold and discomfort. They were elevated in position, but often greatly depressed in spirits. They had to wait long for a clear, bright night, and in the meantime could sometimes see the green fields and orchards in the valleys below, while they were almost perishing on the bare, cheerless mountain summit. M. Mechain, who made the first observations, died from the continued fatigue and exposure.

MM. Arago and Biot were the chiefs of the final expedition; and both of these gentlemen experienced a number of trying adventures, while M. Chaix, one of their associates, perished from exhaustion in Spain.

Arago's first adventure was on the island of Majorca. He was about leaving the island when the people conceived the notion that his signal-fires were for the purpose of guiding the enemies of Spain to its conquest, and the peasants immediately raised a cry of treason and death to the traitors. Fortunately Arago heard of the excitement in time and managed to escape and get on board the vessel in the service of the expedition.

The captain of the vessel, however, proved to be in sympathy with the people and handed over Arago to the Captain-General of Majorca. His colleague, who was a Spaniard, demanded his instant release, and this was agreed to on condition that he would take his departure at once, on a small bark bound for Algiers.

Arrived here, he soon found a trader bound for Marseilles, in France, and took passage in her. The vessel came in sight of port, when she was seized by a Spanish privateer, and M. Arago, being recognized as a Frenchman, was kept as a prisoner. The Dey of Algiers, hearing of this insult to his flag, demanded the restoration of the ship and passengers. This took place, but again, when approaching Marseilles, they were driven by a fierce tempest back to the Algerine coast.

The custom-house officials, seeing the surveying instruments carefully polished and wrapped up, felt sure they must be made of gold, and refused to deliver them up. Arago was then obliged to make a journey by land to Algiers, and for safety adopted the native costume.

The French consul was much surprised to see him in the dress of a Mussulman, but succeeded in getting the instruments restored, when the Algerians had found out that they were made of brass and not gold. He also procured passage for himself and the man of science to France in a man-of-war. At Marseilles an English squadron blockaded the passage, but by a favoring wind they managed to get safely into harbor.

Thus after a variety of hair-breadth escapes M. Arago at last returned to Paris, with his health unimpaired. He was afterwards made astronomer-royal, and died only a few years ago. There are few who know any thing of science, who have not heard of him. His early labors resulted in fixing an unalterable standard of measurement, which can change only when the earth itself shall either grow fat or shrivel up with old age. The metrical system of measurement is now universal in France, and might be advantageously adopted in other countries.

VARIETY.

TESTAMENTARY NONSENSE.

The papers have been telling about the man who willed his body to be buried where it would make a shade tree grow, and his skin to be dressed for drumheads. The following are follies of a similar character. The first is from the will of Gen. Blackett, Governor of Plymouth, proved 1782:

"I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive; and that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further request my dear wife that, as she has been troubled with *one old fool*, she will not think of marrying a *second*."

The following is from the will of the Rev. Dr. Appleby, of St. Bride's, proved 1788:

"I leave my body to be dressed in a flannel waistcoat, an old surtout coat and breeches, without lining and pockets; no shoes (*having done walking*), and a worsted wig, if one can be got, in order that I may rest comfortably."

The following is from the will of a mariner of Bristol, proved 1795:

"My executors to pay out of the first moneys collected, to my beloved wife, if living, *one shilling*, which I give as a token of my love, that she may buy *hazel nuts*, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is *with mending the holes in her stockings*."

FUNNY ADVENTURE.

One of our dailies reports a case from "up country," of a sort of inverted burglary, the attacking party being the owner of the house, himself, and the only weapon a squirt-gun:

A certain physician in St. Johnsbury, with his wife, recently returned home, after an evening's absence, and found themselves locked out by the servant-girl, who was sleeping soundly in the arm-chair and waiting for their return. The doctor rang, rapped and roared, and the girl still slept. The doctor then took from his trunk a syringe loaded with cold water, dropped the window from the top and fired. The charge took effect in the maid's ear. She sighed, stretched and drew one hand over her ear and resumed her travels in the land of nod. The doctor, though surprised, was not demoralized. He reloaded, took sure aim and fired a long, drizzling charge right into the whole wound. Presently there arose upon the midnight air one of the most terrific, frightful screams ever heard in that locality. The doctor dropped his weapon, stuck his head into the window and begged the frightened maid to hush up before the police were aroused. In due time she was quieted and the doctor was admitted, but he will never use a syringe in such a case again unless he first notifies the neighbors.

AMUSING MISTAKE.

Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guildford entered the room, and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly; Lord Guildford did the same, and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes, when Lady Melville joined them.

Her female friend immediately said, "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man."

"Dumb!" cried Lord Guildford, "bless me, I thought you were dumb!"

A FEARFULLY NARROW ESCAPE.

It is a guilty piece of carelessness to leave poison in children's way. The Norwich *Bulletin* says:

Jesse Crary was poisoned recently. His mother's house was infested with large black ants, and she was told to destroy them with arsenic. So she spread two slices of cake with arsenic, coating it with butter, and laid it up where the ants would be likely to find it. Soon after she looked to see what had been the effect of her strategy, when lo, one of the slices was missing, and the young man was found to be the victim. An immediate resort was had to Dr. Gray, who gave him as antidote the whites of ten eggs and a powerful emetic, and Master Crary thus barely escaped death. We mention the case to induce greater caution in the use of poison.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.

Step out into the purest air you can find, stand perfectly erect, with head and shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as if you were going to whistle, draw the air through the lips into the lungs. When the chest is about half full, gradually raise the arms, keeping them extended with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath, till the lungs are empty. This process should be repeated immediately after bathing, and several times during the day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it, the glorious sense of vigor which follows this exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world.—*Dr. Paine.*

MR. BILLINGS ON WHISTLING.

Whissling iz a wind instrument, and iz did by puckring up the mouth, and blowing through the hole.

If I had a boy who couldn't whissell, I don't want tew be understood that I should feel at liberty tew give the boy up for lost, but I would much rather he would kno how tew whissell fust rate than kno how tew play a seckond-rate game ev cards.

WHY IS A HOG LIKE A GENTLEMAN?

A negro answered this conundrum as follows:

Massa make the black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make ebery ting workee only de hog—he no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk 'bout, he go to sleep, when he pleases, he lib like a gentleman.

A SIGN in a Western city reads, "Boots blacked inside." Most persons prefer the old way of blacking them on the outside.

My father was the North Wind,
My mother's name was Water;
Parson Winter married them,
And I'm their pretty daughter.

Snowflake.

THEY are boasting of a hen in Virginia which has just hatched out a four-legged chicken. For eating purposes, the more legs to a chicken the better; but when it comes to scratching in a garden, give us chickens with the minimum number.

A NEW YORK farmer laughed when his prudent wife advised him not to smoke on a load of hay. He footed it home that night, with his hair singed, most of his garments a prey to the devouring element, and the iron-work of the wagon in a potato sack; and then *his wife* laughed.

THE editor of the Atlanta *New Era*, having had his umbrella stolen, makes the following liberal proposition: "If the gentleman who now owns it will call at this office it will afford us pleasure to present him with a piece of the handle broken off a long time ago. He can have it glued on at a trifling expense, and the umbrella will then be as good as a new one."

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34—1y 96 and 98 NORTH STREET, Boston.

JUNE.
Sweet June! the beauteous month of flowers,
How pleasantly we pass its hours;
With praise all nature doth resound,
And joy doth everywhere abound.
The birds are early on the wing,
And in the morning sweetly sing;
The girls are out in costume gay,
The Boys with *bat* and *ball* to play,
Each clad in nice new *Summer Clothes*,
Which he has bought at GEORGE FENNO'S,
Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and *Shoes* complete,
Corner of Beach and Washington Street.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

ROSE MORRISON.

By M. A. Denison.

"Miss Morrison, you have failed again. I am sorry; more than that, I am annoyed, because I expected better things of you."

The girl thus addressed bent her head slightly, took her algebra book, and walked nonchalantly to her seat. She was a fine, womanly-looking creature, in spite of the supercilious air which she assumed.

No one in the school wore richer clothes or boasted of finer connections than Rose Morrison. Many of the girls called her proud, but a very few really thought her so. In manners she was refined and in person beautiful. Having known no want unsupplied from her childhood, reasonable or unreasonable though it might have been, she had grown up deplorably selfish.

As Rose took her seat, Miss Rutlege, who was principal of the academy, and Miss St. Mark, who was her assistant, stood near each other.

"I never could tell why you have so favorable an opinion of Miss Morrison," Miss St. Mark exclaimed. "To me she is disagreeable, haughty and self-seeking; I am afraid you will find your confidence has been thrown away."

Miss Rutlege was silent for a moment. "I have always thought there were indications of superiority in Miss Morrison's nature," she said, after a while. "I hope I am not mistaken. I know she is selfish, I fear she is indolent, but I think there are latent powers in her character that will, in time, or under some occasion of trial, develop themselves grandly. I shall talk with her; but then, she is rich and beautiful, and has that foolish impression that there is no real need for her to apply herself."

She gazed with a sigh in the direction of the girl, who had thrown herself gracefully on the chair behind her desk, and was scanning the faces of her nearest companions with an unusual smile.

"What would I give to rouse her to a sense of her responsibility in the world!" said Miss Rutlege to herself. "How beautiful she is. Well," she added, with a sigh, "if, as I have long felt, she is to do her part in making this miserable earth better, God will see that she is given the opportunity."

"You play as well as Prof. Grim," said Ada Harrington, as, at recess that day, Rose played one of Beethoven's sonatas.

"I suppose they would say of me in England, as they did of mamma when she went there," laughed Rose; "that possibly I had been a professional. If ever I do go there I mean to play as badly as I can, and then tell them that I have taken lessons all my life, but practice was so odious."

The girls laughed, all but Said Barker, a serious little thing.

"But that would be a lie," she retorted.

"Yes, my dear," said Rose, mockingly; "but people are not expected to tell the truth in fashionable life; so, of course, as I intend to be very fashionable, I must begin to cultivate my accomplishments."

"I suppose you expect to go to Europe on your bridal tour," said another of the girls.

"To be sure I do. Why, it has been the dream of my life to cross the great ocean. The happy man, whoever he may be, must certainly include that as one of the necessities of my existence, and then won't I spend his money? I think I can venture to promise each of my classmates a silk dress! And those beautiful foreign laces! I mean to lay in enough to last me my life."

"Letters! letters!" cried a rosy-cheeked child, dancing into the room. "Seven here—now stand back, all of you, till I read off your names in regular order. First, Rose Morrison."

"Of course Rose would get hers first," muttered one and another, as Rose came meekly forward.

"From dear mamma," she murmured, fondly; "and I dare say little Paul has printed a line or two. O, I hope she has sent the money I asked for."

ROSE MORRISON.

Quietly and smilingly she opened the letter, standing back a little from the rest of the girls. As she read, her eyes dilated, and the rich color slowly left her face, which presently grew ghastly white.

"Rose, you have heard bad news?" whispered Miss Rutlege, who had just entered the room.

"I—I believe I will go up stairs," said Rose, faintly, yet almost haughtily. "By-and-by," she faltered, "I will see you;" and she hurried from the place, dragged herself up the wide stair-case, gained her room, shut the door, and then her strength deserted her. She just sank down on the floor and without a word or a moan, crouched there, sometimes shivering a little, sometimes sighing.

The letter had fallen from her hand, and these were the contents:

"My own Beloved Rose,—You will doubtless wonder at the brevity of this letter, and I would gladly spare you the reading of that which has made your poor mother utterly miserable. My love, your Uncle Luther has failed, and—O, that I should live to say it of one I have so honored, my only brother; but he has used my fortune, yours, my child, and mine. Every thing is gone, save the house and furniture. We are poor, now, we are almost penniless, dear, and I know not what to do or what to advise. Little Paul has been asking me all day what is the matter. O, my child, when I think of him, the blow seems hard indeed. It is not for myself I mourn, but for my poor children; you, this boy, for whom your father had so many hopes. I wish I have soften the news, but I cannot."

How long Rose crouched there, shivering in the sunshine, she never knew. Weary hours it must have been, for the tea bell rang, and she heard feet tripping by her door and down the stairs.

Then with a long sigh she rose from her recumbent position and went to the window. Nature wore her most beautiful garments at that moment, and her eyes were strangely opened to see them all—the great hill-slopes rich with living green, the clouds touched with amber, floating in a sea of blue, the broad stretch of fields, rivers and hills.

Suddenly a clear, childish voice floated in from the next room, where Anne Reeves sat, also, at her window, just recovered from a long and dangerous illness. Anne was singing, and O, how clear and distinct every word fell on the ear of the heart-stricken Rose:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Then the tears came, hot and abundant, and for a long time she wept and sobbed, feeling utterly forsaken.

Somebody knocked, and Rose heard Miss Rutlege's voice. Slowly she unlocked the door, and let the comforter in, telling her all, in a weak, broken voice. The sorrowful silence, the tender patting of her fingers against her temples, quieted poor Rose more than any common-place voluble sympathy could have done. Miss Rutlege insisted on her having a cup of tea brought up with toast, and then Rose, following her advice, slept; but it was the sleep of exhaustion.

Miss Rutlege did not expect to see Rose, when, next morning, the bell rang for prayers, but she was there, pale and languid, yet with a smile for her teacher. All the morning she was thoughtful, and at recess time, asked if she might see Miss Rutlege alone.

"You say I am almost perfect in music," she said, as the teacher led her into her own private room. "Can you take me in as assistant, or under-teacher in that branch? I will try and give you satisfaction."

"Prof. Moore is going away," replied Miss Rutlege, "on account of his health. He has the junior classes, you know; well, you shall have his place with no abatement of salary, and I will do all I can to help you."

Rose could not speak for some moments.

"I am going to bring mother here," she said, when she had found her voice; "I have thought it all out. There's a little cottage at the bend. Mother shall sell her house and the furniture she does not need, and come here. We will live together, she, and Paul, and I. Paul must be educated." She hesitated. "Miss Rutlege, do you believe I shall succeed?"

The teacher's eyes were full of tears. She grasped the slender fingers, as she said, in a voice that trembled with emotion,—

"I know you will."

The teacher's penetration had not been at fault. All fashionable dress, all affected airs and indifference to study were laid aside, now; "Paul must be educated."

And Paul was educated, and grew to manhood blessing the noble sister who had sacrificed so much for him. Nor did Rose lose her visit to Europe. In due time the dream of her life was fulfilled.

ABOVE THE SNOW LINE.

A newly-married man took his bride on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and, when there, induced her to attempt with him the ascent of the high peaks. The lady, who, at home, never ascended a hill higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked by her side, expostulating with her on her fears. He spoke in honeymoon whispers, but the refraction of the air was such that every word was audible.

"You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy, no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy now?"

"Yes, Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically; "but I never meant above the snow line!"

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

Chapter XI.

Frantic Efforts to Awaken Tom—The Result—Obstinacy of a Sleeper—Velletri—An Evil Landlord with his Evil Inn—Direful Anticipation—Preparations for an Attack by Robbers—The Dread Footstep.

There was certainly cause for anxiety. Tom was not accustomed even at night to sleep so heavily. As a general thing he slept lightly and waked easily. But now he was like one who had taken an opiate, and the most desperate efforts of Harry were of no avail. In vain he shook him. In vain Uncle Zebedee remonstrated. In vain the whole party roared, howled and bellowed in his ear. Tom was in the land of "Murphy;" so far in that land that the voices of his friends failed to reach him.

They, however, did what they could, and finding that it was impossible to rouse him, they tried to guard him from the consequences of this insidious air. They wrapped coats around him, and folded shawls over his face, so that the air which he was breathing might at least be mitigated in its character, before it passed into his lungs.

By this time they had a two hours drive yet before them. These two hours passed slowly and tediously. To them in their anxiety about Tom, the carriage seemed to go slower than any carriage had ever gone before.

At last, to their immense relief, they came to the end of the marshes, and the hill country rose before them. After ascending for some time the air grew colder and clearer. Tom's face was uncovered, and he was held in an upright position.

The fresh breeze blew on his face, and gradually brought with it a restorative which alleviated the evil effects of the noxious miasma of the marshes. Harry shook him, and the rest kept up a general tumult; and at length, to the immense relief of all of the party, Tom opened his eyes.

The sleep seemed to have passed away. He looked around in a dreamy way, but the boys were on the alert to catch his waking senses. "Fire! fire!" cried Syd. "Murder!" cried Noah. "Tom, rouse up! We are among the mountains. Fra Diavolo and fifty thousand brigands are barring the way! Get out your revolver."

"What's all that stupid nonsense for?" cried Tom, indignantly, rubbing his eyes, sitting straight up, and looking around him.

"Wake up!" cried Harry.

"Aint I awake?" said Tom. "I'm as awake as you are."

At this a roar of laughter burst forth.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Why, man, you've been sleeping so that we thought you'd never wake again."

"I haven't been asleep," said Tom, sharply.

At this another roar of laughter followed.

"You've been asleep yourselves," said Tom, indignant both at the charge of falling asleep, and at their laughter.

"O yes, we've all been asleep, said Harry. "Perhaps you didn't fall down on my knees. Perhaps it wasn't your teeth that caught hold of my trousers. Perhaps you didn't hold on so that when I pulled your head up, my trousers gave way. Perhaps I did that myself!"

And Harry displayed the long rent in his trousers to the astonished Tom.

In fact, he was profoundly astonished. He didn't seem to have the slightest recollection of having fallen asleep. The two hours which had been so long to them had been nothingness to

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him. But he could not deny it now. He kept silent and looked upon his work in utter amazement.

Yet he was now thoroughly awake, and in a short time they drove into Velletri and stopped before an inn.

It was a small, dirty town, and the inn also was dirty. On entering they saw a long, low room, with one rough table. The walls were rough plastered, and a dozen clumsy chairs stood around.

A number of ill looking fellows, heavily bearded, with black, twinkling eyes, heavy eyebrows and sullen faces, passed out. The landlord came to welcome them. He was a man with a thin, sallow face, evil smile and sinister expression. He could not speak English, and the party could not speak Italian; so they brought in the driver, who could speak English, and got him to interpret their wants. These were simple—a dinner and lodging for the night.

The landlord promised both. After a scrutinizing glance at all the party, he withdrew, and they sat down and waited.

"I don't like the looks of this place," said Syd.

"I don't like the looks of that landlord," said Noah.

"I don't like the looks of those men that went out," said Tom.

"It's a beastly looking place, that's a fact," said Harry; "and those fellows are about as ruffianly looking a lot as ever I saw."

"They look a precious sight more like heathen than Christians," said Uncle Zebedee; "but I suppose these here *I*talians air a kind of pagans. They haint got any real Gospel preachin', and how could they be Christians?'

"Christians or pagans, they're a bad lot," said Harry.

"Did you see how those men stared at us as they went out?"

"Stared? Why, they *glared* at us."

"And the landlord, too."

"If this inn were in the middle of the Pontine Marshes, where that other inn was, I shouldn't care to pass the night here."

"What sort of a place is this?"

"I don't know any thing about it."

"Nor I."

"It seems a small kind of a place. It looks like one of those Italian towns that we read about, where brigands are in the habit of making themselves at home, and are related to half the inhabitants, or connected with them."

"It's got walls, though."

"Of course—all Italian towns have. That's the middle ages, my boy."

At length dinner was brought in. There were soup, and meat, and various peculiar dishes seasoned with garlic, and a few vegetables, and maccaroni, and rolls, and sour wine. They were all so hungry that they made an excellent meal, and then sat chatting for an hour or two. Then they asked for their rooms, and the landlord, taking a miserable little oil lamp, led the way up stairs to a large room, in which there were four beds. This was to be their sleeping place.

After he left, the boys looked all around. The room was on the second story, and seemed to occupy the entire floor. At one end there was an opening in the ceiling, which seemed to lead into the attic. A ladder was placed against the wall here, forming a means of ascent. There were two windows in front, and one at each end. The door was on the back side of the room. There was no lock on it, and no fastening of any kind.

Altogether the numerous windows, the cock-loft, with its ladder, and the door without fastenings, inspired them all with a strange sense of insecurity. Tom, in particular, was loud in his expression of disgust. His slumbers on the Pontine Marshes seemed to be followed by as violent a reaction in the other direction, and he was now the most wide awake and the most talkative of all.

"I'm not going to bed with things this way," said he. "I wouldn't trust a single soul in this house."

"We're in a fix," said Syd.

"No, we're not," said Tom. "Let's make things fast."

"How?"

"Why, barricade ourselves."

"We can't; we've got nothing to barricade with," said Noah.

"What are you goin' to do, boys?" said Uncle Zebedee, who was sitting on the bedside.

"Fasten the doors, somehow."

"Fasten the doors? Why?"

"Why? Because we believe that the fellows down stairs are a gang of scoundrels, and will pay us a visit while we're asleep."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Uncle Zebedee. "Why, I do declare! Well, I think you're about right. I don't like this myself."

"But what shall we do?"

"I'll tell you," said Tom. "Let's lift a bed against the door."

"That'll do it," said Noah.

"Here, boys," said Tom. "Catch hold. We'll fix 'em;" and he caught hold of the bed. It was a massive and ponderous affair, of an antique construction, and even the united strength of the four boys could not move it without extreme effort. Besides, they did not wish to make any noise, and so by putting forth all their strength they managed to get it against the door.

"That's all right," said Tom.

"And now," said Harry, "I'm not going to have that ladder there."

"O yes, that must come down."

"Wait. I think I'll go up there and explore the attic."

Saying this, Harry seized the candle, and ascended the ladder. The other boys followed, leaving Uncle Zebedee on the bed.

On reaching the attic they found it to be a large, unfinished loft, extending the whole length of the house. The window at one end was open, and the other had boards nailed over it. Neither of them had sashes. A number of boxes were lying about the floor; from the beams hung various kinds of dried meats, dried vegetables, strings of maccaroni, and things of that kind. They concluded that it was used as general store-room. A short glance sufficed to show them the whole of this place, and they soon descended again.

"If they want to get at us," said Tom, after they had reached their bed-room, "they can climb into that open attic window. The ground is not far below it."

"In that case," said Harry, "we may as well remove this ladder."

It was a step ladder, made of stout logs, and exceedingly heavy. The boys tried to take it down without noise, but in spite of their utmost care it came down with a thump that shook the house.

"Never mind," said Harry, with a laugh. "They'll think it's Uncle Zebedee kicking his boots off."

"I don't like these windows," said Tom. "I wonder if they open easily."

He went round and tried them one by one. Not one of them would open. They were double, and mounted on hinges, so as to swing out, but from long disuse they had grown fixed in their places—not one of them would open.

"That's a comfort, at any rate," said Tom; "but I must say these people don't seem over fond of fresh air."

"Well, boys," said Uncle Zebedee, who had watched all their proceedings with mild paternal interest, as though he was presiding over some boyish game, "don't you think you'd better get to bed now?"

To this the boys assented. They felt secure even against the evil gang below, and were at length willing to sink into the helplessness of sleep. Soon they had all disposed of themselves. Uncle Zebedee had one bed; Noah another; Syd another; while the fourth and largest, which was against the door, was appropriated by Harry and Tom.

Soon all were asleep except Tom. He was still feeling the effects of that reaction from his slumbers in the Pontine Marshes, which has already been mentioned. His nervous system had also been affected by the malaria. He could not sleep. All around him he heard the deep breathing of the boys; and knew that they were in the land of dreams. He alone was in the land of realities,—in that dismal house,—the house of those evil looking men.

Now as he lay awake, his fears of some kind of an assault increased. All kinds of fancies swept through his brain. The very preparations which they had made against an attack served to make that attack seem more probable.

What if they should come now! Such was his thought every moment.

Time passed. Every noise was magnified,—every creak, every rustle, every sound struck upon his wakeful and excited senses, and made his heart beat with apprehension. Time after time he raised himself upright in bed and listened.

So the hours passed.

He could not sleep. He did not know what the hour was. He was vexed with himself for his nervousness. He tried to reason down his fears. He tried to count endless numbers, so as to force himself to sleep. He tried to think of falling waters, rolling smoke, and all those other subjects, the thought of which is said to be an infallible remedy for sleeplessness.

Suddenly he was roused from all this—quickly, sharply and terribly.

There was a sound now—an unmistakable one.

It was a footstep on the stair—other footsteps followed. It was the step of one trying to tread softly; but the old floor creaked, and the very effort to make no noise only made the noise worse.

Nearer and nearer!

And there came a noise at the door. It was pressed. A heavier pressure followed.

Then whispers!

And Tom, shaking Harry with one hand, kept his other over Harry's mouth, and hissed in his ear,—

"Harry! Wake! They've come! Don't speak!"

To be continued.

For the Companion.

THE WIDOW'S PICTURE.

"Madam, I will give you six hundred dollars for the picture in cash."

"Indeed, sir, I cannot part with it."

"But you are starving. And what will become of your children?"

"Yes, we are in a state of great destitution. Still I must obey my husband's dying request. And besides, I do not consider that the picture is mine."

"O, that is mere sentimental nonsense. Your husband would never have wished you to keep the picture for a stranger and yourself starve in the meantime."

"Well, sir, I have nothing more to say. I shall keep the picture at least as long as I live, or till the owner comes for it."

This conversation took place in a poor garret in the city of Philadelphia. The speakers were a picture-dealer and the widow of a German artist, named Ernest Maler.

The widow was glad that the dealer had come while her children, Adeline, aged ten, and Ernest, seven, were out, for it would have been more difficult to resist his solicitations when joined to their entreaties.

Her husband had now been dead six months, and what money had been realized from the pictures and artist's materials he had left was now exhausted, and how she was to support herself and children was a question which pressed heavily on Mrs. Maler's mind. The children had already begun to complain that they had not enough to eat, and that their schoolmates took notice of their shabby clothes, but all the employment she had been able to procure hitherto had only seemed to put off for a little the day of utter destitution.

Ernest Maler had not been very successful in his profession. He was a good and careful painter, but he lacked invention. His pictures would bear close inspection, but they were not popular and never found a ready sale. Hence he had gradually devoted himself more and more to copying. Having obtained some commissions for copies of pictures by the great masters, he went to Dresden, in Germany, from the neighborhood of which city he had come with his parents when a boy, and there set to work in the splendid gallery of the Pinacothek. He had, however, only finished one picture of the Virgin and Child, when he caught cold from sitting all day in the unwarmed gallery, and finding that his lungs were affected and his days were numbered, he hastened back to Philadelphia, in the hope that his life might be prolonged or that he might at least die with his family. Only the latter hope was realized. He lived but a few weeks after reaching home.

All he could leave his orphan children and his wife, who was herself an orphan, was a few sketches and the picture of the Madonna he had painted in Dresden, which was acknowledged by all to be exquisitely done. The picture-dealer who took the sketches, easel, &c., from the widow would gladly have taken the picture also, but before leaving home the artist had received two hundred dollars on this commission, and therefore justly considered the picture as the property of Mr. Crawford, who had ordered it. This gentleman was not now to be found in Philadelphia, and all that could be learned about him was that he was gone to California. The dying artist's last injunction had been that the picture should be kept till it was claimed, as he had a firm conviction that the gentleman would call for it at the time when he had been told to expect the artist's return, and he felt that no final loss would come from being strictly honest.

The dealer was less scrupulous. Again and again he had come to Mrs. Maler, and urged her to sell him the picture. He assured her Mr. Crawford would never return. He offered her the full price, six hundred dollars, instead of the four hundred she was to receive from him. But all in vain. Mrs. Maler, though delicate in frame, was a woman of strong principle. She did not believe that it would be God's will that she and her children should starve, but if this was to be the case she would not purchase temporary relief by an act of dishonesty. Had she yielded the picture, the dealer might have helped her in other ways, but on her final refusal he was greatly offended, and she could look for no further help from him in the future.

Soon after he had finally left the attic the children came in, hungry for their dinner. Their mother placed a scanty supply of bread and milk before them, retaining an even smaller portion for herself. Mean as the furniture of the garret was, the place seemed glorified by the beautiful picture of the Virgin and Child, which hung on the wall. The infant Saviour seemed to smile in love and pity upon the little family and invite them to trust in Him for their daily bread. And however lonely the widow felt, the picture always reminded her that however few her earthly friends might be, there was one above who sympathized with her in all her trials.

To add to her troubles, as she thought, that night her little Ernest was suddenly taken with a violent fever. She hesitated to send for a doctor, for how could she pay him. The child, however, soon became so sick that she determined to go to the nearest physician herself, and telling him her exact circumstances, entreat him to come. The doctor to whom she applied proved to be both skilful and benevolent. He came at once, and under his care the boy soon recovered. The doctor became also deeply interested in Mrs. Maler and her handsome and well-behaved children, and determined, if possible, to assist her.

In a few days he came to her again. He had a very rich patient who was exceedingly sick, and whose malady seemed to baffle all his efforts. He had strong suspicions that his directions were not followed out by the family, and he was about to insist on a nurse being employed on his recommendation. He proposed to Mrs. Maler to take this position. The pay would be comparatively good and the work light. She hesitated at first to leave her children, but finding that a kind neighbor was willing to take care of them, she at last consented. She was all the more ready to do this, as she had lost her regular supply of work through the necessity of staying at home to nurse Ernest.

The good physician took Mrs. Maler in his carriage to the house of his patient. It was a grand residence in the western part of the city, near the Schuylkill River. The patient, Mr. Fesson, was an old bachelor, for whom his nephew, or rather the adopted son of his brother, and wife were housekeepers. Mrs. Maler was surprised to find how few servants there were in the large mansion. A colored man-servant, a cook and a chambermaid were all, and it was only on Mr. Fesson's insisting that the doctor's wishes should be strictly regarded that Mrs. Maler was allowed to act as nurse.

Mr. Fesson had been suffering for some time from great nervous prostration, and in order to stimulate his nerves, the doctor had prescribed pills containing a very minute amount of strychnine. He was sure that the amount could not affect his patient seriously, and yet to his great surprise, he was attacked by rigors, his body became stiff, and his back arched. In short, he presented every appearance of being poisoned by the most virulent of all poisonous substances. The doctor was convinced that the pills had been given in much greater quantity than he had ordered, or that more strychnine had been mixed with them.

On the second night after Mrs. Maler's arrival the housekeeper came into the room and urged her to go and lie down, assuring her that she would stay with the sick man. Mrs. Maler was very weary, and after much persuasion, at last reluctantly consented. But she could not sleep, and after a while returned to the patient's bedside. She could not help noticing that the housekeeper hastily took a bottle from the table and put it into her pocket, afterwards leaving the room. That night Mr. Fesson suffered more than ever before. It was some hours before the physician was sent for, and when he came, he found his patient in almost a dying state. By great exertion, however, he succeeded in restoring him. The next thing he did was to lodge information against Mr. Fesson's housekeeper with the police, and have both her and her husband at once arrested. Grave suspicions of poisoning were confirmed by the discovery of a small bottle of strychnine in a cupboard. A druggist also testified to having sold the bottle to Mr. Fesson's nephew. It was further noticeable, that from the time of the arrest of the housekeeper, the patient began to mend, and under Mrs. Maler's constant care, he in time recovered his usual health. So grateful was he to her for rescuing him from a painful death, that he not only presented her with a large sum of money, but insisted on her keeping house for him in place of the wicked wife of his nephew criminal nephew. He took also a great fancy to the children, Adeline and Ernest, and treated them almost as his own. The picture of the Ma-

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donna was now brought from the garret, and, provided with a handsome frame, hung in the best place in the parlor. Mr. Fesson would gladly have paid a thousand dollars for it, but Mrs. Maler assured him that it was not hers, and was only in safe keeping till the owner, Mr. Crawford, should arrive, which they all now hoped he would never do.

This hope of theirs was destined to be disappointed. In about a year and a half after the artist's death, and at the time when he had originally expected to return from Dresden, Mr. Crawford made his appearance in Philadelphia, and after a somewhat troublesome hunt, at last found his way to Mr. Fesson's. He was exceedingly pleased with the picture, but seemed in no hurry to remove it from the house. He said that he had not yet a good place to hang it, and so made it an excuse for his very frequent visits to Mr. Fesson's, when he always insisted on seeing Mrs. Maler also. He declared that the exquisite face of the Virgin in the picture was an exact likness of the artist's widow, and at last one day he told her that much as he liked the copy, he could not do without the original. As he was a young man of excellent character and position, there could be no objection to his suit, and as Mr. Fesson adopted the children and left his property to them, they were all well provided for. The picture had taught the artist's family a lesson of trust and resignation before, so now it continually reminded them of their duty to be kind and benevolent to their less fortunate neighbors.

For the Companion.

THE CHURCH BELL.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

It was a day in June.

The venerable minister of Cranfield paced slowly up and down his front piazza, ever and anon coming to a full pause, that he might the better take in the loveliness spread out before him—the distant mountains, the forests, as yet undisturbed by the settler's axe, the smoke rising from chimneys apparently located without regard to highways or to each other—but it was not these alone, or chiefly, that attracted his attention; no, nor yet the flowers in his own garden, nor the peach tree where the bees were humming. Though he dearly loved them all, it was on the new meeting-house that he gazed with the rapture of a bridegroom upon his bride, or the devotion of a mother upon her first-born son.

He had come to Cranfield some sixty years previous, when he and his flock were loyal subjects of King George. With them he had faced the perils of Indian warfare, and passed through the stormy scenes of the Revolution. It is true that most of the generation which witnessed his ordination had passed away, but he had soothed their sick beds and ministered at their funerals, and by these sacred memories was doubly endeared to their descendants. Hitherto, worship had been conducted in an old barn-like edifice, originally used as a garrison, but as the town increased in prosperity, the necessity of a more fitting tabernacle began to be felt. It was now completed, and as the minister surveyed it on this summer afternoon, he pronounced it perfect, from its underpinning to the summit of its lofty spire.

And yet there was one thing lacking. Alas, in this world how seldom is it otherwise! One thing lacking, for the stately tower was without a bell.

And Parson Peperell felt it; but knowing that his people had exerted themselves to the utmost to build the church, he would not so much as hint at a want which would bring upon them additional expense. So the robins went to housekeeping in the belfry, as cosily as if it had been built for their special use, and the congregation assembled, as of yore, at the sound of the drum. The robins grew old, and their children's children flew in and out of the family nest, the first freshness of the new church faded, giving place to a chastened hue, perhaps more in keeping with its solemnity, and the years carried Parson Peperell from his eighties into his nineties, before the subject of a bell began to be agitated.

Israel Westbrook was prime mover in the affair—he was in most parish affairs—but he entered into this with peculiar unction because he had once heard the minister say, pointing to the church tower, "Could I but hear a bell sounding from yonder belfry for a single Sabbath, methinks I should be ready to depart."

"Please God, you *shall* hear it," answered Israel, for he loved Parson Peperell like a father. So a parish meeting was called, and the purchase of a bell unanimously agreed upon. The committee, consisting of Israel Westbrook, Abel Griswold, and one other, whose name has not come down to us, were empowered to give a certain sum, and more, if necessary, all of which, although doubtless intended in good faith, was very vague and unsatisfactory, and afterwards led to deplorable results. Nothing of this was foreseen at the time, however. The bell was purchased and placed in the belfry, and was pronounced to be "as fine a bell as ever swung." "Why, I shouldn't wonder," said one, "if it could be heerd clean down to McNulty's tahvern, and that's ten mile from Cranfield, as the crow flies." And this proved to be a literal fact.

As on Sabbath morning its clear tones sounded over the hills and far away, the astonished robins flew screaming from the belfry, the able-bodied inmates of every dwelling hastened toward the meeting-house, while the infirm and aged might have been seen standing in doorways, their hands to their ears, eager to catch the joyful sound. Parson Peperell thanked his people publicly for this new testimony of their regard to his wishes, and all that Sabbath day his countenance seemed to glow with a light never seen upon it before. Some said the old man had "renewed his youth," but it was only a foregleam of that immortal youth upon which he was so soon to enter.

The next morning he did not rise as usual, and when his daughter went to his bedside, it struck her that he looked strangely.

"Father! father!" said she, laying her hand on his head.

"It has come," said he.

"*What* has come? What is it?" asked she, anxiously.

He pointed upward and smiled, but never spoke again. A few days afterwards the spirit passed away, and the next Sunday the new bell tolled for his funeral.

Some said the excitement of the day had been too much for him; others that he had only been permitted to wait till his last earthly wish was gratified.

It will be remembered that the committee chosen to purchase the bell were empowered to use their judgment as regarded the price, in consequence of which they paid fifty pounds more than the sum raised by the parish. This fifty pounds had been advanced by Israel Westbrook, his friend, Abel Griswold, promising to be responsible for one half the amount, if any trouble should arise. Not that any trouble was anticipated, for hitherto the parish had been like one great family, of which Parson Peperell was the head. Great, therefore, was their surprise, when, on presenting their bill at the next parish meeting, old Dea. Wetherby arose and said that in his opinion they had gone "a *leetle* beyond what anybody had expected."

"How could we know what anybody expected?" asked Israel. "We were instructed to use our own judgment in the matter."

"And it appears to me that's the very thing you didn't do," answered the deacon, which caused some laughter, and called forth a pert remark from one of the younger brethren, to the effect that the committee could not be expected to make use of a faculty which they never possessed. This unseeming levity was rebuked by another deacon, who said that, for his part, he considered the obligation just as binding as though it had been written in black and white, and entirely upheld the committee in what they had done. This gave occasion to remarks on both sides, and the meeting finally broke up in disorder, without coming to any conclusion. From that meeting dated dissensions and personal animosities, of which that generation never saw the end. Probably no one had at that time any serious intention of repudiating a debt which all must have felt themselves bound in honor to pay; but as time went on, the bell became an old story, and all enthusiasm concerning it died out. Had not Deerfield got a bell? and Londonderry? and even little Charming-face? And just in proportion as Cranfield's pride in her bell decreased, her reluctance to pay for it increased. Besides, who wants to pay for a last week's dinner, or a worn-out garment?

But there was one thing which touched Israel Westbrook more deeply than the conduct of the parish, and that was the refusal of Abel Griswold to meet his promise. Had he not loved Abel as a brother, and trusted him as he did himself? And now Abel avoided him, sometimes crossing the street for the purpose, and came seldom, if ever, to his house, and all because he owed him twenty-five pounds, and never meant to pay it!

Israel felt all these things to his heart's core, and, moreover, fifty pounds was no small loss to a man of limited means, and hampered him in more ways than one. But he had too much of the spirit of good old Parson Peperell, to cherish revengeful thoughts, and when his son, a fiery youth, would breathe out threatenings and slaughter against the parish in general and Abel Griswold in particular, he would say, "Hush, my son, it is not for frail man to judge his brother. Vengeance belongeth unto the Lord." And in His own time the Lord sent an admonition which is remembered to this day in Cranfield.

Not many years after the death of the old minister, Israel Westbrook bowed his weary head a little lower, and gave up the ghost. Then uprose all the parish and all the townspeople to do honor to the man they had injured so deeply. Abel Griswold begged, with tears in his eyes, that he might be among the pall-bearers; and though Israel's fiery son would gladly have refused it, he took counsel of his better nature and consented.

As the long procession moved slowly to the graveyard, how every stroke of that tolling bell must have smitten the hearts of many who composed it, with remorse and penitence! As the last sod was laid on the grave, and the mourners turned to depart, the bell struck, but instead of giving forth its wonted clear, ringing sound, it was harsh and discordant. *It had cracked from top to bottom!*

THE BOY AND THE KING.

A certain king
Of Persia had a jewel in a ring.
He set it on the dome of Azud high;
And, when they saw it flashing in the sky,
Made proclamation to his royal troop,
That who should send an arrow through the hoop
That held the gem, should have the ring to wear.

It happened that four hundred archers were
In the king's company about the king.
Each took his aim, and shot, and missed the ring.

A boy, at play upon the terraced roof
Of a near building, bent his bow aloof
At random, and behold! the morning breeze
His little arrow caught and bore with ease
Right through the circlet of the gem.

The king,
Well pleased, unto the boy assigned the ring.
Then the boy burnt his arrows and his bow.
The king, astonished, said, "Why dost thou so,
Seeing thy first sho thath had great success?"
He answered, "Lest my second make that less."

For the Companion.

AN ADVENTURE IN "THE BLACK ASH SWAMP."

It was in February. We were down in the "Black Ash Swamp," Rod Nichols and I, hunting for a raccoon. The Black Ash Swamp is one of those curious low places, which never freeze, even in the dead of winter, up here in Maine, where the thermometer often stands at 20° below zero. However cold the morning, go down into that swamp and you will find it open. The tussocks of swamp-grass and cat-tails keep green underneath, all winter long; and when the heaviest snows come, two feet at a time, every flake melts as fast as it falls here, and the bog is never covered. When the pond below is frozen two feet thick, come up here and you will find the stagnant water without a skim of ice, and the black mud as soft and fetid-looking as in July. I never quite understood it. The place is kept warm somehow. Cold mornings you will frequently see it steaming. Warm air and vapor seem to work up through the mud. They say the earth is all afire on the inside; perhaps some of the heat gets up through these soft spots. That's what Rod thinks. I doubt it, though; I don't believe the *inside fire* is so near the top of the ground as that.

We hadn't gone down there to study geology, however, but as I said above, to hunt a 'coon. Raccoons are generally denned up at this season; but there had been one out, prowling round the poultry yards; and we had tracked him down into the swamp, where he had come to dig in the mud for frogs and lizards, which were taking their winter nap under the tussocks.

Making our way cautiously in through the black ashes and thick firs that cover the swamp, we came out upon a long, open slough of mud and inky-looking water, stretching away in striking contrast with the white snows on either side. It was some four or five rods across it; and peeping through the dense green boughs, we spied Master Grayback pottering in the mud, on the farther side. He had just dug up something, and was holding it in one paw to scrape the slime off it with the other. For raccoons, although they prefer what might at first seem a rather disgusting diet, are really very neat and fastidious about their food.

After getting the worst of the mud off, we saw him begin to dip and rinse it in the water. Old hunters say that they always wash their food before eating it. And I suppose that is why naturalists have named the raccoon "*lotor*," which means the *washer*.

"Splendid chance on him," whispered Rod, and raising the gun, fired.

The coon jumped up, tumbled over, then scrambled to his feet again and scuttled away among the thick evergreens.

"After him!" shouted Rod.

"He's hit! He won't run far."

We had to go round the slough; it was too soft to permit of our cutting across it. That took some minutes; and when we got round where the coon had been digging, he was nowhere in sight, but had left a trail, leading off through the deep snow into the woods, with here and there a red blotch. Striking into this, we followed it as fast as we could wallow.

"Wish you had taken the gun," said I. For in his eagerness to overtake the game, Rod had dropped the gun, on the other side of the slough.

"Should, if I had thought he would have run so far," said Rod.

We didn't just like to go back after it, and so kept on. There was a thick clump of hemlocks a little way ahead; the trail led into it.

"We shall find him in there," said Rod.

And just at that moment we heard a low growl.

"What did I tell you?"

Raccoons are quite noisy growlers. We pushed in through the hemlock, when, with a louder growl, there rose up from the snow a large, fierce-looking creature, not five yards off. At its feet lay the coon, torn and bloody; the beast was devouring it, but hearing us coming, had raised itself, growling with its mouth full, and making a queer, snuffling noise, such as you may have heard at a menagerie, when the wild beasts are fed with meat. 'Twas such a surprise that for a moment we stood staring. But seeing the creature crouch as if to spring, we both turned and scrambled out in a hurry; never stopping till we were at a respectful distance.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Rod. "Thought it was the coon growling! What was that?"

"A catamount, perhaps," said I.

"O, no; I guess not. Might have been a 'lucivee,' though, or a wild-cat."

The animal didn't come out to chase us; he had better business inside the thicket.

"Must have been lurking in there," said I.

"Yes; and when the coon ran in there, he pounced upon him. Let's get the gun."

Nothing could be done without that; and we went back and round the slough to where Rod had dropped it.

"Put in a good charge," said he, pouring out a handful of buck-shot. I dropped a dozen of them down upon the powder. Nothing like having in plenty of shot when you want to do big execution. Rod took the gun; and getting out my jack-knife, I cut a stick of green "hornbeam," thick as my wrist, and about three feet long, for a shillalah. Thus armed, we went back toward the hemlocks.

There was nothing in sight; but on getting up within four or five rods, we distinguished a sort of craunching noise, as if bones were being gnawed. It wasn't best to get too near.

"Wish he would come out in sight," said Rod. "I don't just like to go in there. If the gun should miss, we might get an awful scratching! Pitch a snow-ball over there, on to him."

I threw a chunk of snow-crust. No notice taken of it. Then another—and another. Too busy eating coon to come out for trifles.

"I'll see if we can't start him," muttered Rod. "I'll let this charge of shot go through there!" cocking the gun.

"Aim low, then—under the boughs."

Rod fired; and we heard the shot cut through the thicket.

A snarling growl followed the report. Then the boughs rustled; and out came the cat, on the other side, and bounded away with the coon, what was left of it, in its mouth.

"Out with that powder-horn!" shouted Rod. "Let's load up quick and follow him."

No trouble in doing this; for a great, plunging trail marked its course, flecked with blood-drops, though these probably came from the carcase of the coon.

"We need our snow shoes," said I, as we floundered along.

"Yes; and a hound too. Ought to have old 'Vete' here. Never can catch up with him at this rate. Snow's too deep."

But about twenty rods further on, we got a glimpse of the creature. He had stopped to finish the coon. We could see his mottled back crouching in the snow, eight or ten rods away. But seeing us coming, he caught up his prey and bounded off again.

"Don't like the looks of the gun," said Rod. "Wouldn't wonder if some of those shot hit him, back in the hemlock."

About a quarter of a mile from the swamp a high ridge, or mountain, rises abruptly in the forest, with bare, gray ledges or crags, showing amid the scrubby spruces which grow upon it. The trail led directly to the foot of this ridge, and thence up the steep side, among great rocks and scraggy evergreens.

"Be on the lookout. He won't run far up here without stopping to rest," panted Rod, as we climbed up, catching hold of the prickly branches.

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We had worked our way to the bottom of a mass of overhanging rocks, when, hearing a noise as of claws scratching on bare stones, we looked up and saw the animal in a sort of fissure or great crevice. But the instant Rod raised the gun, it growled and drew back out of sight. And climbing up a little nearer, we could see that the fissure led back into a dark hole.

"Got a den there," said Rod.

"What's to be done? How shall we get at him?" said I.

"Ought to have old Vete here, and a whole gang of fellows," replied Rod. "You stand here; take the gun and keep him in; and I'll go home and raise a crew."

Off he went, and I mounted guard with cocked musket—sincerely hoping he wouldn't come out, though. In the course of half an hour I heard voices, and soon saw them coming up,—Rod, his older brother John, and Tom Willis, a cousin of theirs. They were bringing guns, poles, and rolls of dry birch bark. Vete came dashing on ahead of them, and ran straight up to the mouth of the den.

"Wild-cat, is it?" said John, climbing up to where I stood. "S'-take him, Vete! Take him!"

Vete rushed in, and a prodigious uproar ensued,—growls, barks and snarls,—in the midst of which Vete sprang out again, with two pale, bright spots in the blackness behind him. The poor dog's ears were wofully slit, and there were several long scratches on his nose and jowl. He whined and cast a reproachful look at his master, for getting him into such a scrape.

"Too bad, Vete," said Tom.

"Dog can't manage him," said John. "Might have fired at his *eyes* when he chased Vete out, if we had been ready."

The *eyes* had now vanished.

"Let's run in a torch," said Tom, taking up one of the poles; "perhaps we can shoot him."

A roll of bark was lighted and stuck upon the end of the pole.

"Now be ready to shoot," said Tom, thrusting it slowly in.

The light disclosed a damp, dark hole, which, at a little distance, turned off behind great rocks. The creature had gone in back of these; and to get the torch in toward him, Tom was reaching in with the pole. All at once there was a spit and a rush! Tom jumped back, tried to draw out the pole, but only got it crosswise. Out leaped the cat headlong, and striking blindly against the pole, swept us all down over the rocks with it, in a heap together. There was a great din and shouting! Two of the guns went off. 'Twas a wonder we hadn't slaughtered each other! But saving a few bumps and grazings, nobody was hurt; and picking ourselves up, we saw the wild-cat running off through the snow down into the woods, with Vete in hot pursuit. Away they went, and were soon out of sight.

"Load up quick!" cried Tom. "We'll have him yet!"

They had already got down into the swamp, as we could tell by the barking; but following steadily on the trail, it began to sound nearer.

"Treed him, I guess," said Rod.

And forty or fifty rods farther on, we came in sight of Vete, barking and whining at the foot of a great hemlock.

"Now work up easy," said Tom. "There he is!" pointing to a mass of gray fur just visible through the green boughs near the top of the tree.

Raising our guns, we fired together. A loud yawl followed the reports. The creature clung to the branches a moment, then fell heavily into the snow, kicked awhile and was dead.

It was a large specimen of the bay lynx, commonly called the wild-cat.

C. A. STEPHENS.

TAME CODFISH.

Mr. Buckland, in a recent number of *Land and Water*, gives an interesting account of a visit paid by him to a pond containing tame codfish at Port Logan, Wigtonshire. The property in question belongs to a gentleman by the name of McDougall, and consists of an amphitheatre about a hundred feet in diameter hollowed out of a solid rock by the sea. All egress from this is prevented by a barrier of loose stones, through which water passes freely. On approaching the shore of the pond many codfish of great size were seen; and when a servant woman who had charge of the fish approached with some muscles, the surface of the water was perfectly alive with the struggling fish. They came close to the edge, and after a little while permitted Mr. Buckland to take hold of them, scratch them on the back, and play with them in various ways. Among other experiments tried by him was that of holding a muscle in his hand, and allowing the fish to swallow his hand in the effort to obtain the muscle. These fish furnish to the proprietor an ample supply of excellent food, the flavor being considered much superior to that of the cod taken in the open sea. Whenever needed for the table a selection can readily be made from the most promising of those at hand, and the fish secured without any difficulty.

A correspondent of *Land and Water*, referring to this account of the codfish at Port Logan, remarks that when he visited the pond, fifty years ago, there was a blind codfish in the pool, which the woman who had the pond in charge used to feed with limpets taken from the rock. When this fish came to the surface with the others she caught it in her fingers, sat down with it upon a stool, having a pail of the limpets, shelled in her lap, with which she fed it out of an iron spoon, the fish seeming to enjoy it very much. After feeding she returned it to the pond. The writer avers this to be a fact, although he evidently scarcely expects it to be believed.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

The recent severe and dangerous illness of Vice-President Colfax has called some attention to the office which he holds, and particularly with reference to what takes place on the death of a person holding it.

Much that has been said on the subject seems to indicate that little is known of the history of the second station in the national government,—for some of the statements made are grossly inaccurate; and facts that belong to that history are not mentioned, evidently because the writers did not know them.

The Convention that made the Constitution of the United States did not intend to create any such officer as the Vice-President.

The first provision looking to na such office went no farther than this, that the President of the United States Senate should, in the event of the office of President of the United States becoming vacant, act in his place until the office should be filled by a regular election.

Just before the Convention was closed, it was suddenly resolved that there should be a Vice-President created, and the reason given for creating such an officer was explained by a member of the Special Committee to whom the subject was referred.

He said, "Such an officer as Vice-President is not wanted. He was introduced merely for the sake of a valuable mode of election, which required two to be chosen at the same time."

This "valuable mode of election" provided that the person who should receive the highest number of electoral votes, being a majority of all the votes cast, should be declared President; and the person who received the next highest number, whether a majority or not, should be declared Vice-President.

At the first election, in 1788–89, George Washington received all the electoral votes cast,—69,—and became President. John Adams was declared Vice-President, though he had only 34 votes, or one less than a majority.

This mode of choosing a President and a Vice-President was found to work badly, and the Constitution was so amended as to enable electors to vote directly for President and Vice-President.

The vice-presidency was thought more of in early times than it is now, or than it has been for many years past. It was supposed that the second officer had a sort of claim to succeed to the place of the first officer, when the latter retired.

John Adams succeeded to President Washington, in 1797; and Mr. Jefferson stepped from the second office into the first, in 1801. But no similar promotion occurred till 1837, when Vice-President Van Buren succeeded to President Jackson. Since 1836–37, no Vice-President has been elected to the presidency.

Several Vice-Presidents have become Presidents, through deaths of their chiefs. Vice-President Tyler became President in 1841, because of the death of President Harrison; Vice-President Fillmore became President in 1850, because of the death of President Taylor; and Vice-President Johnson became President in 1865, because of the death of President Lincoln.

The only real usefulness in the second office is in the fact that it provides a simple way to fill the first office when that office becomes suddenly and unexpectedly vacant.

The Vice-President is President of the Senate, but he need not attend the Senate once in all his official life,—as that body is constitutionally empowered to elect a President *pro tempore*,—and frequently it does so.

When a Vice-President becomes President, as in the cases above-mentioned, the second office remains vacant, there being no provision made for filling it. It remains vacant, too, in case of the death of the person elected to it.

Three Vice-Presidents have died in office, namely, George Clinton, of New York, in 1812, toward the close of his second term; Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, at the close of 1814; and William R. King, of Alabama, in 1833. Mr. King never entered the Senate after he was chosen Vice-President, and died but a few months later.

Mr. Calhoun resigned the vice-presidency in 1832, toward the close of his second term, and entered the Senate.

The Senate elects a Vice-President when the people fail to elect one, but it has done so only once, namely, in 1837, when it chose Col. R. M. Johnson, the Democratic candidate, who had failed to get the electoral vote of Virginia, which had been given for Mr. Van Buren, the Democratic candidate for the presidency.

INDIANS IN BOSTON.

Boston has been favored with a visit from a number of distinguished Indian chiefs, representatives of distinguished tribes.

Of these chiefs are Little Raven, head chief of the Arapahoes; Buffalo Goad, chief of the Watchitas; and Stone Calf, a Cheyenne chief,—and some others.

They were received here in a most impressive manner, and they could not have been better treated had they come to us from Queen Victoria, or from Emperor William, of Germany.

Great crowds attended the reception that was given them at the Tremont Temple. The chiefs addressed the audience in their native languages, and were followed by competent interpreters. They appeared to be pleased with the attentions they received, and we hope carried away good impressions of Boston, where, certainly, there is no ill feeling toward them. But they are representatives of a doomed race—and because of this, it was impossible to look upon them without a feeling of sadness.

It is now nearly two centuries and a half since the Anglo-American race, as we can call it, first came into contact with the aborigines,—and almost the entire history of that race shows that wherever it moves it erases the aborigines, as certainly as fire erases the buildings or the forests when it rages in them without control.

The whole continent was Indian when Europeans first came to it, and what is it now? It is European, or, at least, it is peopled by men of European blood.

The Indians have been exterminated in some parts of the land. In others they are little better than slaves. And yet in others they are only waiting for dissolution,—and they know it.

The American Revolution was as fatal to Indian possession in this country as it was to English rule. Down to the time that *American* rule began in earnest, the Indians were forced from their chosen hunting grounds but slowly; but for the last eighty years they have been put under a high pressure system, and made to travel, as it were, by railway, long before the railway was heard of.

Eighty years ago they frightened white men in the interior of New York,—now, they are incapable of frightening them unless it may be in small hamlets nearly at the extremity of the continent. Sixty years ago they were half masters of Ohio,—now, they are not quarter-rulers of their own soil.

It does not seem possible that Gen. Jackson could have fought great battles in Tennessee against the Indians in 1813–14, for now the Tennesseans would as soon think of a war with insects as of an Indian war.

How long will it be before the Indian tribes will disappear? Judging by what has taken place in the last sixty years, and observing how tremendously the forces arrayed against them have increased in those years, we should say there will not be an Indian left in 1931.

It is pitiful it should be so. There is something terribly mysterious in it. But it seems to be the immutable law that the weak shall go to the wall, against which they are crushed from existence. We see the fact, but it is a fact that reaches beyond the explanations of human philosophy.

HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF HANDSOME,

And *keep* handsome, too. Rain-water and good-nature seem wonderfully adapted to preserve good looks. We can certainly answer for the latter from actual observation:

Diana of Poitiers, Duchess of Valentinois, resorted to no tricks to preserve her beauty to the age of threescore years and ten, she who at sixty-five rode on horseback like a girl! This remarkable woman was a celebrated beauty in an age of beauties, yet, strange to say, no historian has ever given details of those wondrous charms which captivated two kings, one of them fifteen years her junior in age.

We do not even know whether her eyes were blue or black, whether her hair was light or dark; we only know that she was the loveliest woman at a court of lovely women, and that at an age when most women are shrivelled and unattractive.

People said she possessed a secret that rendered her impervious to the ravages of time. Some went so far as to say in that superstitious age that she had bought her secret from a very dark gentleman indeed!

What was this secret, then? Did she ever tell it? Never. Did any one ever know it? Yes, her perfumer. Did he never tell it? Not during her life.

It is known, then? It is, for those who have the patience to wade through musty manuscripts and books. May we not know it? You will only smile and disbelieve! Try. Good, then we will translate *Maitre Oudard's* own words to you:

"I, Oudard, apothecary, surgeon and perfumer, do here declare on my faith and on the memory of my late honored and much beloved mistress, Madame Diana, of Poitiers, Duchess of Valentinois, that the only secret she possessed, with which to be and remain in perfect health, youth and beauty to the age of seventy-two was—rain water! And, in truth, I assert that there is nothing in the world like this same rain water, a constant use of which is imperative to render the skin soft and downy, or to freshen the color, or to cleanse the pores of the skin, or to make beauty last as long as life.

The late lamented Miss Alice Cary has left a little poem containing an equally valuable prescription, but omitting the rain water:

My friend, here's a secret
By which you may thrive;
I am fifty years old,
And my wife's forty-five—

A queen among beauties,
The wedding-guests said,
When we went to the church
With the priest, and were wed.

That's thirty long years past;
And I can avow,
She was no more a beauty
To me, then, than now!

For never the scath of a
Petulant frown,
Has ploughed with its furrows
Her young roses down.

And still, like a girl, when
Her praises I speak,
Her heart fairly blushes
Itself through her cheek.

And another by an unknown author tells us what true beauty is, and comforts us by deciding that it is not all a pretty face:

Beautiful faces—they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there—
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good and true,
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe
Through summer's heat or the winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
Who walk the pathways, sweet and pure,
That lead to the mansions strong and sure.

CLAIMANTS OF THE FRENCH THRONE.

If the French are in search of a government they cannot be long in finding one, should they pay any attention to the various persons who think they have a right to sit on the French throne,—or the throne of France.

In the first place, there is the gentleman who was Napoleon III., and who still considers himself to be nobody less than the third Napoleon. He was deprived of the French throne in September, 1870. The Parisians heard of his defeat and capture at Sedan, and then rose and overthrew his dynasty. He, after spending half a year in an elegant Prussian prison, went to England, where he now resides as a private person, and it would have been better for the world if he had never been any thing else. But he does not recognize the right of the Parisians to overthrow him, and considers himself Emperor of the French at this moment.

Another claimant of the French throne is the Comte de Paris. He is the heir and representative of Louis Philippe, who was King of the French from the beginning of August, 1830, to the close of February, 1848.

Louis Philippe's eldest son was the Duke of Orleans, who was accidentally killed in 1842. His rights descended to his eldest son, the present Comte de Paris, then a child, now a man verging toward middle life.

A third claimant is the Comte de Chambord—but he claims to be King of France and Navarre. He is the representative of the old Bourbon line, and claims to be King by the grace of God, and not through the election of an ancestor. He and his supporters consider him to be King *de jure*,—that is, of right; but he is not King *de facto*—that is, he is not King in fact. He is the son of the Duc de Berri, younger son of that King Charles X., who lost the throne of France in 1830.

The Duc de Berri was assassinated in February, 1820. The Duchesse de Berri, seven months later, (Sept. 29, 1820,) gave birth to a son, the same person now commonly called the Comte de Chambord.

This boy was made Duc de Bordeaux. When Charles X. found he could not retain his throne,

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in 1830, he abdicated in favor of his grandson, then in his tenth year. Charles's eldest son, the Duc d'Angouleme, also stepped aside in behalf of his young nephew. The French would not accept this arrangement, and the Duke of Bordeaux went into exile, with his family, and an exile he has ever since remained.

He took the title of Comte de Chambord from the estate of that name, which was bought for him by the French people in 1821.

He represents Louis XIV., from whom he is descended. The Comte de Paris represents Philip Duke of Orleans, only brother of Louis XIV. Should the former die without a son, the latter would become heir to all the former's royal rights, as legitimate King of France and Navarre.

The Comte de Chambord will be fifty-one years old on the 29th of next September. His wife (the Princess Maria Theresa Beatrice, of Modena, is fifty-four. They have no children. Thus the Comte de Chambord is the last of his line.

Report says that he and the Orleans Princes have united, and hope to restore him, as Henry V., King of France and Navarre.

IS THERE ANY MOTHER HERE?

A little girl once followed the workmen from her father's grounds, when they went home to their dinner, because she was very fond of a kind old man who was one of them. When he looked from his door, he saw her sitting on a log, waiting for him, and invited her to go into the cottage. She looked in, saw the strange faces around the table, and hesitated. When he urged her, she raised her sweet little face and inquired,—

"Is there any mother in there?"

"Yes, my dear, there is a mother in here," he answered.

"O, then I'll go in; for I'm not afraid if there's a *mother* there!"

Her child's experience had told her she could place confidence in a mother's sympathy. A home may be small and mean, but if it is the shrine of a mother's love, it is a happier place than a palace would be without this blessed presence.

Miss Jewsbury writes of a son who had scorned his poor home and left his humble mother, but came back, after long years, repentant, intending and hoping to make her happy. But it was too late to atone for his desertion and coldness of heart, and leaning over her grave in "the poor's corner of the churchyard," he cries,—

"Yes, I will build with marble,
And gild with gold thy tomb;
But wert thou in that lowly cot,
Beneath the wallflowers' bloom,—
That very cot I once disdained,—
How much of heaven on earth were gained!"

TRAVELLING AND LODGING IN ALABAMA.

The rude hospitality of the Southerners is proverbial. The following shows that it has not changed much since the war. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says, writing from Selma:

In coming down here from Montgomery on horseback, with an Alabamian friend, we were delayed by rough travel, reaching one afternoon a difficult fording-place just before dark. My companion, who was no better acquainted, in venturing to swim the creek first, slid from his horse and was carried by the current among the brushwood below, while the animal, turning round, made his way back to the bank from whence he started. The ardor of my friend was somewhat dampened, and we decided to make our way back to a dwelling we had left some two miles behind. The warm air compensated in part for our mishap, and we reached the cabin glad that our luck was no worse. An old negro woman and a "quantity" of children were gathered round the fire of a lightwood stump, and a pack of dogs from under the house came barking furiously toward us, with the good effect of bringing the master of the house to the door.

"Can we have a staying here, to-night?"

"Well, we aint so mighty fine here; but you've *had* a smart chance of travel, and aint particular. I reckon you'll turn in."

While the landlord and my companion were taking care of the horses, I began to survey the premises, and commenced with endeavoring to count the children, though we began to think they furnished examples of the long-sought perpetual motion. They were nine in all, with an infantile "John Rogers" at the breast. The old negro woman was busily occupied—varying her employment by nursing the babies and fondling the children, and then fondling the children and nursing the babies.

Upon his return we inquired of the landlord what he could furnish us for supper.

"Why, you can have hoe-cake and common doin's for a bit and a half; but if you want extra doin's and chicken-fixin's, you can have 'em for four bits."

As we had been without dinner, we decided to have the "extras and chicken-fixin's." After supper, which was quite satisfactory, save that the coffee was villanously strong and bitter, our host gave us a few hunting stories, and brought his observations to a close by saying,—

"Strangers, may be you would like to *lie?*"

"Mighty tired—reckon we'd better," said I, adopting the old man's provincialisms, according to the adage, "When you are in Buffalo you must do as the buffaloes do."

My previous examination of the premises had apprised me that we were occupying the parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, dormitories and all, and that there were but two beds. The old gentleman pointed us to one of them, and in a few minutes we were in a sound sleep. The old people and the children were, of course, accommodated somewhere—where, I don't know, save that I heard an ominous rustling under our bed during the night.

MONSIEUR THIERS.

The following interesting description of the most prominent man in France is by a travelling correspondent of the Boston *Journal:*

The old gentleman, seventy-two, but gray and wrinkled to a wondrous degree, occupies a small, obscure apartment, furnished with a camp-bed, as his sleeping room. He has slept on one of these hard and narrow couches for the last forty years.

In habits he is probably one of the most methodical men alive. Although he rarely retires before midnight, he invariably rises at five, A. M., and his valet brings him a cup of coffee. He then throws himself pell-mell into his work, and rarely stops before nine. All his important private business is considered and prepared before most other people are up. From nine to noon he usually sees company, and at noon he takes a very light breakfast. He always dines at eight o'clock, wherever he may be, and uses wine only once a day. It is no exaggeration to say that for forty years he has not varied from this routine. He is so active and energetic, even to-day, that his secretaries find but little to do. He prefers writing his own letters to dictating them, and on the morning of yesterday he wrote thirty-five before breakfast. He gives most of his important messages verbally, and keeps five or six confidential personages constantly engaged in delivering them. There does not exist a more admirably preserved old gentleman. He is quaint and odd to a degree, however, and seems to be most intensely annoyed by any attention from the herd. The look of impatience and distress that comes over his face when he is compelled to march between two lines of gapers is indescribable.

WOULDN'T RUN IN DEBT.

A New York paper says that the other day a little son of a well-known bank officer in Wall Street lost his purse while coming from Central Park, and a stranger, seeing his discomfort, paid his railroad fare, three cents. The boy, thanking him, said, "If you will tell me your name, I will bring it to you to-morrow." "O, no," said the gentleman, "never mind about it." The boy persisted, saying his father never allowed him to run in debt. "I will not give you my name," replied the gentleman, "but I live at No. —, on ——— Street." The next morning the door-bell rung at that house, and our little hero told the amused servant maid his errand.

"Which of the gentlemen is it?" said she; "there are several in the family." The boy twisted on his heel, and after a moment's thought said,—

"Have you a photograph book in the house?" She brought it, and turning over its pages, he said, pointing to one, "That's the one. Please give him these three cents, and tell him that the boy who borrowed it in the cars yesterday left it to pay his debt." If that little fellow grows up with the careful principles which he has now he will be a man to be trusted.

SNAILS FOR FOOD.

Of all the disguised good things in nature found out by accident or necessity, we know of none against which less can be said than the snail.

Old women in this country talk of their virtues in cases of consumption, but we have never known an instance of their having been consciously eaten. Yet in Paris—before the siege—the vineyard snail was regarded as a great delicacy, and we know that at Vienna it is held in high esteem. As oysters are now becoming expensive luxuries, we may perhaps connive at the introduction of snails in their place, and in time give them the same honor as they enjoyed in old Rome, where, fattened with bran and wine, they are regarded as a choice addition to the supper table. The snail is a strict vegetarian in his diet, and a far cleaner feeder than the crab, lobster, or even the oyster.

In the south of Europe snails are in great demand during Lent, when "flesh" is forbidden by the Roman church laws.

TEXAS FEVER.

A good many years ago the "Texas fever" was the prevailing epidemic. A good old lady, not over well posted in matters pertaining to geography, had an only son who was badly afflicted with it. So high did it run that nothing short of a visit to the "land of promise" was likely to prove efficacious as a remedy. Go he would, much as it was against the old lady's wishes. The next day one of her neighbors, without knowing her cause of trouble, paid the old lady a visit. She found her in inconsolable grief, and when she would fain comfort her by asking her cause of grief, the old lady sobbed out,—

"O my son John, he's left this *world.*"

"Your son dead?" exclaimed her neighbor, in surprise.

"O no!" again gasped the old lady; "he isn't dead, but gone to Texas.—*Lewiston Journal.*"

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Perry Mason & Co.,

Publishers Youth's Companion.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

COMPARISONS.

Poetic comparisons rarely are seen,
Although very often in prose they have been,
So I thought that they might serve to fill up a lack,
In some little corner of our "Nuts to Crack."

1.

The *positive* is the old spelling, 'tis said,
Of a tail which is used on the back of the head;
The *comparative* strange is, but none the less true,
The *superlative* brings exploration to you.

2.

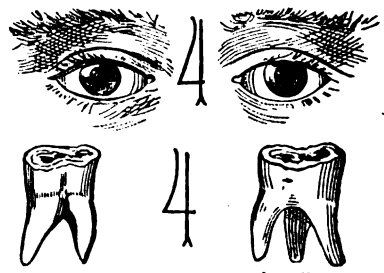
A masculine nickname, the *positive* shows,
The *comparative* surely is good,
The *superlative's* nearly the same as the rest,
But not quite, should be understood.

3.

The *positive* shows us an animal's name,
The *comparative* is to detain,
The *superlative* never is found in the van,
But is seen at the end of a train. HAUTBOY.

4.

REBUS.



An easy rebus for young "nutcrackers."
CHEESE KURD.

5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A prophet.
2. A brave man.
3. Conqueror of Rome.
4. A recluse.

The *initials* give a word which means false—the *finals* denote something hard. Both together give a national emblem. N.

6.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in cot but not in bed,
My *second* is in color but not in red;
My *third* is in west but not in east,
My *fourth* is in supper but not in feast;
My *fifth* is in earth but not in soil,
My *sixth* is in work but not in toil;
My *whole* is the name of an English poet.
If you'll think a moment, I guess you will know it.
CARRIE HALL.

7.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Transpose the first letter each time.
(1) A person. (2) The dawn of day. (3) Close. (4) A combat. (5) Darkness. (6) View. (7) Correct.
LULU D.

8.

HIDDEN AUTHORS.

Why is that cow perambulating the yard?
Send by Ronald to get the letter.
Did you hear how much gold Smith had found?
Mrs. Brown in going to the city lost her book.
CACTUS.

Conundrums.

Why is a donkey which cannot hold up its head like next Monday? Because its neck's weak.

When is a sailor not a sailor? When he's a-loft.

When is a side of leather like iron-rust? When it is an ox-hide.

Whom did Adam marry, and when did he marry her? One Eve.

Why is a dilapidated shoe like ancient Greece? Because it once had a Solon.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Alabama.
2. Eye.
3. Boy-aunt. Buoyant.
4. A sea of upturned faces.
5. Cedar, Hemlock, Olive, Upas, Alder, Linden.
6. Ate, eight. Our, hour. Forth, fourth. Hart, heart. Knight, night.
7. Gough, Abstinence, Luna, Ismailov, Love, Ellen, Oysters. Galileo—Heavens.

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THE PATIENT WAITER.

The rough-drawn picture that I show to-night,
Is painted from no vague and false ideal;
And, seen by Memory's soft and mystic light,
The shadow may once more appear the real.

A somewhat curious portrait;—stature tall,
High forehead, hazel eyes, nose slightly Roman;
Mouth large, chin sharp,—well, take him all in all,
His counterpart I think you'll find in no man.

A battered hat he wore;—Ah! in my time
I've seen all sorts, worn by all sorts of people;
Hats native-born, and hats from every clime;
High crown and low, broad brim, bell-top and steeple;

'Twas none of these—a something strange and rare;
No shape, no name, no history and no number;
No nap, of course; indeed, 'twas finished ere
Some generous giver broke its attic slumber.

A threadbare coat, long-tailed, cerulean blue;
What magic power held warp and woof together
Year after year, no mortal ever knew;
And yet 'twas proof against the stormiest weather.

Its two brass buttons set so high behind
They seemed like longing eyes to the beholder,
Unwearied in the hopeless task to find
A better lookout just above each shoulder.

The pantaloons of gray, six yards or less,
But *very* short, and somewhat loose and flowing;
Half-mast they looked, a signal of distress,
The huge brogans conspicuously showing.

That trudged behind a wheelbarrow all the day;—
His only means to gain a scanty living—
'Tis ruined now—gone like the "one hoss shay,"
No semblance of its grand proportions giving.

A quiet smile played ever round his mouth;
A kindly word he had for lord or peasant;
Blow high, blow low, when floods came, or in drouth;
Blue skies or black, with him 'twas always "*pleasant.*"

In life's mysterious chain he seemed to be
A rusty link between the past and present;
In their philosophy men did not see
The deeper meaning of that one word "*pleasant.*"

Who knew what bright hopes sank in deep eclipse,
What weary hours were his, what pain and trial,
Before it fell so often from his lips—
What resignation, and what self-denial?

Who cared to know? Enough that he was poor—
And poverty is sometimes called transgression—
So, when they led him to the workhouse door
He gave them thanks in that one quaint expression.

Quite willing there to expiate his crime,
Till flesh should fail, and spirit seek expansion;
Content to live, yet waiting for the time
When Death should lead him to the heavenly mansion.

And when the summons came, he calmly smiled,
And crossed his thin, worn hands in trust and meekness,
And fell asleep like some o'erwearied child,
To wake no more in want, and pain, and weakness.

For the Companion.

SAVED.

"He was the worst boy that had been known in all that country for thirty years." So said a person, when speaking of Thomas Olivers, a wayward youth living in a small village in England.

But Thomas was not happy. He carried within him a tortured conscience that burned him like a flame. In the still hours of reflection he was deeply penitent, and resolved again and again to amend his wretched ways, and to lead a life that would bring him peace of mind.

"The worst boy in all that country" begun to pray. At one time he prayed so often that his knees became stiff through kneeling. But his resolutions were weak; he again was led astray by bad companions, and fell under the suspicion of crime.

Conscience again asserted its authority. He was completely broken down now beneath the sense of his guilt. He felt that he was not able to save himself from sin, and he had never been taught that he must rely upon Jesus as his Saviour.

Providence led him to an old seaport town in England, where Whitefield had made an appointment to preach. "The worst boy in all that country" felt that his own case was hopeless, but he determined to go and hear the sermon of the great preacher.

"When the sermon began," he says, "I was one of the most abandoned and profligate young men living. Before it ended I was a new creature." He was led to realize that Jesus was *his* Saviour, and to cast himself at once on the Saviour's mercy. From that hour he surrendered all that he had to his Lord forever.

"The worst boy in all that country" was a happy man now, though he often wept when he recalled his sins in the past. He enjoyed the presence of God continually, and his besetting sins lost all their power and attractions. "I saw God in every thing," he said of the joy of his conversion. "The heavens, and the earth, and all therein showed me something of Him; yea, even from a drop of water, a blade of grass, a grain of sand, I often received instruction."

He became a most eminent preacher—that "worst boy in all that country." Hardship, suffering and persecution made him a strong man, strong morally and strong in the love of God. You have often sung the hymn beginning,—

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah."

You may have felt strongly in sympathy with the words,—

"I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me by thy powerful hand."

You have also seen the majestic hymn beginning—

"The God of Abr'am praise."

These hymns—hymns that seem destined to live through the ages—were composed by Thomas Olivers, that poor fatherless boy, who in the friendlessness of youth, was led astray, and was accounted the "worst boy in all that country."

Jesus is an all-forgiving Saviour. Those whom the world rejects and abandons may hope.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." H. B.

A POOR MINISTER'S TEMPTATION.

Agur said, "Give me not poverty . . . . lest I steal." A Lockport (N. Y.) paper tells a story which illustrates the trials of virtue and principle to which want of money often puts even good men. A poor clergyman travelling on a steamboat was overlooked in the collection of fares, and could have landed without paying, unbeknown to any one but himself. As his fare would exhaust all the money he had, the temptation came to keep it. Here is his own account of the case, and the struggle he experienced:

The fare was—cabin, two dollars—deck, one dollar. Just one dollar was all that my pocket contained at this time. Hence I was not troubled in coming to a decision between the cabin and the deck. I cannot say that the choice was made without mortification. A sensitive nature is susceptible of the contrast between a well-furnished cabin and the society of a well-dressed and genteel class of passengers, and the bales, boxes, barrels, hordes of emigrants and herds of cattle, all crowded together on the deck.

He at last succeeded in beguiling his mind with a book, and thought no more of his situation, till the signal told him he was almost at his destination. His first thought was that he had not paid his fare:

The boat bell rung. It was doubtful whether the captain was at his office. He would soon be occupied in making the landing, and should I find him it would be doubtful whether he would give me any attention. So far there was nothing unnatural or discreditable in my perplexity. At this point the tempter met me with such suggestions as the following: All are presumed to have paid their fare. Passengers leaving have no tickets to deliver. I can keep that dollar—the only one I have—nobody will ever know it! Why pay out all I have when I can avoid it? How do I know what my necessities are to be before I get any more funds? I had been no detriment to the boat; it would have made the passage had I not been on board. The proprietors would not miss that one dollar, it was of far more account to me than it could be to them. Was I not trying to do good? Was not my poverty the result of my sacrifices for the cause of Christ? The "field is the world;" and if I work for the world ought I not to be sustained? Had not my mortification in taking a deck passage been sacrifice enough? Besides, why could I not consider the one dollar as a loan from the boat, retain it for present use, and pay it some other time, with the interest, if need be?

The wheels were reversed; we were within a few rods of the wharf. In a moment or two the gang would be thrown out, and I must go on shore. Conscience thundered, *pay your fare, or leave the boat a dishonest man!* I ran to the office; the captain was just coming out. I handed him the one dollar, told him I had taken a deck passage, did not hear the call for fare, and that I was to leave at that place. He looked at me with interest, I thought with kindness, took the bill, bowed gracefully and smiled as I left him. I stepped on the wharf penniless, but with an approving conscience. I successfully resisted the dishonest devil and he fled from me. I was really conscious of my poverty but felt no degradation.

Among the crowd, I soon noticed two familiar faces. The salutations of meeting were cordial, not less so than they would have been, had a well-filled purse burdened my pocket. One said, "I have come to carry you to your destination;" the other said, "I have come to invite your services at a wedding at my house to-morrow." I had other things now to think of besides the humiliation of a deck passage and the utter exhaustion of financial resources. I was among friends. For the time being, at least, my wants would be supplied. I began to think I saw the hand of God.

Next day, the wedding—my first! A large, splendid company; the ceremony performed with some trepidation; a good fee. After two weeks of earnest work I returned. I could now afford a cabin passage, and on reaching home had more money than when I started. Neither the humiliation nor the temptation of that dark passage has been forgotten.

REMARKABLE RESCUE.

In the year 1628, Landamman Kasper, of Brandenberg, the newly chosen Governer of Gellenz, was riding over the St. Gothard from Zug, accompanied by his servant and faithful dog. At the top of the pass he and his servant were buried by an avalanche, which descended from the Lucendo. The dog alone shook himself free. His first care was to extricate his master. But when he saw he could not succeed in doing this, he hastened back to the hospice, and there, by pitiful howling and whining, announced that an accident had happened.

The landlord and his servants set out immediately with shovels and pickaxes, and followed the dog, which ran quickly before them. They soon reached the place where the avalanche had fallen. Here the faithful dog stopped suddenly, plunged his face into the snow, and began to scratch it up, barking and whining.

The men set to work at once, and after a long and difficult labor, succeeded in extricating the Landamman, and soon afterwards his servant. They were both alive, after spending thirty-six fearful hours, oppressed by the most painful thoughts. They had heard the howling and barking of the dog quite plainly, and had noticed his sudden departure, and the arrival of their deliverers; they had heard them talking and working, without being able to move or utter a sound.

The Landamman's will ordained that an image of the faithful dog should be sculptured at his feet on his tomb. This monument was seen till lately in St. Oswald's church, at Zug.

HISTORY OF A RAG CARPET.

A contributor to the Toledo *Blade* having set forth the advantages of a rag carpet, "Jane Brandon" gives the other side of the story:

I was the only girl in a family of six, as poor as poverty and as proud as Lucifer. We, that is mother and I, wanted a carpet, and we concluded to make a rag carpet; the boys agreed to help us and we went to work. We saved and washed, dried, cut, sewed, for four mortal years. Sometimes the boys would say they would cut no more, but after a brief season of repentance they invariably returned to the charge. Mother's hands were blistered, mine were blistered, the boys blistered theirs, and then father took up the shears, but he soon gave it up, saying that "the tarnal thing would cost more than it would be worth." The rags were all cut, sewed, colored and wound into balls at last. Aunt Dolly spun the warp of wool from our pet lamb's back, and wove the carpet. It looked well enough, and we had enough to cover the parlor floor and the best bed-room—about forty yards in all.

While we were tacking down the carpet one of the neighbor's girls came in, and after praising our carpet, said,—

"We have got a new carpet."

"When did you make it?" mother asked.

"O, we didn't make it; it is a boughten carpet."

"We couldn't afford a boughten carpet," replied mother; "they cost so much."

"Ours only cost two dollars a yard, and it's real nice; we girls braided for it, and it only took a year."

Mother looked at me and I looked at mother; neither of us spoke, but our eyes spoke a whole library. Mary Jones and her sisters had earned a whole carpet, worth twice as much as ours, in a year, by braiding palm leaf hats at thirteen cents apiece. When the last tack had been driven into its place we rose from our knees sadder and wiser women.

"Jane Brandon" describes an extreme case, and leaves out one important item of value in the home-made article which she decides so strongly against, viz., *the satisfaction of the owners in the thought that they made every strand of it themselves.* We should rather, too, be told how long the "boughten" carpet, "twice as good as ours," *outlasted* the home-made one. A good rag-carpet will generally wear at least twice as long as any other of the same cost. We know of one that has been in use thirty years, and still looks handsome and strong enough to do service thirty years more. As a rule, however, it is better economy to divide labor, and exchange one thing for another, than to try to *make* every thing we want.

EFFECT OF A CHEER.

The applause of a friendly and sympathizing auditory has often reassured a faltering young speaker who would else have failed and left the platform in confusion. Life is full of critical situations, where a word of encouragement or a hearty God-speed spoken is the only thing that can save a life or secure the success of a noble endeavor.

In one of our large cities, a fire broke out in a lofty dwelling. It was near midnight, and the flames had made headway before they were discovered. The fire companies rallied, but the smoke had become so thick that the outlines of the house were scarcely visible, and the fiery element was raging with fearful power, when a piercing cry thrilled all hearts as they learned that there was one person yet unsaved within the building. In a moment a ladder was swung through the flames and planted against the heated walls, and a brave fireman rushed up its rounds to the rescue.

Overcome by the smoke, and perhaps daunted by the hissing flames before him, he halted and seemed to hesitate. It was an awful scene. A life hung in the balance, and each moment was an age.

"Cheer him!" shouted a voice from the crowd, and a wild "hurrah!" burst like a tempest from the beholding multitude. That cheer did the work, and the brave fireman went upward amid smoke and flame, and in a moment descended with the rescued one in his arms.

Friend, brother, when you see a brave soul battling with temptation, struggling under the cross, rushing forward to rescue dying men, and yet faltering in an hour of weakness or a moment of peril, then "cheer him!" And as a pebble's fall may change a river's course, so your words of sympathetic kindness may uplift a drooping heart, and fix its faltering purpose for a noble life.

MAKING STONE.

The enormous piers of the quay at Port Said, where the Suez Canal terminates, are built entirely of stones *manufactured* near the place, there being no quarries in convenient reach. The valuable art of stone-making is now understood and practised in our own country. Blocks and boulders for building can be manufactured much more cheaply and conveniently than they can be hewn and transported from the quarries.

The Frear artificial stone is now much used in New York city for dwellings, stores, fences, sidewalks, sea walls, culverts and dockage. The stone was first introduced in Chicago, where more than three hundred of the finest buildings in the city are partly or wholly made of it. The materials used in its composition are sand, gravel and Portland cement, fixed together firmly with chemicals, which form a solid, insoluble stone, which is pressed in moulds of any desirable pattern or form, such as bricks of various sizes, ashlers, key-stones, corner-blocks, water tables, door and window-caps, sills and cornices. In fact, it is claimed the most beautiful architectural designs may be executed in it with a finish and perfection which the most skilful workman with the chisel would find it impossible to attain.

An important test of the sustaining capacity of the stone was recently made by Maj. Gen. Gillmore, of the Engineer Corps of the army. Two two-inch cubes sustained a pressure of over seventeen thousand pounds without crushing, and a four-inch cube was uninjured under a hydraulic pressure of fifty-seven thousand pounds.

The great strength and solidity of the stone, its imperviousness to all atmospheric influences, the fact that it can be adapted to all purposes to which natural stone is now applied, together with its cheapness, will doubtless bring it into general use as a staple building material.

OLD DOG TRAY.

There are few characters in history so celebrated as Old Dog Tray. Romance has given to him its charms, and poetry has woven its sweetest numbers to sanctify his virtues. The name, therefore, is honored, and though belonging to the canine race, there is really no reason why it should not be assumed by a man. Ragged, tattered and torn, the person assuming it can, with reason, permit the epithet of poor to precede it. Yesterday, probably being his birthday, a man had taken the opportunity of celebrating it in the good old-fashioned way. Repeated applications to the cup that cheers but does not inebriate rendered him jovial, and finally sleepy. Selecting a soft place in the gutter, he laid down to pleasant dreams, and drew the dark curtain of the night around him. In this condition he was found by a policeman, who insisted that he should get up.

"What is your name?" demanded the officer.

"Poor Dog Tray," responded the inebriate.

"Why, that's a dog's name."

"Yes—it's mine."

"Are you a dog?" asked the facetious watchman.

"Well," murmured the recumbent, "if I aint, I am very near one;" and he glanced with infinite meaning at the officer who had so ruthlessly broken in on his repose.

A little bit exasperated at the reply, the officer proceeded to arrest him, but when the culprit suggested that it was strange a dog couldn't sleep in the gutter if he wanted to, he was suffered to go his way in peace.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

LAME JIMMY.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at base-ball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game; for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as base-ball.

His companions, good-naturedly enough, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one, at last, "you can't run, you know."

"O hush," said another, the tallest boy in the party, "never mind, I'll run for him, and you can count it for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself, that boy is a true gentleman.

LOVED FLOWERS.

A correspondent writes: "I came very near hugging a horse, the other day, on Tremont Street. He was attached to a buggy and standing near the sidewalk. In front of him was a cart laden with flowers, into which this horse would bury his head, sniffing the odors without injuring a plant or disturbing a petal. And, as I stopped and said to the horse, "Good-morning, my dear fellow; I wish you had a human soul in you, so that we could talk to each other," I wondered if he and the flowers did not talk together in their own sort of way.

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DAISY FORTUNE TELLING.

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

Down in the daisy field, under the shade,
May, Carrie and Kate, daisy fortunes played;
Singing, while dropping each floret leaf,
"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief!"
This is the way May, Kate and Carrie,
Learn of the daisies whom they shall marry.

"And what shall we have for our bridal dress?
Daisy white, daisy true, can you guess?
Silks, satins, calico, rags!" sing they,
Drawing and counting each milk-white ray,
To see what the last one has to say.
This the way May, Carrie and Kate,
Learn how they shall dress in their bridal state.

"On our wedding tour, in what shall we go?
Tell us, daisy, we long to know."
So they pull the florets again apart,
To see if the bridal train shall start
In "coach, chaise, wheelbarrow, cart!"
This is the way Kate, Carrie and May,
Learn how they shall ride on their wedding day.

Now one word more must the daisies give;
"Tell us, truly, how we shall live;
Great house, cottage, woodhouse, shed!"
One by one are the dwellings said,
As they draw the rays from the golden head.
This is the way the daisies tell
How the brides, Kate, Carrie and May, shall dwell.

And for fortune telling, no living man
Can tell a bit better than daisies can!

For the Companion.

MORE ABOUT GERTIE---Chap. III.

Never was there a happier child than Gertie, as she trotted along to Sabbath school that pleasant Sabbath day, with her sister.

After the exercises in the infant class were over, she went out into the large vestry to wait for Jennie.

Jennie was chatting with a group of girls, quite forgetful of the little eager sister at her side. Gertie grew very impatient. "Jennie, I want to do to meetin'!"

"Don't be in a hurry, you dear little monkey!" said one of the girls.

"O, my! aint she cunning?" exclaimed another.

"Give me a kiss," urged another, stooping down and smoothing the plump little cheek; but Gertie was not to be flattered or coaxed.

"I *aint* a monkey; my mamma don't 'low folks to call me monkeys and things," and she tugged the more vigorously at Jennie's dress.

"Do be still, Gertie, we'll go in a minute," said Jennie; but Jennie's minute was a long one.

"I dess I tan find the way my own self," thought the little girl, and slipping away from her sister, she followed the people up stairs.

When she got there she felt a little bewildered, so many people were moving about and jostling her this way and that. She peeped into the open doors of the church.

Away down, almost to the pulpit, she spied her father, and crying, "I found 'oo, papa Jameson, I found 'oo, my own self," she danced down the aisle, laughing gleefully.

Gertie was somewhat abashed when she saw all the people looking at her, but she cuddled close to her father's side and felt quite safe. But the active little brain would not let tongue or body be at rest long.

When the voluntary commenced, the child sat for a moment, as if awed, but as the melody became louder, and the waves of music made all the air tremulous, she clapped her dimpled hands, and said, "It's God a talkin', mamma, aint it?"

"Sh——, Gertie," warned her sister; "you mustn't talk out loud, it's naughty," and the little girl was once more hushed into silence.

Her eyes wandered wonderingly about; the singing, the prayers, the reading of the Scriptures, all claimed her attention. By-and-by she grew weary, and climbing upon the seat, she stood by papa's side and played with his thick, dark hair.

Once in a while he would feel the pressure of warm lips against his ear, and a voice intended to be very soft would whisper loudly, "I love 'oo, papa, I do. I love 'oo whole jud o' merlasses full."

To Gertie's taste, molasses was the thing above all others to be desired in this world, and if she measured her love for any one by jugfuls, it was a mark of her greatest affection.

"Gertie," whispered Mr. Jameson, at last, "papa knows all about it; but you must not talk any more till you get home."

After that Gertie was silent, but although silent, she was busy. She got down from the seat and stood at her father's knee. Pretty soon a lady in another pew held out to her a small piece of candy. She looked up at her father. He nodded his head, and so she went and got the candy, thanking the lady in a pretty, bashful whisper.

So mouse-like was she in her movements, that papa quite forgot her in his interest in the sermon; but was soon reminded of it rather oddly, for just as the preacher was closing his remarks, Gertie trotted up the pulpit stairs, much to the amusement of the congregation and the vexation of the Jamesons, and stood looking earnestly up into his face; he turned and looked at her kindly.

"Hollo!" said she.

The minister smiled, and raising her, placed her gently on the sofa, then went on to close his discourse.

Gertie began to be afraid, she was so far away from her papa; she noticed, too, the smile upon the faces of the audience, and slipping down from the sofa, she crept with downcast eyes back to her father's pew.

The sermon was over, another hymn was sung, but Gertie remained perfectly quiet.

The congregation stood for prayer, and she was left sitting on the seat.

She saw her parents standing with bowed heads, and thought that she must do the same. Rising on the seat, she stood a moment, then attempting to lean forward, lost her balance, and fell to the bottom of the pew.

Human patience could endure no more, and at a signal from her mother, Jennie took the weeping child, and with crimsoned face, hastened her from the church. RACHEL CLARK.

THE BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

Isaac and his Cousin Paul came home from school at four o'clock in the afternoon. Of course they were hungry, as school is a hungry place, they say. Isaac went directly to the dining-room closet, with Paul at his heels.

"Mother puts some cookies on the shelf, if she has any for us. I hope we shall find some," said Isaac, opening the door. There was not a cookie to be seen, but two crackers. The boys looked disappointed.

"There is cake in that tin trunk," said Isaac, pointing to a corner of the closet; "but it is not to be had."

"Is it locked?" asked Paul.

"O, no, not locked," said Isaac.

"Then can't we take a piece?" whispered Paul; "auntie would not care, and she might never know it. We can forget to tell her, you know."

"Not for the world," said Isaac; "my mother trusts me, and I never touch her cake or sweetmeats without leave."

"Pooh!" cried Paul, "they are as much yours as hers; and she would never find it out. You are a fool to be so squeamish."

"Paul," said Isaac, squarely, "I call such a thing stealing, and I shall not do it for the best bite in the world."

"Every person to their choice," cried Paul, carelessly. "I only know what I should do, and what I *do* do at home."

"If you steal, so much the worse," said Isaac.

"I do not call it stealing," cried Paul, snappishly; "no such thing."

"We had best call things by their right names, Paul," said his cousin, gravely.

"You to your choice, I to mine," cried Paul.

And that is what we are always at—*choosing*. Life is made up of little choices. Remember, boys, *as you choose while a boy*, so will you be as a man; noble or sneaking, upright or deceitful—showing Christian manliness or worldly selfishness.—*Child's Paper*.

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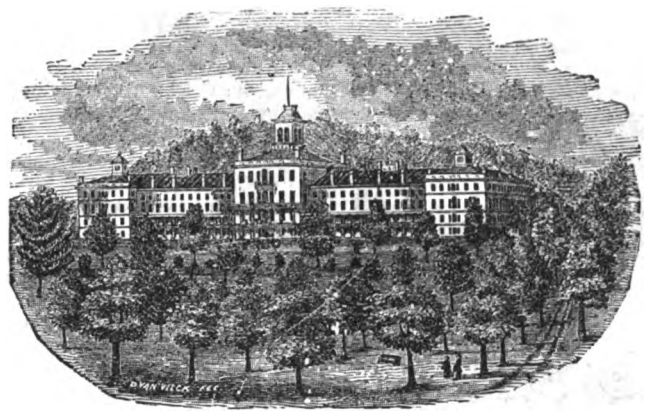

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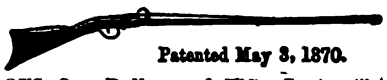

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For the Companion.

SIR REYNARD.

The most foxy of all animals is the fox. We are told in the Bible that before he beguiled our mother Eve, the serpent was the most subtle of all the beasts of the field, but since he has had to crawl on the ground and eat dust, the snake has simply become a sneak. He has parted with what wisdom or sagacity he may once have had. In India the jackal is considered the most cunning animal, but that is either because the fox is not so common, or he is not so lively in a hot as in a cold climate.

It is a proof that the fox has all his wits about him in this country, that he is able to exist at all. He is hunted more than any other animal. and yet wherever there is any place for him to hide—there he is. To trap him one must use all manner of artifice. First, Sir Reynard's suspicions must be lulled by a supper of toasted cheese for several nights in succession. Then the trap must not be touched by the hand, but after being smoked and greased, must be laid in an out of the way place, on a bed of dry ashes or chaff. Thus, in one respect, with all his cunning, he may be caught with chaff.

It seems strange that the nest of little foxes is generally found in an open field, but Mother Fox probably thinks them safer where she can see on all sides, and is not liable to be surprised. She generally has three dens, and if one is liable to be attacked, she moves to another in the night. Many a boy has discovered a litter of baby foxes, and gone at once for a spade to dig it out. After several hours' labor the hole has been found empty. While the boy was gone for his spade the foxes flitted.

Audubon once shot a female fox of the black or silver-gray sort, which is the rarest of all. It appears black or gray, according to the light in which you regard it. He also dug out its nest near by, and found it to contain three black and four red ones, which shows that in foxes as in men, members of the same family frequently have very different complexions. The Arctic fox is generally white.

It is considered fine sport to hunt the fox with hounds. Some hunters think the fox enjoys the chase as much as the dogs. When they are slow he will wait for them, sit down and listen, cross and recross his track, as if on purpose to increase their perplexity. He is ready with all sorts of tricks to throw his pursuers off the scent. He will walk in the bed of a small creek, or on a rail fence. One, when hard pressed, took a side leap, and then ran up a partially fallen tree. The hounds in their eagerness ran far beyond, and then further, looking for the lost track. Then the fox came down from his hiding-place, and taking the back track, foiled the dogs completely.

The story is told of a silver-gray fox, that when pursued he would endeavor to cross the trail of one of his brethren, so that the hound would invariably be switched off on the other's track, which was certainly very mean, if true.

When the earth is dry and hard, it will not retain scent as well as when soft and moist. Reynard evidently knows this fact, so in cold weather he often takes to a bare ploughed field. Then the dogs have at least to go round the field to find the scent again. He has been known, also, to walk carefully along a sleigh track, as the hard, polished surface of the snow would give no signs of his trail, or at least they might be rubbed out by another sleigh coming along before the hound. In that case the sleigh would prevent the dog from slaying him.

The fox belongs to the family of *Canidæ*, or dogs, as does the wolf. Wolves, however, always go in packs or companies, while the fox goes singly. We also hate the wolf, but cannot help admiring the fox somewhat, for his cunning is used chiefly in self-defence.

VARIETY.

A WHITE NEGRO PRODIGY.

Here is an account of a wonderful freak of nature and genius, in human form, that quite eclipses famous "Blind Tom:"

The Hillsboro' (N. C.) *Recorder* says there is a negro named Jim Satterfield, in Person county, who is a natural-born musician. He can play on any instrument, from the banjo up, and after hearing any piece of music the first time can play it off accurately without a single false note. He stopped one day and listened to a lady music teacher performing on the piano—it was the first time Jim had ever seen an instrument of the sort—but as soon as the lady got up he sat down to it and beat her all hollow playing on it. The appearance of this negro is as singularly attractive as his musical genius is wonderful. His head is perfectly white and woolly, though he is not more than twenty years old, and curls on his head; his eyes are nearly white, and his eyebrows quite so—he can hardly see at all in the daytime, but sees well at night. His skin is white, and he is commonly called a "white negro." Jim belonged to Mr. Satterfield, of Person, before he was freed. Jim is the only Albino we know of in this part of the country. The poor fellow is gradually losing his hearing; a pity that one so gifted with a natural ear should have it shut up from the rich melodies that once delighted him.

WILD TURKEYS.

A Southern correspondent of the Boston *Journal* has been among game, and tells what he has learned about the Thanksgiving bird, and the way to take it:

We continued our journey through the sparsely-settled pine lands, now and then starting from their hiding places a flock of quails, and at one time during the day driving up some eight or ten wild turkeys. There are no finer looking birds than these. They sometimes wander to the corn-fields in autumn, and are exceedingly wary of the approach of the hunter. Some of them weigh twenty-five pounds.

They are swift on wing or foot, and when near a thicket resort to it as a means of escape. The most successful mode of catching them is to make a small building of logs, several inches apart, and dig a trench leading from the outside to the centre of this temporary cabin. The trench is then covered with brush, not so thickly as to exclude the light, and is left wide open at each end. Corn or grain is strewed about the outside entrance, and from thence all along the trench to the opening in the interior of the cabin. In this way the turkeys are decoyed into the building, where, finding themselves entrapped, they are incessantly thrusting their heads through the crevices of the shanty, without ever discovering the opening from whence they made their entrance.

THE SINGING HOD-CARRIER.

We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. If we find a hard-toiling, poor man singing with all his work we may venture to think there is something good in him even if he is not great. A writer in one of our exchanges says:

As I was returning from the country, the other evening, between six and seven o'clock, bearing a basket of flowers, I met a man that was apparently the tender of a mason. He looked brick and mortar all over. He had worked the entire day, and had the appearance of a man that would not be afraid to work. He was walking on with a light step, and singing to himself as he passed down the street, though he had been working the whole day, and nearly the whole week. Were it not that my good thoughts always come too late, I should have given him a large allotment of my flowers. If he had not been out of sight when the idea occurred to me, I should have hailed him, and said,—

"Have you worked all day?"

"Of course I have," he would have said.

"Are you singing?"

"Of course I am."

"Then take these flowers home, and give them to your wife, and tell her what a blessing she has in you."

TEA.

The Dutch East India Company brought the first tea to Europe in 1618. An act of Parliament, passed in 1660, laid a tax of 1s. 6d. on every gallon of tea sold at the coffee houses. Pepys, in his diary dated September, 1651, says, "I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink), of which I had never drunk before." Six years after, he says, "Home—Found my wife making of tea a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold," &c. The East India Company, about this date, directed "one hundred pounds of goode tey" to be sent to England on speculation. The price was fifty or sixty shillings the pound. Two pounds three ounces of the best tea was not thought an unfitting present from the company to the king. Now, more than fifty thousand tons of shipping are employed in its transportation, while it is probably consumed by more than five hundred millions of persons, as estimated on good authority.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

Assessor.—Mr. P., what is your profession?

P.—I am a member of the Methodist church.

Assessor.—You misunderstand me. What is your occupation?

P.—Sometimes I occupy the stand with the preacher, and sometimes I sit on a bench.

Assessor.—You don't comprehend me. What is your calling?

P.—I am a class-leader; but sometimes I *do* think I have a call to preach.

Assessor.—You do not get my meaning yet. Have you any trade?

P.—O yes. Sometimes I trade with Morgan, over at Morganville, and sometimes I trade with Jones, at Trenton. I would trade some at Hooker Switch, but the feller keeps whiskey, and I do not like to do any business with him.

Assessor.—Once more, Mr. P., are you a farmer or carpenter?

P.—Farmer, sir.

AUDUBON AND THE BOOTS.

The great ornithologist, Audubon, knew what it was to want money, but could at a pinch always turn his hand to some way of earning it.

While Audubon was at Natchez, a companion of his was in want of a new pair of boots, but neither he nor the naturalist had money to spare to buy them. Audubon proposes to paint the portraits of the shoemaker, to whom he goes, and his wife, and to receive in return two pairs of boots. This satisfied the shoemaker, and the portraits were sketched in a couple of hours.

BARBAROUS OPPRESSION.

In one of the English factories, where a number of girls are employed, a girl who is too long in finishing her work at one of her frames, receives a sound flogging on the bare back with a leather strap, under the direction of the forewoman. One of the girls, who was twice whipped in this way, lately took legal proceedings against the forewoman. The latter, however, proved that it was the regular custom of the establishment, and that every girl was engaged on the condition that she was liable to be flogged for neglect of work. The magistrate, therefore, dismissed the complaint.

A DRUNKEN MAN, who slipped down, thought it singular that water always freezes with the slippery side up.

A GENTLEMAN seeing an Irishman removing an embankment from a dwelling, inquired,—

"Patrick, what are you doing?"

"I am opening the cellar window, to be sure."

"And what are you doing that for?"

"May it please yer honor," said Patrick, "to let out the dark."

A MAN residing in an Essex county city was much annoyed, the other evening, by what he supposed was his horse kicking in the stable, and finally he got mad and gave the horse a good sound thrashing. In the morning he discovered that the sound was caused by boys stealing his lead spout, and he felt so cheap about his part of the affair that he gave his horse two quarts of oats extra for breakfast.

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL, one of hundreds, speaks for itself:

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., MARCH, 1871.

MR. H. G. WHITE: *Dear Sir:* I take pleasure in informing you of the cure effected in my mother's case by your "Specialty for Dyspepsia."

Before using it, she had for a long time been very low, and for five weeks was unable to partake of anything more hearty than a spoonful of light broth, without suffering. After taking one bottle, she was able to eat meat and other food without inconvenience.

She has used three bottles, and considers herself cured.

Yours respectfully,
HENRY T. WELTCH, Biverside Market.

Prepared only by H. G. WHITE,
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Combines everything required to give richness, beauty and elegance to the hair. It is neat, clean and free from all injurious minerals. It will restore the hair to bald heads; keep it from falling off, and make whiskers grow. Used upon children it will lay the foundation for a good head of hair. Spalding's Rosemary is sold by all druggists. E. M. SKINNER, Proprietor, 287 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. 14—eowly

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40—1yeow

A MORNING WALK.

Would you your morning hours employ
So you may better health enjoy?
Rise early, with the glorious Sun,
And walk an hour or so—and run;
Rove through the Public Garden fair,
And view the Statuary there;
Then take the Common—walk the malls,
Returning ere the breakfast calls;
If you have time, we would propose
You walk as far as GEORGE FENNO'S,
Where BOYS are "CLOTHED" from *head* to *feet*,
Corner of Beach and Washington Street.

$375 A MONTH—Horse and outfit furnished. Address, NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me. *17—1y

WANTED.—Agents ($2 50 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the UNDER-FEED, makes the "lock-stitch" (alike on both sides), and is fully licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. *51—1y

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $250 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $250 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., *Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo., or Chicago, Ill.* *19—13w

CARD.

Having become satisfied after thorough investigation, that Elastic Sponge, as now and lately manufactured, is one of the best of all the substitutes for curled hair, for many if not most uses in Upholstery, we have accepted the Agency of it, and intend to make it hereafter a specialty in our business. The objections which have been made to it and which it is well known we ourselves have thought were well founded, we have ascertained cannot be urged against the article as now perfected. The process of manufacture has been entirely remodelled under the advice and superintendence of one of the most eminent chemists of New England. New chemical and mechanical appliances have been introduced in cleansing crude Sponge, and in charging it with glycerine with such entire success, that Elastic Sponge may now be said to be chemically pure. There is absolutely nothing in it but the clean fibre of sponge and chemically pure glycerine.

The objections to Elastic Sponge being thus removed there remain its undisputed merits which certainly entitle it to be considered one of the most valuable as it is one of the most curious and interesting of late discoveries. Chief among these merits is, that it is proof against moths,—the great scourge of the business,—and against all other insects. Then its elasticity is permanent, based as it is upon the non-evaporable property of glycerine and the indestructibility of sponge fibre. We have always been satisfied upon these two points which are the essential requisites in such materials. The evidence is now equally clear that it is wholesome and sweet. It is certainly light and soft, easy to manipulate, and cheap enough for all except the lowest class of goods. For the cushioning of Churches, Theatres, Public Halls, Railway Stations, Omnibuses, Carriages, Steam and Horse Cars and the like, it will probably be found, everything considered, the best article in use. For all uses, and especially for bedding, we are now prepared to recommend the public to give it a fair trial as we ourselves intend to do. We are ready also to answer inquiries, make estimates and take orders for every description of work in sponge as well as to supply the trade the article in bales.

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No. 48 Summer Street, cor. of Arch, Boston.
SIX PER CENT.

interest will be paid by this Institution, on all *deposits* which remain in Bank six months next prior to the semi-annual dividend days, and five per cent. on all other deposits for each and every full intervening calendar month they remain in bank prior to the semi-annual dividends. This is the only Savings Bank in the State that pays interest on the deposits for each and every month they remain in Bank. The Institution has a guarantee fund of $200,000 and a large surplus in addition thereto. 23—1yt

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—AND—
Incipient Consumption!
After all other Remedies Failed,
BY TWO BOTTLES OF
CONSTITUTIONAL
CATARRH REMEDY.

DERRY, N. H., May 1, 1871.

Messrs. LITTLEFIELD & HAYES, Chemists and Druggists, Manchester, N. H., Proprietors of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy:

I took three colds, one after another, till they resulted in Catarrh, and almost Consumption. The physicians told me I had congestion of the lungs. I remained for nearly a year sick, with nothing but Catarrh troubles, my head filling and the mucous dropping down into my throat, causing a wheezing cough each morning till I got rid of the droppings. It took away my strength, and I was fit for no business. I took all known Catarrh remedies, but they did no good, not a particle. I bought a bottle of your *Constitutional Catarrh Remedy*, some eight months ago, and found immediate relief. The second bottle restored me to health and business, built up the whole system and made me feel as well as I was before I was sick. My age is 54. I have never seen anything that will remove a cold as quick. It deadens it all right down. I never saw anything like it to create an appetite.

MOSES A. WALKER.

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*23—4t

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For the Companion.

A STEP FROM UNDER THE ROSE VINE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

"If there wasn't such an everlasting sight of boys to be thought on!"

Mary Berresford stood in the porch of her father's farm-house, under a trellis of clambering rose vines. It was early for roses, but her slender fingers, rustling among the leaves, had discovered two buds, just tinging with their own bright color. Nothing could be better. She had not thought they would be out, but somehow things seemed always to have a way of coming out for Mary, and these would be in perfection to shine in her glossy hair at the village gathering, two days later. Though if any one's hair could be pretty enough without ornament, it was surely Mary's. Always so carefully arranged, no matter how busy the day, and always rippling into some pretty outline about her head. It couldn't be seen just now, however, for she had put on her hat and taken her purse in her hand, ready to slip down to the village store for a most important purchase—a new muslin for that same village gathering.

It was three years now since her last one was new, and the money to replace it had been carefully saved in little ways of Mary's own. It would be very simple; but the simplest material, when made up by her fingers and worn by her slight figure, was sure to gather an air of such taste and grace, that her companions could only wonder how it was done, and declare that "Mary Berresford would look well in a rag."

And Mary herself was so gentle and refined, so friendly and so gay, that the girls could not envy her, and the young men were led away captive, and so it came to pass that she reigned, the undisputed belle of all the region round about.

She had pushed the roses back among their leaves, and was just drawing her little shawl about her, when her father's words caught her ear.

"If there wasn't such an everlasting sight of boys to be thought on! Mary, now, she's got pretty well along, and always was more help than trouble, ever since she was tall enough to open a gate; but for a man with half-a-dozen boys to be schooled, and fed, and kept in hats and shoes, and nothing better than a Maine farm to work it out of, it's about all he can do, without talking about paying off mortgages, and striking out new at the West.

"They say it's a good country for young men, though," said Mary's mother, with a sigh. She always sighed, just the same, whether pronouncing a thing good or bad.

"Yes, but our boys aint young men yet, by a long score, and it don't seem as though they ever would be. They've got their education to look after, and it's as hard a place for schools out there, I calculate, as it is here for crops; and by the time the last of 'em is off our hands, we shall be old folks, and can't think of moving, even if that there mortgage wasn't always dragging at our necks like a seven hundred pound weight. It's tough, though, when we know those Western folks get rich by just turning over the soil of their farms, while we are wearing out bone and sinew picking the stones out of ours. But it's no use talking,—that aint a going to change things. I can't get off."

Mary's mother sighed again, and Mary stood for an instant as if in a dream. Then she slipped softly into the house, and up to her own room, hung her hat and shawl on their nail, dropped her purse into a drawer, and sat down in a window that overlooked the trellised porch.

She leaned her head on her hand,—a slender hand and wrist, but they could do and had done a great deal of work, and the pretty head could do a deal of thinking as well. It fell busily to work now, until she heard her father come slowly out and take his seat on a rustic bench beside the door.

Another moment and she was by his side.

UNDER THE ROSE VINE.

"Father," she said, laying a hand softly upon his shoulder, "why didn't you tell me before?'

He started and looked in her face, surprised.

"Why didn't I tell you before? Tell you what?"

"What you were saying to mother, just now. I did not know you wanted to go West. And why did you never tell me the farm was mortgaged? Tell me now," she said, sitting down beside him and slipping her arm round his neck. "You think I can't help you because I am not a man; but I am a woman, at least, and not a child. I was twenty last week, and ought to be worth something, if I'm ever going to be.'"

"Well," said her father, in a hopeless sort of tone, and yet as if it were a relief to speak to her, "whatever else a woman may be good for, she is no use at keeping secrets, and I don't care about having the whole village find out that my farm is mortgaged."

"Father!" said Mary, half grieved, but speaking playfully, "aren't you ashamed to say that, when you know very well you have just let out your own secret by talking too loud when I couldn't help hearing! Tell me all about it, and see if I can't keep a secret, and help kill it too.

"Or wait; if you don't like to tell, let me guess, and you can listen. You would like to sell the farm and go West, where a man who works as hard as you do, would get rich, instead of barely making both ends meet, from year to year; but there is a mortgage of seven hundred dollars upon it, and if you sold when farms are in as little demand as they are now, and paid your mortgage out of the sum received, you would feel you had hardly enough remaining to start off with a family like yours, and undertake to make a new home for them all. Eh, father? Have I come near it?"

Her father turned and looked in her face, bewildered.

"Now how in nature you got hold of all that, beats me. It's more than you ever heard me say, twice over; but if there were a few more women in the world with heads as clear as yours, I should begin to take courage."

"O there are hosts of them," said Mary, laughing; "but my hands are as good as my head, and I'm going to prove to you what they can all do, without delay. It's a shame for you and mother to be so worried with such a matter, when there are so many ways out of the difficulty.

"Now I'll propose one, and see how you like it. If it does not suit your fancy, we'll take another. What would you say to going West by yourself, or taking Ted with you, and leaving me to manage the farm here, and help mother look after the boys, until you get a good start, and feel ready to send for us? I could do it, I know. I have seen how every thing goes on, ever since I can remember; and though of course your work would be missed, perhaps I could find a way to make it up, while you might be raising such crops as would make that miserable mortgage take to itself wings in a single year."

If her father had seemed bewildered before, he looked almost frightened now.

"You think I'm a little out of my head, don't you?" she went on, gayly. "Not a bit of it. Come, what do you say?"

"I say I should think myself out of mine, if I could listen to such crazy talk. You're a good child, Mary, and it's a comfort to have you understand things. But you might as well talk of turning the world over with a feather, as a girl like you undertaking the managing of a farm. What do you know about it? and if you knew ever so much, do you think I want the disgrace of a girl of mine being seen in the fields, or hawing and geeing about with the men? I'd sooner have a copy of the mortgage drawn, and pin it up in the publishing box in the church door!"

"You won't think of it?"

He shook his head, and Mary heard a sigh from inside the door.

"Well, then, I shall have to propose something else, and this time you need not say no, for I am quite determined."

And when Mary was once determined, something was sure to come to pass, and pretty promptly, too. And this time the result was, that the stage stopped before Mr. Berresford's door soon after sunrise the next day, and Mary, looking as fresh as the June morning itself, stood on the doorstep, saying good-by to her father, and mother, and the "everlasting sight of boys," and with the little purse that was to have provided the new dress, safe in her pocket, ready for the expenses of setting out in the world.

Her mother sighed more hopelessly than usual, her father seemed divided between his old habit of feeling that things never could be brought round to any happier point, and the undefined hope that possibly, after all, as the greatest surprise in the world, something of the kind was going to happen, while the boys united in the clamor that it was right down mean to have Mary go off, any how.

And where was she going? Only to Stanville, a quiet little village, hardly larger than her own, but whose stillness had been invaded a year or two before, by the establishment of a large shop, where, from morning till night, troops of bright, tidy girls kept up the endless clitter-clatter of fifty sewing-machines, and countless boxes of garments for the "ready made market" were weekly sent away from the doors.

"The coat shop—going into the coat shop!" Every one of those wide-awake, smart farmers' daughters had had her own reflections on the subject before she came, and her own reasons for deciding to come, but not one had entered upon her first day with quite so great things planned as Mary Berresford, or taken up what she knew must be a long, steady task, with so brave a heart and so sure a vision of the happy end.

She slipped into her place in "the button-hole corner," with bright eyes and a heightened color, and met the greeting of the girls nearest her with so winning a smile, that their hearts were taken by storm.

"So you don't take a machine," said her nearest neighbor. "Well, you'll find button-holes pay well after you once get going, but the first week is apt to be a pretty low time, if you're not used to it."

Mary smiled again, and settled herself to her work. Her slender fingers were always famed for their swift motions, and they seemed to outdo themselves to-day, spurred on by the thought of all they were to work out; but as the day wore on, with cheeks burning and wrists trembling from so unusual application, she found a most disagreeable appearance of things staring her in the face, and there was no use trying to shut her eyes to it.

A cent and a half a button-hole—button-holes large, to be perfectly made and handsomely finished, fingers flying and eyes not raised from the work half-a-dozen times in the course of the day,—the day almost gone and only forty button-holes made. The overseer had forewarned her she would find it slow work at first, but assured her it would pay well after the first week. Suppose she were able, after a while, to get up to fifty button-holes a day—seventy-five cents; four dollars and a half a week—board two dollars and a half—two dollars left—a hundred dollars a year, with no expenditure allowed for clothing. Seven years, at least, to reach that seven hundred dollars she had felt so nearly within her grasp! She was not for one moment shaken in her determination, but she seemed to see herself a withered old maid, and her father just tottering into his grave before she should be able to hand him the amount.

"Tired, aint you?" said the bright-eyed girl who had sat next Mary through the day. "The first week in the shop is pretty hard, but it goes gayly after that. And you did so well, too, for a beginner!"

"Why, do you really think so?" asked Mary, in delightful surprise.

"To be sure I do. Why, I have known girls fail to get up to thirty the first day, and call a hundred a moderate day's work after a few weeks."

Mary was just ready to go to her room thinking herself really sick with fatigue, but under the magical effect of these few words, her color returned, and she set off with an elastic step for a walk toward the blue mountains in the distance, and by the time the sunset light had faded from them, and she had turned toward home again, her own cheeks were glowing once more, and her heart light and brave for her conquest.

And as the hours of the next day and the next slipped away, she could hardly believe her own counting. Sixty, seventy-five, ninety button-holes,—and on the last day of the week, ninety-nine, one hundred!

Her cheeks burned, and her hands trembled as they had done the first night, but not this time with fatigue. It was only the triumph, and the sure reckoning she could make now, toward the seven hundred dollars!

"How many?" asked Mr. Robbins, the overseer, as he stopped beside Mary's chair. "One hundred, did you say? That's an extra run for the first week, I assure you. It's all I should have ventured to promise at the end of two months. That looks well," and as he moved away, he cast a backward glance at Mary's lithe fingers, and added to himself, "That's one of the smartest workers we've ever taken in, if I'm not mistaken. But there's more than work there;

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there's sense and spirit, and I think there'll be a place beyond that corner where we shall want her, some day."

Clitter clatter, early and late, went the machines. Maine farmers' daughters are wide awake when once they have determined to see what they can do in the world; and the sun was hardly up, those long summer mornings, before some of them might be seen passing swiftly under the elms toward the shop, and the lights gleamed out and the sounds were not all hushed at night until most of the village people were sound asleep in their beds. On went the days and weeks, and Mary saw the first tangible results of her labor in a roll of bank bills tucked away in that same little purse that was once going out to purchase the muslin for the village festival.

But it held no such modest sum this time. Ten dollars a week were Mary's earnings now. And with two and a half paid for board, seven and a half laid by, how long would it take to reach the mortgage, even though her wardrobe should enter into the spirit of the thing, and hold out like the Israelites' in the desert?

Two years seemed a good while to look forward—was there no way of hastening things?

"Why don't you take a machine?" asked Mary's friend of the first day, who had been more and more her friend ever since. "It's quicker work."

"I know it," said Mary; "but I meant steady work when I began, and I wanted to be as strong when I went away as when I came. I am afraid to work as some of those girls do."

"But look at Annie Linnesdale; nothing can tire her, to be sure; but she has bought a little place for her father and mother, in the four years and a half she has been here, and helped a brother through college, and is just ready now to send her younger sister off to school. She makes her sixteen dollars a week."

"I know it," said Mary, again, and fell into a brown study. Her sensible little head had determined in the outset that if she succeeded in her plot against the mortgage, that was to be but the beginning of the help her father would need, and that she should be no very strong reliance after sitting at a machine from four o'clock in the morning until ten at night for two years. But was there not some happy medium? Twelve dollars a week were better than ten, even if she dared not try for sixteen.

As the result of these reflections, she spoke to the overseer the next day, and said she would like to take a machine.

"That is just what I was going to ask you to do," was his reply.

Mary looked at him in surprise, but had no time to wonder what he could mean, as her new work was put at her disposal, and for the first few days, occupied not only her hands, but all her quick little wits as well.

To be continued.

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

A Night of Horror—The Anxious Vigil—The Three Figures—The Ascent into the Attic—Bold and Plucky Attitude of Uncle Zebedee and the four Boys—Final Denouement.

At that summons, so sudden, so startling, Harry waked instantly, in the full possession of all his faculties. He said not a word, but removed Tom's hand from his mouth, and sat up in bed, and listened.

At first there was deep silence, but this at length was broken by the sound of a low whispering. It was too low to be intelligible, even if it had been in English; but being in Italian it was of course incomprehensible. So they listened without understanding a word. This lasted for some time, and then there was a pressure against the door,—a heavy pressure which made the old door crack in every joint. But the door did not move, for the massive bedstead was against it.

The boys sat up in bed and listened; not a word was said. The whispering outside continued for some time. The thought that only a very thin and ricketty door stood between themselves and the bloody-minded miscreants outside was an exciting one, and the boys' hearts beat at a rate which may be imagined. After all, however, they were two as plucky fellows as could be found, and so in spite of the quick beating of their hearts, they sat in silence and made not a motion. Only Harry moved his hand over and laid it gently on Tom's arm, from a sort of instinctive idea of protecting him from the peril that was so close. And it was close enough.

The time seemed interminable, as they sat there and listened. But at last the whispering ceased, and they heard the footsteps moving away from the door, and then going down stairs again. At last they sounded no longer; a door slammed, and all was silence once more.

Harry and Tom, then, by a simultaneous impulse, leaped from the bed, and in a quick whisper waked the others and told them what had happened. Up jumped all, and stood in the dark, a dismal, doleful group, staring in silence at one another.

"We haven't any thing to defend ourselves with," said Noah.

"O, if I only had a revolver," cried Harry.

"O, if I only had a hatchet," said Syd.

"I'd be satisfied if I had a simple, harmless, old-fashioned horse pistol," said Tom, with a sigh. "Yes, if it was only loaded with buck shot. I'd pepper some of the rascals with it."

"O, don't be afeared, boys," said Uncle Zebedee; "don't be afeared."

"We're not afraid," said Harry, "not we. But what's that?"

"H-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-sh!"

A sound arose outside the house, which threw them all into a fresh fit of excitement. The footsteps of several men were heard passing along in front. The boys stole softly to the windows. Looking out cautiously they saw three dark forms moving toward the end of the house. The night was quite dark, and the men could only be faintly seen. They watched them till they reached the end of the house, and then Harry and Tom occupied that end window while Syd, and Noah, and Uncle Zebedee leaned over them. Thus five faces were peering out into the gloom, seeking to learn their fate.

What was it that they saw?

At first the three figures were not visible. Soon they re-appeared, carrying something that looked like a ladder.

"The open attic window!" said Harry, in a low, thrilling whisper.

The others said nothing. They watched.

They saw the three figures laboriously planting the ladder and raising it. They heard it strike the house.

Then the three figures ascended!

All three!

Overhead they heard them as one by one they entered. They heard their footsteps. They were evidently trying to avoid making a noise, yet on that ricketty old floor every step defied concealment, and made itself manifest by sharp creaks and groans from the old beams and rafters.

The boys turned away from the window and listened.

Suddenly Harry touched Tom and Noah, "Look!" he whispered.

A faint ray of light appeared at the opening in the ceiling that led to the attic. They had lighted a lamp. What was to come next?

"Come," whispered Harry, "let us stand here and meet them."

And they walked softly over to where the opening yawned into the ceiling through which the light gleamed faintly down. Here they stood, marshalled in military order by the genius of Harry: 1st. Uncle Zebedee, with an open razor. 2d. Harry with a chair uplifted. 3d. Noah with a penknife. 4th. Syd with a stout jack-knife (rather dull). 5th. Tom with a knife, of which he had opened all the blades.

Suddenly the silence was broken. A footstep sounded close by the opening. Uncle Zebedee could stand this no longer. He determined to bring things to a crisis.

"Who's there?" he cried.

The footsteps stopped. Then there was a deep silence.

"Who's there?" he repeated.

There was a little whispering.

"Who's there?" cried Uncle Zebedee, for the third time, in a stern, menacing voice, as though he was on the point of blowing somebody's brains out, if somebody didn't answer.

That last question brought no answer. All was stillness.

"Don't call again," said Harry, in a very low whisper. "Be quiet. They won't answer. Let's wait now to see what they will do."

So they waited and waited, while all the time, in the attic above there was utter silence. Nothing at all could be heard. But the light flickered faintly, as before, and a dull ray came stealing down through the aperture. It was a trying thing to stand thus waiting with the expectation every instant of some formidable assault. As they waited thus, the suspense became almost intolerable, yet it had to be endured.

At length they heard whispering overhead once more. It was continued for some time. The light shone a little more brightly down the aperture.

Then there was a footfall! Then another!! Another!!! And yet another!!!!

"There they come!" whispered Harry.

"Get ready!" hissed Tom, through his set teeth.

The footsteps drew nearer! They approached the aperture—the light there was brighter. Then there was a bumping noise.

"It's the ladder!" whispered Harry. "They have found that we have taken the steps away, and they're going to pull in the ladder from the outside and put it down here."

This he whispered to Uncle Zebedee. That venerable relative was roused by this to desperation. Once more he called out,—

"Who's there?"

And he called this out in stentorian tones.

Again there was a deep silence. The footsteps stopped.

"*Who's there?* Why don't ye answer? Who's there, I say?"

A footstep came near to the aperture. The light shone down. The boys shrank back, and gathered up their resolution and their strength. Then a voice!

"O, yes! All r-r-r-right!"

That voice! Those words! Whose voice was it? Why, the driver's! Nobody's else. And those English words sounded passing sweet to those who heard them, and in an instant drove away all their fear. For there was a deep-seated assurance in the minds of all that no one who could speak the English language could possibly be a midnight assassin. So the tones of that familiar voice, and the sound of those familiar words, were like balm to these suffering souls.

"What do you want?" said Uncle Zebedee, in a voice whose tones had changed at once, and with astonishing rapidity, from wrathful menace to good-natured interrogation. He was himself again, the easy, the friendly, the inquisitive Uncle Zebedee.

"*O, all r-r-r-right,*" was the answer. "*It is de maccaroni. Dey keeps him up here. Dey want him for de brekfis. Dey tried to go troo de bedroom—it was fast. So dey climb up here. We're goin' now. You will excuse de interruptione. All rrright!!!!!!!!!*"

The footsteps moved toward the window. The noise of men descending was heard. Then the ladder was taken away. Then the men re-entered the house. Then all was still.

The boys spoke not one word. Nor did Uncle Zebedee. Each one hastily shut up his knife. Uncle Zebedee softly closed his razor. Harry quietly put down his chair. All were ashamed of their excitement, and yet they had no reason to be ashamed, for they had certainly faced what they believed to be a real danger with very creditable courage.

They said not one word, however, but quietly went to bed. Soon all were asleep, even Tom.

To be continued.

For the Companion.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

By Alice Robbins.

All the house was jubilant; Uncle May was coming home.

Who was Uncle May? Why, one of the jolliest of sea-faring captains, whose pockets were nearly as big as his heart, and who loved children with a real, fresh, beautiful enthusiasm, which the children reciprocated.

The ship had been spoken; Aunt May was pale and silent, as she always was when any of her dear ones were expected; for she had two sailor sons, as well as this noble, bearded, jolly husband. We were all just as happy as we could be, longing to hear his full, mellow laugh; anxious a little, perhaps, as to the amount and value of our presents, for the last voyage was an Indian one, and we expected all kinds of curiosities.

Aunt May often said, "Hush, children," when we were more than usually hilarious, and somehow, when she did, we grew suddenly grave, and a silence fell upon the household for at least ten minutes.

We lived at Hollow Beek. There's a lovely waterfall there, between two great sloping rocks, and when we could not give sufficient vent to our feelings in the house, we all adjourned to the waterfall, and shouted as much as we pleased.

There were six of us. I was the oldest, almost fifteen, with a build just like Uncle May, my aunt said, and if there was one thing more than another I longed for, it was to go to sea and visit foreign countries. It was not so pleasant to think of going before the mast, as Uncle May did, and roughing it, but he often said, laughing, that was the only way to make a man of me.

One day I was told to take the children to the White Rocks, that was the name of the place where the waterfall was, and stay all day if I chose. Aunt May put up a splendid lunch, the girls looked like pinks in their light dresses and snowy aprons, and a happier party never set out to have a jolly good time.

"May be uncle will be here when we come back," said Lilly, the four-year old, who was Uncle May's pet.

"Yes, true, child," said Aunt May, her white cheeks flushing; "let us hope so, at any rate."

"The waterfall was voted in first rate order, as we stationed ourselves at a little distance, under a wide-spreading oak, to feast our eyes on its beauties. The pearl-pink tints of the shallower fall, the gray-white fringes where the rocks peeped through, the tender emerald lines dividing the dancing spray, that looked like great masses of diamonds, changing forever into different shapes and colors, called forth our admiring exclamations.

"I shall carve my name in this trunk, to mark the day," said I.

"I will gather mosses," lisped little Lilly, "and make a garden."

"And I will find some flowers to plant," said Julia.

The day was a golden one. We never tired of the marvels about us. Julia, who was very wise, gave us a lecture on botany; we improvised a concert, and made unearthly music out of hollow stems and grasses; in truth, we were having the wildest fun, almost on the verge of rudeness, when Andrew, our old man-of-all-work, was seen coming up the natural, oak-lined avenue.

"Uncle May has come. Hurrah!" I shouted, throwing up my hat.

"Has he, Andrew?" asked a chorus of voices, and then we shrank back, and looked vaguely in each other's faces, for there was something in old Andrew's eyes that frightened us.

"Mrs. Gray has sent for ye to come home," he said, quietly.

"But, Andrew, *has* Uncle May got home?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Joe, and I'm afraid he never will come again."

"O, Joe, what *has* happened?" My heart sank like lead.

"You'll hear all about it, Mr. Joe," he answered, "when you git home. I'm a powerful bad one to tell the news; someway it gits mixed up in my old head."

How different was our return to the pleasant cottage from our sally forth, seven hours before! Then we laughed, and shouted, and romped; now we scarcely spoke, but huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep. I was hardly old enough to moralize much, but a passage of Scripture which I had read at family prayers that morning, kept running through my mind, particularly the last clause,—

"So soon passeth it away, and we are gone."

Was Uncle May dead?

The house was no longer jubilant, but very still, as we entered it. Lilly was crying, and hiding her face in Julia's dress. I felt something in my throat, but tried to be brave.

Miss Davis was in the kitchen. She was a silent, hard-working old woman who went out to days' work in the village, and two days in a week she helped Aunt May. I went in there. She was just rolling her sleeves down over her withered arms. She looked at me, and then out of the window.

"It's been a dretful day for work," she said.

"Miss Davis, what is it about Uncle May?"

"Your aunt's almost distracted, Mr. Joe, and your mother has had her hands full, I ken tell you, a trying to comfort her."

"Well, but what's the matter? can't you tell me?"

"Well, I dunno; I jist caught the end of it, as 'twere. Sech a time as we have had. You see it came in the paper, how that the vessel took fire, 'n there was an awful time, an' how 't your uncle wouldn't leave the ship till every soul was saved, and then jest when help came, he throwed himself into the water, all afire; and now he's in a New York hospital, not expected to live. Your aunt's only waiting for the 4.20; seems 'if she'd fly, poor soul; so there's an end to her happiness in this world."

A cold, sickening sensation seized me; my flesh crept; I could not weep, though I was almost suffocated with unshed tears. Dear, noble, unselfish Uncle May! and should I never again see his bright blue eyes? never, never hear his glad laugh? I turned away; the children were still all clustering together, and such a cry as sounded when I told them that we had lost Uncle May, I hope never to hear again.

Presently Dea. Clarke's carriage drove up to the door.

"Miss May ready?" he asked, trying to lengthen his rubicund face.

Then my aunt came down stairs, leaning on my mother's arm.

"Anne, you sha'n't go alone," mother said, as she caught sight of me. "Joe, run up and get a collar or two, and put them in my little satchel. You must go to New York with your aunt."

I flew to execute her wishes, a certain strange

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joy thrilling my veins that I was capable of being my poor aunt's protector. My uncle might be gone.

That memorable journey! It was but three hours long, and yet it seemed to her and me, as if the lightning train but crawled. Aunt May's face was covered with a thick veil, but its marble whiteness gleamed through and made me cold to see. When we stopped at last, and I had hired a carriage, and she had named the hospital, my heart sunk. What were we to see? "He had jumped into the water all afire."

We were soon at the hospital. Aunt May sobbed once, and then was as still as death. We went into the great hall—got a permit—hurried up stairs, I trembling, so I could hardly walk.

"Capt. May," said the usher, or assistant, "May, May, bed 45," he added, in a business way, and let us in. Then my poor aunt took my arm. We paused at a cot where they were closing the eyes of some lifeless form. I looked up. 45 was the number at the head.

"Aunty," I whispered, hoarse with terror and excitement, "that's not Uncle May."

Well, I can hardly write the rest, even now, my hand shakes so. It was *not* Uncle May, but his first mate, who bore the same name. And Uncle May had telegraphed us, within three hours, and was that moment on his way home; *had taken the train that left just as we got in* the New York station.

O, didn't God seem gloriously good to me, just then? As for Aunt May's face, I can't describe it. The mistake was a natural one, and if we had stopped to see the evening paper, we should have read about it.

"My stars! but this was the wildest house for ten minutes!" said good, angular Miss Davis, the next day. "Thought I sh'd go crazy. Why, the children cried and laughed all together, and then off they went to the station, like a troop o' horse, to meet you."

That was a happy meeting.

For the Companion.

TRUTH IN A WELL.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

"Catch a weasel asleep! You don't expect me to believe that, do you?"

That was what little Paul Moony said, when his sister told him that John Chinaman lived exactly under our feet.

"But I do, though. Come here and let me show you," said she, going to the table on which stood the terrestrial globe. "There is America, and there is China, exactly opposite; don't you see?"

"Then the people down there must either walk on their heads, or be wrong side up," observed Paul.

"No," said Lucy, "they walk on their feet, just like any body, and are not wrong side up, either. I can't tell you just how it is; it's something about the attraction of gravitation, and some other thing with a long name in natural philosophy. I can't quite explain it; but it's really so, and it's all clear when you understand it. China's only eight thousand miles off that way."

"Then why don't people go that way instead of going round in ships? They might dig a hole through, you know."

"O, the centre of the earth is all fire," replied Lucy, feeling quite proud of her office of instructor.

"But when folks dig a well," said Paul, "they soon come to water, and if they should keep on digging, why wouldn't the water run down and put out the fire?"

"I guess the diggers would drown before they got to the fire," said Lucy.

Paul did not feel quite satisfied, so he kept thinking the matter over, and one day, going into a field where some men were at work on a well, he asked one of them about it. The man laughed and called him a "precocious youngster," and then observed to a fellow-laborer, "Here's a little chap that wants to go through to China this way."

"Why not," answered the other, "as well as fly through the air in a balloon?"

When Paul went home, he repeated this conversation to his mother, and asked her what the man meant by calling him a "pe-gro-shus youngster."

"He was only laughing at you," said his mother; "but don't go near the well again, it's a dangerous place."

"O, mother, it's nice out there—they're blasting rocks and every thing. Besides, I told Hans Rouse I'd be back again, and you know you always tell me to keep my word."

"You should have asked me before you made the promise; but I think I have a plan which will suit us all. How would you and Hans like to go blackberrying this afternoon? Then we will have a fine blackberry-cake for tea, and invite Hans to stay and help eat it."

"I should like it very much," said Paul, and when he asked Hans, he said he should like it very much, too, but, as ill luck would have it, just as they were about to start, there came up a great shower, and the shower settled into a storm, and it was several days before the grass and bushes were dry again.

"Hans says there are lots of blackberries up by the old lime-kiln. Mother, can we go?" asked Paul, when the sun had fairly come out once more.

"But that is a long way off," said his mother.

"Only two miles, and Hans knows the way."

"Well; but be sure to be back by tea-time."

"Yes, mother," shouted Paul, who was already bounding out of the yard.

But Paul was not back to tea, as he had promised. The last red gleam faded away from the sky. Lucy, after nodding a while in her chair, went to bed, and still he had not come. His mother began to grow uneasy. She went to the door and looked and listened, but there was nothing to be seen save the landscape growing dimmer and dimmer in the dusky twilight, and the stars growing brighter and brighter in the darkening sky; nothing to be heard but the grasshoppers' drone, and the rushing sound of the mill-race.

"I wonder if Hans' mother feels worried?" she said to herself. "I will go over and see."

She met Mrs. Rouse coming out of her own gate.

"Are the boys here?" asked Mrs. Moony.

"No. I was just going over to see if they were at your house."

Then the two women stood still and looked at each other a moment.

"What do you fear?" asked Mrs. Moony.

"I hardly know, but there are deep lime-pits all about the ground."

"For my part, I think we had better go in search of them," said Mrs. Moony. "Any thing is better than waiting.

"I think so, too," said the other.

Just then Mr. Rouse, who had been absent all day, drove into the yard, and having learned the state of affairs, said, "You women kind stay quietly at home, and I'll go to the lime-kiln. It's all nonsense, though, about their falling into a pit. Trust our Hans for that."

"What do you think has become of them, then?"

"That's what I'm going to find out," said he, and, pausing to light his pipe, like the phlegmatic Dutchman that he was, he whistled to his dog, and strode away.

They had not expected him back under an hour, and were therefore surprised to hear his slow, heavy footstep in half that time.

"What news?" they cried, as soon as he came in sight.

He leaned against the gate-post, as if sick or weary, and said, apparently with an effort, "The boys have not been at the lime-kiln."

"But they must have been. How can you know they have not?"

"Because a party of boys and girls were out there blackberrying all the afternoon, came home at sunset, and our boys were not there. They have not been seen about the village, either."

Mr. Rouse had suffered his pipe to go out, and laid it on the post without attempting to relight it—showing plainly how his heart was burdened.

"What next?" asked one of the neighbors, for by this time several had gathered round the Rouses' door.

"That's more than I can tell," said Mr. Rouse.

"Lors," said Bridget Kildare, "don't be so down about it, man. 'Taint as though there was bears, nor yet highwaymen round. They'll turn up again, fast enough. And by that same token, where's Jaup? Why don't you put him on their track?"

"Well spoken," exclaimed Mr. Rouse. "Why didn't I think of it before!" and getting a garment belonging to Hans, he held it to his nose, saying, "Go find him."

The dog sniffed at it, looked up in his master's face, and then started off at a slow trot in the direction of the lime-kiln.

After going a few rods, however, he stopped, turned aside, and wandered in apparent confusion. This lasted only for a moment, when he took a straight path, and neither paused nor hesitated again till he reached a spot which no one had thought of searching—*the new well.* Here he stopped, barking and howling fearfully.

The well was in a field by itself, being designed as a watering-place for cattle, and on account of the rain no one had been at work there for several days.

A neighbor volunteered to go down. "No, it belongs to me," said Mr. Rouse. It was not a difficult thing to do, as there was a kind of ladder beside, left there by the workmen, and in a moment came back the word,—

"*Found!*"

"Alive?" was asked.

"Don't know. Come down with a shovel," was the answer.

Hans was brought up first, and laid, cold and senseless, on the grass. It took a little longer to extricate Paul, for while both were nearly covered with loose earth and gravel, he was held down by a heavy stone. The strokes of the shovel sounded to the anxious listeners as if it had been a grave they were digging, and when Paul was brought up and laid by Hans in the white moonlight, both might have been dead for any sign of life or motion they manifested.

But they were not dead, and, strange to say, Hans was not even seriously injured; but Paul lay for weeks on his bed, lame with his many bruises and faint with exhaustion. It was many days before he spoke, but his eyes followed his mother with anxious looks, as if there were something he wanted to say. At last the words came, though only in a whisper.

"Mother, mother, I told you a *wicked lie.* We never meant to go to the lime-kiln. 'Twas the well; but you had forbidden it, you know. Mother, I couldn't bear to die without telling you."

"I don't think you are going to die, darling," said his mother; "the doctor says you will soon be as strong as ever."

Paul only replied by a smile, and, his conscience being relieved of its burden, he fell into a quiet slumber.

"What possessed you and Hans to go down into that well?" asked Lucy, one day, after her brother was able to sit bolstered up in a chair.

"We wanted to dig through to China," said he.

It is said that *truth* lies hid in a well, and I think Paul found it there; but although the lesson he learned was worth all the suffering it cost him, I should advise other little boys to learn it in some easier way.

For the Companion.

ADVENTURES IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

In 1868 I visited on business the Argentine Republic, in South America, and remained a short time in the city of Rosario, the capital of the Santa Fe province. While there a Frenchman to whom I had been introduced, proposed to visit a sheep farm, that he had just purchased in the interior, within a few miles of the town of Rio Quarto, and I concluded to take part of the journey with him.

After leaving Rosario, we reached the town of Fraile Muerto, (literally Dead Friar,) by cars, and there engaged a guide and horses. The man was a half breed, of Spanish and Indian descent. His face was any thing but prepossessing, but we could obtain no other guide. The Indians had recently committed outrages in the vicinity, and the men had a wholesome dread of meeting them.

The morning on which we left Fraile Muerto was very beautiful. Our course lay south-west, and the distance to my friend's *estancia* was about forty-seven leagues, or about 141 miles.

We expected to reach that night the *estancia* of an Englishman, named Ball, which was forty-two miles away, and there sleep. The day passed without adventure. By the side of a lake we took a two hours' rest at noon, turning our horses loose to feed. The way was over the silent, level pampa, without trees, water, or hillocks to break the monotony. There was scarcely a prominent object to serve as a landmark. The traveller must find his way by the sun's shadow, or by his pocket compass.

At sunset we reached Mr. Ball's *estancia*, and were warmly welcomed. The Indians, he said, were retreating beyond the frontiers, as troops were on their tracks, so we need have but little uneasiness respecting them.

His *estancia* consisted of a house built of brick, and farm buildings surrounded by a deep trench, and beyond this were planted prickly cactus plants, which, with the ditch, proved a sufficient barrier against Indian attacks, for the savages always fight on horseback.

The next day we resumed our journey towards the south-west. In the afternoon, almost by accident, I happened to look at my pocket compass and was surprised to find that we were being taken by our guide due south instead of south-west.

I asked the reason. He looked confused, but said it was to avoid low, marshy ground. I did not like the fellow's looks. In fact Mr. Ball had told us he was a treacherous rascal.

So, simply saying that there would be time enough to avoid wet land when we saw it, I ordered him to take the proper direction and not leave it if he valued a whole skin. He looked sullen, and evidently wondered how we should know that the direction of our course had been changed.

The Indians who had made the late raid were of the Calchaqui tribe, living near the borders of the province of San Luis. Their weapons are the lance, the lasso, and the *bolas.*

The lance is made of bamboo, at least twenty feet long, armed at one end with very hard, pointed wood.

The lasso is made of plaited raw hide, about thirty or forty feet long, with a large iron ring at one end.

The *bolas* is three balls of hard wood, or three round, smooth stones, covered with hide, and held together with strips of hide, each strip being about thirty inches in length. When the *bolas* is thrown, one ball is held in the hand, and the other two are whirled swiftly above the head of the person using them. Then they are suddenly let go, when they spread like chain shot. If they strike a man, the strips of hide encircle him, binding his arms to his side, or holding his legs together, so that he is for a short time at the mercy of his adversary.

The lasso is used by passing one end through the iron ring. A running noose is thus made of about six feet in diameter. This, together with several other coils, is held in the right hand and whirled several times above the head of the Indian, before it is thrown at the object of attack. It seldom fails to pass over the head of the person aimed at, or the head or legs of the cattle the Indians may wish to secure.

The lance is used in the hand but never thrown.

That night after supper we were very tired and soon rolled ourselves in our blankets and fell asleep. Sometime near the middle of the night I awoke. What disturbed me I cannot tell. Sitting up I could see nothing of our suspicious guide, who at dusk had laid himself near us upon his saddle.

Looking for the horses in the dim starlight I saw that one of them was loose and coming towards us. As the animal drew near I saw that the guide was leading it.

I dropped quietly back upon the ground, and remained still, as if asleep, and at the same time drew my revolver.

The man and horse came to within ten yards of where we were lying. Then leaving the horse he crept to the side of my companion, who was nearest him. Bending over the Frenchman, he carefully began to unfold his rug to get his revolver and money.

I was just raising my pistol to fire when the sleeper moved, and the half breed stood up and drew his knife. He was about to stoop again, when, feeling that longer delay would be fatal, I took deliberate aim and fired. The ball evidently struck his arm or shoulder, for the knife dropped, and the arm fell helpless at his side.

Before I could fire again, the Frenchman sprang up between us, and the thief rushed for his horse, mounted with a spring, and disappeared in the darkness. He took with him our two spare horses, whose fastenings he must have previously unloosed.

It was useless to attempt to follow the rascal, so we alternately kept watch until morning. After breakfast, and a somewhat gloomy consultation, we concluded that with the help of our map and the pocket compass we could find our way to Rio Quarto, and there get another guide.

Nothing worthy of note occurred through the day, unless it may be the capturing of an armadillo. I saw him first, and gave chase. The animal made his best speed for his hole, but I fortunately seized him by his tail just as he was disappearing from sight.

With the knife the murderous guide had dropped, my French friend dug the creature out of the ground while I held to its tail. We cooked our prize in true native style,—that is, in its skin or shell. It was delicious, tasting very much like the flesh of a young pig.

That night we halted in the open pampa, amongst the high grass and flowers. As we were now reduced to one horse each, I took the

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precaution to couple them together, and then made one end of a *soga* (long line of raw hide) fast round one of their necks, and tied the other end to my arm. They could not stray far without waking me.

We had not been asleep more than two hours, when I was roused by a sharp jerk of the *soga*. This was followed by the neighing of the horses. My companion started up, and we both listened. There was no unusual sound. We remained on the alert for some time but could hear nothing but the wind among the grass. Just as we had stretched ourselves fairly upon the ground again, a noise reached us liked that made by a moving body of horses.

Asking M. Moustier, the Frenchman, to saddle our steeds, I crept through the high grass in the direction of the sound. Soon the tramp of horses was very plainly heard. It came nearer. Hoping they would pass without noticing us, I turned to go back to our camp.

Just then my arm was seized by some animal, and in the darkness of the tall grass I could not distinguish what it was, but drew my knife and struck it twice.

It howled frantically. I then knew it was an Indian dog. Its yells were followed by the voices of men, and the sound of the troop of horses seemed turned in our direction.

At a run I started back for the camp, and was hurriedly engaged about the fixings of my saddle, when a loud shout told us we were discovered. We sprang into our seats. Circling about us at a distance of not more than fifty yards, we could see at least thirty forms on horseback. For several minutes they rode swiftly around us, brandishing their arms and shouting.

I told my companion to reserve his fire, until compelled to shoot, and when he could be sure of his man. Just then an Indian rode towards us, brandishing his lance. As he drew nearer Moustier fired, and the savage fell from his horse without a groan.

Expecting what was to follow, I called to the Frenchman to dismount at once. Before he could do this, the Indians began to throw their *bolas*. One struck the fore legs of his horse and threw the animal. When he fell one of Moustier's legs was caught under the body of the horse, and he was held securely to the ground.

He begged me to shoot him, so that he should not be left to the cruelties of the savages; but I at once cut the thongs of the *bolas*, and the horse rose and released him.

Getting my own horse ranged alongside the other, we now placed ourselves between the two. The Indians dashed toward us. The horses were quiet, and we shot from beneath their necks. Two Indians fell, yelling fearfully. The others then retreated, and standing at a distance, threw their *bolas*.

This made our horses nearly unmanageable. Some of them struck our shoulders, which we found afterward were quite black with the blows. Every time an Indian came within sure range we fired, and rarely failed to do fatal execution.

This continued until at least a dozen of their number lay upon the ground, wounded or dead. The remainder of the savages then drew off some distance. After a brief consultation four of them remained on their horses to guard us, the rest dismounted to look after their wounded and dead.

This seemed to be our opportunity. We sprang into our saddles, but in doing so I dropped one of my revolvers. I could not lose it, and dismounted to pick it up, but before I could get my seat again a spear was thrust through the calf of my left leg.

The pain was intense. In a moment more I received another in my right thigh.

Moustier turned and shot the savage who had rushed upon me, but while doing so, he was speared in the neck. He called out that he was fainting; but with a few words of encouragement I induced him to set off with me as fast as the horses could run. Turning, I fired my last shot at the savages, which seemed to cause them to desist from pursuit, and after riding two hours, and seeing no signs of Indians, we stopped to bind up our wounds. They were very painful, and we were very thirsty from loss of blood. Although not dangerous, they caused much feverishness and distress.

I have not room to give the details of our weary wanderings for three days, before we saw any human habitation. Then a native *rancho* came in sight. In it we found a man who treated us kindly, gave us food, and then led us to a small village about four leagues away, where there was a station of the Central Argentine Railway. Here we remained several days until our wounds were partially healed, and then left for Buenos Ayres.

Thus ended my experience of frontier travelling. I give two sketches of Indians—male and female—belonging to one of the tribes that roam and pillage upon the frontiers of the Republic.

LETTERS ON THE TROPICS.

My Visit to Barbadoes.

You will remember that I wrote last year, two or three letters to the *Companion* about my very pleasant visit to Barbadoes, the most easterly of the islands of the West Indies. I am glad, after the long interval, to be able to write others, for there are many incidents connected with the visit that I am glad to recall.

On the second week after our arrival upon the island there were two deaths in town by cholera; one, that of an English gentleman, the other a Portuguese merchant, who had not been long in the place.

I asked papa if he was frightened, and his smile reassured me.

"Why should I be, dear? Are we not in the hands of our Father? We must eat but little fruit, drink no wine, and be moderate and temperate in all things, while we are here."

Just as he spoke a man came in. How black he was! but faultlessly dressed, and as soon as papa saw him he sprang from his seat and greeted him as if he were one of his oldest and dearest friends.

I was introduced, and to my amazement, he was presented as Judge M——. I looked puzzled, no doubt, for when he was gone papa told me that he was afraid the judge had noticed it; but how could I help it, accustomed to see men of his color under far different circumstances?

It seems that the judge is one of the finest scholars in Barbadoes, and associates with good society. I grew quite charmed with his conversation. He is married, and has five children. After dinner we young ones were left to ourselves.

"Do you know how a cocoanut grows? Come here," cried one.

"And here are real lemons."

"And here are real oranges."

Each at a separate window, and I must go the rounds. "The cocoanuts first," I said; and seeing them, wondered aloud how they were gathered.

"They send the servants up," said a sweet voice at my elbow. "They don't grow loose and fall, or else our heads would be in danger."

I turned quickly round, and there stood one of the sweetest little maids I ever met in my life.

"I am Mary Allen," she said, smiling. "I stay here because I am so well, and *so* ill in England."

"Then you are an English girl," I said, bluntly. "I have been in England."

"O, you have; and do you know Victoria Terrace and the great park? That's where we live when we are home. I am here, now, with Aunt Bab, and she is frightened at the cholera. In a day or two we shall go to Demarara. It's very healthy there."

"I am going to Demarara, too," said I. "Is the cholera really here?"

"They say it is coming. Do you know we were caught here, the first season we came, and no ships were allowed to leave the port. I was quite ill, and O, so anxious to get to land after swinging about at sea! But first they said we had better not land at all, and I cried so; because I was weak, you know. So the captain had the men make me a little tent-house on deck, and we anchored off in deep water. It was a week, I fancy, that we stayed there, and then there was a lull in the sickness; they thought it was leaving the island, every body did. So I begged and prayed to be allowed to go ashore, and the doctor said I should die if they kept me there. So aunt and I came to this hotel. O, but aunty was brave, for down in her heart, you see, she was frightened.

"There were very few people here, then, and every body went about smelling camphor. See, I have some now;" and she held up a pretty little satin bow, that I thought was only an ornament, but in the middle of which was the camphor. "You should have one," she said. "O, please give me the pleasure of making you one. It is really useful."

I don't know as ever I was so delighted with any stranger before. The darling little English girl, with such charmingly natural manners. My heart went right out to her, and I accepted her offer with real pleasure.

"And was the cholera gone?" I asked.

"O dear, no; the worst of it was to come," she said. "Aunty and I were very careful, but it was almost laughable to see us look at each other in the morning to assure ourselves that we were still alive.

"But, indeed, it was a mournful time," she continued, her face growing sad; "for we never could look out of the window but we saw funerals, and carts full of coffins going by. It took them worst in the south part of the town, and sometimes a whole family died in one day. Now I am frightening you."

I assured her that I was not frightened, and if I had been, my natural liking for thrilling stories would have still been in the ascendency.

"There was an English colonel here, then," she went on, "with his daughter. He was a large, red-faced man, who used to drink quantities of brandy, and boast that he was not afraid. There was an American gentleman, too, very thin and nervous; and I have been silly enough to think that all American people were thin and nervous, till lately. Well, do you know I believe it was a constant surprise for them to meet each other every day.

"'That man will go first,' the colonel used to say, 'because he's frightened,' and the American told my aunt, every day, that he shouldn't be surprised to see the colonel fall down any time; he drank so much brandy."

"Well, which one *did* die first?"

"Why, neither of them," she answered, her blue eyes sparkling. "But O, the colonel's sweet little daughter died, and that was worse," she said, with all seriousness. "I hardly dare to tell you, it seems so dreadful, but the colonel ran all over the house with her dear little body in his arms, and her nurse following. It nearly drove him crazy, and the doctor said it was almost a miracle that he escaped the plague.

"It was so sudden sometimes," she continued. "There was a little Creole used to come over every evening at six, to help me fix my hair for the night; she was a beautiful girl, and I grew to love her dearly. One night she asked me if I would kiss her, and I did so. Then she stayed at the door, looking at me.

"'What did you want me to kiss you for, Nuby?' I asked. Nuby was her name; isn't it pretty?'

"'Because I dreamed that a white angel took me to heaven, Miss Mary,' she answered me.

"'Well, what's a dream?' said I. 'You and your people are too superstitious.'

"'But it was *our* white angel,' she persisted; 'the one that came for grandma and Cousin Persis. He always comes, so perhaps I sha'n't see you again;' and she began to cry.

"You don't know how I felt, angry and sorry at the same time, for she cried so bitterly.

"'One would think you would like to go with an angel,' I said; and then she tried to dry her eyes, looked at me once, such a look, and ran out of the door. I am afraid she thought I was jesting, poor little child."

"So you never saw her again?"

"O yes, I did. Nobody ever knew, not even aunty. I was on the back verandah when I saw her sister go by, wringing her hands, and then I knew all about it. So I slipped down the back stairs and picked my way through the horrid dirty yard and went to her cabin. Her mother said I must not come in, but I pushed right by, and there, sure enough, laid little Nuby on a table, dressed in her very best white dress, with a wreath of flowers round her head.

"Dear little Nuby! I've never forgotten her, and I'll show you one of the white flowers tomorrow; I took one from the wreath."

"How old was Nuby?"

"She was thirteen, and so lovely! Poor little thing, she was very ignorant, and I had nearly taught her her letters when she died. Her mother made a little 'dead cake,' I think they call it, out of brown earth, and it looks just like cake, frosted and all. It is under a glass case in aunty's room."

"Mary, dear," said a low voice, and there stood her aunty. I knew her in a moment, by her English face. Her forehead was very low, and her face extremely pale. She wore a widow's cap, which made her look still whiter. We were all friends in a few moments, and I was invited up stairs for the next day, where were many curiosities, Mary said. FANNY.

TREATIES IN ENGLAND.

Some American journals, when speaking of the treaty lately made between the United States and Great Britain, employ language that plainly shows they are ignorant of the treaty-making power in the latter country. Their readers are led to believe that a treaty must be ratified in England by Parliament, just as a treaty must be ratified in this country by the Senate!

One of the journals in which this nonsense appears has the greatest reputation of any publication of the kind in America,—and its great reputation probably will cause its ignorance to be accepted by thousands of persons as truth. A great reputation is an endorsement for all kinds of "false facts" that may be put in circulation under it. This shows how careful conductors of public journals should be not to make incorrect statements, for there are thousands of persons who read nothing but newspapers, and who, strange as it may seem, actually believe all they find in them.

What is ratification? It means to confirm, or to sanction, or to approve, or to make valid, when used in regard to a treaty; and a treaty can be ratified only by the sovereign powers of the nations making it.

In this country a treaty is ratified by the Senate, according to provisions laid down in the Constitution, which Constitution was made by the people of the United States,—the sovereign people.

The sovereign people have delegated to the President and the Senate certain powers with regard to treaty-making. The President negotiates treaties, and the Senate ratifies them,—or rejects them. Until they are ratified, they are of no binding force on the United States.

But it is very different in England. There, the sovereignty is in the monarch. "The King's Government," is the ordinary expression, though now it is "The Queen's Government," the monarch being a woman. "His Majesty's Government," and "Her Majesty's Government," are common terms, and of every-day use in English political life.

The treaty-making power is entirely in the hands of the sovereign in England. Queen Victoria, through her Ministers, appoints an envoy, or a commission, to negotiate a treaty with another sovereign; and if she is satisfied with what is done by that envoy or commission, the treaty is made, so far as England is concerned.

Such treaty is not submitted to Parliament, or to either branch of Parliament, for ratification. When the queen accepts the work of her envoy, or commission, she thereby approves of it. She thus ratifies the treaty negotiated by her delegate or delegates, and that is the end of the business, as far as the treaty is concerned. What, then, it may be asked, is meant by English ratification of the treaty, of which so much is said in the newspapers?

No more is meant by it than what we have already said, that the Queen is to confirm what is done by her commissioners, just as President Grant had to give his sanction to the action of the American Commissioners, before the treaty could be placed before the Senate.

But our Constitution goes a step further, and requires senatorial ratification. Nothing of the kind is known in England, the sovereign's action there being final. It is one of the sovereign's prerogatives that she (or he) shall make treaties,—and to make treaties implies the power to ratify them, as they are good for nothing till they are ratified.

What, then, is meant by parliamentary discussion of the Treaty of Washington?

This is meant: Parliament, or rather the

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House of Commons, is the government of Great Britain, and can discuss any thing. It can discuss the Treaty of Washington, but it cannot prevent the Queen from ratifying it. It can advise the Queen not to ratify it, by a unanimous vote,—but she could ratify it, all the same. It could vote that it had no confidence in the Ministers under whose advice the Treaty is supposed to have been made, but that would not in the least lessen her Britannic Majesty's power to ratify that Treaty. It might pass bills of attainder against Mr. Gladstone and all his associates, but that would not in the least attaint the Queen's act of ratification.

Once ratified by the Queen, the very Parliament that had condemned the Treaty must help carry its provisions into effect.

SOWING AND REAPING.

We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruit must see.

THE POPE'S LAST APPEAL.

On the 15th of last May Pope Pius IX. issued an Encyclical Letter, but this letter was not published in America till a month later,—and we infer that it was not published much, if any, earlier in Europe.

An Encyclical Letter—or an Encyclical, as it is generally called, when the thing comes from so august a personage as the Pope—means simply a circular, or a letter addressed to many persons, or to a particular body of men.

In this last Encyclical, the Pope announces to all whom it may concern—and it concerns a large part of the human race—that he does not accept the Italian guarantees; and not accepting them, he calls upon all the rulers of the earth to unite their powers to restore him to the enjoyment of his temporal power.

But what are the Italian guarantees, that he condemns and rejects?

In September last, the Italian government sent an army to Rome. This army seized that city, and the rest of the Pope's possessions, and the territory thus seized was added to the kingdom of Italy. The Pope was allowed to remain in Rome, there to perform his spiritual duties.

The Italian government has since arranged to make of Rome the capital of Italy, and the government will be transferred thither on the 1st of July, 1871.

In making this arrangement the government was desirous of assuring the Pope that he should not be interfered with as Head of the Roman Catholic church, but should be protected in the full enjoyment of all his religious powers and rights.

Accordingly, laws have been passed to protect his person and to assure his freedom; and these laws are known as the "Italian guarantees." They were passed by the Italian Parliament.

But the Pope refuses to accept them. In the Encyclical of May 15th, he denounces them, and calls upon other governments to restore to him the territories which he has lost since the summer of 1857, possession of which made him a temporal sovereign, just like the Queen of England, or the King of Portugal, or the Czar of Russia.

This position of his, as it was twelve years since, is what is known as the Pope's temporalities, or temporal power.

In the Encyclical the Pope does not once name the Italian government, the existence of which he does not admit, and never has recognized. It is to him just as if it never had been created. He calls it "the Sub-Alpine government," the name that was often applied to it in former times, before it had grown to its present large size.

The kingdom of Sardinia was that over which Victor Emanuel II. reigned down to about ten years since. Its name was taken from the island of Sardinia; but as most of its continental territory was composed of Piedmont, (*pie di monte*, or foot of the mountain,) it was often called Piedmont, as Great Britain is generally called England,—and "the Sub-Alpine kingdom," because Piedmont is, as it were, beneath the Alps, or under their long shadows.

From the language of the Pope it is inferred that he hopes for aid from some European nation. He has himself no means of resisting the Italian government when it shall go to Rome. He has not even a regiment of soldiers at his command, all his army having been broken up by the conquerors, last autumn, when they took possession of Rome.

But from what country can he look for aid? France, his former support, is prostrate and disabled. The governments of the continent whose religious sympathies are with the Pope, comprehend very clearly the hazards involved in such an enterprise. There is no apparent reason to suppose they will interfere. Nevertheless, stranger events have happened.

TORMENTING A WITNESS.

The duty of appearing in court as a witness, which sometimes falls to the best of people, is hardly less unpleasant than the necessity of appearing there as a criminal. At least where the lawyers have no feelings and seem determined to think the witness has none, the giving in of testimony before a judge and jury is attended by so much "badgering" and insult as often to destroy both the confidence and the self-respect of the person examined, and he comes out hardly knowing whether he has lied or told the truth. There can be no object in such vile treatment but to defeat justice for the sake of gaining a case. *Our Mutual Friend*, in its department of "Legal Anecdotes," gives a scene in court, rather caricatured, perhaps, but which illustrates the too prevalent practice of lawyers, both English and American, when conducting a trial. A witness begins to tell his story:

Witness—I was going down Maiden Lane.
Counsellor Blowhard—Stop, sir!
Counsellor Botherem—Don't interrupt the witness.
Counsellor Bow Wow (briefly and indignantly)—We want the facts.
Judge—Let the witness tell his story.
Witness—I was going down Maiden Lane, where I live.
Blowhard—We don't want to know where you live, sir.
Botherem—That is a part of his testimony.
Slabsides—You can have the witness when we have done with him. He belongs to us, now.
Bow Wow (sarcastically)—Very well.
Judge—Gentlemen, I beg you will sit down.
One of the assistants—Officers, keep order.
Sheriff (as loud as he can bawl)—Silence.
Witness—I was going down where I live, as I said before, when—
Blowhard—You don't come here, sir, to repeat what you said before.
Botherem—I beg—
Slabsides (starting to his feet)—No intemperance. I persist on't.
Bow Wow—I appeal to your Honor to protect me from the impertinence of this witness.
All the counsellors together—The witness must be con—
Officer (in a voice of thunder)—Order! order!
Judge—Gentlemen, it seems to me that the best way to come at the truth is to let the witness go on, and I will call him to order if he wanders from his duty. Witness!
Witness—Your Honor.
Judge—Tell the plain fact of this assault; tell the jury what you know about it. Remember you are here to speak the truth and nothing but the truth. Raise your voice and turn your face to the jury. What do you know of this affair?

The witness commences again, the lawyers continuing to skirmish around all the while, like a gang of wild Arabs fighting for the rags of some unhappy prisoner; the poor witness does not get a chance to say any thing. At length, bewildered out of his seven senses, frightened, brow-beaten and indignant, though really desirous of telling the truth, he stumbles upon some inconsistency, some trifling or not trifling paradox, accounted for at once, and to the entire satisfaction of every one, by the idea that he has forgotten.

If any thing is left of the witness after running this unmerciful gauntlet, the cross-examination by an attorney practised for years in impudence and vulgarity, is pretty sure to finish him.

THE POLICEMAN AND THE LADIES.

It is the rule when a file of applicants are waiting for tickets, that each one shall keep his place and take his turn, and a violation of this rule in the case of any one is of course an injustice to the rest. Some do succeed in violating it, and a lady correspondent of the Lawrence *American*, writing from New York, thinks that women are as apt to do it as any body, and can, occasionally if not always, have their own way about the consequences:

Managers, understanding that women are not up to the parliamentary knowledge of the "great unwashed," and that the dear creatures will sometimes crowd and push, and get ahead of their neighbors—it grieves me to be compelled to write thus critically of my own sex—employ policemen to keep them straight. Somebody says that it requires more courage to face a woman's frown than to face a loaded cannon.

At a Nilsson matinee, the other Saturday, a young lady, fifth from the ticket pane, spied some one in the crowd with whom she wished to communicate, so, woman fashion, left the line, had a moment's chat with her friend, and then hurried back to headquarters, a little too fast! Mr. Policeman, who had been anxiously watching out of the corners of his eyes the unparliamentary female, seized her by the shoulders, and with a cross—"Go to the foot," roughly pushed her to the very bottom of the long string of men and women.

"You old brute!" cried half-a-dozen in chorus, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

This was fun. One spunky woman, who knew what was what, marched down to the blushing, disconcerted sister, took her by the hand, marched her back to her place, her black eyes flashing fire at the astonished policeman, and then with "Put your finger on her if you dare," won the battle.

He didn't dare, or if he did he made no further attempt to keep order, so far as that woman was concerned.

A HINDOO'S DESCRIPTION OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

The following is worth reading, as a specimen of Hindoo English. It is interesting, too, because it hits the true secret of describing earthquakes, which is to tell *how they feel* rather than how they look. A native wrote it for the *East Indian News:*

Just at 5 A. M. this morning, before I got out of my bed, suddenly it was felt that my breast and whole body began to tremble, at first shock at which I was awaked and considered myself any sickness would have effected over me which made me such restless. I was sleeping at second storied room which began to shake, but upon doubt that noise comes out like melting machine was mouse or rat jumping from this corner to the other immediately after such noise, a second shock was felt with such violence that door was shut—began to push as I was alarmed to call out my servant for assistance if any body come to rob me, then asked, who are you? No answer was received then, it was imagined that it was a merely earthquake, which brought in my memorandum to read from many newspapers that at different countries by earthquake the several high and small buildings are thrown down, which striked my heart so much that I instantly came out of my bedroom to a open terrace, that I may save myself from falling under the building, then at first one blowed his *shank*, then many other noise was heard, then my inward shaking was perceived more than an hour to be lasted.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

The following shows that we must not always "believe our own eyes:"

Mr. H., a farmer several miles from this city, never feels better than when perpetrating a good joke at the expense of his better half, or some other member of the family. He had a fine pair of spectacles whose merits he never failed to commend, saying that they were the only ones he could see through.

During the early part of the winter they were accidentally missing, and not a little did he bewail their loss. Just before Christmas, however, his wife found them, and after a thorough polishing, they were put in a new case, and placed on the Christmas tree for Mr. H.

Receiving them with many thanks, and wondering at her generosity, he remarked that they were as nice as his old ones, but he had no idea they would fit him.

In the morning, amid the suppressed laughter of spectators, he proceeded with much gravity to adjust them to his nose. Squinting at his journal first near his nose and then at a distance, having the curtain up and then down, after a most thorough trial, he pronounced them "a poor fit." And so, although reading with much difficulty, he has had to borrow his wife's spectacles to this day, and will until 6 P. M., when this article meets his gaze.

We wish him and his neighbors a hearty shaking of sides in the consummation of this practical joke.

MR. LINCOLN AND THE JAIL-BIRD.

Impudent fellows who love to talk to great men in the "you and I" style, do not always mingle their familiarity with wit, as in the following instance:

Mr. Lincoln was exceedingly astonished, one day, as he was inspecting the prison in Washington, by a prisoner who familiarly said to him,

"How are you, Mr. President? I'm glad to see you. I believe that you and I have been in every jail in the Union."

"This and the jail at Springfield are the only ones I was ever in in my life," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Very likely," responded the rogue; "but I have been in all the rest."

COMPLAINING OF "HIGH PRICES."

It strongly illustrates the cheapness of articles of comfort and luxury in Germany as compared with our own country, that their war prices are less than half as high as our peace prices:

A lady residing in a German city which is heavily taxed by the war, writes to her friends that the cost of living is so much increased in consequence that she has to pay sixty-five cents for a pair of white kids with "two buttons;" that a new silk bonnet costs nearly a dollar in gold; a cab for two persons to the opera and back, thirty-seven cents; and washing is charged for at the extravagant rate of twelve cents a dozen pieces.

BOYS, DO YOUR BEST.

If you are running along in a hurry, and stumble over a brickbat and spill your dinner-pail, all right. Kick the brickbat out of the way, pick up your dinner-pail, save your bread and butter, if you can; if not, whistle "Hail Columbia," and run to school. It won't do to be put down by a brickbat. Take hold of your book as a squirrel takes hold of a hickory-nut. Be bound to get the meat out if there is any in it. Because Tom Lazychops wants to be a fool is no reason why you should be one. Do your best every time; and then when the teacher calls out the classes, you can walk up like a man, and tell him to go ahead.

We are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with words pronounced the same but spelled differently.

1. There must —— a —— in this room.
2. You can —— some bread near ——.
3. —— the flowers on the ——.
4. Do not —— for a friend one who ——.

CACTUS.

2.

RIDDLE.

I have a mouth that never drinks,
I have a soul that never thinks,
I have a heel and have a toe,
But have no feet on which to go.
Yet many a mile a day I travel,
Sometimes on carpets, then on gravel;
And though I nothing need to eat,
I'm often stuffed with bones and meat,
And sometimes with a little corn.
This is as true as you were born.
It makes my owner oft complain,
Although I never eat a grain.
All round in every house I go,
Sometimes high, sometimes low;
I help to dress the fairest bride,
I go on foot whene'er I ride,
And 'tis the truth by all agreed,
I go on foot with railroad speed. C.

3.

REBUS.

LUCIUS GOSS.

4.

CROSS PUZZLE.

Put every word, defined, in row,
And certain be, and place them so
That they an upright cross shall make,
Which we will for our puzzle take.
Its perpendicular will show
A yacht that 'cross the ocean came
Sooner than did the "Dauntless," and
The centrals give her owner's name.

1. A particle you first will view;
2. And then a fish that's known to you;
3. A brilliant color then is seen,
4. And here the centrals intervene,
5. The next is e'er the felon's fear,
6. This closed, the contents disappear;
7. This last can see at darkest night,
   At ball, it is the boy's delight. HAUTBOY.

5.

ENIGMA.

My 1, 18, 5 some people wear.
My 6, 14 is an animal.
My 23, 31, 16 is a noun.
My 28, 27, 24, 29, 2, 26, 13, 17, 32 is a Spanish coin.
My 8, 10, 12, 27, 31, 32 is to bind.
My 11, 7, 12 is a dun.
My 11, 22, 25, 18, 19 are four shillings.
My 3, 9, 19, 5 is to change.
My 30, 20 is a verb.
My 20, 4, 2 is in the ocean.
My whole the publishers would be glad to know.

W. R. M.

6.

I am the name of a country; transpose me, I am what every one is anxious to keep clear of, and yet what every one should try to take; drop one letter and I am used for domestic purposes; curtail and transpose, and I am what we all enjoy.

7.

My *first* is a body of water;
My *second* is the same in motion;
My *whole* is in the Atlantic ocean.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Que, Queer, Quest.
2. Al, Moral, Almost.
3. Hind, Hinder, Hindmost.
4. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."
5. Seer, Hero, Alaric, Monk. SHAM ROCK.
6. Cowper.
7. Wight, Light, Tight, Fight, Night, Sight, Right.
8. Cowper, Byron, Goldsmith, Browning.

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WHEN I WAS YOUNG:

Or, What the Old Woman said to her Daughter.

One summer eve I chanced to pass, where, by her cottage gate,
An aged woman in the sun sat talking to her mate;
The frost of age was on her brow, yet garrulous her tongue,
As she compared the doings now with those when she was young;
"When I was young, young girls were meek, and looked round kind of shy,—
And when they were compelled to speak they did so modestly;
They stayed at home and did the work, made Indian bread and wheaten,—
And only went to singing school—and sometimes to night meetin';
The children were obedient then—they had no saucy airs,—
But minded what their mothers said—and learned to say their prayers.
But now-a-days they know enough before they know their letters,
And children that can hardly walk will contradict their betters;
Young women now go flirting round and looking out for beaus,
And scarcely one in ten is found who makes or mends her clothes;
But there, I tell my daughter,
Folks don't do as they'd oughter;
They do not do as they'd oughter do—
Why don't they do as they'd oughter?

"When I was young, if a man had failed, he shut up house and hall,
And never ventured out till night, if he ventured out at all.
His wife sold all her chiny plates,—his sons came home from college,—
His girls left school, and learned to wash and bake, and such like knowledge;
They gave up cakes and pumpkin pies—and had the plainest eating;
And never asked folks home to tea—and scarcely went to meeting;
But now-a-days, when a merchant fails, they say he makes a penny;
His wife don't have a gown the less,—his daughters just as many;
His sons they smoke their choice cigars,—and drink their costly wine,—
And she goes to the opera,—and he has folks to dine;
He walks the street,—he drives his gig,—men show him all civilities,—
And what in my days were called debts, are now called *liabilities*.
They call a man unfortunate who ruins half a city,—
In my day 'twas the creditors to whom you gave the pity;
But there, I tell my daughter,
Folks don't do as they'd oughter;
They do not do as they'd oughter do—
Why don't they do as they'd oughter?

"When I was young crime then was crime,—it had no other name;
And when 'twas proved against a man, he had to bear the blame;
They called the man who stole, a thief—they wasted no fine feeling,—
What folks call *petty larceny* now, in my days was called stealing;
They did not make a reprobate the theme of song and story;
As if the bloodier were his hand, the brighter was his glory;
But there, I tell my daughter,
Folks don't do as they'd oughter;
They don't do as they'd oughter do—
Why don't they do as they'd oughter?"

For the Companion.

"COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD."

Andre Ernest Modeste Gretry,—(1741-1813),—whose resplendent genius was the favorite theme of music-loving Parisians during the latter part of the last century, was born at Leige. He was susceptible to the charms of music, even in infancy, and he had but just learned to walk when he was one day found dancing with delight to the singing of a teakettle.

At six years of age, he was placed in the choir of the collegiate church of St. Denis. His music teacher, who was a brutal man, abused him without pity, but so great was the boy's love of music, and so great was his reverence for a master of the art, that he bore the hard treatment with a gentle spirit, and never reported his injuries to his father, lest he should be removed from his musical studies.

It was usual in Leige, at this time, to instruct children that God would be especially favorable to the prayers which they might make on receiving the first sacrament. Hence, each child, so instructed, used to decide a long time before receiving the sacrament for what he would pray.

Little Gretry firmly believed this, and there is no doubt that, while God is not propitiated by the ceremonies of a superstitious church, yet He hears the sincere prayers of those who trust in Him, and look to Him alone for wisdom, and for help. Gretry early made his decision as to what he most desired. He resolved to pray that God would make him an honest and a noble musician, or that He would take him away in childhood from the evil to come. He therefore looked forward to the day that he should receive the sacrament with awe and trembling, believing that it would prove decisive of his destiny in life.

The day came, bringing its solemn music and ecclesiastical pomps to the old church of St. Denis. Little Gretry approached the altar with a fluttering heart, and kneeling down beneath the golden lamps, clasped his slender fingers and whispered, softly,—

"O Lord, this is my prayer: Make me an honest man and a noble musician, or else let me die."

At the conclusion of the solemn service, Gretry went to the top of the tower to see the men strike the wooden bells which were used during the solemnities of passion week. While thus employed, a beam of wood, becoming displaced above him, fell upon his head, striking him senseless to the floor. A person ran for the priests, believing that the boy had received a fatal injury, and that he would shortly expire. When the priests came, they found him standing upon his feet.

"Well, well," he said, "my prayer is answered. Since I am not killed, I know that I am destined to be an honest man, and a musician!"

The first time that little Gretry sang in church, the orchestra, charmed with his voice and fearing to lose the sound of it, was reduced to the *pianissimo*. The choir boys drew back in token of respect, and the canons left their seats, and became so enchanted by the pure, lute-like melody, that they were deaf to the tinkle of the bell that announced a ritual in which they were to take a part.

Gretry, although he produced many amusing as well as serious musical works, was a melancholy man. God answered his youthful prayer that he might become an honest man. He sustained a spotless character amid all the corruptions of French musical society.

In 1829, many years after his death, one of his most beautiful musical works was brought out in Paris, with great care. Such was the enthusiasm which the performance evoked, that his bust was taken into the great musical assembly, followed by a long procession of singers, and was crowned with laurel.

"An honest man, and a great musician." So Providence fulfils the pure aspirations of youth.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass."

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

A FEARFUL SEA-VOYAGE.

The following vivid description of a fearful passage of the Cunard steamer *Europa*, from Glasgow to New York, will be read with sad interest by all who are acquainted with the perils of those who do business upon the seas:

The *Europa* sailed from Glasgow on the 25th of February with one hundred and ninety-five steerage and ten cabin passengers. She experienced squally weather during the first few days, which increased to a strong gale from the west, which necessitated the double reefing of all the sails. Toward evening the gale increased in fury, and the vessel was put under very low steam.

The scene at eight o'clock was awful. It was dark as pitch, the horizon being overcast, and the air was chilly with the driving sleet and the dashing spray. The wind whistled through the rigging, and rushed against the sides of the ship, which groaned and shivered at every blow. In all directions foam-crested waves from seventy to eighty feet high ran roaring upon the gallant vessel, threatening to crush her, but she rode like a duck.

Men waited and listened with blanched faces; women sobbed and prayed, and little children huddled close to their parents in terror. Capt. McDonald, whenever he could snatch a moment from his duties on deck, strode about below with a smile on his face, laughing and joking away every body's fears, and endeavoring to allay apprehensions.

At about half-past eight o'clock the steerage and the intermediate passengers had been partially quieted, and the captain sat down in the midst of the cabin passengers, nearly all of whom had known him and sailed with him before, and began a conversation about old times; every one became interested, and in joking and even laughter they forgot the perils of the hour. At about twenty-five minutes past nine o'clock, Capt. McDonald drew out his watch and excused himself, saying that it was time for him to go on deck to give his final instructions for the night to his mates, as was his custom before going to bed.

Accompanied by Mr. Corson, a passenger, he went on deck. The storm was at its greatest fury. The first and third mates were standing together on the bridge under a canvas awning which had been erected especially to protect them from the weather. The bridge was very stout, and was braced with strong iron stanchions and rails. The captain laughingly dared Mr. Corson to go with him upon the bridge. Mr. Corson accepted the challenge, and the two started forward. They had barely reached the end of the deck-house when the ship gave a sudden lurch to starboard, and Mr. Corson's courage cooled. He said, "Captain, I guess I'll go back, as I've only got my slippers on." The captain laughed and said,—

"All right; go ahead, then."

Mr. Corson shouted, "Captain, take care of yourself!" and re-entered the cabin.

He had hardly seated himself when he was startled by a tremendous crash, quickly followed by the hoarse yells of the seamen, "Help! The captain's overboard!" Mr. Corson sprang up the steps, and saw at a glance the full extent of the disaster. A tremendous sea had struck the bridge beneath the starboard side, twisting the horizontal iron railing into a perpendicular position and tearing the planking up like paper. This broke the wave, and its crest fell with a crash upon the leeward side of the bridge, snapping the stanchions and grinding that part of the flooring into kindling wood. The almost solid mountain of water then bounded off toward the sea again, staving in two boats and breaking the main boom, having evidently turned a somerset in its passage. It whelmed the captain and mates, sweeping them far off into the deep.

The second mate, upon whom the command of the ship devolved, stopped her at once, and ordered life buoys to be thrown overboard, but it was without avail. Soon the safety of the steamer necessitated the putting on of steam, and all night she labored through the giant waves.

The news of the disaster was carefully kept a secret from all but the cabin passengers. The remainder of the night was spent in prayer and tears. Even the bravest refused to occupy their state-rooms, and lay down in their clothing in the saloon. The hurricane continued through the night and all day on Sunday, Sunday night and Monday, the vessel from necessity going under a very slow head of steam all the time. To add to the horror of the night of the disaster, one of the intermediate passengers heard the story of the captain's death and spread the story among his fellows. Next morning it was told to the steerage passengers, filling them with consternation. A kind of mutiny ensued, a mass indignation meeting was held, and a committee of two—one member selected from the intermediate and one from the steerage passengers—was sent to Mr. Finley to demand that he should put into the nearest port. But the cool headed, skilful officer quieted them after a while, and the remainder of the voyage was prosecuted without further trouble.

HOW A WILL WAS FOUND.

An instance of the renewal in sleep of an impression of memory calling up an apparition to enforce it (it is the impression which causes the apparition, not the apparition which conveys the impression) occurred near Bath, half a century ago, and is related by Miss Cobbe, in an article on "Unconscious Cerebration," in the last number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Sir John Miller, a very wealthy gentleman, died, leaving no children. His widow had always understood that she was to have the use of his house for her life, with a very large jointure; but no will making such provision could be found after his death.

The heir-at-law, a distant connection, naturally claimed his rights, but kindly allowed Lady Miller to remain for six months in the house to complete her search for the missing papers. The six months drew at last to a close, and the poor widow had spent fruitless days and weeks in examining every possible place of deposit for the lost document, till at last she came to the conclusion that her memory must have deceived her, and that her husband could have made no such promise as she supposed, or had neglected to fulfil it had he made one.

The very last day of her tenure of the house had just dawned, when in the gray of the morning, Lady Miller drove up to the door of her man of business in Bath, and rushed excitedly to his bedroom door, calling out,—

"Come to me! I have seen Sir John! There is a will!"

The lawyer hastened to accompany her back to her house. All she could tell him was that her deceased husband had appeared to her in the night, standing by her bedside, and had said, solemnly, "There is a will!"

Where it was, remained as uncertain as before. Once more the house was searched in vain from cellar to loft, till finally, wearied and in despair, the lady and her friend found themselves in a garret at the top of the house.

"It is all over," Lady Miller said; "I give it up; my husband deceived me, and I am ruined!"

At that moment she looked at the table over which she was leaning, weeping. "This table was in his study once! Let us examine it!" They looked, and the missing will, duly signed and sealed, was within it, and the widow was rich to the end of her days. It needs no conjuror to explain how her anxiety called up the myth of Sir John Miller's apparition, and made him say precisely what he had once before really said to her, but of which the memory had waxed faint.

COWS THAT KNEW LATIN.

We read of "horse Latin," "dog Latin" and "hog Latin," but it was reserved for an eccentric correspondent of a Southern paper to introduce "*cow* Latin," and actually have a class of ten to practise on. He says:

I once taught my cows Latin. I don't mean that I taught them to read it, for it is very difficult to teach a cow to read Latin or any of the dead languages—a cow cares more for her cud than she does for all the classics put together. But if you begin early you can teach a cow or a calf (if you can teach a calf any thing, which I doubt,) Latin as well as English.

There were ten cows, which I had to escort to and from pasture night and morning. To these cows I gave the names of the Roman numerals, beginning *unus* and *duo* and going up to *decem*. Decem was, of course, the biggest cow of the party, or at least she was the ruler of the others, and had the place of honor in the stable and everywhere else.

I admire cows, and especially the exactness with which they define their social position. In this case, Decem could "lick" Novem and Novem could lick Octo, and so on down to Unus, who couldn't lick any body except her calf. I suppose I ought to have called the weakest cow Una, instead of Unus, considering her sex; but I didn't care much to teach the cows the declension of adjectives, in which I was not very well up myself; and besides, it would be of little use to a cow.

People who devote themselves too severely to the study of the classics are apt to become dried up; and you should never do any thing to dry up a cow. Well, these ten cows knew their names after a while, at least they appeared to, and would take their places as I called them. At least, if Octo attempted to go before Novem in going through the bars (I have heard people speak of a "pair of bars" when there were six or eight of them,) or into the stable, the matter of precedence was so settled there was no dispute about it afterward. Novem either put her horns into Octo's ribs, and Octo shambled to one side, or else the two locked horns and tried the game of push and gore, until one gave up. Nothing is stricter than the etiquette of a party of cows.

POWER OF OLD RECOLLECTIONS ON A BIRD.

Mrs. L. M. Child tells the following curious story, which goes far to show that birds (at least some kinds of birds) may have almost human perceptions and sensibilities:

A parrot had been caught young, and trained by a Spanish lady, who sold it to an English captain. For a time the bird seemed sad among the fogs of England, where birds and men all spoke in a foreign tongue. By degrees, however, she learned the language, forget her Spanish phrases, and seemed to feel at home. Years passed on, and found pretty poll the pet of the captain's family. At last her brilliant feathers began to turn gray with age; she could take no food but soft pulp, and had not strength enough to mount her perch. She had been some time in this feeble condition, when a Spanish gentleman called one day to see her master. It was the first time she had heard the language for many years. It probably brought back to her memory the scenes of her youth, in that beautiful region of vines and sunshine. She spread forth her wings with a wild scream of joy, rapidly ran over the Spanish phrases which she had not uttered for years, and fell down dead.

A COMPETENT WITNESS.

"William Look, who made you?"

William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and looking thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, replied, "Moses, I s'pose."

"That will do," said counsellor Gray, addressing the court. "The witness says he supposes Moses made him; that is an intelligent answer, more than I thought him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture. I submit that is not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving evidence."

"Mister Judge," said the fool, "may I ax the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"Well, then, Mr. Lawyer, who d'ye suppose made you?"

"Aaron, I s'pose," said counsellor Gray, imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness drawled out,—

"Wal, ne-ow, we do read in the book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a thought the critter'd got in here!"

The judge ordered the man to be sworn.

DIFFIDENCE—ITS MEANING.

Diffidence is now understood to mean "want of confidence." Anciently it meant "want of (religious) faith:"

Some of the readers of the "Pilgrim's Progress" have doubtless been at a loss to conjecture why Bunyan should have called Giant Despair's wife, who was as ready to persecute Christians as the cruel giant himself, Mrs. Diffidence. A knowledge of the former meaning of this word, will give the clue to the appropriateness of this cognomen. Trench informs us that at a period not very long past, the difference between *despair* and *diffidence* was hardly appreciable. It certainly could not be affirmed of one that it was very much stronger than the other, if in one the absence of all *hope*, in the other that of all *faith* was implied. Jeremy Taylor also uses the word in the sense of *despair*, in speaking of the impenitent sinner's "diffidence" in the hour of death.

THREE DAYS UNDER A FALLEN TREE.

The St. Louis *Democrat* tells of a perilous accident to a man near Venice, Ill., who was hunting in the woods at the time a violent tornado swept through the region:

A tree was blown across him, and for three days, without food or drink, he lay in an immovable position. All efforts to extricate himself from his perilous position were of no avail, and Mr. Turner, finally discouraged by fruitless endeavors, gave himself up as one to be numbered among the dead. After three days, however, he was relieved by a farmer named Haggerty, who fortunately happened to be passing that way. He was conveyed to East St. Louis, and put in charge of the city authorities.

A LITTLE BALLOON.

A toy called a parachute is easily made by cutting a piece of tissue paper in a circular form, and tying in threads around the edge, then uniting the ends of the threads, and attaching a cork for ballast. Hold it up by the cork, and when the air gets under the paper, it will look quite like a balloon, and in a gentle breeze, will rise to a great height.—*Work and Play.*

A DONKEY, the other day, stubbornly refused to come out of a boat which had brought him across the Mersey; at last, after many kicks had been applied, and other persecutions of that kind, a man stepped forward, addressing him affectionately, "Come along, brother," and the donkey obeyed at once.

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COUNTING THE CHICKENS.

Come, Joe! come, Johnny! the chickens are out,
As true as I am alive!
Let me count,—one, two, three, four,—
O, if I can find but one more
Of the beauties, that will be five!

Just look and see how they hop about!
And see what a pretty thing
The little gray one is, and O!
There *is* another one! see it, Joe,
With its head through its mother's wing!

My dainty darlings, be still, be still!
Just a minute, till I can see
Which is prettiest,—that with down
Softly yellow and striped with brown,
Or that with the golden bill.

That one is cunning, with back and breast
Black as a raven, and so small,—
No bigger than one of its mother's eggs,
And the tiniest little rosy legs,—
I hardly saw it at all.

I will double up my hand to a nest,
Afraid though I am of the mother hen,
And put them into it one by one,
The gray, the yellow, the black and dun,
And see which is prettiest then!

For the Companion.

JACK STONE'S SICKNESS.

I was sick the other day. Sick enough to be in bed, and it was not very pleasant. I am not fond of being sick. The sickness isn't so hard to bear, as to have to keep still. It don't agree with me to be quiet. I am of a go-about disposition.

My head felt queer. It ached very bad. I thought it would break open. I told mother so.

She put a bandage around it. I suppose it was to keep it together, so it would not roll on the floor, and spoil the pretty flowers on the carpet. There are lots of pretty flowers on it. I tried to count them when I was sick. It made my head worse.

I wanted to get to sleep. I shut my eyes and saw all kinds of colored stars dancing around. They made me dizzy.

Then I looked at the picture on the wall. It is a handsome one. A stable-man is taking care of a horse. I thought I should like to be the stable-man. He did not look as if his head ached. He looked too happy to be sick. If I had a large horse, I would treat him well, and make a friend of him. Horses seem to know a great deal.

I did not mean to tell you about horses, but about my sickness. I thought of a great many things, and I fell asleep.

I had a funny dream. I dreamed the cat had a surprise party, and had a lot of cat and kitten visitors. The cat seemed very much pleased. She had whshed herself very nice indeed, and looked better than she does when I am awake.

I dreamed I gave them some fish to eat. They quarrelled over it and commenced to fight. They got so mad with each other, that I jumped upon a chair. I was afraid they might mistake me for a cat.

Mother heard the noise, and came in with the broom, and chased them all out. That was the end of the cat party.

I woke up. The doctor was in the room, and was looking at me. He wanted me to hold out my tongue. I obeyed him.

He said it was coated. Tongues don't wear coats. I told the doctor so. He laughed, and said I was a funny fellow. My headache didn't *make me feel* one bit funny.

He left me some very nice pills. They had sugar over them, so people would think they were sweet inside. I should not have wished to have swallowed them, if I had known the sugar was only on the outside. It deceived me very much.

Mother sat by my side and sang me a song. It lulled me to sleep. I did not dream that time. I woke up suddenly. Something disturbed me. Mother had upset a kettle. It sounded to me like thunder. I thought, when I got well and played "storm" again, I would upset the kettle to make believe it is thunder. It sounds more natural than rolling a cricket over the floor.

When I woke up the room was all dark. I thought it was night. I was mistaken. The curtains were pulled down. I opened one side of them. It looked very pleasant in the road. It seemed almost too pleasant to be sick. The bandage on my head felt dry, and I wanted to take it off. I did not dare to, for I did not know whether my head was in one or two pieces.

I did not like to call for mother. I rapped on the table, and she heard me. She brought me some very nice toast to eat. I had forgotten I was hungry until mother brought the toast. That reminded me of it.

I was better. I sat up before the fire in a little chair, while mother made my bed. Father came in from work, and told me I should have gingerbread six days in the week. I am very fond of gingerbread. It was a great inducement to get well. I told father I would try to do so.

Mr. Gooding, the storekeeper, sent me word he was very sorry to learn I was sick. He was very kind to do so. I shall always buy my candy of him. He sent me a very nice picture-book. It must have cost as much as five or six cents. I have often thought I should like to make a book. I have never tried to make one.

I felt so much better when I sat up, that I did not feel like going to bed again. I altered my mind very soon. I grew sleepy very quick. I got into bed as soon as I could. I found no trouble in getting some dreams.

The next morning I was better, and was able to eat some gingerbread, which I found to be very nice. I read a great deal in the book Mr. Gooding sent me.

I have told you all I know about my sickness, and I hope you are glad to know I am quite well again. I know *I* am. It is tiresome to be sick long, but you feel ever so much better when you get well. I hope every one who reads this is not sick.

JACK STONE.

LITTLE KIND HEART.

One cold, stormy morning, a little girl of two years was standing on a chair near a window, looking at the few people who were hurrying along through the mud and rain.

"There is a poor little dog; he has no umbrella to keep the rain from wetting his shaggy coat," said her mother.

"I'll lend him mine, mamma."

"But he has no hands; he can't carry an umbrella," her mother replied, wishing to know what her little daughter's active and ever fertile mind would suggest.

"I'll *wide* him, mamma; I'll get on his back," the little tongue quickly answered, whilst the bright eyes looked thoughtfully and wistfully towards the poor wet dog.—*Selected.*

NATURE'S REMEDY.
VEGETINE
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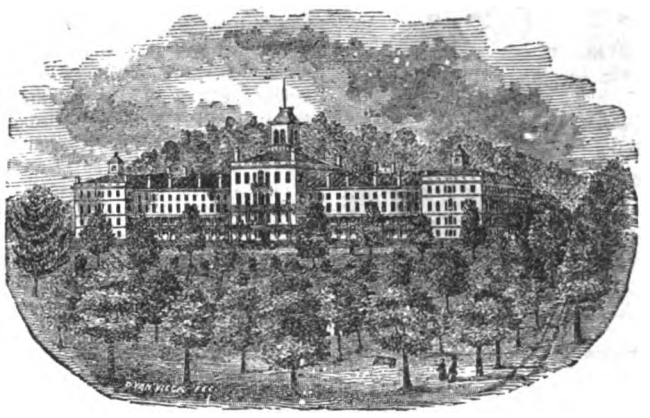

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Letters to publishers should be addressed to PERRY MASON & CO., Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

CORAL REEFS.

It would seem foolish to compare one of the gigantic pines of California with a little huckleberry bush, yet this is about the proportion which a coral reef of the Pacific bears to the little shrubs of coral found in the Mediterranean. Both are the production of the same small animal, or polype.

Just think of us men setting out to construct a chain of mountains, like the Andes or Himmalayas, by piling up stone coffins, and then burying ourselves in them! How many of us would it take, and how long should we have to work? Yet the little marine undertakers are so numerous, and so industrious, that they raise a mass of coral, several feet high, in a few months. A channel cut in a reef, surrounding an island, for a schooner to pass through, was completely closed up by them in ten years.

Reefs are found in water which is a thousand feet deep, or even more. How long do you suppose these must have been in progress? It used to be thought that the polypes began at the bottom of the sea, and built up to this height. But they have never been discovered working at a very great profundity, so Darwin concludes that the reefs must have sunk lower after being made.

Sailors talk of three reefs in a sail, so others talk of three courses, or stages, in a coral reef. The first they call a *shore* reef. This is a sort of coral necklace, round a neck of land. It stands in shallow water, and is quite covered over at high tide, like a neck-ribbon, by a high dress. It reminds one of the string of sharp teeth, which savages sometimes wear. The writer was once in danger of being cut to pieces by one of them. He went in bathing, on the shore of Ceylon, and on swimming towards the sea, soon struck his knee against a sharp branch of the coral. He at once beat a hasty retreat, or he would doubtless have speedily had numerous rents made in his skin, by the hard, sharp points.

When an island, thus provided with a sort of stake-fence under water, subsides, as those Pacific islands seem to have a habit of doing, the distance between island and reef becomes greater, and the water deeper. Another story has to be added to the reef, and then it is termed a *Barrier*. Sometimes it encloses several islands. It is like a dish of soup, with several pieces of green turtle lying in it.

Again, an island, like some unfortunate people, having once begun to go down, does not always know when to stop. It disappears altogether, but where it goes to,—what limbo of wicked islands,—who can tell? The reef then goes by the name of an *Atoll*. It resembles the crater of a submerged volcano, except that it is not round. One side, turned towards the windy quarter, is shaped like a bow; the other side is straight like a bow-string. The waters within the reef, forming the lagoon, are calm, and beautifully transparent. There is usually a passage into the lagoon, on either side of which are often little islets, on which stand one or two cocoanut palms, like sentinels to guard the outlet.

When a reef gets so far advanced as to be above water, sand, shells and other things manage to get heaped on it, and then the cocoanut tree, palms itself off on it also. The decaying twigs and leaves of the trees add to the soil, and so, in time, fertile land is produced, and human beings, as well as nuts, somehow find their way to the islands. Volcanoes, moreover, sometimes play tricks with them, and the islands are not only depressed but elevated to a high degree—when they are styled Crystal islands. Usually, however, they are content to remain only a few feet above the sea.

VARIETY.

GOT MAD AT THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

The rage of brutes and fools at provocations to which they cannot retort, is intensely comical, sometimes. A polytechnic student once made a coarse old tradeswoman who attacked him, turn pale with wrath by calling her "a polynomical parallelopiped." Dr. Johnson, big as he was, seems to have had a certain naughty love of fun-making when similar subjects came in his way:

He once made a bet with Boswell that he could go into the fish market and put a Billingsgate woman in a passion without saying a word that she could understand. The doctor commenced by silently indicating with his nose that her fish had passed the state in which a man's olfactories could endure their flavor. The Billingsgate woman made a verbal attack common in parlance.

The doctor answered, "You are an article, madam."

"No more an article than yourself, you misbegotten villain."

"You are a noun, woman."

"You—you—" stammered the woman, choking with rage at a list of titles she could not understand.

"You are a pronoun."

The beldam shook her fist in speechless rage.

"You are a verb, an adverb, an adjective, a conjunction, a preposition, an interjection!" suddenly continued the doctor, applying the harmless epithets at proper intervals.

The nine parts of speech completely conquered the old woman, and she flung herself down in the mud, crying with rage at being thus "blackguarded" in a set of unknown terms, which, not understanding, she could not answer.

SAWING OFF HIS FINGERS.

Ignorance should never meddle with edged tools—nor *toothed* ones, either. The habit of pointing at, or touching every thing we talk of or feel curious about, is sometimes attended with serious consequences:

A German, in Iowa, last week went, for the first time, into a saw-mill. Among other things that he saw, was a small, circular saw, sawing faster than any thing he ever saw. Its rapid motion fascinated him; he reached out his right index finger toward its ill-defined periphery, (for the circumference of a saw in swift motion looks to be at the base of the teeth, and not at their points,) when, to his surprise, the end of his finger disappeared in an instant, and rolled away to the other side of the saw.

The man tied up the stump in his handkerchief; whereupon Mr. Andrews, noting him, came up and inquired what was the matter. The victim of misplaced confidence replied,—

"Misther Andrews, I never comes to see your mills before. I seed dis ting going around so fast, I takes mein vinger to him, like dis, and—mein!" In explaining his first mishap, the German touched the saw with his left fore-finger and that flew off. Turning to Andrews, in almost breathless astonishment, the man exclaimed: "Misther Andrews, I never comes to see your mills before; I see him; I never comes again!" And wrapping that finger into his handkerchief, he started for a doctor's office.

AN ENERGETIC OLD LADY.

The following facts are recorded in one of the old church books of the Baptist church in Stamford:

October 8, 1797.—Died, at Norwalk, Sybill Whitehead, aged 116 years—a member of this church, baptized October 5, 1780, in the 99th year of her age. She lived in Norwalk, where she kept school for years, and frequently came, on horseback, to Stamford (a distance of thirteen miles from her home) to attend public worship—coming on Saturdays and returning on Mondays. The last time she came to Stamford was in May, 1789, at which time she was 109 years old. She then *walked* nine miles, and also returned on foot. She was never married.

LOGWOOD.

The tree is of medium size and peculiar appearance, attaining a height, under favorable circumstances, of twelve or thirteen yards. The trunk is much gnarled, and full of irregular cavities. The leaves are pinnated; and the small ones never fall off, and are smooth and heart-shaped. The flowers are small, yellowish in color, and hang in bunches from the ends of the branches. The fruit is a very flat, lanceolated husk, containing seeds which are eaten by fowls, as in fact are those of almost all the vegetables and fruits that are found here. The foliage of the log tree is of dark green and very luxuriant. During the early period of its growth it forms thickets quite similar to those of the hawthorn. But, as it develops, it gathers in impenetrable masses. In the forest it takes entire possession of the ground, which remains without vegetation under its shade. It is found on rocky mountains as well as on alluvial plains, but it grows better on humid, deep soil which is periodically inundated by the overflow of the rivers. Its growth is rapid, yet its wood is hard, compact, and can be long preserved under ground.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

At a minister's meeting in Hartford, not long since, a Baptist pastor remarked that he was one of three brothers, sons of a minister whose salary was only $500 a year. Their mother was accused of being extravagant, if not proud; keeping each of her sons furnished with six suits of clothes during the summer, that they might have nice, clean clothes every day of the week. "But," said the speaker, "the good neighbor, who thus found fault with my mother, did not know that every night of term-time, after we had gone to bed, she took our clothes and washed them, and in the morning before we were up, ironed them; the fact being that we had only one suit of clothes each."

ONE OF THE LOST LETTERS.

People who send letters and articles through the mail without seeing properly to the postage and direction, should read the accounts of the large auction sales of dead letter effects which take place occasionally at Washington. "Don Piatt" attended one of these sales and moralizes thus: "Each memento told its story—an old, old story, perhaps, but yet a touching one. I saw a child's shoe—a little half-worn bit of tarnished morocco, sent, probably, from the coffin of the little three year-old to some grandmother, to tell, in mute eloquence, that the busy little feet were quiet now forever."

A TONGUE THAT NEVER LIED.

An old man, writing his recollections of old times, says:

I dined one day at Dr. Baldwin's with Heman Lincoln and wife, her parents and Prof. Chase. While carving, the doctor observed, "Who will have a piece of tongue that never told a lie? Can this be said of all my guests?"

We should question the courtesy now of asking our guests so plain a question at the dinner-table.

A MICHIGAN deaf-mute boy, who is at school, has recently written a letter to a friend at home, in which, referring to recreation rather than labors, he quaintly says, "I am working with plant the corn nor potatoes. I can somewhat to plough. Mr. How teaches me to learn plough. The pupills will vacation next June of 16."

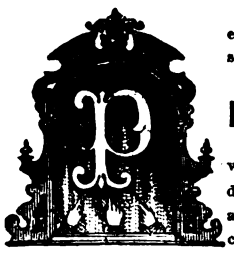
A TRAVELLER was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well cut ham, and the left leg of a goose. "Pray, sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg left."

A GENTLEMAN describing a wedding, the other day, got off the following extraordinary sentence in regard to the bride: "In her *bony* face the twin roses of health and beauty shone." He probably meant to say *bonny*, but—"these confounded printers."

IF WE would have a powerful mind, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

MR. GLAISHER is an aeronaut, and he has discovered that a woman's voice is audible at a height of two miles, while a man's voice has never been heard higher than a mile! This is the latest argument in favor of woman suffrage.

THE postmaster at Adaline, W. Va., has a salary of one dollar per annum. He don't go to Washington very often to see that he don't lose his place.



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—AT—
Bradford & Anthony's,
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THE SUMMER MONTHS.

The Summer Months will soon be gone!
Their hours are flying fast!
Let those their flight who would not mourn
Improve them ere they re-past.
May those who go away from home,
The Summer Months to spend,
Find pleasure wheresoe'er they roam,
And each make many a friend.
And may the BOYS all have good "CLOTHES,"
Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and *Shoes* complete,
Which they have bought at GEORGE FENNO'S,
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$375 A MONTH—Horse and outfit furnished. Address, NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me. *17—1y

WANTED.—Agents ($2 50 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the UNDER-FEED, makes the "lock-stitch" (alike on both sides), and is fully licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. *51—1y

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*** RARE CHANCE! ***

Life and Adventures of Robert Houdin, the most famous conjuror the world has ever known, just commenced in No. 43 (Vol. IV.) of HANEY'S JOURNAL, showing how, when a boy, he acquired his first lessons in magic, his youthful haps and mishaps as an amateur conjurer, his amusing and startling adventures, how he invented and performed his marvellous feats, his great magical contest with the famous Arabian jugglers, his invention of curious musical and other automata, etc., etc., forming one of the most fascinating narratives ever written. Every boy will long to read this, also the charming Story of a little Russian Peasant Boy who rose to be a Prince, School-boy Story, Sea Story, and a multitude of attractive tales, sketches, correspondence, puzzles, amusing arts and recreations, etc., etc., and, to afford *all* the opportunity to test Haney's Journal, we make the following *liberal offer:*

Rare Chance.—Haney's Journal, a handsome eight page (40 long columns) illustrated family paper will be sent *six months* on trial to any *new* subscriber for the nominal sum of 25 cents. Send *now* and *try* it! Single copies of any newsdealer—no free.

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SIX PER CENT.

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ALL THE FIRST-CLASS
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Use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.

It is the only reliable and harmless Remedy known for removing Brown discoloration. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond Street, New York.

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For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use
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It is invaluable to the afflicted. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by *Druggists every where.* *13—4m

CURED OF CATARRH
—AND—
Incipient Consumption!
After all other Remedies Failed,
BY TWO BOTTLES OF
CONSTITUTIONAL
CATARRH REMEDY.

DERRY, N. H., May 1, 1871.
Messrs. LITTLEFIELD & HAYES, Chemists and Druggists, Manchester, N. H., Proprietors of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy:
I took three colds, one after another, till they resulted in Catarrh, and almost Consumption. The physicians told me I had congestion of the lungs. I remained for nearly a year sick, with nothing but Catarrh troubles, my head filling and the mucous dropping down into my throat, causing a wheezing cough each morning till I got rid of the droppings. It took away my strength, and I was fit for no business. I took all known Catarrh remedies, but they did no good, not a particle. I bought a bottle of your *Constitutional Catarrh Remedy*, some eight months ago, and found immediate relief. The second bottle restored me to health and business, built up the whole system and made me feel as well as I was before I was sick. My age is 54. I have never seen anything that will remove a cold as quick. It deadens it all right down. I never saw anything like it to create an appetite.
MOSES A. WALKER.

Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Weeks & Potter, Burr & Perry, Boston, and John F. Henry, New York, General Agents.
*24—4t

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 28. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

A STEP FROM UNDER THE ROSE VINE.

In Two Chapters.—Chap. II.

Six months had passed, and the short winter days had come, so that the laziest girls in the shop, with the most ambitious, began work by lamplight. Mary had so far not indulged herself in a single holiday—not even to go home at Thanksgiving—but now, as Christmas was at hand, there was such an outcry from the regiment of boys, and such a sighing from her mother, that the stage stopped again at Mr. Berresford's door, and this time let Mary alight, welcomed by shouts of joyful surprise from all the younger members of the family.

"Now, father," said Mary, when at last they were left to themselves, the joy of the brothers having taken itself to their pillows, "now, father, how much of a Christmas present do you think we are going to make the man that holds that mortgage? I never asked his name, for I don't want to know it; but just guess what I have in this purse;" and with a glowing face, she pulled it from her pocket, where she felt sure it would have burned a hole in another minute.

"I don't know," said her father, in a tone between incredulity and pleasant expectation, while her mother sighed deeply; "women's wages are always low, but you say you've done pretty well."

"Guess, then, guess," repeated Mary, shaking the purse.

"Well, I'll say seventy-five dollars. You've been gone six months, and you've worked pretty close, I know, for that's your way. 'Tisn't every girl that would have brought home seventy-five dollars, but I'll calculate it for you."

"Well, here it is, then," said Mary, laying some bills on the table before him. "Count it, please."

"Seventy-five,'" said her father. "I always was pretty cute at guessing."

"Well, now, suppose you guess again, and count this," said Mary, handing him another roll.

"Forty, fifty, sixty, seventy-five again," said her father, looking up at her as if he thought she had been learning necromancy, and had the power of doubling things before his eyes.

Mrs. Berresford sighed terribly, and Mary laughed.

"Now once more," she said; "three times and out," and she put a third roll into his hand.

"Three times seventy-five, two hundred and twenty-five," she said, her eyes sparkling with her triumph. "How will that do for a beginning? Perhaps I shall do better the second half year."

Her father fumbled at the bills as if he thought himself in a dream; rubbed his hand through his hair, got up and walked the room, and then sat down to look at the money again.

"Well," he exclaimed, when at last he found his speech, "all I've got to say is, that if you've earned that pile of money since you went away, and enough more to pay your own board, you're the smartest girl ever raised in Maine, and I'm prouder of you than I should be of the biggest farm the West ever saw, or will see, crops and all."

"What a thing it is, though, to see a daughter bringing home money to pay off debts!" said Mrs. Berresford, with such an immeasurable sigh as forced one to understand she meant it a terrible thing, although she had not said so distinctly.

"Nonsense," said Mary, "nothing but fun. Now, father, you take that, and we'll have a merry Christmas, and by Fourth of July, if not sooner, I must come again, and see what I can show you them."

The "everlasting sight of boys" clamored more loudly than at first, when the one week Mary had allowed herself at home, drew to a close.

UNDER THE ROSE VINE.

"I declare, it's horrid," said Ted, the oldest, as he fastened his sister's little trunk. "And I know somebody else that thinks so, too. Harry Larrabee said that village gathering last summer wasn't worth a thistle head; there was nobody there."

"Look at that strap, Ted," said Mary, hiding a blush over the side of the trunk; "how you are twisting it! No, it isn't horrid, it is delightful, and you will think so too, some day. Perhaps I shall have something to tell you the next time I come."

When Mary entered the shop that afternoon, she looked in vain for her place. Every seat was filled. Surely that was her machine, standing before its own window, but a new face was bending over it, and running the work with all the air of a possessor. She turned to find Mr. Robbins. There surely was a mistake.

"No," said he, smiling, "I've given away your machine. I can't afford to let you have it any longer. I want you for repairer. That's what I've had my eye on for some time, and I only meant to let you get a little drill at the machine first. You can make two dollars a week more there than anywhere else, and I'd make it more rather than not have you take the place."

Mary's color heightened, for she knew very well that this was the most responsible position in the shop, that of looking over each garment as it was completed, and pronouncing it perfect, or bringing it up to that point, if not already reached—and that it was seldom offered to one who had been in the shop so short a time as herself.

But she was not allowed much time for her modesty to wonder at the compliment; work had been accumulating for her during the last two or three days of her absence, and even to her swift fingers the pile seemed rather appalling.

So the next six months were busier than the last, and the pocket-book fuller on the next trip home.

There was but one more payment to be made on the mortgage, and then, a new home, a new life opened before her brothers, broad fields and easy labor for her father. (Would her mother find a fresh fountain of sighs, springing up among the prairies?)

So Mary sat and dreamed over her work through the long summer days—lifting her eyes by snatches from her work to say hundreds of good-bys to the blue hills in the horizon, and the great elm tree that swept its trailing branches around two sides of the busy shop. She would never see such as these again.

A real farmer's daughter Mary Berresford was; she could work like a bee from morning till night, but, like a bee, the open air, and the free sunshine, and the broad fields were the only true life for her; and as she dreamed, visions of broad prairies far away, and of herself left to manage the farm at home, mingled themselves in a confused way enough.

"I shouldn't wonder if father would let me try, after all," said her busy thoughts. "I could do it, I know."

Once more Christmas had come; once more the brothers shouted as Mary's face, just as pretty and bright as a year and a half ago, peeped out of the stage as it stopped before the door. And once more Mary waited impatiently to show her father her purse, and make a Christmas present to the mortgage.

Three times and out! There was nothing left of it, the seven hundred dollars claim cancelled and wiped out, never to show itself in black and white again!

"You're a wonderful girl, Mary!" said her father; "a noble girl! There isn't another father in the country that has such reason to be proud, or such reason to be ashamed having his mortgage cleared off by his only daughter, and she not twenty-two years old yet, by six months."

"I don't see that it is so wonderful," said Mary. "It isn't the interest on what you've done for me, I am sure. But now, when are we going West? That is the question I am anxious to decide. Didn't you tell me that Mr. Davenport is going next month, so as to get his family settled, and be ready for the early spring? And can you raise money on the farm, or must you wait to sell it? I'm always in a hurry, you know,"—with a bright smile; "but this time I feel as if there was no time to be lost."

Another sigh from her mother, and her father hesitated.

"Well, it's hard to say," he said, at last. "It's a pretty serious matter, after all, to move a family like mine across to the other end of creation, and settle every thing again, and then get to work, with them all on your shoulders."

"I know it, father; and if you don't feel like undertaking it, there's my old plan of staying here and managing the farm, with Ted. He is old enough now to be a main stay."

"And didn't I tell you what I thought of that scheme, when you spoke of it before? You and Ted! You'd be as queer a yoke to manage a farm as the good sense and the madcap that are mixed up in your brains. No, no. And I don't see how the thing is to be managed any way. I'd like to get the boys out there if I could, but your mother and I, we're getting old to move, and after all, I don't know but we do as well here as if we undertook to start off like young folks, we don't know where."

Mary looked at him with wide-open eyes, as if they could add to the testimony of her ears, which she could not believe.

"You don't mean to say, father, you don't mean to say that you are not going, after all?"

Her father fidgetted in his chair, rubbed his hair up and then down, and her mother sighed.

"Well, I don't know. Come to be brought face to face with such a move, it seems to look different from what it did in the distance, and your mother and I, we begin to feel as though, with the mortgage paid off, we might get along pretty comfortable. That's going to change things amazingly, and it's more than I ever would have thought I could take from a daughter; but as for the rest, I begin to think it will hardly do. I'd like to get the boys out there, but I don't see how I can. They'll have to make their own way somehow or other."

Mary had risen to her feet, and stood listening to her father with hot cheeks, and her hands pressed firmly upon the table.

"I'll tell you who *will* do it, then, father," she said, as soon as she could speak without a quiver in her voice, "*I* will! If you really wish them to go, and do not wish to do it yourself, I'll take them! I'll begin with Ted; he's almost a man, and a brave boy, and we will see what we can do by ourselves for a year or two, at least. Perhaps you will feel differently by that time, and there will be a place ready for the other boys, as they come on, if nothing more," and with a quick good-night, she slipped off to her room without waiting for a word of remonstrance.

She sat down by her little window again, as she had done on that June night a year and a half ago, when the thought of the Western farm had first taken its place in her mind. The eighteen months were gone, but in them she had proved to herself what she had felt sure of at the moment, that she was able to take a place and do a work of her own in the world, and that there was no pleasure like the busy shaping of a useful, independent life.

She could not go back. The place and the work she must continue to hold, but should they be always the same? She had been happy and joyous as a lark, through all those months in the crowded shop, but like a lark that sings in its cage, for one short day, while it sees the bars between itself and its own free life, breaking hourly away. No, it could not be thought of; year after year with only peeps at the blue sky, and little breaths of summer air creeping in under the elm tree. The overseer's words, as she said good-by, came to her mind.

"We can't spare you, Miss Berresford, and can't consent to let you go. Let us know any day you change your mind, and the place is ready for you. I shall look for you back, some bright day."

But Mary had only laughed and shaken her head, and told him he did not dream what a determined person she was. And so she was, yet she had only taken a new determination. She would go back for one year. That would give her the means for the journey for herself and Ted, and to settle them comfortably in their new home, and at their new work. Where the home was coming from was another question, which the year would give her time to work out. In the meanwhile she had only to conquer her father's prejudices in the matter of her own going. As for her mother, that was plain enough

"Ted," she said, the next day, "let us take our old walk round by the mill race. I haven't seen it in frost-work for two years."

They were off in a twinkling, and in five minutes more Mary's plaid cloak looked only a gay dot of color, moving across the snow-covered hills, just ready to disappear over the summit of the highest one.

"Ted," she said, "I told you I might have a secret to tell you some day. I thought I had better keep it a little while first, but before I knew it, it was dead. So I'm going to manufacture a new one, all between ourselves.

"You are a real farmer's boy, Ted, and mean to do a farmer's work in the world, and you are

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foolish enough to love your sister Molly a good deal, and to say it's 'horrid' when she has to leave you. What would you say if we could manage to live together and work together for the next few years, and make a nice little fortune for ourselves, and be able to settle all the other boys, as their turn comes."

Ted stopped short in his walk, and looked in his sister's face, bewildered.

"What do I mean?" said Mary, laughing. "Well, I'll tell you in plainer words. You know very well that any one who means to be a farmer has ten times the work to do, and hardly a tenth part of the reward to gain here, that he might have somewhere else. Now father has had serious thoughts of moving West, where you all would have a better chance in the world, but his courage fails him, and he will not go. Suppose you and I start off by ourselves and see what we can do? I will venture anywhere with my manly brother for a protector, and as for work, what my hands can't do my head shall make up, and you shall work with head and hands both together, and we shall do famously; I know we shall. Don't you? What do you say?"

"I say, Mary, you're the finest girl this State ever saw, and I don't wonder Harry Larrabee said there was nobody at the village when you had gone. If you'll take me as a protector, I'll take you as a leader, and start to-morrow. Why it's the very thing I've had my head full of for a year, but I would not say a word while people could laugh at it for a boy's notion. How did you ever know? But"—and his face fell.

"What is the trouble," said Mary, laughing.

"Where's the money coming from? Father can't do it, you know as well as I."

"Don't trouble yourself about that—we'll give this one year to getting ready. Any thing that is worth doing is worth getting ready for. I am going back to the shop for a year, and you must be improving every hour in studying your profession. Study the farm as you never did before; and find out what are the most valuable books to be read, and you may draw on me for ten dollars' worth, to begin with. We will make the year as busy as we can, and never fear but it will reward us."

And busy enough it was—for these two workers, at least. Mary's former fame at the shop was increased in the months that succeeded. Ted wanted and devoured more books than Mary had ever supposed written on modern farming, and the year sped round almost like the turn of a wheel, until but one month remained. Mary's purse had outstripped its gains of the twelve months before; but where was the farm?

Mr. Robbins stood on the stairway of Mary's work-room, talking with a visitor.

"It's a troublesome business, and I don't know what to do with it. There, I thought I had my boy settled, farm, stock, tools, and every thing in first-rate order, and he must needs take it into his head to push across to California and leave every thing; as if Kansas wasn't far enough from where the sun rises. I don't want to sell the whole thing at half price, and I won't rent a farm three thousand miles off to a tenant I never heard of, and there it is. I wish boys had any reason in them!"

Mary's hands trembled, and the work almost fell from her fingers. The farm adjoined the new home of her father's old neighbor, Mr. Davenport. He had written more than once of the lucky settlement of Robbins' boy.

The visitor departed, and the overseer came up the stairs, and passed through the room with an uncomfortable look on his face. He stopped near Mary's chair. It was always a rest to see work going on so well.

"Will you let it to me, Mr. Robbins?" asked Mary, in a low voice, and scarcely looking up from her work.

He started, and looked at her without a word.

"Will you let the farm to me, Mr. Robbins? Not a tenant that you never heard of, exactly, but one that you do not quite know;" and beginning with the evening under the rose vines, she told him the whole story of her dreams and her disappointments, for the last two years and more, and of her determination grown stronger rather than less, in all that time. Now she was ready, she must make some plan very soon.

He listened till she had finished, and then struck his hand upon a desk that stood beside them.

"Let the farm to you! I guess I will, or sell it to you, and trust you for payments a dozen years, if you like! I've heard what young women have done at farming in that country, and I should like to see it tried by one like yourself, though I shall feel as if I had parted with the head and front of the shop, if I let you go."

It is only three years now since "Robbins' boy" started for California. The farm is not paid for, yet, but some pretty fair instalments have been made. Ted will be twenty-one when one more birthday comes round, and does not believe there is another young farmer in the West with so flourishing a farm, so pretty and tasteful a home, such helping hands lent by two younger brothers, and—last not least—so wonderful and handsome a sister!

IS IT YOU?

There is a child—a boy or girl,
I'm sorry it is true—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to;
Is't you? It can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl,
I'm loth to say I do—
Who struck a little playmate child;
I hope that wasn't you!

I know a child—a boy or girl,
I hope that such are few—
Who told a lie—yes, told a lie!
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy—I know a boy,
I cannot love him, though—
Who robs the little birdie's nest;
That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is—a girl I know,
And I could love her, too,
But that she is so proud and vain;
That surely isn't you!

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the Campagna—Through the Gates in the City—The Buried Past—Its Wonders—Outbreak from Noah.

The next morning they resumed their journey at an early hour.

After a drive through the mountainous country, which presented the most magnificent scenery, they at length reached Albano, and drew up in front of the hotel.

This hotel is situated on a most commanding spot, and the view that is obtained embraces the vast Campagna of Rome. Noah stood enraptured. There it lay before them;—the wide plain,—the central point, in his eyes, of all past history.

In the midst of this plain, in different directions, he saw long lines of high, arched structures, stretching across it to one central point. What were these? They looked like railroads. Could they be the ancient aqueducts? And what was that central point to which they ran?

There was a haze in the sky, and that point was indistinct, but he could see the irregular outline of hills; he could see the shape of buildings, crowded together, and among them he could see, most distinctly, a dark object, towering up above the surrounding edifices;—a dark, circular structure, the dome of some vast cathedral. What could it be? He asked the driver.

"Dat," said the driver, "dat is Rome; and dat is St. Peter."

Rome! St. Peter's! Was it indeed Rome that he saw? It was too far away for his eye to take in any distinct impression of the place, but the thought that he was actually looking at the eternal city, carried him beyond himself, into a rapture of enthusiasm.

After a stay of about two hours at Albano, they resumed their journey, and at length drew near the city, and the gates of San Giovanni arose before them. Here they were stopped, and their passports examined.

Entering the city, they found themselves at first in a desolate place. No streets appeared,—no appearance of a great city, though they were within the walls. At length, as they drove along, they saw before them a venerable structure, which carried, in its whole aspect, the air of remote antiquity. It was a lofty triumphal arch, such as those of which they had often and often seen pictures, in the course of their reading at home.

Scarcely had they caught sight of this, when their attention was drawn to a far larger edifice beyond. It seemed as ancient as the first one, but grander far, and more majestic. Its vast length stretched before them; its lofty sides rose up with tier upon tier of arches; but the side nearest them was dilapidated, and seemed to have been subject, for ages, to the havoc of time, and to that worse havoc which is wrought by the hands of man.

All around them arose other objects,—the memorials of the past,—the ruins of a city, and of a world.

"What is this?" burst forth Noah, "what is this place? What is this arch, and that one over there? What is that high hill with the tower? What is that immense place in ruins? Where is Rome? We are inside the walls but there is no city. There is only ruins. What are they all?"

The driver looked all around, and then turned back his face toward the boys, and began to answer, pointing, at the same time, to each object which he indicated.

"Dis," said he, "is de ancient Rome. De modern Rome is beyond, ober dere. Dis arch is de Arch of Constantine; dis great place is de Coliseum; over dere, dat high hill, wit de tower, is de Capitol. Over dere you see de Temple of Peace; dat arch near it is de Arch of Titus; and all dat place from de Arch of Titus to de Capitol, is de Roman Forum."

The boys said not one word. They seemed overwhelmed at first by the august presence of the past, and never had language seemed so eloquent as those words of the driver.

Chapter XIV.

Ruins of Rome—The Forum—The Coliseum—A Perilous Situation.

The day after their arrival, the boys set out to visit the ruins of old Rome, and Uncle Zebedee went with them.

The modern city stands apart from the ancient, and they concluded to visit the older portion first; and to do it without a guide. They contented themselves with a map of Rome and Murray's Hand-book, with which they bent their steps to the Capitoline Hill, from which they descended into the Roman Forum.

This place is situated between the Capitoline Hill and the Palatine. Once it presented a scene of indescribable magnificence. At one end arose the Capitol, covered with marble temples. On the Palatine stood the vast palace of the Cæsars, and the intervening space was covered with temples, arches and columns. Now, however, but a few vestiges remain of all this splendor.

They walked slowly over this place, pondering over their guide book, and making out place after place. Noah and Syd went into raptures over each, while the others listened in silence. At last they came to a venerable arch.

"It's the Arch of Titus," said Syd, looking at the guide book.

"So it is," cried Noah, "and see, here is the real ancient pavement of the road, the same as the pavement of the Appian Way, that we saw at Cumæ."

"See," cried Syd, "these sculptured ornaments of the Jewish Temple. How often have I seen pictures of these!"

"But look," cried Noah, "at the pavement. How many conquerors have passed over this! How many triumphs have gone along here, up to the Capitol!" Then stretching out his hand, he repeated these words, in rather a pompous voice:

"Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees the long, victorious pomp
Wind down the sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And round the suppliant's grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolean Jove."

"What a place is this!" he continued. "Is there any place on earth equal to it? Here, all the past gathers around us, from Romulus, the founder, to Romulus Augustulus, the last of the emperors,—I may say even to Rienzi, the 'last of the Romans.' What scenes this place has witnessed!"

"Yes," cried Tom, absurdly mimicking Noah's tone and manner. "Yes, and me, too! Methinks I see them all! I'm looking at Hannibal. He's hurling his spear at the Romans, who are calmly selling their grain fields in the Forum. I'm looking at Caractacus, Boadicea and Cassivelaunus as they march through here, exclaiming, 'Alas! how is it possible that people possessed of such magnificence at home, should envy us our very ordinary log houses, in the old country!' I see Horace, too! He's singing himself hoarse. Livy is walking about arm-in-arm with Numa and Pompey! Here comes Cicero, with his speech against Cateline, followed by the Roman people with dictionaries to make him out! But who is this? who in the world can he be? Why, railly, now! Dew tell! why, it's Dr. Anthon, running for his life, followed by a whole crowd of infuriated Latin authors!"

"There, Tom," said Noah, "that'll do. You've said enough. I'll hold my tongue, after this, if you do."

"I don't see why you can't let a fellow go into raptures, if he wants to," said Tom. "I don't interrupt you."

"The trouble with you, Thomas," said Uncle Zebedee, assuming a tone of severe rebuke, "the trouble with you is, you're tew light an trifling. You're amid the ashes of the past; that's where you air. Ancient Rome was a sizable place, with handsome buildin's, considering. This here pavement seems very respectable, and I dare say this arch looked well, when it was new. Its raither dilapidated now, but what o' that! Think how old it is. They might take the stuff and build a nice shop, but I s'pose they're too poor. At any rate, we hadn't ought to poke fun at them. What you want, Thomas, is more gravity. Look at me. Do I laugh? Do I make slightin' observations about the ancient Romans? Catch me at it!"

At last they visited the greatest ruin in all the world,—the marvellous Coliseum. This majestic structure, in spite of the devastations of the past, still rears its vast height one hundred and fifty feet in the air, and this, with its length of seven hundred feet, and breadth of five hundred feet, still makes it overawe the mind of the beholder with the immensity of its size.

The outside wall stood perfect for about one-half of the circuit, and on this side it looked most imposing. As they entered, however, they could see the devastation that had been made.

All around them rose the many stones supported on arches, but these all lay in ruins. It was but the skeleton of its former self; for during the dark ages it received incessant injury. For centuries, too, it was regarded as a public quarry, where the stones lay already formed for the builders' purposes, and many palaces and houses in Rome were built from materials taken from this place. Even the walls of the city were repaired from these stones several times over. The stones had originally been fastened together with bronze clamps. Every one of these, which amounted to thousands, was taken, except two, which are now shown as curiosities.

At last, however, a better day dawned, and one of the Popes made a law which put a stop to this pillaging. To enforce this law, the Coliseum was consecrated to the memory of the martyr Christians who had perished here during the ancient persecutions. Around the circus twelve small chapels were formed, and in the centre of that arena, which had once been watered with the blood of martyrs, a cross was erected. It is now a place of pilgrimage, and the ravages of time are guarded against by incessant vigilance, and constant repairs.

It was in such a place that they found themselves. In the middle of the arena rose the cross, while all around were the hundreds of arches, the fallen walls, the broken stones and the overturned columns of the venerable ruin, presenting a scene of confusion such as may nowhere else be witnessed.

Tom had gone off to climb over the ruins to the top. The others strolled about the arena. Uncle Zebedee and Harry were together at one end, while Noah and Syd wandered away toward the other, enjoying their fill of the sentiments which were inspired by the august ruin around them.

Suddenly they heard a loud cry.

All started, and looked around.

The cry was repeated.

It was Tom's voice!

A sudden thrill of fear went through the little group.

For there, seated on what seemed the highest ridge of the outer edge of the Coliseum, they saw Tom. He was holding with both hands, and looking down at them with earnest eyes. It was his cry that they had heard.

"Come down," cried Uncle Zebedee. "Come down!" His face was as pale as ashes.

"O it's all very well to say 'Come down,'" said Tom; "but I'd like to know how I can. The place I jumped from has fallen, and what's more, the wall I'm on is shaking. So hurry up, Harry, and be quick about it."

Off sprang Harry; the others followed, expecting every moment to hear the thunder of the falling ruin, that would hurl down Tom to destruction.

To be continued.

THE OFFICER AND HIS DOG.

Some time ago, a wounded Austrian officer was seen driving through Vienna, with a dog lying on his breast. The officer was brave and fearless, but he seemed very anxious to live a little longer, which somewhat surprised his friends. They found that he wished to live for the sake of his dog.

Twice had the faithful animal saved his master's life. Once, after a severe battle, his regiment missed their commander, but could give no tidings of him, except that he was wounded in the field. His groom thought if he took this dog to the battle-field, he might, perhaps, discover his master. The poor brute traversed the bloody plain, and after a long and careful search, set up a piteous cry. They went where he was, and there, under a heap of dead, the faithful creature had found his master. He was indeed badly wounded, but not dead; and with careful nursing, he at length recovered, and loved his dog more than ever.

Seven years passed away, and the same thing occurred again. The captain's brother officers, missing their comrade, and having heard of the dog's exploit, thought they would try him again. They did so, and again he discovered his master, mortally wounded. They brought him to

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he city, and his only anxiety was to live long nough to make his will and settle a stated allowance upon a poor relative on condition of his aking care of the faithful dog so long as he hould live. The officer lingered long enough to ccomplish his grateful purpose, and then died.

For the Companion.

THE TURQUOISE EAR-RINGS.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

Dora had been promised a party in honor of er seventeenth birthday, and of course such an vent could not be properly celebrated without a ew dress, as every young lady knows, so she nd her sister Agnes, a year or two younger han herself, were allowed to go to Beavertown n the cars and make the important purchase.

"Don't forget to pay Mr. Cole," was their father's last injunction.

Dora and Agnes were pretty good average specimens of young girls of their age, in person, mind and habits. There were shades of difference, of course, perceptible on an intimate acquaintance, but not sufficient to warrant a particular description of the color of their eyes and hair, or the peculiarities of their manners and dispositions.

"O, Agnes," exclaimed Dora, pausing before a jeweller's window, "see that beautiful pair of ear-rings. They are just like Angie Schneider's.

Now Angie Schneider was (at present) Dora's bosom friend, her confidant and ultimate appeal on all subjects. She had even once confided to Miss Schneider, exacting many vows of secrecy, that she thought her brother, Frank Schneider, the nearest approach to her beau-ideal she had ever seen. When Miss Schneider, in her turn exacting vows of secrecy, confided the intelligence to Frank, he remarked, "Miss Dora's a nice girl," and, like a heartless fellow, as he undoubtedly was, he whistled to his dog and went out hunting woodchucks.

That the ear-rings were like Miss Schneider's would have been sufficient recommendation, but that they discovered that they matched her own turquoise bosom-pin.

"Let's step in and price them," said she.

"What's the use?" said Agnes. "You can't buy them."

"It will do no harm to inquire," said Dora, and went in, followed by her sister.

The jeweller, a perfumed gentleman with coal black hair and moustache, met them with such a profusion of bows as showed that he was not born in America, and which at once secured him the good opinion of his unsophisticated customers. A man who could bow so gracefully, they reasoned, could not fail to possess all the minor virtues of honesty, integrity and the like.

"The turquoise, miss?" said he, in answer to Dora's inquiry. "Fifteen dollars, and cheap at that."

Dora looked at the glittering trinkets, and said, in a hesitating way, "I believe I won't take them to-day."

The jeweller observed her hesitation, and said, "Suppose I say twelve."

"Perhaps I will call again," answered Dora. Not that she really intended to do so; it was only one of the little commonplaces to which people resort when they are at a loss what to say.

"I have offered them at a bargain," said the man, and then, leaning across the counter, and lowering his voice, "but I will let *you* have them at ten dollars. And I actually lose money by it."

"Come, Dora, come," whispered Agnes, and Dora obeyed, though not without many a longing, lingering look behind.

But the ear-rings still continued to haunt her imagination, and she considered all means, feasible and not feasible, for obtaining them, resolving herself into "a committee of ways and means," so to speak. She would almost have sacrificed the new dress, had it not been already purchased. Even the novelty of dining at a restaurant failed wholly to divert her thoughts, although there were oysters, which did not grow in the brooks of Shady Valley, and her favorite dessert of Charlotte Russe.

Now there was nothing wrong in the circumstance of wishing for a pair of ear-rings, in itself considered. Some moral philosophers base a great many profound speculations upon the fact that any quality of the human mind is universal. Universal, therefore instinctive, therefore right. That is the argument.

The love of ear-rings is inherent in the female mind. The custom of wearing them belongs to all races yet discovered, whether savage or enlightened. Dora's fault consisted in continuing to think about them, when there was no proper means of obtaining them. She dallied with the tempter, instead of saying, "Get thee behind me." This was her first step in wrong-doing. The words of the jeweller recurred to her—"he would let *her* have them for ten dollars, although he would lose money by it." Why a man whom she had never seen before, should make such a sacrifice on her account, she might have been at a loss to explain, but she unconsciously felt flattered by it.

It happened that neither of the sisters remembered their father's commission to "pay Mr. Cole" till they arrived at the depot, when it was recalled to them by the very extraordinary circumstance that they had finished their shopping and still had ten dollars left. As there was half an hour to spare, it was decided that Dora should go and pay the bill, while Agnes remained, to keep guard over their numerous packages.

As Dora came opposite the jeweller's window, the thought occurred to her that she had just money enough to pay for the ear-rings. But it was her father's money; but her father would not care, (so ran her thoughts,) and yet how did she know that her father would not care; he had been very particular about it, repeating his charge more than once. Unfortunately, while she was looking in the window, the jeweller was looking out, and he opened the door with a bow and a smile.

"Will you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly,"

and the silly fly walked in.

"You have concluded to purchase?" said he, graciously, and laid the jewels temptingly before her.

"They will become you greatly," he continued. "Nothing could suit your style better."

A very improper speech for him to make, for none but particular friends are at liberty to make personal comments, but foolish Dora was pleased instead of indignant.

So the jewels were purchased and paid for with Mr. Cole's money. The second step in wrong-doing.

That Dora felt in her heart that she was doing wrong, was obvious from the fact that her first thought after being bowed out of the shop, was what she should say to Agnes. Why not tell her the truth? Ah, why not?

But unsuspicious Agnes asked no questions, so that was easily got over. Her next perplexity was what she should tell her father, but fortune again seemed to favor her, for after listening with amused interest to his daughters' animated account of their eventful journey of twelve miles, he merely asked, as they were going to bed,—

"O, didn't Mr. Cole send a receipt?"

"No, sir," answered Dora.

"He ought to—it's a very careless way of doing business."

Dora did not tell a direct falsehood, but she implied one, which was the third step in evil, and a very long one.

"Borrowed feathers!" exclaimed Agnes, when Dora came down stairs dressed for the birth-night party.

"What is borrowed?" asked her father, looking up from his paper.

"The ear-rings; they're Miss Schneider's."

"They're not, father," said Dora.

"They *were* hers, then," persisted Agnes.

"That's a different thing," said Dora, glad to escape so easily. She knew that both her father and sister received the impression that the ear-rings were a present, but she allowed it to pass.

It would be pleasant to linger over this birth-night party, with its lights and flowers, its innocent and unthinking mirth, its youth, giving promise for the future, and its "rose-bud garden of girls;" but it would take us too far from the design of this story. We must turn from it to scenes less pleasing.

A week or two had passed away without bringing any new developments concerning the ear-rings, and Dora was beginning to feel somewhat at ease, when one fine day Mr. Cole himself appeared, a most unwelcome apparition to Dora, as may be imagined. Not that she really wished to defraud him of his money, but she hoped that somehow or other things would arrange themselves—they frequently did. A very comfortable doctrine, no doubt, but not available for moral agents, who cannot shift their responsibility upon fate, or chance, or circumstances.

"I was travelling this way," said Mr. Cole, "and thought I would call about that little debt. Not that it is of much consequence," he remarked, apologetically. But here Mr. Burtt interrupted him, very much surprised.

"My bill for the chemicals? Why, I paid it three weeks ago."

"You did? Well, all I can say is, I never received it."

"It all comes of not sending a receipt. I would send a receipt if a bill wasn't more than two shillings," said Mr. Burtt, whose hobby was exactness in business dealings.

"How could I send a receipt if I never got the money? It's these mails; they can't be trusted," said Mr. Cole.

"But I didn't send it by mail. I sent it by my own daughter. Does not that recall it to you? I can tell you the very day," and Mr. Burtt referred to his note-book and read the date.

"I remember the day perfectly. I have special reason for remembering it, and I am positive your daughter was not in the shop."

"I'll call Dora," said Mr. Burtt.

Does any one envy Dora at this moment? How many pairs of ear-rings would tempt you to be in her position?

She came trembling to her father's office, and longed to confess the whole, but she thought it was now too late. A great mistake; for "now" is always the "accepted time" to do right.

"Dora," said Mr. Burtt, looking triumphant, for he did not doubt her answer, "did you or did you not pay Mr. Cole the ten dollars I sent by you?"

"I—I left it for him," said Dora.

"It must have been while I was at dinner," said Mr. Cole; "it was the only time I was out of the shop all day."

"Who took the money?" asked Mr. Burtt.

"Of course I don't know who it was," said Dora. "Some one behind the counter."

"My boy Reuben," said Mr. Cole, "it must have been. Light-complexioned, pleasant-spoken young man?"

"Yes, very," said Dora.

"Well, I declare, it's strange. Never knew that boy to forget any thing before."

"Are you sure of his honesty?" inquired Mr. Burtt.

"As sure as of my own—at least, I thought I was; but it's hard telling who is to be trusted."

And promising to look into the matter, and saying "it was strange, very strange," Mr. Cole took his leave.

Dora had taken the fourth step now, and told a direct falsehood. She also saw that things were not likely to "arrange themselves," and began to plan some way out of the difficulty. She concluded to go to Beavertown, return the ear-rings, obtain the money, and pay Mr. Cole, trusting to her ingenuity for an apology. It was easy to carry out the first part of her plan, but she found that buying and selling were two different things. The polite jeweller declined to take back the ear-rings.

She went to another shop. This jeweller looked at them, smiled doubtfully, and asked where she got them. She related the circumstances.

"And you paid ten dollars for them?" he said. "They are not worth one. They are nothing but glass."

In a few days a letter came from Mr. Cole, saying that he had questioned Reuben, but could get nothing out of him; in fact, he denied all knowledge of the affair. If the evidence had not been so direct, Mr. Cole said, he must have believed him innocent, but of course there could be no doubt about it. He added that as he was a poor boy, and had his own way to make in the world, he had been unwilling to punish him further than by dismissing him without a character.

"And will that do him much harm?" asked Agnes.

"Unless he is a very uncommon boy, it will be likely to ruin him," replied Mr. Burtt.

"But he might go away from Beavertown," suggested Agnes.

"It is hard to run away from a bad reputation," replied her father.

Dora listened in silence, but her punishment had now begun in earnest. Her heart was not hardened, and she was filled with remorse for the evil she had done. She held that boy's reputation, perhaps his destiny, in her hands. Would she sacrifice both?

I cannot tell what she might have done—none can tell where one wrong step will lead—but she was spared the temptation. Just at this moment Angie Schneider came in, wearing the ear-rings of which Dora's were an imitation.

The three girls were soon chattering, school-girl fashion, not being much restrained by the presence of Mr. Burtt, who said he liked "young people's nonsense."

"So you have recovered your property," remarked Agnes.

"What property?" inquired Angie, surprised.

"Your ear-rings."

"I never lost them."

"But you gave them to Dora," said Agnes, who, being afflicted with a chronic jealousy with regard to the two elder girls, was glad to get on track of one of their secrets, as she supposed.

"Indeed, no," said Angie, a favorite expression of hers.

Mr. Burtt heard every word of this conversation, and of what followed, but made no remark until their visitor had left.

Then he said, "Dora, *where* did you get those ear-rings?"

"I bought them, sir."

"Tell me all about it. No prevarication, no deceit," he said, bitterly.

And Dora did tell him all.

He listened silently, but sadly.

That same day he went to Beavertown, and had the satisfaction of establishing Reuben's innocence. Mr. Cole gladly received him back, and trusted and prized him more than ever.

As for Dora, the lesson, though severe, was salutary, and she thinks, and so do I, that the jewels of Golconda would not tempt her to deviate from the strict line of integrity again.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE FORETOP'S YARN.

In the year 1807, I was a boy aboard the Hon. East India Company's cruiser, Fury, of six guns, commanded by Lieut. Gowan. The Fury was a very small craft; her stowage capacity was not over one hundred tons, and she carried a complement of forty-two officers and men. This, considering her size, was quite enough for the comfort of her crew, who were stowed away without any regard to their convenience; but it was not a man too many when the state of affairs prevailing at that time in the Persian Gulf is taken into account. This condition may be described in a few words.

The dominant power in those waters was the ferocious pirates, who peopled the country lying to the south-westward of Ras Mussendom, the cape that bounds on one side the Straits of Ormuz. So powerful had these freebooters become, that no Eastern potentate dared to face them at sea.

It was in the height of their insolent and unchecked supremacy in the waters of the Persian Gulf, that the Fury was ordered to proceed from Bussorah to Bombay, with important despatches from the Political Resident, at the former place, to the Indian government.

We had left the mouth of the Shatt-ul-Arab, and were passing near the town of Grane, when a single large buglah was seen following us in a suspicious manner.

There was only a light breeze at the time; and though, of course, we had no wish or intention to make our escape from the native craft, yet it was desirable that, as we were near the land, preparations should be made for a possible attack.

The waters over which we were sailing, were also the chief rendezvous of the rascally pirates, and soon we should be passing almost within sight of the stronghold of the Sultan of Bahrein, one of the most treacherous of their chieftains.

It behooved us, therefore, to be on our guard. The little schooner was quickly put in a complete state of defence; and not too soon, either, for three other large buglahs made their appearance from under the land, and joined the craft already following in our wake. Without doubt there was a preconcerted intention on their part to attempt our capture.

The captain called the crew aft, and gave them a short and spirited harangue, which was answered by a cheer from us all. "We'll teach them a lesson, boys," were the gallant Lieut. Gowan's concluding words; and they found a willing echo in all under his command.

We kept along the "even tenor of our way," neither making nor taking in sail, while it was evident that our neighbors were chasing us. About an hour and a-half passed without any change in our relative positions, but gradually the wind began to die away, and, as it lessened, so the buglahs crept nearer to us; still, when the pleasant breeze gave place to a dead calm, they were a considerable distance astern, and out of gun-shot.

The great mainsail of the Fury flapped, and the gaff swung about lazily, as the brigantine rolled on the long, uneasy swell. We were within soundings, and the ship's head was turned more seawards, careless of the quartette of dangerous-looking strangers, who barred the way in that direction.

The pirates of the Persian Gulf, whether belonging to the Jowassamee, or to the smaller tribes of the Beni As and Menassie, never gave or expected quarter, and, where any resistance was offered, they always slaughtered their captives with aggravated cruelty. We had nothing before us now but to fight it out, till not a man was left to tell the tale if we were overpowered; and we all knew it.

"They are coming," at length exclaimed an officer, and, immediately after, resounded over the deck, the stern, calm voice of the captain.

"To your quarters, men. Load with grape shot."

It was too true, the pirates had taken to their boats, which they had hoisted out of the buglahs.

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and were pulling for us. Eight large boats the flotilla numbered; they had pushed off together, at a preconcerted signal, and were firing away with great spirit.

The crews were singing a wild sort of war-song—I suppose more to inspire us with terror, than to screw their courage "to the sticking-place," for there could be but one opinion of their desperate valor in war.

Our preparations had all been made; so there was nothing to be done now but to wait patiently for the order to open fire. Lieut. Gowan stood close to the after carronade, on the starboard side.

In a low, firm voice, totally free from a particle of agitation, he said to the captains of the guns on the side on which the pirates were advancing,—

"Men, train your guns, so as to bear on the three foremost of the enemy's boats, and fire when I give the word; only take aim, and don't, for the life of you, hurry yourselves."

Not a word was uttered; you might have heard the proverbial pin drop; and the only sound that met the ear was the splash and rattle of the oars, which grew louder and quicker as the boats' crews gave way and strove hard to be the first to board, and to become also the first fruits of the harvest that the great reaper, Death, was soon about to gather to himself.

"Ready!" echoed over the deck, startling us from the fascination with which we had watched the boats in their rapid approach; and the word was almost lost in the succeeding "Fire!" which again was drowned in the thundering utterances of the carronades.

A few moments passed before we knew the extent of the execution done among the foe, for we were too busy reloading the cannon, which had recoiled in-board.

The guns were again run out, the smoke cleared off; and one boat, at least, had disappeared from the scene, while it was evident another of them had been badly hit. We had fired at such close quarters that the grape-shot had committed fearful ravages, and the whole flotilla, for a moment, seemed so paralyzed that the crews ceased to row.

Profiting by this irresolution, the small-arm men, consisting of all the crews of the port guns, poured in a fire of musketry. Again were the starboard carronades loaded.

The captain sung out, in a cheery voice, "Steady, men. Depress your muzzles, and don't throw away your fire!"

It was sound advice, for the boats had approached still nearer with the way they carried on them. Now, recovering from the confusion into which they had been temporarily thrown, six of the Arab boats advanced once more to board. Again were they met with a broadside, but yet some of them continued to advance. With yells of rage they came on; and, in another minute, three or four struck us on the quarter.

"Away there, all hands; repel boarders," roared out the young lieutenant, though the order was scarcely needed; for the seamen, seeing that the battle was to be fought out on the decks of their ship, had seized each man his boarding-pike or cutlass, and flocked to the point menaced.

Here the fight raged furiously, but not for long. Fierce and physically powerful as the pirates might be, they were no match for the fiery valor of the men-o'-war's-men; who, inspired with feelings of rage at the despised "nigger" attempting to capture an English ship of war, fought as does a lioness when robbed of her whelps.

The struggle was short and decisive, and the pirates, at whatever point they attempted to board, were hurled back into the water with the terrible boarding-pikes. Some few at one time gained a footing on the deck, but they were cut down forthwith. This hand-to-hand fighting was soon over, and then the enemy beat a retreat.

But five boats returned to their buglahs, with greatly diminished crews; two had been sunk, and one was so much injured that the Arabs abandoned it. During the fight a breeze had sprung up from off the land; and the pirates, who had clearly had enough of it, made sail away without waiting even to hoist in their remaining boats, which they towed astern.

We did not care to chase them, as we might thereby draw a hornets' nest about our ears; and so, trimming our yards to the wind, we proceeded on our course to Bombay. Our loss in this affair was only three killed, and eight wounded, a very small casualty roll when the odds we encountered are considered. As for the enemy, we, of course, never knew how many they lost; but it was calculated that, considering the crowded state of their boats, which held at least twenty men each, it could not have been less than sixty men.

For his gallant conduct Lieut. Gowan received the thanks of the Government of Bombay, and of the Court of Directors of the East India Company. The merchants of Bombay presented him with an address appreciative of his courage and capacity. As for us fo'castle hands, of course we got nothing.

"MADE HOME HAPPY."

In an old churchyard stood a stone,
All weather-marked and stained;
The hand of time had crumbled it,
And only part remained.
Upon one side I could just trace
"In memory of our mother;"
An epitaph which spoke of "home"
Was chiselled on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame,
High towering to the skies;
I'd seen the sculptured marble tower
Where a great hero lies;
But by this epitaph I paused,
And read it o'er and o'er,
For I had never seen inscribed
Such words as these before.

"She always made home happy,"
What noble record this!
A legacy of memory sweet
To those she loved and left.
And what a testimony given
By those who knew her best,
Engraven on this plain, rude stone
That marked their mother's rest!

A noble life! but written not
In any book of fame;
Among the list of noted ones
None ever saw her name
For only her own household knew
The victories she had won;
And none but they could testify
How well her work was done.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

A Visit to the Patent-Office.

Where to, this morning? To the Patent-Office, to be sure. Here it is, the sun goldening its great east front, its pyramidal marble steps and majestic columns, giving it a grand appearance. It is an immense building, covering a whole square; its grounds laid out in borders and plats that are full of bright geraniums and summer roses.

Dear me, what tiresome steps!

No wonder you exclaim at them; let us rest here for a moment. No; impossible. Two ladies, a gentleman and a little girl are gathered about an usher over there in the corner. We must see whatever is to be seen.

Only a small book, like any ordinary ledger! Was Benjamin Franklin ever Secretary of State? I'm sure I thought I heard the gentleman say so, but am not quite certain.

"In this book were kept all the business entries of the country at that time—in this one book; now the shelves built against every wall of this great building can hardly contain the documents of our nation."

We looked reverently on the book, of course, and wonderingly on the groaning shelves to which he pointed, containing folios which you and I could scarcely lift.

But we came to see the department where patents were kept, and also the collection of old curiosities. As we passed idly along, a lady in deep mourning attracted our attention. She was gazing tearfully at a niche between two large cases full of artificial arms and legs. We could not forbear stopping, attracted by her manner.

"There is where my poor boy laid," she said to a friend, "and there he died. They let me stay with him from the time he was brought in till they carried him out. Every nook here was then crowded with wounded and dying men.

"There was an old black aunty who used to scour the tins. I shall never forgot her. While he was breathing his last, she sat by his pillow and sang, 'Rock of Ages.' I shall never forget that hour."

We passed on, a little saddened, and soon found ourselves in the patent department.

I quite despair of giving an idea of this place. Fortunately one of the ushers was very kind to us, and took us to see the most desirable cases. What fun it was for Minnie and I! With a few of the contents of those glass depositories, we could have set up housekeeping on a miniature scale. There were dozens of patterns of the tiniest churns, all finished with the utmost delicacy. There were coffee-urns two inches high, and clothes-driers that would have held a doll's wardrobe; delightful little stoves that made one's hands itch to make a fire in them, and bee-hives that a half-dozen ordinary bees could not turn round in; washing-machines and butter-workers, corn-shellers and huskers, fairy-like dining tables, sofas and chairs, all with some improved spring or shape; houses, completely constructed—I'm sure my heart ached to own one of them—toys, from the crying-baby to the walking doll and the tiny velocipede; all sorts of mechanical contrivances for the amusement of children ungrown up and otherwise.

Then the gentlemanly usher fairly bewildered us by taking us to the gallery set apart for sewing-machines. Case after case filled to the top with the gilded, plated mechanism, each having taxed the ingenuity of some inventive brain, and many of them superseded before the patentee could make a penny on his discovery. It was almost mournful to think of the toil that had been spent upon them.

"We have hundreds more," said the usher, "down stairs, placed among the unsuccessful efforts."

Presently, tiring of these, and having seen the original Howe's machine, the very first one that was ever made in penury and almost destitution, we went to brighter things.

Here were shawls from India.

"I should like that one," said Minnie, pointing to a beautiful web-like Cashmere, in which the colors looked as if they had been run through diluted rainbows. "I wonder what it's worth?"

"Only ten thousand dollars," said the usher, at which Minnie shrugged her shoulders, and said that ten dollars would have been a thought too much, considering the limited state of her finances. So we passed on to see the silks of every clime—the beautiful embroideries worked with a stitch so fine that they looked like cob-webs glittering with dew.

"O, the beauties!" cried Minnie, pointing to some saddles, richly bordered with gold-lace, and ornamented with precious stones. Then there were heavy Turkish saddles that might have covered a reasonable sized pony from mane to tail.

"But O! here is the crowning glory of all sight-seeing," said Minnie, as we paused before the compartment filled with George Washington's household and army goods.

"See that dear old sword; and just remember the many times he must have held it and buckled it on," cried Minnie, enthusiastically; and then she caught my dress, and drew my attention to two persons, a young, slight girl, and a tall, handsome man. Both were talking rapidly, but nothing was said in words. They were inmates of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, which I mean to visit, some time.

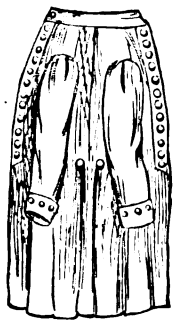
They stood opposite the side where the handsome dinner service of the General is displayed, he making the signs that represent language, she smiling and nodding, and occasionally replying in the same way. Somehow it made the tears come; such sights always do.

By the sword, stands an old, knotty cane with a gold head. This, the inscription said, was presented to George Washington by Benjamin Franklin, or rather bequeathed to him in a codicil of his will. It was given to Franklin by a duchess.

On the other side stood the old camp-chest, and there's no harm in giving a list of its contents. Minnie counted them for me: A gridiron, tea and coffee-pot, three tin saucepans, and a handle that could be attached to either, five small glass flasks, three large tin meat dishes, sixteen plates, two knives, five forks, a candle-stick, a tin pepper-box, a tinder-box and tin boxes for tea and sugar, besides small glasses or bottles for holding vinegar, salt, etc.

Presently Minnie was in ecstasies over the quilt and canopy of the bed; both worked by the hands of Martha Washington.

"O, I should like to kiss them!" she exclaimed, to the amusement of the usher, who evidently thought us two bread-and-butter girls, spending our vacation in Washington.



Presently the military clothes came in for a share of admiration. The coat is of deep blue, faced with buff, and ornamented with large, plain buttons. The waistcoat, ample, and long enough to reach the toes of a small-sized man, and the breeches, are both of buff leather.

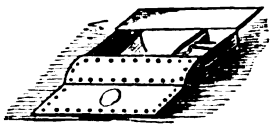
Then there was his travelling writing-case, which he used on the field.

"O dear, how many letters and famous dispatches he must have written on that bit of leather!" sighed Minnie. "If I could only have a piece of it!"

"I wish we could gratify you, miss," said the smiling usher; "but it wouldn't last a day if we could."

"Is nothing ever stolen?" I asked.

"Once the diamond was taken from the sword-hilt, and several other precious stones," he said. "I think the large diamond was recovered, but never replaced in the sword."



The old-fashioned, solid chairs next attracted our admiration; a looking-glass that belonged to Martha Washington; two splendid porcelain vases of rare workmanship, and the dinner set of china, which was, I think, presented to him by French officers of his staff, all in a fine state of preservation. It is a bright blue porcelain, and ornamented round the edges with a chain of thirteen large and the same number of small elliptical links, the name of the States being enclosed in each. The finger-bowls are blue, and the tumblers and goblets very plain.

I am almost unwilling to close this letter, there are so many more things of interest to tell you about, and I must not forget the original printing-press that was worked by Franklin when he was a boy. It is an antiquated affair, and ought to be contrasted with a miniature Hoe's, with all the improvements.

Yours, in love with the Patent-Office,

ALICE.

FAMINE IN PERSIA.

In ancient histories famine is an evil that is of frequent mention, and in the world's earlier times it was an evil that destroyed many thousands of lives almost every year.

In modern times, though famine is not unknown, it is of rare occurrence, and the number who die from it is not large, compared with what it was in remote ages.

There are various reasons for this change. One is, that the production of food is much greater than it was of old. Not only is food more abundantly produced, but there are articles of food now common that in former times were unknown. Many inventions and discoveries have been brought to bear upon the various branches of agricultural industry, that make the production of food easy, and as certain as any human thing can be. Science is a great and sure purveyor for that grand devourer, the stomach.

Then intercommunication is as easy and rapid now as formerly it was slow and difficult. It is easier to send a cargo of flour from California to England now than it used to be to send the same amount of flour from Rochester to the city of New York.

Hence, if England were threatened with famine, hundreds of ships, moved by steam in many instances, would be sent from America or Russia to Liverpool or London, laden with food of many kinds,—and so the danger would be averted. Railways would be used to take the great supplies swiftly to the seaports, from which it would be sent abroad.

As there is seldom even a scarcity of food in many places at the same time, these facilities of transportation to a great extent disarm a local famine of its power to do fatal injury. A bad crop is a bad thing, but need not be followed by starvation in above one instance in a hundred.

Still, famine will occasionally assert its fiendish power, and then we shudder to see to what dire extremity man can be reduced, and what capacity he has to suffer.

When this happens in Christendom, it is owing to some peculiar cause. The Irish famine of a quarter of a century ago was due to the potato-rot, against which it was impossible to guard. But the evil was much lessened by the facility that was found in sending food to the suffering people.

Other countries that suffer from famine either are half-civilized, or they lay out of the range of easy communication, or they have little or no sea-commerce, or they are badly off at the best of times.

Such is the case with Persia, which is now the scene of a most frightful famine, accounts of which reach us from two sources,—through Turkish journals, and through journals published in British India.

Starvation is there the rule, if we can trust these accounts, and they appear to be true. In town and in country the people have died, or are dying, by thousands. In streets and on highways the dead lie unburied in great numbers, and this is expected to cause pestilence, which often follows famine.

There are statements that seem too horrible to be believed, but which, after all, are no worse

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than descriptions of what has happened in similar visitations.

Persons have been killed and eaten, particularly children. The living have fed on the corpses of those who died of starvation. The sights to be seen are such that all who can remain within doors refuse to go out.

Many parents sell their children to the Turcomans, to prevent them from perishing by this direful form of death. The Turcomans are desert tribes, living on the borders of Persia. They make slaves of the children thus purchased.

In some places the inhabitants eat grass, and cannot get enough of that,—and roots, such as the stomach loathes. The immediate cause of the famine was the long drought of last year, and which came over into the present year to a very late date.

Persia has little or no sea-commerce. It is a poor country, and not more than half-civilized. Internal communication is very defective, so that though the famine is confined to the southern and central parts of the kingdom, there is little chance of sending relief from the other parts.

Had Persia been a country with a tolerable commerce, merchants would have imported food as soon as they saw the effect of the drought,—but as trade is small, and merchants are few, and capital is insecure, famine has had things all its own way,—and a terrible way it is.

THE WARS OF THE PERIOD.

The last twenty years have formed one of the most warlike periods in human history. All the great nations of the world have waged war since the close of the year 1850,—and these wars have been, as a rule, bloody and costly.

In 1853 the last war between Russia and Turkey began, and lasted till the spring of 1853.

In 1854 England and France declared war against Russia, and subsequently were joined by Sardinia. That war lasted two years.

England had a war with Persia in 1857, and a few weeks later began the famous Sepoy war, in which she had to break to pieces that great native Bengal army which it had taken a century to create. It was a tremendous conflict, and lasted about two years.

In 1859 France and Sardinia had a war with Austria. Though it lasted only about three months, it was a grand contest, and was marked by heavy battles, and much loss of life.

The American secession war began in the spring of 1861, and lasted till toward the beginning of the summer of 1865. Of the vast proportions of that war we need not speak,—and how destructive it was of life is yet felt in myriads of our families.

Hardly had the world begun to recover from the feeling created by this war, when the mighty German war began in 1866, Prussia fighting Austria and most of the lessor German States, and beating them all. It is called "The Seven Weeks' War," but it was as hot as it was short. Italy took part in it, on the side of Prussia.

In 1870 came the last great war of the period, that between Germany and France. That lasted seven months, and was a terrible struggle.

One of the most savage contests that has occurred within the period mentioned—is that which was waged between Paraguay, on one side, and Brazil and her Allies, on the other. It lasted about five years, and is universally admitted to have been characterized by the hardest kind of hard fighting, and by great consumption of life.

The French war in Mexico, consequent on the attempt to make the Archduke Maximilian Emperor of that country, was a severe conflict, and was even more bloody than greater wars have been. It lasted for three years, counting in the time that Maximilian fought without French aid.

There was a war between Spain and Morocco, in 1859–60, that continued about six months, in which the fighting was brilliant.

Besides the great wars that have been mentioned, there have been contests in Asia, in which the English, the French and the Austrians have fought against Chinese and other Asiatics; and wars carried on by the English in New Zealand. The English, too, have had some minor contests in their East Indian possessions.

The Abyssinian war was waged with marked success by Great Britain.

Russia has had sharp contests in Central Asia, where she has made important conquests.

Spain has had war with Chili and Peru, and other South American countries; and she is now waging a war, that is in its third year, in Cuba.

Civil wars have been waged in Spain, in France, in Mexico, and in South America. Prussia and Austria waged war against Denmark; and Russia has had war in Poland.

France has carried on war in North Africa,—sometimes against the Arab tribes, and at others against Morocco.

In Italy were those wars, in 1860–61, in which the Pope, and the King of the Two Sicilies, and other Italian rulers, lost their territories.

In this country we have had Indian wars, and there have been wars among the Indians; and wars have been waged between various South American countries.

We have given only the wars of the last twenty years. It makes a terrible record, and presents a somewhat discouraging view of the world's progress towards the higher and nobler principles of Christian civilization.

A MIRAGE IN MOBILE BAY.

The French word *mirage* is given to an optical illusion, occasioned by the refraction of light through masses of air of different density. The mirage often presents the appearance of a sheet of water, in which objects are reflected in a reversed position, as they would be on a lake.

The thirsty French soldiers, during the campaign of Napoleon in Egypt, beheld the appearance of beautiful sheets of water, and green islands shimmering afar in the meridian sun, but though they travelled far amid the burning sands to reach the enchanting lakes, they were never able to find them, and they thus realized the fabled tortures of Tantalus.

In 1806, Dover Castle, England, was observed to be brought over a high hill, and placed on the opposite side. Ships, cities, and even armies have been seen in the air. All the phenomena known by the names of the Enchanted Island, Flying Dutchman, &c., are effects of the mirage. A local paper thus describes a mirage that recently appeared in Mobile Bay:

The day was mild, calm, and partially cloudy. The vessels in the bay were attended by images of themselves hanging above them in the air—sometimes doubled, and generally distorted and imperfect. There was, however, one splendid exception to this rule. Far up the bay—ten, twelve, fifteen miles or more—lay a bark at anchor—only her upper spars being visible. Immediately above her hung an inverted image of herself, distinctly visible and perfect in all its parts, but with its masts pointing downward, and its hull above. Immediately above this last—keel to keel—floated a third presentment of the same bark, restored by double inversion to its proper position. The two phantom barks were distinct and clearly defined; the real one was imperfect. Away in the farther distance the cloud that hung over the bay was flecked, on its utmost verge, with the images of white sails, the originals of which lay entirely beyond the range of vision. Some of these aerial photographs appeared, from the direction, to be taken from vessels at or very near the Mobile wharves, thirty miles on.

NOT ADEPTS.

We find the following paragraph in a musical review, the editor of which possibly made up "the codfish letter," to give point to his introduction:

It is well-known that Miss Nilsson has endorsed several different piano-fortes, each being the best, and we now have her opinion upon articles of food. Messrs. Dix & Case, fish dealers of Chicago, Ill., publish the following as an advertisement:

"SIRS: Them codfish is *elagint, their flavor is high, so is them Herron.* I recommend them as I do you to all *lovers of gud eatin.* Resp'y, CHRISTINE NILLSON."

It would not, however, be at all strange if the charming Swedish vocalist did not write correct English. We have known some Americans even, who were not adepts in the language. A recent candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States used to spell God with a small g; the Governor of one of the States recently surprised a party by informing them that when he was in Paris he was on the *quivy-vivy* all the time; and a distinguished Western lawyer not long ago pointed to a criminal with the astounding declaration, "I can see f—r—o—a—d written on his forehead!"

BEES BRINGING THEIR COMPANIONS TO LIFE.

The most curious and interesting story about bees and their instincts, comes to us in the *Christian Radical.* The writer says:

A lady in Providence tells me that her father once brought home a molasses hogshead, to be used as a water tank. On wash day her mother said, "Let us throw the suds into it, to soak the molasses from the bottom." The instant she had done so, she exclaimed, "O, I have drowned hundreds of our neighbors' bees."

The hogshead was black with bees that were busily appropriating the sweets from what they must have considered an enormous blossom. The good lady made haste, with her skimmer, to skim the bees from the top of the water, and spread them on a board in the sunshine; but they all seemed drowned and nearly dead, and she was very sorry.

All the bees that were around the hogshead had flown away at the dash of the water, but in a few minutes they returned, accompanied by scores of others. Then began a curious work. They at once went to work upon the unfortunate bees, turning them over and over, and working upon them constantly with their heads, feet and antennæ. The result of their busy labor was, that one after another gave signs of life, stretched its limbs and wings, crawled about and dried itself in the sun and flew away. The lady said there were a half-pint at first, and that there remained only about a dozen hopeless cases, beyond the humane efforts of their brothers.

MADE CRAZY BY BATHING WHILE HOT.

One warm day, early this summer, Charles Dickenson, a boy fourteen or fifteen years old, son of George H. Dickenson, of Somerville Centre, disappeared under circumstances so mysterious as to cause the most serious apprehensions for his fate. The most diligent search and inquiry were made, but no trace of him could be found, until at a late hour, two days afterward, he returned home in a state of mental and physical exhaustion. The following facts were learned: On Wednesday he indulged in vigorous play with other boys, and then, when his body was greatly heated, he went into the water to swim. On Thursday he felt unwell, but went to school as usual and devoted himself to hard study. After school in the afternoon, he says, he went out to take a walk, but remembers nothing more until he found himself in or near Manchester, N. H. It appears, therefore, that he wandered all this distance in a state of mental aberration, and when his senses returned he started homeward, and, as is supposed, walked all the way. When he returned his shoes and stockings were worn out, and his clothes soiled. In addition to his great fatigue he was threatened with fever. The effect of bathing when the body is heated is often to produce the most serious if not fatal results, and too much caution cannot be exercised in the matter.

RHYMED FOR HIS HAT.

Bartholomew Willard, familiarly called "Barty," was a queer customer, once very well known in the north of Vermont, for his careless, vagabond habits, ready wit, and remarkable facility at extempore rhyming. Sitting one day in a village store, among a crowd of idlers who gathered about him on his arrival, the merchant asked Barty 'why he always wore that shocking bad hat?" Barty replied that it was simply because he was unable to purchase a new one. "Come,' said the merchant, "make me a good rhyme off the old hat immediately—without stopping to think—and I'll give you the best castor in the store." Whereupon Barty threw his old tile on the floor, and began:

"There lies my old hat,
And pray what of that?—
'Tis as good as the rest of my raiment!
If I buy me a better
You'll make me your debtor,
And send me to jail for the payment!

The new hat was adjudged to belong to Barty—who wore it off in great triumph, saying that it was but a poor head that couldn't take care of itself!

HOW PRESIDENT THIERS LOOKS.

This distinguished man is not indebted to his personal beauty for either his past or present popularity and fame. His appearance is thus described by a correspondent:

Thiers' presence, never commanding in his best days, has not improved by age. A little, weazened, stooping old man, whose face has been gashed by the barber, and whose long-bleached locks fly about at the least motion of the air; sharp-nosed, shaggy eye-browed and long-chinned, with large ears, thin black beard and enormous frontage; always ready to smile, wearing more incredulity of countenance than even Talleyrand ever did; nervous, quick, impulsive, and not irascible, both positive and plausible, cold and gracious, saying no with a more winning air than others say yes; and with a soul looking out of such large, crystalline eyes, as God gives only at long periods. Thiers is a man whose personal appearance is never admired and never forgotten.

SOME HOME-MADE FUN.

Potato pantomimes may be as old as the hills, but I confess not to have heard of or seen them until quite lately. So perhaps you have not.

Take a good sized potato with a smooth skin; cut out nose, eyes and mouth, twist curled hair into the shape of a wig and whiskers or moustache, and fasten on with pins; then make a hole for the forefinger to go into; this gives the head a throat.

Wrap a bit of cloth, a handkerchief or what not round the hand, arranging one corner of it round the thumb, and another around the second finger. Then you have a little man with hands and arms, capable of bowing and moving his head.

Make a screen, let four or five youngsters be behind it, each with their potato characters, and, as they say the words of the charade, burlesque or tragedy, let these potato men perform. It is capital fun, and beats Punch and Judy out of the field.

Potato men have amiable dispositions. They are generally friendly, fond of shaking hands, embracing and nodding their heads cordially at each other. They also have a thoughtful way of rubbing their foreheads that is very funny. Sometimes they fight, I admit, but they don't bang each other all the time, as Punch and Judy do. Try them.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM SILK.

Rub together fine French chalk and spirits of lavender to the consistency of a thin paste, and apply thoroughly to the spots with the fingers; place a sheet of brown or blotting paper above and below the silk, and smooth it with a moderately heated iron. The French chalk may then be removed by brushing.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

WORD SQUARE.

An orb.
A weed.
Dimensions.
Back part. LILLY.

2.

BURIED CITIES.

He carried the debris to Lottie.
She went Monday to Newton.
They all do very nicely for that purpose.
Cousin Del hid behind the tree.
In September gentlemen go to the country in pursuit of game. VIOLET.

3.

REBUS.

A Proverb.

4.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in father but not in son,
My *second* is in sword but not in gun;
My *third* is in run but not in walk,
My *fourth* is in ink but not in chalk;
My *fifth* is in bitter and also in sweet,
My *whole* is something nice to eat. L. N. P.

5.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty letters.
My 7, 19, 29, 14, 25 is a very troublesome animal.
My 10, 6, 16, 22, 12, 15, 3, 4 is a seaport in Maine.
My 11, 12, 29, 20 is a fruit.
My 5, 2, 18, 1 is part of a window.
My 8, 9, 22, 26 is what every one does.
My 24, 23, 27, 13, 30 is a covetous person.
My 5, 21, 17, 22, 1, 8 is to boil.
My 28 is an exclamation.
My whole is a German proverb. E. A. E.

6.

Whole, I name something for which herbs are used. Take away part of my head, invert me, and I stand for a number. Now curtail me and the writer of this puzzle is left. LULU D.

7.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

Injurious in our effects,
The ladies we mostly assail;
To ward off our baneful attacks,
They're compelled to resort to a veil.

CROSS WORDS.

(1) The farmer performs *this* quite well,
(2) *Collegiate graduates* these;
(3) Abundance will cause *this* or want,
(4) *A fish* that is found in deep seas;
(5) For the last I must say,
They desirable are;
To gold are preferable,
When it's at par. HAUTBOY.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Be, bee. Buy, by. Alter, altar. Choose, chews.
2. A shoe.
3. Imitate the ant's industry and the bee's frugality.
4.

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        A C E
        R A Y
C A R M I N E   CAMBRIA.
A S H B U R Y
W A R R A N T   ASHBURY.
        L I D
        B A T
```

5. Have you paid your year's subscription?
6. Spain, pains, pins, sip.
7. Gulf-stream.

GOOD EXAMPLE OF A KING.

A heathen king, who had been for years confirmed in the sin of drunkenness, by the evil practices of white men in the Sandwich Islands, had been led to forsake the dreadful habit. He said, lately, to a missionary, "Suppose you put four thousand dollars in one hand, and a glass of rum in the other; you say, you drink this rum I give you four thousand dollars, I *no* drink it; you say you kill me, still I *no* drink it."

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For the Companion.

JOHN SHENHAN.

A Story of 1676.

"O Johnny, my boy, be spry;—don't you see
The morning sun hangs o'er the vale of the Lee!
Hear the birds singing sweet in the tops of the trees,
And the bells of old Cork swinging light in the breeze.
O Johnny, O Johnny, you are dear unto me,
But an idler lad ne'er was seen on the Lee."

"O mither, ne'er mind, for my spirit is bold,
And I'm going away to the country of gold.
I long on the breast of the billows to rock,
And sink in the ocean the harbor of Cork.
O mither, be aisy, for soon you will see
Of me nothing more in the vale of the Lee."

"O Johnny, be steady, and listen no more
To the tales that they tell in the inn on the shore.
Be honest and steady, and you will find gold
In Ireland's soil. My boy, I am old,
My hair is fast changing; hey, boy, don't you see?
O stay wi' me here in the vale of the Lee."

He sat with his mother that eve 'neath the tree,
The moon hanging low on the wave of the Lee.
"O stay wi' me, boy, and ne'er mind the gold!"
"O mither, I'll be wi' ye when ye are old!"
He kissed her next morn on an ocean-swept rock,
And sunk in the ocean the harbor of Cork.

He worked a hard passage across the wide main,
Till hilltops arose from the ocean again,—
Till a town in the wilderness glanced on the seas
From three beautiful heights overshadowed with trees.
He hailed the new land with a shout of delight,
And slept in the inn near the harbor that night.

He arose the next morn with a gold-haunted brain,
He walked near the town in a sun-sprinkled lane;
He saw the new houses uplifting their walls,
And the cottages cool on the banks of the Charles;
And he saw, dismal sight! with a shudder of pain,
The *gallows* that hung mid the trees in the lane.

He at last met a Puritan, stately and old,
And asked him the way to the region of gold.
"By the sweat of thy brow!" the grave Puritan said,
And he looked on the boy with a shake of the head.
And all that he questioned the same story told,
Of the Puritan way to the region of gold.

Time passed; he worked hard, with a resolute will,
But felt the sharp pinches of poverty still.
His language was thick; they were loth to employ
At wages, like others, the poor Irish boy.
And Johnny grew heavy at heart in the end,
And wished, but in vain, for a pitying friend.

'Twas June—a calm night—the moon hung o'er the walls
Of the houses that stood on the banks of the Charles.
It silvered the lane and the pastures beyond;
It silvered the roses that margined the pond;
It silvered the ringlets of Johnny's light hair,
As he sat 'neath the elm in the cool summer air.

O Johnny Shenhan, what's the matter with thee?
Are thy thoughts far away on the banks of the Lee?
O why dost thou start at each step passing by?
And why does that stealthy look fall from thy eye?
He leans his young brow on his trembling palms,
And hears in the distance the music of psalms.

He creeps towards a house—it stands on the hill,
The windows are open—the rooms are all still.
On the top of the desk there are papers unrolled,
In the till of the desk, it may be, there is gold.
He climbs through the casement,—he opens the till,
Then flies like a ghost o'er the brow of the hill.

Gold! gold! he has gold, but his spirit has gone,
Sleep flies from his eyes and he trembles till morn.
He has gained what was never a Shenhan's before,
He has lost what eternity cannot restore.
And he is as wretched as wretched can be,
And wishes him poor in the vale of the Lee.

When the moonlight again on the Summer trees fell,
It reached not poor Johnny—he lay in a cell.
He was brought into court—the men held their breath,
While the Judge pronounced slowly his sentence—'twas death!
He stood like one smitten, tears rolled from his face,
And he bitterly said, as he turned from the place,—

"My sentence is hard, O how dreadful to bear!
But, Sheriff, 'tis less for myself that I care,
Than for her who looks out from the ocean-swept rock,
For the sails that come home to the harbor of Cork!
O, the ships will come back o'er the foam-covered sea,
But bring not her boy to the vale of the Lee!"

'Twas Autumn—a coolness came down with the breeze,
The gold and vermillion hung light on the trees,
The scaffold was ready—it stood where to-day
The boys of the city have freedom to play,
O'erlooking the common, o'erlooking the pond,
O'erlooking the river that rippled beyond.

A multitude gathered, as people now go
To see the odd sights at a fair or a show.
And Johnny was brought—he looked on the air,
And the river that rolled in the sunlight so fair,
He looked on the faces upturned like a sea,
And his thought wandered back to the vale of the Lee.

"Forgive me," he said, and the tears trickled fast
When he saw that the hour of man's mercy was past
"Though just is the sentence my error receives,
'Tis hard to die thus while a poor mother lives,
The ships will return o'er the sun-covered sea,
And a heart will be broke in the vale of the Lee."

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

HISTORY OF THE CENT.

As the old "red cent" has passed out of use, and, except rarely, out of sight, like the "old oaken bucket," its history is a matter of sufficient interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side, and thirteen links on the other. The French revolution soon created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty,—a French Liberty, with flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French Liberty was short-lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The next head or figure succeeding this—the staid, classic dame, with a fillet around her hair—came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiselled Grecian features have been but slightly altered in the lapse of time.

For the Companion.

A MOTHER'S KISS.

Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one like rays
That fade upon a summer's eve.
But O! what charm or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave,
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss!
Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this,—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

These lines were written by a man as remarkable for the purity of his character, and the beauty of his disposition, as for the brilliancy of his genius, and the gorgeousness of his fancy. A story is related of him, which illustrates his high moral principle.

He was at one time very poor, while pursuing his studies in London, and to obtain money, painted a picture which appealed to a love of ideal beauty rather than to the moral sentiments. The subject was so well treated that he sold it without difficulty to a nobleman at a liberal price.

On the evening after he had parted with the picture, the thought occurred to him that its influence on a perverted taste and prurient imagination might be injurious, and the reflection so haunted him as to destroy his peace of mind. Thus troubled in conscience, he resolved, come hardship or hunger, that he would not voluntarily have so grave a sin resting upon his soul, and went to the nobleman to whom he had sold the picture, saying,—

"Will you allow me to take back the picture I sold you?"

"Certainly, sir. Are you not satisfied with it, as a work of art?"

"Yes, as a mere work of art, but the influence of such a painting is impure."

The nobleman was astonished, for although the statement in a nice moral sense was true, yet the subject was one not deemed unworthy of treatment by the great masters. Allston paid back the money, then went out into the pleasant sunshine, poor indeed in worldly resources, but rich in the sweet assurances of God's approval and love.

"You have come a long distance to starve," said the President of the Royal Society to young Allston, when the latter told him that he had come to London to study painting.

The young artist was not left to starve. He became an ornament to the society whose President had spoken to him so discouragingly. He enriched his mind by study and travel abroad, inspiring his fertile genius in the studios of the art-loving cities of Europe, and, returning to America, took the first place among American artists.

One of the noblest efforts of his genius may be seen in the Boston Athenæum. It is the unfinished painting of Belshazzar's Feast. He worked upon this lofty and awe-inspiring picture at intervals for forty years, and spent upon it the last week and the last day of his life.

"My mother's kiss made me a painter," said Benjamin West. Washington Allston had an affectionate and a pious mother, and he sweetly sings the memory of her kiss, that followed the daily evening prayer. H.

AN ELECTRIC JOKE.

Some weeks ago one of those illegitimate sons of science, the vagrant electric men, took his stand at Fourth and Market Streets, with his dial for testing how much torture his voluntary victim could endure.

To stimulate trade, he made an offer to pay five dollars to any person who could stand as much electric fluid as his machine would furnish.

After a time a boy presented himself, saying that he had come to win that five dollars. The man handed him the "handles," and started the machine. The boy endured the pain wonderfully. The operator turned the crank faster, and asked him how he felt. The boy said it did not feel at all.

The man thought something must be wrong, and after an elaborate tightening up of the screws, commenced another series of swift revolutions, which ought to have produced a current sufficient to kill the boy. Still the young scamp laughingly assured the operator that he did not experience the slightest sensation.

Out of patience, the man demanded as a right, that he should see the boy's hands, and then the secret was explained. The lad belonged to the telegraph office, and picked up one of the pieces of insulated wire that is used inside the office, and had passed it up one sleeve of his coat, around his shoulders and down the other sleeve, and then uncovered the ends of the wires in each hand.

Thus armed, he had gone to the electric man; of course, the uncovered ends of the wire pressed against the metallic handles, presented a better medium than the boy's body, and the current simply passed to them and along the insulated wire around the boy's body, without affecting him in the least.

That "electrician" was angry, and all the more so as the crowd drawn together thought it a good joke, and took the boy's part. The man was so laughed at that he left town.—*Scientific American.*

If the boy *meant* to expose the secret of his trick (as he probably did, for he could not expect to conceal it successfully until he got away) the joke he played was a fair one; but if he hoped to win the five dollars and carry it off without being detected, he would of course have been guilty of dishonesty in obtaining money by false pretences.

MR. SEWARD IN THE EAST INDIES.

Our distinguished countryman, the former Secretary of State, is making a splendid tour round the world. He is the first of our great officers who has had the taste for such a grand journey. His remarkable visits throughout the East will long be remembered there, and do much to make those half-civilized nations know and remember America. He stopped awhile at Allahabad, in India, and the account of his honorings, pleasurings and other doings there, comes hither in the shape of a journal kept by Miss Olive Risley, one of his travelling companions and his adopted daughter:

He was invited to Pattealla by a note from the Maharajah, the precious missive coming in a gold embroidered silk envelope tied with a cord to which hung a seal "as large as the palm of my hand," says the fair writer. Blue velvet carriages were sent for the party, the Maharajah himself coming to meet them, and they were escorted to the city gates amid an escort of soldiery, calcium lights, music and cannon. There twenty-four elephants stood in line, with "housings of gold cloth and earrings that came to their feet." Mr. Seward and the ladies climbed up the sides of these magnificent animals by ladders of silver, and seated themselves in howdahs of gold cushioned with crimson velvet; and thus they entered the city. Three miles they rode the elephants, through avenues of torches, until they alighted at the gorgeous palace. "This is yours," said the Maharajah to Mr. Seward, as they entered. The next day they were treated to an elephant fight, and held a reception, where they sat on gold chairs, and saw dancing girls, and the Maharajah gave Mr. Seward a turban and each of the ladies a cashmere shawl. The Maharajah did not wear his best clothes on this occasion, but he showed them to the ladies, telling them that one coat cost twelve thousand dollars. To do them honor he wore his turban with thirty-six diamonds "as big as the end of my finger," and a necklace of the same. They each had an elephant to ride home on in the moonlight.

"SIRRAH" AND THE LAMBS.

For centuries the Scotch colley-dog has borne the palm among brutes for sagacity and capability. This animal's power of managing a flock of sheep, in the most difficult circumstances, is almost incredible:

James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," who possessed the best opportunities of studying the character of the shepherd's dog, mentions that he at one time had a dog called "Sirrah," an animal of sullen disposition, and by no means favorable appearance, which was an extraordinary adept in managing a flock. One of his exploits was as follows:

"About seven hundred lambs, which were under his care at weaning-time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. 'Sirrah,' cried the shepherd, in great affliction, 'my man, they're a' awa.' The night was so dark that he did not see 'Sirrah;' but the faithful animal had heard his master's words—words such as, of all others, were sure to set him most on the alert; and, without more ado, he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock.

"Meanwhile the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their power to recover their lost charge; they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around; but of neither the lambs nor 'Sirrah' could they obtain the slightest trace. It was the most extraordinary circumstance, says the shepherd, that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned) but to return to our master and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them.

"On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine called the Flech Cleuch, and the indefatigable 'Sirrah' standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up, and when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs which 'Sirrah' had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered, by degrees, that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun, and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to assist him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can further say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to my honest 'Sirrah' that morning."

CATCHING A WILD ELEPHANT.

It requires a good deal of skill as well as courage to catch wild elephants, but those who are trained to it are very successful, and rarely meet with any accident. An exchange gives the following account:

The party had discovered the tracks of two elephants, and mounted upon the backs of the tame ones, they followed for many miles, winding around and around through the thicket, and across the plains, until they were almost back to Colombo.

There they found one of the elephants "browsing" in a clump of palm trees. After reconnoitering, and finding that the trees about him were too small to hold him if chained, one party urged their elephant into a run, and rushing by the spot where the wild one stood, they attracted his attention. As soon as he saw the tame elephant passing, he left his hiding place and began to follow. Then the party, with the exception of one native, leaped to the ground, and hiding until the wild beast passed, followed on foot. The native on the foremost animal stopped him near a number of large cocoanut trees, and permitted the other to come up. The trained elephant at once began to "make friends" with the other, while the rider crouched close to the animal's back and made no move until the others came up.

Then the natives and officers from both the tame elephants crept cautiously behind the trees, and in connection with the man on the elephant, managed to throw a stout rope around the leg of the wild one and tie it fast to the nearest tree, after which they hoped to tame him by whipping and feeding.

But this one was so large that, after one of his hind legs was tied, he started off in affright, and on reaching the end of the slack he gave the rope such a jerk as to bring up by the roots the cocoanut tree to which they tied him. With this dragging after him, away he went like the wind, his trunk and tail elevated, followed closely by the tame elephants, under the direction of the single rider.

But before the fettered one had proceeded a great distance, the broken tree became entangled in a clump of palm trees through which he was passing, and so sudden was his stoppage and so strong the rope that it threw him flat upon his side. He soon got up, and pulled and snorted, and tried in his rage to reach the men who gathered around, making the air whistle with the empty blows of his trunk.

When we arrived he had so far "made up" as to be resigned to his position, and be willing to twist his trunk in those of the others, and otherwise show his amiability of temper. Every few minutes, however, he would look around at his swollen and bleeding feet, and shake his head at his captors, as much as to say, "Let me go just for a minute, and see if I do not pack every one of you in my trunk in that short period."

Quite a crowd of natives had gathered around to see the monster, and some daring ones tried to induce him to eat, by holding bunches of vegetables out to him on poles. But he was too surly to eat, and only opened his mouth and made a hoarse bellow, at the same time stamping his fore feet and pulling at the rope now securely tied to several trees near the spot.

EATING RAW WHALE.

A partiality for raw food seems to prevail in many countries. Raw fish, thinly sliced, formed one of the delicacies placed before Lord Elgin at a Chinese banquet. Baldwin tells us that the Kaffirs eat alternately a lump of roasted bull's flesh and an equal quantity of the inside raw. Capt. Hall, when among the Esquimaux, tried to eat whale, and describes his experience quite amusingly:

As I stood upon the rocky shore observing the busy natives at work carving the monster before me, my eye caught a group around one of the vertebræ, from which they were slicing and eating thin pieces of ligament that looked white and delicious as the breast of a "Thanksgiving turkey." At once I made up my mind to join in partaking of the inviting viands actually smoking in my sight. Taking from the hands of Ugarng his seal-knife, I peeled off a delicate slice of the spinal ligament, closed my eyes, and cried out "Turkey," but it would not go down so easy; not because the stomach had posted up its sentinel to say, "No whale can come down here," but because it was tougher than any bull beef in Christendom. For half an hour I tried to masticate it, and then found it was even tougher than when I began.

At length I discovered that I had made a mistake in the way of eating it. The Esquimaux method is to get as vast a piece into their distended mouths as they can cram, and then, boa constrictor-like, first lubricate it over, and so swallow it quite whole! An old woman kindly came to me and offered a generous slice of the *whale gum* she was feasting on. Reaching out my hand, with one stroke of her *ood loo*, an instrument like a mincing knife, she severed the white fibrous strip as quick as thought. It cut as old cheese; its taste was like unripe chestnuts, and its appearance like cocoanut; but I cannot say that this experiment left me a very great admirer of whale's gum.

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GETTING UP STAIRS.

Hi! the baby is getting up stairs,
One step, two steps, three steps, slow.
Down she comes with a thump, thump, thump,
Mamma kisses the little blue bump.
Higher next time will the baby go,
Mother love watches her, high or low.

Life's a continual climbing of stairs;
What if too eager ones tumble and fall?
Up again, try again, wiser each time,
Safely at last shall the brave feet climb.
Fear not to follow the rallying call,
God's dear love watches over us all.

For the Companion.

LITTLE PARASOLS.

One morning as I was combing grandpa's white hair for him, he said he heard neighbor Smith's old goose out in the grass and pretty soon it would be in the garden. So I went to the door, swinging my apron, and saying, "Shoo! shoo! shoo!"

Grandpa and I had made a great mistake.

What do you think it was? No goose, at all, but a little bit of a girl running around in the grass. She had not heard me, so I stood to look at her a minute.

She was dressed in a clean white suit, with a dainty white sunbonnet on her head. The bonnet had slipped back a little, and her golden curls looked as though they were all trying to get out into the sunlight. She had in her hand just the littlest mite of a new, bright blue parasol.

Now we live in a small town, where we do not get the fashions very early, and such a little blue daisy of a sunshade was a new sight to me.

So I looked at that more than at the little girl, although she was a great deal prettier than the parasol, but pretty little three year old girls could be seen in our street any day; but never before such a cunning parasol.

Pretty soon I spoke to the little runaway. She had been trying to catch a butterfly with her parasol, and then she began running after a bumblebee. She was so busy she had not seen me.

When I spoke to her she started for home, and after getting out of the tall grass on to the walk, her little yellow kid boots heeled and toed it down to the gate with a hop, skip and jump.

I wanted to get her to come in and see grandpa, but she did not care for grandpa or any of my relations, and she skipped along out of the gate and down the street, swinging at arm's length, the little sunshade, which went round like the wheels of blue light they show us at the fireworks.

The sun was shining brightly, but the parasol was not pointed towards it once, for the child did not know any thing about the sun.

I suppose she has been so busy since she came into the world that out of doors she has never looked higher up than the bumblebees and butterflies go.

She went out of sight down the street in the same manner, hitting the clover-tops a brush with the sunshade as often as she could and keep running. I knew she must be old Mrs. Brown's little granddaughter, for such a little lady had been expected there all the week, so I thought she would not get lost. But I was fearful she would spoil that little morning glory of a parasol. What a little beauty it was! Grandpa had come to the door, and he laughed until he cried, to see the white and blue beauties going down the street.

"Now, if I could only write that down so every body could see it just as we have," said I to grandpa, "how I should enjoy it!"

"You could not do it," said he.

"And if I could, I ought not to, for every little girl that knows any thing about these little parasols, is probably teasing for one now, and I do not wish to do any thing to help teasing along."

Then grandpa told me a story which goes so far on the other side of the parasol question that I made up my mind to write "Little Parasols" at once.

He said, when he was a young man he used to carry goods to sell out West. Sometimes he went among the Indians and traded with them. Once three Indian girls came to him to get some shoes.

They spent about an hour before they were suited, and then as a parasol came to view in one of his trunks, they insisted on exchanging their shoes for sunshades.

Grandpa told them parasols would not keep their feet warm in cold weather, but they said they could make some moccasins, so they took the parasols.

They had seen a white lady once with one at a neighboring fort, but probably did not know why she carried it.

The next day was Sunday. Grandpa went to the mission chapel, and as he stood at the door, looking up the road, he saw the three Indian girls coming. They were barefooted, but had their parasols. It was a very cloudy morning, and the sun had not been seen for a day or two, but the parasols were spread, and the Indian girls looked proud and satisfied enough.

Three weeks later grandpa and I declared ourselves sick of little parasols. We think them worse than useless. The second Sunday after that little city girl skipped through our street with hers when the bell rang, and the little girls came out all along the street to go to church, more than a dozen little gay-colored parasols blossomed in the holy Sabbath air.

The parasols looked pretty, but the little girls did not. They minced their steps, and took a great deal of pains to swing their little thirteen inch skirts; some more than others, but every one had to keep her eyes on the beauty of a parasol, and one little five year old girl played the vain lady so well that she affected the Grecian bend.

A child's hands were not made to be bound by the *latest* style at such an age. Precious little do they care or need to keep the sunshine away, the sunshine they love so well.

Little blue parasols are just the prettiest things, as far as looks are concerned, to catch bumblebees or rap clover blossoms with.

That's all they are good for.

E. H. FENN.

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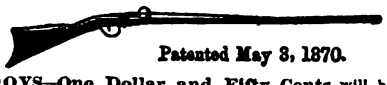

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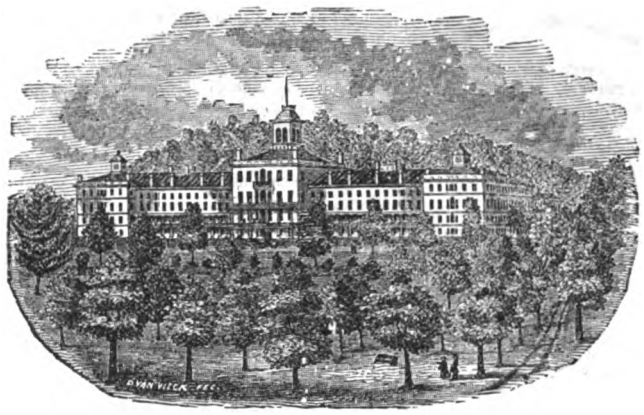

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A CHINESE MANDARIN DINNER.

A year or two ago the Chinese officials at Foo Chow gave a grand dinner to all the missionary gentlemen of that post, something never done before, at least in that locality. The invitations read after this manner:

"We have carefully selected the 24th of the month, when we will be arrayed in our best garments, and have our table spread; we request you to shed the light of your countenance upon it."

The dinner was a very elaborate affair, made up of all the rare and expensive dishes that tickle the palate of a Celestial epicure. The missionaries and officials were divided between two large round tables. There were thirty-one courses of food.

1st, Almond tea.
2d, Sweet beans and boiled barley.
3d, Chicken stewed with pigeons' eggs.
4th, Mushroom stew.
5th, Pigeons' eggs fried with spinach.
6th, Ham with bread.
7th, *Beche de mer* soup.
8th, Stewed barley with sanche (a sort of crab apple).
9th, Meat dumplings.
10th, Duck (boneless).
11th, Pigs' kidneys.
12th, Stewed pears.
13th, Water chestnuts and mushrooms.
14th, Clam stew.
15th, Dumplings and almond tea.
16th, Sharks' fins.
17th, Bamboo sprouts.
18th, Goat mutton.
19th, Duck.
20th, Squash and fruit in a warm stew.
21st, Watermelon seed.
22d, Turnip pie.
23d, Almond *blanc mange* and duck liver.
24th, A stew of chicken ham and spinach.
25th, Chicken (cold).
26th, Fish brains and chicken.
27th, Steamed bread and san che sauce.
28th, Shad as a central dish.
29th, Pears and san che.
30th, Two whole roast pigs, the skin carefully crisped, and served separately as a choice dish, with meats, brains, cakes, champagne, ale and sherry.
31st, Rice boiled soft, with gravy.

In addition to these thirty-one courses, which were brought on and removed successively, there were sixteen stationary dishes, the contents of which were arranged very artistically into pyramids and pagodas, and consisted mainly of peanuts, dried fish, pears, preserves, eggs, ham, dates carambola, *pi-pa* fruit and oranges. They also had coffee and tea with sugar, but no milk. They were at the table four hours.

The Chinese officials varied the performance by walking and smoking at intervals. The English missionaries partook of the wine, the Americans did not, of course. Among the dishes of eggs, was one of ancient ducks' eggs, considered especially rare and a very choice dish. They were taken out of the shell and were perfectly black, having been preserved in lime and smoked. They were said to be many years old.

The officials had much desired to conclude the dinner according to *their* usual custom, with theatrical performances by Chinese players, but they had been informed that missionaries never attended such amusements, and so our friends were saved another four hours at the table.

B.

VARIETY.

A FOX'S FORETHOUGHT.

Rev. Charles D. Nott sends to the *Independent* a story, suggested by the remark of Dr. McCosh that he had "doubts whether the lower animals can abstract, whether they can generalize." "A former pastor of mine," says Mr. Nott, "told the following:

"When a boy he had a fox, which, I regret to say, bore the reputation of possessing more brains than personal piety. This fox was kept in the yard in a sort of raised den, nicely sodded over, and was confined by a chain which allowed him quite a generous circumference. One evening in the fall, the farm wagon, returning from the field with a load of corn, passed near the den, and by chance dropped an ear where the fox could reach it. He was seen to spring out, seize the corn, and carry it quietly back into the den. What he wanted with it was a mystery, as corn formed no part of the gentleman's diet. The next morning, however, the mystery was solved, for the fox was observed, out of his den, and considerably within the length of his chain, nibbling off some of the corn and scattering it about in full view of the poultry, after which he took the remainder back into the den and awaited events. Sure enough, the chickens came; and, while eating, out sprang the fox, nabbed his man, and quietly took his breakfast in his back parlor. Now it seems to me that this is pretty good 'generalizing.' The fox may not have reasoned upon the most sublime theme imaginable. I regret to say that he did not; and, for that matter, neither do some men. But if he didn't evolve that chicken out of the depths of his own consciousness, then there is no such thing as logic, and

'Logic is logic,
That's all I say.'"

DESERTED.

In Cincinnati a romantic miss of seventeen was so foolish as to seek what she thought harmless amusement, in answering the matrimonial advertisement of one Col. Edgar Thompson, as the advertiser called himself.

In due time her answer evoked a response addressed from Omaha, where the "colonel" lived, worded in just the right style of cautious art to tempt the adventurous damsel into "just one more funny note, for the last, you know."

Unhappily, follies of this kind are too common to require any fresh repetition of the one story belonging to all. Through the medium of letters frequently exchanged for months an ardent courtship was induced; and, some two weeks ago, the colonel from Omaha appeared at the house of the brother-in-law with whom the foolish young miss was living, to claim his bride. Plain looking and over forty years of age as the suitor-by-mail was, the girl appeared to find him all that her fancy had painted, and her headstrong determination to marry overcame all the remonstrances of her startled relatives. Consequently the mad marriage took place, the pair departed immediately for Chicago—and now a telegram to the brother-in-law informs him that the "imprudent" victim of her own folly is in distress at a public house in the latter city, penniless, friendless and deserted.

To use the commonest of phrases, "What else could have been expected?"

COULDN'T VOTE.

A gentleman stepped up to a rural board of selectmen desiring to be made a voter, the other day. He was asked to read, and was unable, when he said: "Well, gentlemen, I've been sick two or three days, or else I could." He was not admitted.

That kind of a "gentleman" reminds us of the rhymes in an old reader, on a certain notorious ignorant, fine fellow, who plundered Peru:

"Ah, Mr. Pizarro, you look very gay;
Pearl, purple and gold well refined.
But certain it is all these fine garments may
But cover an ignorant mind.
Your gold lace and spangles are splendid indeed,
But you are a dunce, sir, because *you can't read.*"

PASTE THAT WILL KEEP A YEAR.

Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold, stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps; stir in as much powdered rosin as will lie on a dime, and throw in a half-a-dozen cloves to give a pleasant odor. Pour this flour mixture into a pan containing a teacupful of boiling water, and stir it well over the fire. In a very few minutes it will be of the consistency of mush. Pour it into an earthen or china vessel; let it cool; lay a cover on, and put in a cool place. When needed for use, take out a portion and soften it with warm water. Paste thus made will last twelve months. It is better than gum, as it does not gloss the paper, and can be written on.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

The story of "the fox and the grapes" has good philosophy in it, after all, as we see when it is put into such form as this:

A little child was chasing a butterfly with golden wings. Whenever it alighted near her she tried to seize it with her tiny hand, but it always arose triumphantly and fluttered over her head as if to mock her futile effort. Wearied at last, she threw herself upon the ground, and with a look of sweet resignation, exclaimed,

"Well, no matter, it might have stung me."

While smiling at the little one's philosophy, I could but breathe the prayer that in after years, when golden insects should flutter round her and elude her eager grasp, the same kind spirit might come to her aid, and whisper, "It might have stung me."

A STORY OF CONSCIENCE.

A Dover paper contains the following incident: Not two weeks ago a gentleman called at the residence of the widow of a merchant long since deceased, and making himself known, said he was, when a boy, clerk for her husband, and had come to make restitution for small sums of money which he had purloined from the drawer from time to time. He had kept an account of the various amounts, and with the interest they amounted to one thousand dollars, which he came prepared to pay, and thus ease his conscience of what had so long troubled it. He then took out two five hundred dollar bills and gave one to her and one to her son, and immediately departed.

$3,000 IN HIS TRUNK.

A Western menagerie company recently purchased in Africa a baby elephant, forty-seven inches high, and had him shipped by steamer to New York, and thence by express to headquarters. On the way the propensity for mischief showed itself in the animal. He broke open the mail-bags, abstracted a letter therefrom, broke it open and took out a draft for three thousand dollars, destroyed the letter and envelope, and when discovered by the keeper, had the draft safe in his trunk, it not even being torn.

QUICKER THAN DARNING.

We were amused the other day at a lady friend's account of the manner in which her Irish servant girl mended her stockings. When a hole appeared in the toe, Bridget tied a string around the stocking below the aperture and cut off the projecting portion. This operation was repeated as often as necessary; each time pulling the stocking down a little, until at last it was nearly all cut away, when Bridget sewed on new legs, and thus kept her stockings always in repair!

GRAVITY is said to be no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a linen shirt.

AN advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms *and an acre of land.*

WHEN Rowland Hill gave a present of a sovereign all around to his children, some one said, "He tipped the little Hills with gold."

THE Portland *Press* announced recently that "a public breakfast of ministers and members of the evangelical churches will be held this morning," etc. That would be good news for Cannibal islanders.

MERIDEN has a novelty in street music, in the shape of a hand-organ on wheels, arranged with a carriage top in the rear, under which sat a two-year old cherub, not a monkey, while in attendance was a one-armed soldier and his wife. It was a paying investment.

ON Lombard Street, Philadelphia, near Seventh, the following appears on a sign hanging in a cellar-way of a saloon: Bolloney Sorseg, Pig's feat, Oyster supe, Sheap's tungs." The letters are painted in red and blue on a white background, and white stars interspersed between them.

AT A CONCERT in Boston, not many years ago, the leader became incensed at one of the orchestra, shouting, "Louder! louder!" to him, until the poor player could stand it no longer. He dropped his instrument, and turned to the audience, saying,—

"It's all very well to say, 'Louder! louder!' but vere is de *vind* to come from?"

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O how pleasant 'tis to hear,
When the morning's bright and clear,
From a thousand tiny throats,
Music in its sweetest notes;
O how pleasant through the day
To see the children at their play,
Plucking here and there the flowers,
In the Summer's shining hours;
To see the BOYS in handsome "CLOTHES,"
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Use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.
It is the only reliable and harmless Remedy known for removing Brown discoloration. Sold by druggists every where. Depot, 49 Bond Street, New York.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 29. VOLUME XLIV.

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For the Companion.

NIMROD.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

The next evening at twilight, Mattie seated herself on a cricket by her grandmother's side, and said, "Now tell me the story about the horse."

"Horse? What horse?" asked grandmother.

"Why, old parson Buckminster's horse, grandma."

"Story? There isn't any story, that I know of."

"Why yes, grandma, you said he went lame, you know. And it was about the time he went to see the miller's wife, because she swallowed a bumblebee."

"O, I remember now. There isn't any story to it, though—nothing, only that as he was riding home from miller Cartwright's, his horse fell suddenly lame, and though the creature's leg was thoroughly examined, there was nothing in the world found to be the matter with it, and everybody said old Nance had bewitched him, that was all."

"And what did the nice old gentleman, in a white wig, say?"

"He said they were a parcel of fools, and that Nimrod had only stepped on a rolling stone."

"And what did the folks say to that?"

"They said 'How could he step on a rolling stone, when the road where he began to go lame was as smooth as the kitchen floor?'"

"And how did it all end?"

"As such things generally do. Gran'ther stuck to his opinion, and they stuck to theirs."

"Did Nimrod ever get well again?"

"Yes, after awhile. He was lame two or three weeks, first, though. That was the time gran'ther rode Squire Holt's racer, which was considered quite a feat for a man ninety years old, which he was that very day.

"Squire Holt made a dinner party for him, because it was his birthday, and as Nimrod was laid by, he sent his own horse, Agawam, for him to ride. When mother saw the squire's colored boy, Pete, come leading him into the yard, she ran to the door, with a glass jar in one hand and a spoon in the other—for she was making gooseberry jam—and cried out,—

"'O Pete, the squire doesn't expect father to ride *that* horse, does he?'

"'He *do*, missis,' said Pete, grinning till he seemed to be pretty much all teeth.

"'Well, I cannot consent to it, and you may lead him home, and tell your master I said so,' said mother; but just then, out came gran'ther, all in his Sunday best—his cocked hat, his silver buckles, and his spandy clean band, while his face looked as fresh as a rose, for all his ninety years. He smiled on mother, standing there, with her jar and spoon, but when she tried to prevail upon him not to mount the horse, he said,—

"'Don't be alarmed, Annie, I can manage him;' and so he did.

"The creature was pawing and champing, and every now and then making a plunge at Pete as if he would bite his head off, but gran'ther just laid his hand on his neck, and said, 'So, so,' and he grew still as a mouse. It seemed as though the two only had to look in each other's eyes to come to an understanding.

"Seeing that gran'ther was about to mount, without going to the block, I ran in and got a chair, but he put his foot into the stirrup, and actually swung himself into the saddle from the ground. Then we expected nothing but Agawam would stretch out his nose, and start off on a run; but no such thing! He just struck into a slow trot, as natural as if he had done nothing but carry elderly gentlemen all his life.

"O, Agawam was a wise beast; wiser than a good many human beings. He could beat any horse in the county at a race, and I have heard them say he could be trusted to run without a rider. He was a great white creature, with a beautiful mane and tail.

NIMROD.

"Well, mother felt so worried about gran'ther, that she went up to the garret window, and watched him all the way to Mr. Holt's house, but Agawam kept the same even pace, clear to the door, and brought gran'ther home again safe at night, too.

"Pete came to take the horse back, and seeing how docile he had been with gran'ther, he thought *he* might venture to ride him. But Agawam had his favorites, and Pete wasn't one of them; so, although he stood quite still, and allowed the boy to clamber on to his back, no sooner was he fairly seated, than he threw up his heels and sent him flying over the fence, into the garden.

"We thought he was surely killed, but he had the good luck to fall into the rhubarb bed, and was up like a jumping Jack. He had to walk home, though, for by this time Agawam was out of sight.

"I must say that it has always seemed a very strange thing to me, that creatures without the gift of reason, or the gift of speech, should know so much, and creatures that have both, should know so little."

"Do you think that Agawam showed any great wisdom in sending Pete over the fence, grandma?"

"Well, yes, I think he did, considering. He knew the little monkey had no business on his back."

"And then what happened, grandma?"

"Happened? Why nothing particular. You seem to think we lived story-books all the time, with your happenings. If you mean what did gran'ther do next, and what did I do next, why, let me see. Gran'ther said,—

"'Come, Polly, my dear,' and I knew that meant I was to go to his room, and take his hat and coat, and bring him his study gown and slippers. Then, as he was very tired, he said he would have tea in his study that night. There was nothing I liked better than that, it was such a cosy room, and I felt so important, pouring out his tea for him. He had the prettiest china set you ever saw—scarcely larger than a child's toy-set. It was white, dotted with roses, and on each piece were the initials, *L. F.*, for Lucy Forest, his wife. They were given her on her wedding-day."

"Why, grandma, I've seen that tea-set in Aunt Selina's cupboard."

"So you have; I'd forgotten that. Strange that those delicate bits of china should outlast so many people. Lucy Forest has been in her grave a hundred years, yes, and more too, for she died young, poor thing. Well, as I was going to tell you, I spread a clean white cloth on the table,—it was a round table, of solid mahogany"—

"I've seen that, too, grandma; and the queer old straight-backed chairs, that stood in great-grandfather's study."

"You call them *queer*, do you? In my opinion, they're a great deal better than any they make now-a-days; and if the girls had to sit in them, as we did, perhaps they would be able to stand upright, as nature designed they should. So, as I was saying, I spread a clean white cloth on the table, and put on the china cups and plates, and Dinah brought in the tea and the eatables, and we two ate our supper all by ourselves.

"And come to think of it, something *did* happen, after all; for while we were eating, a partridge came and lighted on the window sill. I had never seen one alive before, for they are very timid, you know, and not apt to come near houses, so I ran to look at him. The noise I made frightened him away, and Dan, who was waiting for him, popped him over with his rifle. He picked him up by one leg, and was bringing him to the study, when Dinah came hurrying out of the kitchen to stop him.

"'Don't carry him in there; don't let the parson see him,' we heard her say. 'It's an awful bad sign to have them things come round.'

"'A *bad* sign, do you call it?' said gran'ther, laughing. 'Now I call it a very good one. It's a sign I'm going to have a nice breakfast, that is, unless Dan means to eat it himself.'

"'No, indeed, sir,' said Dan; 'I was jnst bringing it to you, when this foolish woman stopped me.'

"'Foolish, is it?' said Dinah. 'Well, foolish or not, I never knew a partridge to come near a house, but somebody in that house died after it.'

"'I hope we shall all be ready to die, when it is the Lord's will,' said gran'ther; 'but be sure no one will die a minute sooner, because a poor innocent bird lights on my window-sill.'

"That was the way gran'ther always turned every thing to good account; so that some said his week-day preaching was as good as his Sunday preaching. I don't think his admonition appeared to have much effect on Dan and Dinah, though, for we heard them quarrelling, all the time we were eating supper; but may be they thought of it afterwards."

"And did any body die in the house?"

"Not that year, nor the next. Gran'ther died the next but one; but when a man gets to be ninety, he doesn't need a partridge to tell him he hasn't long to live.

"But as gran'ther often said, it matters little, whether life is long or short, so it's well spent."

THE ECHO AT PISA, ITALY.—I once heard a traveller speak of a visit to the baptistery at Pisa, at whose font there is so remarkable an echo. The baptistery, it is known, is a rotunda of most magnificent proportions, with a dome almost sublime in its expanse and elevation. The guide stood near the font and sang a few notes. His voice was not remarkably melodious; but lo! upward it rises, and from the dome comes back to us in tones of inexpressible sweetness. A pause—and again, farther upward, are heard the notes; finer, fainter, sweeter; transfixing one to the spot, and making it easy to imagine some angel had caught these imperfect notes of human utterance, and imparted to them his own celestial sweetness and pathos, causing us to hear a melody which never belonged to them while in this lower region.

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

An Adventurous Journey—The Difficulties in the Way—Harry cannot rescue Tom for Tom has rescued Himself.

It was very difficult to climb up at that particular place. Harry, who was ahead, went to Tom's rescue with great speed, but at length found his progress arrested by a yawning gulf in front of him. He had to go along the wall for a great distance before he could find a place to cross.

The others came to the same spot, and turned aside after Harry, but when they came to where he had crossed none of them dared to try it. They had to wander on further in search of a place, so far away, indeed, that it seemed as though they were turning their backs on Tom. But still the only way by which they could eventually approach him, was by going away from him at first so as to make the circuit of the fallen way.

Meanwhile Harry had crossed and resumed his journey, sometimes leaping from stone to stone, and from arch to arch, at other times running quickly along broad footways, paved with small bricks. At length, as he looked up to get his bearings, he found that Tom had disappeared. A wild horror came over him; the thought that Tom had fallen made him tremble from head to foot, but only stimulated him to fresher and more desperate efforts.

The others, too, had looked up and had seen Harry mounting the ruins with great leaps and bounds, but no Tom waiting to receive him. And the same dread and sickening terror came to them. For a moment their efforts were almost paralyzed, and then they, too, hurried up with renewed efforts.

Harry was far, far ahead of them, leaping recklessly over the ruins, and near the top. At length he reached it. What did he see?

The place where Tom had been seen, was not the outer wall, but the next one inside of it. Between the place where Harry stood and the wall where Tom had been, there were only a few feet of distance, but that wall was narrow and the space between was deep. Beyond this, he could not see what was between Tom's wall and the outer one.

He looked down into the space beneath him, but saw no signs of any mangled form. There were masses of rubbish, but whether they had lately fallen or not he could not tell. It was necessary to get to Tom's wall before he could see any thing or find out any thing.

Passing hastily to the right, therefore, he hurried along and at length came to where the original slabs of stone lay across the walls, bridging over the space between them. Over this he went.

Scarcely had his foot touched the other side when Tom himself gave a spring from some place beneath and stood full before him. Each was as astonished as the other. Tom treated it all as a joke, but the sight of Harry's pale face and eyes moistened with joyful tears, drove away all thought of jesting.

"All right, old boy," he said; "I wouldn't

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have called, but you see I really was in a fix. There, they're all coming. What a shame!"

And with this he waved his hands and shouted at Uncle Zebedee and the other boys, who looked up and gave a loud cry of joy.

"When you see the place," said Tom, "you'll see it was no joke. There was a bit of an arch that I jumped from, and as I sprang, it fell. So I couldn't get back. After I called, though, I saw a jutting stone, and managed to let myself down in such a way that there was only a distance of ten feet below me. I let myself drop on this and then scrambled along over all sorts of rubbish down there. I didn't think of your all taking it so hard. It was a tough pull, though, I can tell you."

With this Tom pointed to the place from which he had emerged. It was the space between the outer and second walls, and was filled with accumulated rubbish. At one spot the rubbish rose up high, and it was here that Tom had let himself drop. After a few glances around and a few more questions, Harry started back, followed by Tom, and soon rejoined the others.

Chapter XVI.

Under Ground—The City of the Dead—Tombs and Chapels—Labyrinthine Passages—A Fearful Discovery—Uncle Zebedee lost in the Roman Catacombs!—The Loud Call!—No Reply.

"Now," said Noah, after they had exhausted the last adventure, "let's visit the Catacombs. We'll have plenty of time."

"The Catacombs? Where are they?"

"They're under the Cathedral of San Sebastian, down the Appian Way."

"What are they doing there?" asked Uncle Zebedee. "Do they bury their priests in them?"

"O, no. The Cathedral happens to be built over them, and the entrance to them is there."

"Well, I 'spose we'd as well go thar as anywhars else," said Uncle Zebedee.

"So I say," remarked Tom.

With these words they set out on their journey. The whole way led them past objects of great interest. The road was bordered with tombs; they passed under venerable gateways, beside ivy-covered monuments, and ruinous triumphal arches, and hallowed sanctuaries. After a walk of about two miles they at length reached the Cathedral of San Sebastian.

The boys had often before spoken of visiting the Catacombs, and all had read much about them, so that they had a very good general idea of their character.

"Nobody knows how far they extend," said Noah. "They are all underneath the city, sometimes story lying under story; and spread out ever so far beyond the walls, just as they do here. They go underneath the Tiber, too. They haven't begun to explore them all yet, although some parts have been all gone over. Whether they will ever get through them all it is hard to tell."

"Why, what's the trouble?"

"The passages are so confused. They run every way. It is an immense labyrinth. Once get out of your way, and you are lost. Haven't you ever heard the story about one of the original explorers? He took a thread with him and unwound it as he went along. Coming to some place, he found some pictures which he wished to copy. So he began to copy them. From these he went to others. At length all of a sudden his torch burnt out. He then tried to find his thread, but had wandered away, and the more he tried to find it the less he was able. Hours and hours passed away, yet there he was, on his hands and knees, feeling for the thread. It seemed endless to him. He grew despairing and fell down, expecting to die there. Just at that moment, as he fell, his hand touched the clew. He sprang up, emerged from the fearful place, and was saved. He found out that he had been in the Catacombs over thirty hours."

"Well, at any rate, that sort of thing don't happen now," said Syd.

"O, I don't know," said Noah, solemnly. "But there's no danger, I suppose, for a guide always goes down with ordinary visitors."

On reaching the place and looking about they saw a priest who could speak a little English. He was the guide to the Catacombs, and in a few minutes he obtained a supply of long candles, one of which he gave to each of the party. Then going through a door in the side of the Cathedral, he led the way down a long flight of steps. Passing through another door at the bottom, they felt a rush of cold air, and entered an excavated passage-way, which was whitewashed. The priest went on, and after a few steps they found themselves walking along this excavated way, which now was no longer whitewashed, and knew that they were in the Catacombs.

The passage-way was from seven to eight feet in height, and from four to five in width; the rock was roughly cut, and bore the mark left by the pick which had been wielded by the Roman *fossor* who cut it. There was no light whatever, except that which came from their candles; and this was at best a feeble and flickering one. The passage wound slightly; and they noticed that many other passages branched off from it on either side, but that nearly all of them were blocked up with stone; some, however, were still open and their mouths yawned gloomily, as though eager to receive them into some darkness from which there might be no escape.

Soon the walls presented a change. They began to be all filled with oblong niches just like the berths in a ship, and ranged one above the other in the same way. Their guide informed them in his broken English, that these were all Christian graves, and had once been shut in with slabs of stone, which had been carried off long ago. For in past ages these had been considered as the graves of martyrs, and most of the immense supply of relics which was sent forth to meet the insatiable demand of the middle ages, issued from this place. Afterwards, when the papal government became aware of the historical importance of these memorials, it gathered what were left and deposited them in the Vatican Museum.

As they went on, the walls still continued filled with these cells; but at length they came to a kind of chamber, formed by widening the walls, or by knocking a wall away that intervened between two passage-ways.

The walls of this chamber bore traces of coloring. These the guide informed them were faded pictures, made by the early Christians, and the chamber itself had been used by them as a chapel. For in the times of fiercest persecution many persons were compelled to fly to this place for refuge; and here they carried on their worship without molestation. Every part of the Catacombs that has yet been explored, contains Christian graves, Christian memorials and Christian chapels. It is evident, that, whatever was the original cause of their formation, they were made use of by the Christians throughout their whole extent, as a place of burial, and as a place of retreat during persecution.

The boys wandered about for a long time, passing through other passage-ways, inspecting other chapels, peeping into graves to see if by any chance there might linger any relics of the dead, and peering down some of the side passages which yawned before them on their way. At length they reached a place in which they had been before. They recognized it by the fact that two passages met here running into one, and the one on the left was walled up and marked with a huge cross.

The guide informed them that if they chose, they might return now, but if they wished, he would take them to some more chapels in another direction.

Noah, to whom he spoke, eagerly requested him to go on, and the guide did so. The other passages and chapels were precisely like what they had seen already, and this general resemblance among all the parts of the gloomy place made it somewhat monotonous.

It was while standing in a chapel that a remark from Tom roused every one to a painful state of excitement.

"Hollo!" he cried. "Where's Uncle Zebedee?"

With a start the others looked round.

Uncle Zebedee was not to be seen!

In a sudden fit of excited fear, they hurried to the nearest passage and listened.

There was no sound of footsteps, no dull glare of any flickering light.

Then they all shouted, again, again, and yet again.

And their voices rolled in muffled echoes down the passages, but from those gloomy, cavernous ways, and from those dark chambers, there came no response!

To be continued.

VERY LITTLE FELLOWS.

The keenest eyes see but little of the handiwork of God. Every drop of water teems with life. You cannot quench your thirst, even with the purest water, without swallowing scores of puny lives. The ocean is stirred by the huge leviathan, who maketh it to boil like a pot. And therein, also, in myriad varieties, are the lesser forms of life, running down to the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them weigh less than a grain.

The atmosphere is full of life, and the dry land swarms with animals of unwritten names and unknown orders, crawling, burrowing, creeping, boring, leaping, running, hopping and flying creatures. Out of sight and beyond the hearing of men are innumerable living things. They inhabit the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat. They move and have their being in sweets and sours—in the toughest flint as well as in the mellow pulp of the peach—in blossoms and fruits, in buds and leaves, in roots and branches, in the bodies of animals—verily, in our own human bodies are tiny tenants—populous colonies of little inhabitants, dwelling and moving in our flesh, all too minute to be seen or comprehended.

Life is everywhere. Little lives are enveloped within large lives. Other little lives are free and isolated independencies. We recently looked through a microscope and examined a drop of rain water. In that single drop we counted near a hundred playful little creatures, apparently as large as the common house-fly, frolicking and frisking about as merrily as minnows in a meadow brook.

How wonderful are the works of the Almighty Hand! In wisdom He hath made them all. How vast the lessons brought to our minds by the telescope, from worlds afar, and by the microscope, from marvels so near, that to the naked eye they are all unseen.—*Journal of Microscopy.*

REWARDS TO THE WORKERS.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!

ALICE CARY.

For the Companion.

SAM GRANGER'S LUCKY STONE.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

"I wish," said Sam Granger, "*I* could find a lucky stone;" gulping down the last bite of his corn-bread and fried clams.

"That's so, my son," said his father. "But ye're sech a keerless feller that ef you walked over lucky stones 's deep 's the sand yonder, ye'd never think to pick 'em up."

Old Job had finished his breakfast also, so he took down his paper, seating himself on the sunny door-sill of the cottage, which overlooked the sea. The baby, Phil, old Barker, the dog, and presently puss herself, came up alongside of him, and there they all sat in the sun together.

"I knowed a feller what found a lucky stone," he resumed, deliberately. "Well, sir, whatever that man teched was 's good 's gold. Pilotin', or house-carpentrin', or crops, whatever he undertook he cleared money at. Well, Rehoboth Pint couldn't keep *him*. He growed too big for it, an' left. But a man what haint got a lucky stone, it's all chance with, ye see. He may succeed or he mayn't. It depends on things outside of him. He haint the luck in his pocket, as one might say. Hillo, mother, want to go out? See here, you young 'uns, we're in the way," lounging up, quite as lazy when he stood as when he sat, dog, cat and baby keeping close at his heels. "Goin' out to milk, Sam? That's right. Alluz help yer mother. Well, I b'lieve I'll go down and see to the tide. I haint got nothin' peticlar to do this mornin', as I knows on;" and off he and his troop went across the sand, keeping in the hottest sunshine they could find.

Job never had "any thing peticlar to do." Neither had Sam; nor in fact any body who lived in the cottages on Rehoboth Point. They "progged" for a living, as their grandfathers had done before them, and as their grandchildren are doing now. That is, they kept a hound or two, and guns, and fishing tackle, and when hunger pressed them, went to the woods or sea, instead of a market place, and soon brought home plenty of choice food, without money and without price. The refuse they sold, and so provided the cheap clothes they needed.

Just fourteen years had Sam been employed at this work, varying his labors by sitting on the beach watching the schooners go by on their way to Delaware Bay, or by listening to the stories his father and his cronies told day by day, year in and year out, of shipwrecks, or ghosts, or lucky stones, or unlucky signs which men had disregarded to their own destruction.

He was beginning to tire of this sort of life. He wanted to go to the big town of this sleepy, sunny district; to go into a drug shop, to go to school—to—he hardly knew what; such wild ambitions possessed his soul.

He was afraid to tell any body about it but his mother. Nobody ever wanted to do any thing but "prog" at Rehoboth Point. Nobody ever had done any thing but prog at Rehoboth Point, except the man who was said to have found the lucky stone, and moved away from it with his strange, mysterious fortune.

His mother, who was not Rehoboth-born, could understand him.

"What's the chances, Sammy?" she said, as they were milking in the cow-yard together.

"I think they're first-rate, mother. Bengie Larp, he knows Dr. Lex, down in Lewiston, and the doctor he wants a boy to learn the drug business. He'd give him three hours a day to go to school, and board him, and give him a suit of clothes the first year. That was the terms. And Dr. Lex 's to be down at Benjie's father's today, and I'm to go over an' see him. It would be a great thing, I tell you. The doctor's shop 's the only one in Lewiston except one other, which is groceries and clothes-stuffs, and a post-office. If I only had a lucky stone I'd be sure of a chance."

"I don't altogether believe in them lucky stones," said his mother, hesitatingly, after a pause. "Yer father never *saw* one, you know, Sammy—not actually."

Sam was in too great a hurry to argue the point. He finished the milking, fed the pigs, churned the week's saving of cream, whistling or humming a tune all the time. He couldn't bear to leave his mother at work. The truth was, Sam was perpetually turning in to help somebody through with their work. There wasn't a boy better known along shore for his neighborly ways or his jokes.

"Well, I'm off, ' he said, at last. "Kite this here old shoe after me, mother."

"Ye're very keen to leave old mammy," laughing; but her eyes were wet as she took the shoe.

"No, I aint. But there's nothin' ever turns up at Rehoboth to give a fellow a chance."

"There's chances to be helpful and willin' everywhere," said his mother, "and Sammy's the boy to find them," she added, as he passed down the beach, throwing the shoe after him, with a prayer in her heart for her boy. It was out of the course of nature for any body to leave the Point, and it would be a hard pang to part with Sam; but it would be, as he said, a great thing to have him come back some day out of the great world a scholar and a gentleman.

Sam passed his father, old Jacob Renn, the dog and the baby, all lying flat on a great heap of clam and oyster shells that covered a couple of acres of the beach, their glaring white reflected by the sun, torture to any eyes but that of a Rehoboth Pointer. Renn and Job were quibbing diligently through the bed.

"Hi, Sam."

"Yes, father."

"Well, nothin' peticlar. I thought you might like to jine us. We're lookin' for these queer stones. Look a' there," holding out a singularly shaped bit of granite, which Sam examined, and thrust carelessly into his trousers pocket. "I don't know," said Job, "as I ever saw that sort afore in these here beds, often as I've gone over them. We've been over this bed nigh onto a million times, I reckon, Jacob."

"Nigh," grunted Renn.

"And alluz found some'at new. Them Injuns was curus human bein's. Goin' on, Sammy? Won't stay, hey?"

Sam shook his head and struck across the Indian heap, kicking deep holes as he went. He walked on for about twenty minutes, growing restless and short-breathed as he approached Larp's, where he was to meet the doctor. Just then he saw two men come out of the low, dirt-colored cottage and go down the sands, closely followed by his friend Benjie. All three had their hands in their pockets and talked with knit brows and solemn shakes of the head. Yet they were only discussing a school of porpoises near shore.

"That's Larp and Ben. That big man's a foreigner. That must be the doctor."

Sam turned directly toward them and came up behind, his heart beating loudly. His hands were also in his pockets. He gave a quick look all about him, at the hot noon sky, the vast plane of the almost motionless sea, the silent yellow beach, with his father and Renn, like two black specks on it. Then he gave a gulping breath, and came up to the men.

"No, sir. The biggest porpoises as ever I see. Hillo, doctor, here's that boy as Benjie told you about—Job Granger's son."

Doctor Lex turned a broad, good-humored face and a pair of keen gray eyes on Sam. "Morning," he said, nodding abruptly.

"Morning, sir," said Sam. Then the men went on with their porpoise-talk. It is not the habit of people along shore to rush into business as townsfolk do, with their heads down and eyes shut, as one may say.

At last, however, a solemn silence ensued, Dr. Lex broke it with a preparatory cough.

"You've a mind to try the drug business, Samuel, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I like your face. I've known Job Granger, boy and man, for forty year, and I'm willing to trust the stock. It's honest, Larp."

"That's so," said Larp, nodding once or twice.

"You've heard the terms. Two year for you

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to learn the business. I to provide clothes, good and plain, and board."

"And time for schoolin'?" interposed Sam.

"Yes—yes. That's but reasonable. You to give me your services and fifty dollars bonus."

"Bonus? Fifty dollars!" gasped Sam.

"Yes. Didn't Benjie tell you? That's my terms. Plenty of boys round Lewiston ready for the place at that money. Couldn't give it, eh?"

Sam shook his head, and suddenly turning, walked off. He could not speak for the choking in his throat. Fifty dollars! Why, his father had never had that much money at once in his life.

Dr. Lex called after him. The boy's face had touched him. He was one of the easiest, kindest-hearted old fellows in Delaware.

"Say, Sam! As it's your father's son, we'll say forty. Let the ten go."

"I couldn't raise it, sir."

"Don't be hasty. Go home and talk it over. Come down to-night to friend Larp's and let me know."

Sam bowed and walked hastily away. He never was so miserable in all his life before. The world had shut all its doors against him then and there. He went down to the Indian shell-bed, where he had left his father, and finding nobody there, lay down and covered up his face.

Meanwhile Larp and the doctor sauntered on to Granger's cottage, and finding Job at home with his wife, opened the whole matter to them.

Job was amazed to such a degree that the pipe went out in his mouth.

"Our Sam? Lewiston? By George, gentlemen, I—I'm astonished. Haint the boy a comfortable home an' enough to eat at Rehoboth 's long 's he lives? But I say, mother, it was danged clever in him to think of it! Hey?"

"You think you will pay the bonus, then, Job?"

"Forty dollars!" with a shout. "How could I raise forty dollars now, doctor? Larp knows. Barely kin keep body and soul together, toil and moil as I may. No, sir. Unless Sam finds a lucky stone he's got to stay at Rehoboth."

Sam lay still on the beach until the sun began to go down and the heated air cooled. He raised his head at last, and wiped his red eyes. It was nearly time to bring the cows home. His mother must not have the long walk in the hot sands. Just as he stood up he caught sight of a queer figure at the other end of the bed of shell. It was a stranger, or as Sam would have said, a foreigner, at Rehoboth. A tall, exceedingly thin man, dressed in black, who was stooping and poking eagerly with his cane among the shells, stopping now and then to wipe and adjust his spectacles.

"That fellow's lost something," muttered Sam. His first impulse was, as usual, to hurry up and offer his aid. But his disappointment had made him surly.

"He kin help himself. Folks don't help me," striding off across the sand. The stranger looked mildly after him, and bent again to his search.

In five minutes Sam was beside him, with a pleasant, ashamed-looking face.

"Can I help you, sir? Lost any thing?"

"No, no. I was trying to find something lost many years ago."

"By the Injuns, likely? They left these heaps."

"O, you know that, do you? You never find curious little objects here do you, my lad? Bone needles, arrow heads, crockery?" The tall, thin man peered down, breathless, at the boy.

"I don't know what they call the jimcracks. Here's one," pulling the stone out of his pocket.

"Eh? What? Did you find this here? I'll buy it of you. No, don't take it back. I really must have it. Set a price on it, boy."

Sam was on the point of saying, "Keep the rubbish, sir," when a sudden thought struck him. "I—I don't know what it's worth," he stammered.

"Would five dollars—six? I really must have it. Pray put your price on it."

"I've got a lot of things father's rooted out of this here heap," cried Sam, in too great eagerness to speak plainly. "He's give 'em to me to do what I liked with."

"Go at once for them. Stay! stop! There's another gentleman with me. A short, red-haired man. If you meet him on the beach do not let him see the specimens for your life! Not for your life! I must have them all."

"I'm quite willing." Sam dashed across the beach, into the back door of the cottage, and up into his own room, where, stored in a closet, were the bits of crockery and oddly-shaped implements for which he had hitherto found no other use than to serve as playthings for the baby.

Unseen, he made his way out and was soon displaying his treasures to his new friend, who gloated over them with hungry, greedy eyes.

"You did not see any other stranger on your way? We only heard of these beds last week, but, really, I did not expect them to prove such a mine."

"What do you ask for these things, now?"

Sam hesitated a moment and then said, "I don't know what to ask, sir. If I'd met you yesterday, I'd have given them to you for nothing and welcome. But I want money to-day, badly. I never knew, till you told me, that they were worth any thing. I'll trust to you to give me a fair price."

The gentleman looked into Sam's honest face with almost as much interest as he had shown in the specimens.

"You shall have a fair price for them," he said. "Some of them are worth but little, but others are very valuable." He turned them over carefully, stopped a moment, as if to count, and then opening his pocket-book, took out six new ten dollar bills, and put them into Sam's hand. "And—and stay!" catching him by the arm, after he had stammered out his thanks; "if your father finds any more, let him send word to me—here is my card. And don't say a word to the red-headed man, not for your life!"

In five minutes Sam was back in the cottage, the wonderful tale told, the forty dollars counted out on Dr. Lex's knee, and the twenty thrust into his mother's hand.

"This is for you, mother. O, you dear little woman, you!" with a shout and hug.

"I thought as long as you'd help others, you'd carry the lucky stone," she said, with a sob.

"Why, that *was* the lucky stone!" cried Job, trotting up and down triumphantly. "Haint I been a searchin' for it for years? Job Granger alluz had this day in view when he was a toilin' and a moilin' on that there shell heap, and so I tell you, Larp."

CHILDLIKE.

Do like a child, and lean and rest
  Upon thy Father's arm;
Pour out thy troubles on His breast,
  And thou shalt know no harm;
Then shalt thou by His hand be brought
  On ways which now thou knowest not,
Up through a well-fought fight,
To heavenly peace and light.

GERHARDT.

For the Companion.

MINNIE HOLLAND'S BROTHER.

By Alice Robbins.

There seemed nothing glad, or good, or beautiful in Minnie Holland's home.

Her mother was a silent woman, undemonstrative and sad. To her the world was very cheerless; she had grown up from a cheerless childhood with this belief, and consequently she was not calculated to make home happy.

Minnie's father was a hard working mechanic. It seemed all he could do to put bread in the mouths at home, and pay for the rent. He, too, seldom talked of any thing beside business matters. As for affection, if her father had smiled at her, at any time, in token of approbation or love, it would have frightened her. He rarely did that, even to Charlie, the big armful of childish whims and oddities, that so often taxed her strength to hold.

There was one boy beside Charley and herself, a Hercules of a fellow, six feet high, and broad of shoulders, who had always been far out of her reach. He was seldom at home; why should he be? There was the old, unvarying picture—a square room, carpetless, with a few old cane-seat chairs, much dilapidated, a square table, plain and uncompromising, no cloth to cover its unvarnished face, no pictures on the walls, nothing lovely or graceful. There sat the mother, her foot upon the rocker of the ungainly cradle, knitting, or darning, or mending; there sat Minnie, with her dreary patchwork, or well-thumbed lesson book, and if the father was at home, he snored in the corner.

"What is the reason?" queried Minnie, petulantly; and that same question was always on her lips. At school, at the homes of her playmates, that always looked cheerful and comfortable, she was perpetually asking herself, "What is the reason?"

Her mother surprised her one day in tears. She was coming out of the untidy back yard, where she had been hanging up clothes, and Charley's fat legs were dangling from Minnie's lap.

"Why, child!" said Mrs. Holland, pausing, "are you sick?"

Minnie could not speak for downright sobbing, but she managed to shake her head.

"Are you tired, then? Give me the baby."

"No, I aint ti-tired," responded the girl, brokenly. "I'm never tired."

"Come, I must see to this," said Mrs. Holland, with more real interest than she had thrown into her voice for years. "What is the matter?"

"I'm, I'm just sick of every thing," cried Minnie, defiantly, with disgust in her voice. "We don't live like any body. We never have any thing nice, never have any company, nor any fun. I think it's awful."

Mrs. Holland's thin cheek flushed with anger, and her eyes sparkled, as she caught Charley from the girl's lap.

"You are wicked and ungrateful," she said, in excited tones. "Haven't you a home, and parents, and opportunities such as I never had, when I was a girl? I'm ashamed of you, and if you want better than you get, why go out and earn it; we can't afford it."

With these words she took Charley and went into the next room, growing more and more indignant.

"Go out and earn it;" the words fell hot upon Minnie's ears. She was frightened and miserable. What could she do, a girl of fifteen? To be sure she was strong and capable, but she knew nothing that could be a source of income to her. She had neither trade, nor unusual natural abilities, but she felt as if in that one sentence she had been banished from home.

Mrs. Holland wore an offended look for several hours. She could not understand the child that she had seen grow up under her eyes, year after year. *She* was contented to drudge and delve; why could not Minnie be? The girl had got new-fangled notions in her head, and all because of going with companions better off than herself.

One day, not long after this, Harry, the tall man-son, was brought home with a badly sprained ankle. Day after day, he laid or sat on the old faded, calico-covered lounge, sometimes reading, sometimes grumbling, but oftener watching his sister, than any thing else.

"How womanly and gentle she was!" he thought to himself, more than once, and what a delightful nurse she made! Besides, she was growing pretty. None of the girls he knew, he said, could hold a candle to her, for purity and delicacy of complexion. He saw, too, now that he had begun to think, that she sometimes wore a depressed and listless air; that her dresses were scanty and faded. One evening, when they were alone together, these ideas assailed him with peculiar force.

She caught his eye fixed on her, and smiled.

"You'll soon be well," she said; "how tiresome it must be!"

"Tiresome! that isn't the word; it's torture! How can you endure it?"

"I'm a girl," she said, quietly; "I have to."

The plaint in her voice made him uneasy. He shifted his position.

"But I thought women didn't care," he ventured again.

"About what?"

"Why, when it's dull, you know, as it is here. I tell you, the figures on those old yellow curtains almost drove me mad, the first day or two; but I never thought *you* cared."

"I like beautiful things too well," said Minnie, sadly.

"By Jove!" he cried, impetuously, "if you like beautiful things, I pity you."

"If I only knew where to go, how to earn money!" Minnie continued, after a short silence. "Mrs. Mills wants a girl to do housework. I believe I'll go till I can earn enough to buy a carpet for the floor, or some clothes."

"What!" cried Harry, with a start.

"Yes, I'm a burden; I can only help mother a little, and then I have to be clothed and fed. That costs money."

"Yes, and you are worth all it costs; you, working from morning till night! Go into Mrs. Mills' kitchen! I think I see you."

"I am quite willing to," half sighed his sister.

Harry was silent for a long while, and then he broke out, all at once,—

"It's not a bad room, if it was fixed up a little."

"O, no," Minnie responded, looking up with a flush and a smile.

"A carpet, a book-case, some flowers, chairs re-covered, new curtains—I wonder what it would all cost. Minnie, just get your pencil."

Minnie felt as if she were in a dream. Mechanically she procured a pencil and some paper.

"Put down twenty cents a day for beer and cigars, ten dollars a quarter for membership in a boat club, and a dollar a week for extras, such as lunches, and treating the boys in the works." Harry was in a machine shop. "That's how much?"

"Thirty-eight dollars and eighty cents," said Minnie, promptly.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Minnie," he said, after a few moments of silence, "I'll pledge myself to put a fifty dollar bill in your hands, three months from the day I get out. You sha'n't be old before your time. If nobody else will take care that you don't die of sameness, I will."

Minnie's pencil dropped from her fingers.

"What! give up your cigars?"

"Yes, and beer, too. I've had a good lesson, these two weeks past. Why, I wonder you don't die of inanition. Bolton owes me some money; I'll take it out in paint; he shall come up to-morrow. I don't care for the boat club. It's an expensive pleasure, and I'm no sailor, but I do care for my pretty little sister."

"O, Harry!" and before he knew it, she had his face in both her hands, and was kissing him between the tears, murmuring her gratitude.

Didn't life look fairer and sweeter to her from that day? Her duties took on a new meaning, now that she knew somebody cared for her. She spent her time in planning all the pretty arrangements she intended to make.

Six months from that time, you would hardly have known the house. The square room was carpeted, and painted, and curtained. A bright cloth made the uncouth table graceful. There was a set of new chairs, there were flowers in the windows, there were many little tasteful devices, planned by Minnie and Harry.

Mrs. Holland did not refuse to sit in the low sewing-chair, or to use the tasteful work-basket, that had lately come in. Somehow every thing brightened up. Harry brought home a book, now and then, and the shelves began to fill bravely. Mr. Holland slept less in the corner, and Minnie went about the house, singing.

Strange things happen. There is a piano in the square room, to-day, and Mrs. Holland has lost that careworn look, that sense of "goneness," of which she had so often complained. She did not know, before, that she missed any thing that might have rounded her life into completeness, but the absence of softness and beauty told.

All this new order of things came of a little self-denial, and a good deal of love. Minnie often wishes there were more Harrys in the world; so do I.

For the Companion.

A FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

By Prof. James De Mille.

A number of boys were playing down by the seashore in one of our Northern bays. All were undressed. Some were swimming, while others, who were not masters of that useful accomplishment, were moving about in the water at various depths. It was a beautiful day, the water was quite warm, and it was just the place and time when a boy feels inclined to desert the land and enjoy the exhilaration of a sea bath.

The beach was a very pleasant place for bathing. The tide there rose high, but it was quite low now; and a large extent of sea bottom was uncovered. Bordering on the shore was a gravelly beach, next to this came an expanse of hard sand, and below this there were mud flats.

From the sandy beach there ran out toward the sea a long, low, narrow wharf. This was nowhere more than two feet in height, and was merely used as a landing place for boats at different times of tide. From the side of this wharf it was possible to find deep water without having to wade far.

The swimmers were at the end of the wharf sporting in the deep water,—the smaller boys who could not swim, were wading in the shallows on one side of the wharf.

"Look at little Harry Drake," said one of the boys. "He's beginning to learn."

"Good, again," cried another.

"Hurrah for you, Harry."

Harry's head only was visible. His chin was under water, his little arms were striking out vigorously, and he was moving slowly forward.

"He's only shamming," cried one of the spectators.

"His feet are on the bottom," cried another.

Both of these spectators were somewhat envious, because they themselves could not yet swim.

"He isn't swimming. Don't you see his feet?"

"No, I don't."

"Why there they are, as plain as day."

"Well, I don't see them."

"Come this way, Harry. Here, Harry! Harry! Come this way, and show whether you can swim or not."

The boy who thus defended Harry was one of those who could swim, and consequently had no room for envy.

At this call Harry turned, and facing the boys, began to swim toward them.

For a few moments he swam on, until at length he seemed to grow tired and stopped to take breath. He stood upright in the water, which was up to his breast. Then he began to swim once more.

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Suddenly there came over his face a spasm of what seemed like horror, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, a sudden exclamation escaped from his lips. He flung himself backward, and giving up all attempts at swimming, tried to run in the deep water.

At the same moment the boys were horrified to behold in the water, the dark outlines of some sea monster slowly circling about Harry. It had swum toward him, perhaps its scaly, bristly back had touched his tender flesh as it passed, and then it had turned.

Harry was almost frantic with utter horror. There was only one thought in his mind, and that was flight to the shore. Cries arose from all the other boys, who stood for a moment in terror almost equal to that of Harry.

"Run to the shore!" "Come to the wharf!" "Go back!" "Turn to the right!" "Turn to the left!"

The noise was so startling that the boys at the end of the wharf and in the water there, were roused by it and came running to the spot.

"What is it?" cried one of them, who was the largest and strongest of them all, as he reached the place.

"A shark!" said those who stood there watching the evolutions of the monster, with white lips and staring eyes.

Meanwhile Harry had worked his way through the water till it was but little higher than his waist, and rushed on faster with great leaps. The fish had circled about in his rear, and seemed deterred by the boys' splashing. At length, however, it grew bolder, and as Harry made a bound forward, which carried him into somewhat shoaler water, the monster darted forward immediately in front of him. Harry, who had begun to have hope, gave a wild yell and shrank back. The fish swept by.

"This way! Come here! We'll fight him off," cried the largest boy, seizing a boat hook that lay on the wharf, and jumping into the water. Harry saw him, and heard him, and hurried in that direction. The other boys all seized stones and flung them into the water at the fish, a proceeding which seemed to make him more cautious. Thus they tried to keep back the shark; one by dashing and splashing the boat hook in the water, the others by throwing the largest stones they could find.

As Harry came near him, the big boy flung out his pole, and Harry seized it. The boy jumped upon the wharf, and jerked Harry toward him. A cry arose, "The shark! the shark!" Behind him the sharp fin of the monster cut the surface of the water, as in his fierce eagerness to seize his victim he darted straight toward him. But Harry was already within reach,—a dozen eager hands were outstretched, and he was jerked violently out of the water upon the wharf.

He was saved.

Scarcely had his feet left the water when the shark came swiftly up. He was so fierce, and came with such swiftness, that before he could turn he had darted into shoal water, and became entangled among some rocks and seaweed.

The monster beat the water with his tail, and endeavored to force his way through the seaweed and over the shoal.

"He's caught! At him! At him!" cried the big boy, using his boat hook.

At this all the boys made a rush for the shore, and seizing the largest stones they could find, they sprang to the side of the wharf. One boy hurled a huge stone with all his force, full upon the monster's head. The boy with the boat hook drove it with terrible violence deep into his back again and again. The other boys hurled stones with their utmost strength. Even little Harry took part in the assault. The thought of his narrow escape from the ferocious monster excited such a thirst for vengeance that he forgot all his late terror, and rose at once out of his exhaustion. Seizing a pole which belonged to a sail-boat that was at the wharf, he ran to the scene of strife.

The shark was plunging and tossing, but the blows had evidently weakened him. At that instant the boat hook came down for the twentieth time upon his torn back. With something like a gasp, the shark turned on his side and opened his horrid jaws.

At that instant Harry plunged his pole into the monster's throat. The fish closed his jaws over it like a vice. Harry pulled at it, but the monster held on.

He shouted to the other boys for help. A half-a-dozen of them caught hold of the pole. The boy with the boat hook plunged his weapon into the fish, and while the others pulled he pushed. Thus pushing and pulling they dragged the monster along in spite of his twistings and writhing, until he was in water so shallow as to render his escape impossible. Here they soon dispatched him.

On opening the fish, they found in its stomach a huge, bony sculpin, and the jaws were taken as a trophy of their victory, and of Harry's escape.

IN LONDON.

From a Correspondent.

Great St. Paul's and Charity Children's Day.

St. Paul's, next to St. Peter's church in Rome, is the noblest piece of architecture of which the world can boast. So "they say." It doubtless requires great familiarity to see grace and beauty in it. It is called by sight-seers wondrously beautiful. The dome is twice the height of Trinity steeple, in New York. It is five hundred and ten feet in depth. Looking up from the floor to the dome, one sees magnificent frescoing; it is like being in an immense forest of interlacing trees, to look down its "long immensities of nave."

And on "Charity children's day," how shall I describe the scene? A great amphitheatre under the dome, filled by five thousand little children! Sometimes I could not see them for tears in my eyes; but O, what a sight!

This immense garden of human flowers, this gathered congregation of little innocent hearts, raising their five thousand bird-like voices, that ring out and ring over the mighty space, filling every stately corner with melody.

The great company of little children, many of them motherless and fatherless, gathered from every nook of gray old London. How I wished they could all have been there—all the worse than orphaned, or homeless babes, many of whom I meet, day after day, with such hard, worldly, shrunken, defiant faces.

Many of the little children were beautiful, with cheeks like fresh roses, and bright locks of golden hue, and the sweet blue eyes one meets so often, here in England. There they sat, row upon row, sparkling and smiling upon us, their rosebud lips all in motion, and many a line of pearly teeth disclosed.

I shall never forget "Charity children's day," never. When I think of the great multitude of heaven, I shall always have before me that great and beautiful multitude of babes, cared for by kind hearts, rescued from loneliness and vice.

The Lord Bishop of London was there, in all the splendor of his office. He has a kindly, shrewd and thoughtful face, and seems like a very earnest man. But bishops, and princes, and peers of the realm had no attraction to me, in the presence of those dear little children. They were pictures, flags, decoration, statuary, every thing. When the great organ notes thrilled through and through the mighty space, and the sweet, piping voices lifted up their hymns of praise, I think the place must have been full of angels, to witness the happy sights.

England loves to show off these things, pompously, with staves and colors. The Right Honorable this, and her gracious highness that, may bustle about, sure of a fine notice in the next morning's *Times;* but no matter for that; their hearts are in the work, if they *are* dressed in purple and fine linen. What a task it would have been to kiss those five thousand children, singly, and yet I wanted to. Gaze where I would, the little faces all looked joyous, fresh and happy, and quite sweet enough to kiss.

Not so with the ragged school we went to see a few hours afterward. The room was down a dark, narrow, arched passage-way, and had no attractions, to my eyes, whatever. Three benches full of stolid-faced urchins, who seemed as stupid as if they had every one been dosed with opium that morning, stared at us as we entered. Mechanically they went through their tasks, with monotonous, sing-sing voices.

One baby, with lack-lustre eyes—she could not have been more than three years old—was busily employed with picking up a feather, looking at it with dreamy eyes, and then throwing it aside. Presently she would seem to miss something, look vacantly round, find the feather, and go over the same performance, again and again. Many of the poor, neglected little things wore ragged clothes.

"It would be no use to dress them, miss," said the neat little teacher; "their clothes would be taken mostly to the pawnbrokers', and they would be worse off than ever."

"And do they learn any thing?"

"O yes, miss; we've fitted several so that they can be trained very nicely as servants, and they like to sing, it seems to lighten them."

I thought they needed something to lighten them, as I gazed upon the dark walls and cheerless windows. "How would these poor creatures act in the country?" I said, involuntarily.

"They think a deal of the country, miss, and in hop-picking time they get wild to go. I think after they come home, having had their fill of fresh air, and seeing the grass and the wild flowers, they behave better for a time."

Who can wonder?

Leaving this utterly prosaic ragged school, we came, after a few steps, to a pawnbroker's window. One might, in any of our cities, be decoyed into a decent shop of that ilk, by the utter absence of the most objectionable features of such a place; but from these Old World, pauper-full pawnbrokers' shops, one might say, in the words of the Litany, "Good Lord, deliver us."

Such tales of poverty in those battered bonnets, those shoes nearly worn out, and one would think impossible to draw on the most callous foot! Such poor, shrivelled, stained baby garments. Such ragged, fluffy old shawls, full of grease and creases! Such hats! hats that have been kicked like paving stones, knocked from frowsy heads, sat upon, and formed the unsightly protuberance that takes the place of glass in squalid homes; hats that have danced in drunken glee, hats that have laid in the gutter, keeping the head of some poor wretch company.

An old, broken flatiron; a teapot, with the nose gone; a set of pewter spoons, battered out of shape; a headless doll; a calico waist with the sleeves torn out; a skipping rope full of knots; an old, black Bible, whose cover shows plainly that its chief use contributed to the keenness of a dull razor; a black string, with three gold beads upon it, each bead bearing the impress of childish teeth. When the beads were newly strung, upon whose white neck did they shine, I wonder?

An opera cloak, originally of white satin, now frayed and crumpled out of all comeliness; the pink silk lining hanging in faded strips that show, here and there, touches of its once bright hade; the strings dirty, limp, untwisted, the tassels gone. Some duchess may have worn it, originally. For even duchesses sell old clothes, sometimes to their waiting-maids, sometimes to the shops. Pawnbrokers are familiar with the back stairs of grand houses, else where could the mountains of old finery be put? That pitiful opera-cape has probably fallen in respectability, as gradually as some people do. First the duchess, then the young lady of good family, who wishes still to make a show, but has no money. Then the poor concert singer, who feels nerved up by her inexpensive finery; then the stout girl, who helps in the beer shops; then the servant who flaunts it at the penny theatre; then the street tramp, who, perchance, in her poverty and despair, exchanges it for a drop of whiskey, and so it goes down, lower and lower, till it leers, like a miserable, crestfallen cape, that feels that it has once been respectable, from the two-cent window of the pawnbroker of beggary.

As I stood there, I saw a woman come round the corner, tidily dressed, her hair smooth, and her eyes red as if with recent weeping. In her arms she carried a pretty baby, whose tiny features and round eyes reminded me of a wax doll that was once one of my most valued possessions.

The woman's fingers were nervously and hurriedly wrenching off the baby's small shoes, but the moment she saw me, she covered them both with one of her hands, and passed me by with a half defiant glance.

It needed no words to tell me that the little worn shoes were destined for the horrible window, of which I had just taken an inventory, and I would have given anything to learn that tidy woman's history. It might be that she wanted drink, but there was nothing in her honest face that led me to think so. I am sure she would have felt insulted if I had given her an alms.

ALICE.

HELIGOLAND.

"The mother of mischief is no bigger than a midge's wing," says an old proverb; and a great deal of truth is there in the saying, as the experience of almost all men but too sadly proves, and also the experience of those masses of men that are called nations.

Just now, England and Germany are not feeling comfortably towards each other because the former is mistress of a little island of which the latter fain would become master.

If the reader will turn to a map that has the North Sea, or German Ocean, on it, and look to about the fifty-fourth degree of latitude, and the eighth degree of longitude, he will see a little speck, or islet, and note that it has the long name of *Heligoland*, or *Helgoland*, which means Holy Land.

This mere speck in the waste of ocean is only about a mile in length, and is less than half a mile in width; and it is daily becoming less in size from the washings of the waves, which are ever wearing it out, so that in process of time the waters will be spread over its present site, and it will live only in name, unless measures are taken to protect it from the chafings of the sea.

The number of people on this islet is about two thousand, and it produces nothing, or next to nothing, so that its disappearance would not be much noticed if its position did not cause it to represent certain great principles.

The island is not only as old as the hills, but it has been known almost as long as the valleys that lie between these hills. Thousands of years ago it was known as a sacred place of great fame.

There was a sacred grove in it, with a temple, where the heathen goddess *Hertha* was worshipped by the barbarous peoples of the North, ages before Christianity was preached by the Sea of Galilee. *Hertha* is supposed to represent our kind and venerable parent, Mother Earth. Hence the island's name,—Holy Land. Denmark owned this island as late as the year 1807, when England took it,—and her ownership was subsequently confirmed by treaties, and she has ever since held it.

The Germans now desire to add it to their empire. It is, they say, so near their coast—from which it is separated by only a few miles—that it ought to be theirs. Besides, the French made use of it in the late war, and it might be used against Germany in future wars.

Opinion is very strongly expressed on this point in Germany. Accordingly, Prince Bismarck, a short time since, made a proposition to England that the island should be ceded to Germany, which would pay for it.

The English government—through Earl Granville, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—replied, positively refusing to listen to the Germanic proposition.

The German minister tried again, and gave the reasons why Germany desired to acquire the island, but all the answer he got was a short repetition of that which had been sent to his first proposal, with some words added that were by no means calculated to please him.

It can hardly be possible that at present, at least, serious results will follow this curt refusal to comply with the wishes of the Germans. But such brusque treatment is not generally forgotten, either by individuals or nations, especially when it is associated with disappointment, and it may lead to trouble and complications in the future.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Canadians are public-spirited, and are making their mark, and making it deeply, upon America. As a people they have grown rapidly, and have exhibited great industry, skill and enterprise.

Just now they have a grand project in view. British America, like the United States of America, stretches from ocean to ocean. It begins almost with the beginning of land in the Atlantic, and does not stop until it reaches the Pacific. Like ourselves, the Canadians are ocean bound.

In view of this fact, the Canadians propose to construct a railway that shall unite on their territory the shores of the two oceans. It is a gigantic undertaking, and they have entered upon it with earnestness. Surveys are to be made

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simultaneously at the two extremes of the line by about twenty parties of engineers. When these are completed, and the necessary information obtained, as to the character and cost of the work, then measures will be taken to obtain the money for the construction of the road.

This project of a Canadian continental highway, is a child of our continental roads. It certainly would not have been thought of at this time, had they not been undertaken and to a certain extent completed.

Our Pacific Railway of 1869 was the child of the civil war. Many years must have passed before it could have been completed had not our government given it aid. The operating force that caused this aid to be given, was fear that the Pacific States might at some future time secede, unless measures were taken to bind them to the East. The result has shown the wisdom of the movement.

The Canadians have the sagacity to profit by our example. The effect will be beneficial to this country as well as theirs.

PRESIDENTIAL VISITS AND RECREATIONS.

In no respect have the times changed so much within, what is called, living memory, as in the ease with which great and long journeys can be made by men, without interfering with their business, whether public or private.

The time was when a President of the United States was almost wholly confined to Washington during his term of service. If he made a distant journey, a great deal of time was consumed, and the business of the government was apt to suffer.

Most of the early Presidents, however, did travel to some extent. Washington, who died before the city of Washington became the national capital, visited both the North and the South; and also went to his estate in Virginia.

John Adams came to Massachusetts; and Mr. Jefferson went to his estate in Virginia, but neither made other journeys. Mr. Madison was a very retiring man, and but little was seen of him by his constituents. Mr. Monroe was the first President who visited Boston, after Washington. John Quincy Adams visited his Massachusetts home, but did not journey elsewhere to any extent.

President Jackson followed Mr. Monroe's example, and visited the North during his term of office. He also went to his home in Tennessee. He was fond of going to the Rip Raps, near Fortress Monroe, a place unrivalled for the excellence of its sea-breeze, which the old soldier sniffed with delight.

An acquaintance of ours once went to see him there, on business that would not admit of delay. He found the President stripped to his shirt, pantaloons, and slippers, with an old straw hat on; and sitting on a pine board stretched across two barrels. That was his way of enjoying the sea air.

Mr. Van Buren made some presidential tours. President Harrison died after he had been but a few weeks in office, taking the long and final road that we must all take. Mr. Tyler came to New England in 1843, visiting Lowell and Boston, and assisting at the celebration of the completion of Bunker Hill Monument.

Mr. Polk made a visit to Boston, but in a quiet way. President Taylor did not, we think, leave Washington during his sixteen months of service. President Pierce remained in Washington during his term,—and so did Mr. Buchanan, for the most part.

President Lincoln was too busy with war matters to travel much, or to enjoy any kind of recreation. He had planned some journeys for his second term, but the assassin's bullet prevented their accomplishment. President Johnson made several journeys.

President Grant excels all our chief magistrates in this respect. He has visited several sections of the Union, and it is said, contemplates a trip to California in the autumn,—a country that was further from Washington in Jackson's time than Japan now is; and which Washington no more would have thought of visiting than he would have thought of going in search of the Fountains of the Nile. But President Grant does not neglect business. The great improvements in travelling and the use of the electric telegraph enable him to do that which it was impossible for the early Presidents to do.

It is right that public men should have their periods of rest and recreation. Unremitting work is injurious. Life should be passed variously and in various places. It is right, too, that the people should see their President, and that the President should mingle as much as possible with the people. Where there is honesty of purpose, mutual acquaintance gives broader views, and thus helps to modify and correct opinions.

INCIDENT OF LORD BROUGHAM'S CHILDHOOD.

Henry, Lord Brougham, early gave promise of ability and usefulness. When only eighteen years of age he wrote a paper on the refraction and reflection of light, which found a place in the "transactions" of the Royal Society. He arose to the position of Lord Chancellor of England by dint of application and industry. The following curious anecdote of his childhood appears in *Temple Bar:*

The pupil's play-hours at home were devoted, in part, to playing at judge and jury, in which game he opened the case, defended the prisoner, examined the witnesses and passed judgment. The legal idea was made to serve his purpose on another occasion, when the impulsive, boyish impertinence displayed was elevated to the dignity of prophecy.

A party of children, of whom Lord Brougham was one, were on their way in a hackney-coach to a juvenile ball. Their progress was stopped at a toll-bar by the inability to collect sixpence among them to pay the toll. The gate-keeper was inexorable. The children were in despair, but up suddenly jumped young Henry, who said gravely to the toll-collector,

"O, you will surely let us pass, for I am the lord chancellor!"

It is a singular fact, recorded by Brougham himself, that when he was in after life offered the chancellorship, his mother exercised her self-control and self-denial, in opposing, by her remonstrances and earnest advice, her son's acceptance of the office.

He may himself have told his well-loved daughter the story of his trying, when a child, to pass himself off as the lord chancellor, in order to get through a turnpike toll free. If so, or whether so or not, the young girl always looked as on a certainty for her father's elevation to that dignity. When she was but seven years old she used to say, "Papa will be lord chancellor; you'll see that."

Her father used to tell it of her with great glee. Some one would ask her questions regarding other dignities, and the persons likely to obtain them. To such inquiries she would answer, "I do not know; but I am sure that papa will be lord chancellor."

It has been conjectured that when the dignity was offered to him, his daughter's prophey had more influence with him than all his mother's advice not to take upon himself the responsibility of such an office.

INFLUENCED ONLY ONCE.

A Tennessee paper, the Hartsville *Vidette*, tells us of a just Kentucky judge, whose record and experience are surely matched by few, in his profession or in any other:

An incident in the career of the Hon. Thomas B. Monroe, who for over twenty-five years occupied the position of federal judge in Kentucky, will illustrate the high purity of his character, and may serve to remind the judiciary of our day how conscientiously judges of the olden time held the scales of justice.

A student in the judge's law school one day asked him if, in deciding a case, he ever felt any bias or prejudice for or against the parties. The judge promptly said, "Never but once; I'll tell you the story. There was an important case, which was argued with great ability before me by the most distinguished lawyers at the bar of Frankfort, and it took two weeks in trial. Every morning as the court opened, a little woman dressed in black, modestly and unassumingly came into court, as if unseen, and took her seat near the door.

"Just before the court adjourned she retired, not without making always a courtesy. It attracted my attention, and I inquired who she was. I was told that she was a party to the suit then on trial. When the case was submitted, and I was preparing my opinion, I found it impossible to dismiss from my mind the little woman and her courtesy. I began to doubt whether I could do justice in the case. I studied the matter very closely, and finally decided in her favor. It involved the title to all she possessed in the world. I never," said the old judge, "was entirely satisfied that my decision was correct, until it was finally unanimously affirmed by the Superior Court of the United States. I feared my judgment had been warped by the simplicity and delicacy of a little woman in black."

MAMMOTH REMAINS.

Remains of gigantic animals have been found in the States of New York, New Jersey, Kentucky, Mississippi and the new States of the far West. Several remarkable specimens may be seen in the museums of Boston and Cambridge; among the best those in the collection of the late Dr. Warren. The famous skeleton in Cambridge was discovered in New Jersey, in 1844. Dr. Warren had the remains of a mastodon, which was eleven feet high, and seventeen feet in length, and whose tusks were eleven feet long. It may still be seen in his collection in Boston. We find in the Ohio papers accounts of the discovery of mammoth remains in Clarke county, in that State. An exchange says:

The citizens of Clarke Co., Ohio, especially of Springfield, are living in, or through, quite a sensation, over a pair of very large horns, or tusks, which were found some two miles from Plattsburg, in Harmony Township, by some workmen who were digging a ditch, or rather by a gentleman who was passing by about the time the workmen excavated the monsters. After some further search four monstrous teeth, a very large rib and a part of the neck bone were found. The teeth weigh over nine pounds each. The tusks measure twelve feet long. Prof. Geiger, of Wittemberg College, pronounces them a part of the skeleton of a mammoth elephant. One of the tusks was very much decomposed; so much so as to fall to pieces when handled. The other was in a tolerable state of preservation, but not sound. The teeth are perfectly sound and solid. Further search is to be made for the rest of the skeleton of the monster.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

Empress Eugenie has many friends in her exile —though it may be doubted whether most of them are more than romantic adherents of the gallant sort, who would rather undertake impossible adventures to gratify her whims than do a solid job of work to help her necessities. The London *Court Journal* prints the following chivalric story:

It seems that one of our young Catholic heroes of high life, always a great admirer of the Empress Eugenie, paid a visit to Chiselhurst, last week, previous to his departure for Paris.

"What can I bring your Majesty from Babylon?"—the name by which the doomed city is always designated now by the Ultramontane party—said the young nobleman, as he bent low over Her Majesty's fair hand.

"Nothing," replied the Empress, sadly; then suddenly correcting her speech, said, quietly, "Yes, there is one thing I should love. Bring me a rose from the garden of the Tuileries!"

The young man promised to execute this apparently easy commission, and departed in sadness. On Friday he reappeared at Chiselhurst with a case of purple morocco in his hand, which he reverently presented on bended knee to the Empress. It was the Golden Rose, gift of the Pope to Her Majesty, that he had brought "from the Tuileries." How he had obtained it, or through what long course of adventure he had traced it to the party willing to part with it, will never be known, nor yet at what sacrifice it was obtained. But great was the joy of the illustrious lady on beholding it, and pardonable the feeling which induces her to hope that it may bring a blessiug to her house.

SLIPS OF MEMORY AT THE WRONG TIME.

We can never forget the mortification of a worthy college professor, when, on attempting at a happy point in his lecture to quote an apt passage from "Thompson's Seasons," he found himself stuck in the middle of the second line.

How many persons do we know who can never remember names, but stop in the middle of a story to search the ceiling for the names of the *dramatis personæ*, as though they were to be found written there in letters of fire! This failing, the whole family is called into requisition to discover the lost title, and Mr. "Smith" is suggested.

"O no, my dear, how can you be so stupid? You know that Mr. Smith has gone to Europe."

"Mr. Brown" is then proposed.

"Brown! Of course not; he never goes to Saratoga."

The youngest daughter timidly suggests "Mr. Jones."

"How dull you all are! Have I not told you it was the gentleman we met at West Point last year—the one with gray whiskers and two children?"

"O, I know—Mr. Robinson," cries the wife, with a vague remembrance of a stout gentleman and two mischievous boys.

"Nonsense, Matilda! Mr. Robinson is a bachelor, and has red hair; but there is no use trying to tell a story to folks who don't know any thing;" and the angry *paterfamilias* retires behind his newpaper, strangling the unfortunate story at its birth with grim ferocity.

SALMON FISHING BY INDIANS.

A correspondent of the Norwich *Bulletin*, writing from Oregon, sends some notes of his observations among the dirty natives. It is worth something to know that they work at all:

At several points along the river were Indian lodges. The inhabitants appeared to be catching salmon. Having some curiosity to witness the process we visited them at the falls. Rude platforms had been erected over the slackwater currents at the foot of the falls. On them stood the Indians, innocent of fashion, save a dirty rag around the waist. Their nets were basket-like, and were attached to poles twenty or thirty feet long. These they plunged into the pools, and scooped up the fish.

As soon as one was caught the Indian struck him on the head with a short club to kill him. Great numbers are taken. The salmon then passed into the hands of an aged squaw, who had apparently been guiltless of water for a generation or two. She opened them on the back, cut off the heads and took out the bones. The pieces were then placed in the sun, the warm rays of which soon started the oil under the skin, and allowed it to be separated from the meat. This operation was performed with the same fingers.

Curiosity was satisfied without prosecuting the inquiry any further, and we withdrew from a neighborhood which was filled with an odor decidedly more pungent than agreeable. It may be well enough to say that these "noble red men" don't cure and can the salmon that goes to the Eastern markets.

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THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

By Jane Taylor.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell, with its stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain:
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete, he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure, unless energy fails,
And at length he produced the philosopher's scales.
What were they? you ask: you shall presently see.
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings and thoughts they could weigh;
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.
Naught was there so bulky but there it could lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant but in it must go—
All which some examples more clearly will show.
The first thing he weigh'd was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in the torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief,
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of his cell.
One time he put in Alexander the Great,
And a garment that Dorcas had made for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.
A long row of almshouses, amply endowed,
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next filled one scale, while the other was press'd
By those mites the poor widow threw into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing's worth came with a bounce.
Again he performed an experiment rare:
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climb'd into his scale—in the other was laid
The heart of a Howard, now partly decayed;
When he found with surprise that the whole of his brother
Weighed less by some pounds than the bit of the other.
By other experiments (no matter how),
He found that ten chariots weigh'd less than a plough;
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail.
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weigh'd less than a widow's uncrystallized tear;
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light in the opposite scale,
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, ten courtiers, one earl,
Ten councillors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heap'd in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weigh'd less than a few grains of candor and sense;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt.
Yet no mountains of silver and gold would suffice
One pearl to outweigh, 'twas the pearl of great price.
Last of all the whole world was bowl'd in at the gate,
With the *soul* of a beggar to serve for a weight;
When the scale with the soul in so mightily fell,
That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his cell.

HOW HE WAS ROBBED.

People who travel must be cautious in selecting companions from among the strangers they meet. A forcible illustration of this is found in the following story. An easy-going Englishman was making the tour of the continent for his pleasure when he fell in with one of those chameleon-faced adventurers who infest public places and scruple at no means of fraud or daring, to enrich themselves by robbing others. This character is thus described:

He was a young man of affable manners, and florid taste in dress, whose occupation, exact social position and even nationality, it was difficult to define. Sometimes I took him for a commercial traveller, then for a clerk in a counting-house, and then for a man of independent means, whose companions in early life had been somewhat mixed. His inquisitiveness was American, his vulgarity British, his jewelry Teutonic. Was he a Dutchman who had lived a great deal in England, or an Englishman who had resided much in Holland? Both languages seemed natural to him. I tried to make him talk about himself, and found, after a time, that he was practising a precisely similar experiment upon me; only he was successful and I was not. What a difference that makes, eh!

The traveller and his "interesting" companion were constantly together for many days, on land and water, even sharing the same lodging, in the course of which intimacy the former revealed all his plans (over their social "drinks,") told how much money he had, &c. One day he complained of a pain in his toe, and the "affable" young man examined it and pronounced it gout—a disease of which the Englishman stood in immediate terror. The adventurer, however, assured him that he was something of a doctor, and knew how to cure gout in a very short time by the hydropathic method. It was arranged that the sore toe should receive treatment at the very next stopping-place. The victim relates the rest:

We arrived at Dusseldorf, and my companion took me to a second-class hotel near the station, where, he said, the attendance, &c., was just as good as at the expensive one to which English travellers usually went, while the charges were about half. The fact that no one connected with the establishment spoke a word of English or French did not matter, since the young man was to manage every thing, and attend upon me himself till I had thrown off the attack, which he promised should be in two days' time at farthest.

He certainly commenced my treatment promptly. That evening I drank about a quart of water, and had my foot, which was now much inflamed and very tender, swathed in wet bandages surrounded by dry ones; and on the following morning, servants having brought many sheets and pails into my bedroom, the young man locked the door, and commenced serious operations. One of the sheets was set to soak in one of the pails; I was invited to rise and attire myself in the costume of Gibson's "Venus." Then I was suddenly draped in the saturated sheet, and really thought I should never get my breath again, the shock was so great. Then commenced a swaddling process, dry sheets being wound round and round me over the wet one, till I was like a sweet onion with a damp heart; and in this state I lay on my back on the bed, a live mummy, unable to stir hand or foot.

"Do you glow now?" asked the young man. I did. "That is right, it will draw the gout out of you; now open your mouth; so."

When I complied, he put a handkerchief tightly rolled up, into it, keeping it in its place with another inserted like a bit, and tied tightly at the back of my head.

"Don't try to speak, for it will be a useless exertion," said the young man. "If you want to know what I have gagged you for, I will tell you; it is to prevent you from calling for help. You cannot move hand or foot; you cannot make yourself heard; so now I am going to rob you." And the villain positively proceeded, under my very eyes, to ransack all my luggage, appropriating to himself every note, every coin he could find, and he found all I possessed.

"I leave you your watch, your chain and your ring," he said, at last; "and now I must bid you good-by. I will tell the people to come and look after you in a couple of hours, by which time I shall be beyond the reach of pursuit. Sorry I cannot stay to see the success of my experiment upon the gout—ta, ta!"

When the two hours had expired the poor duped traveller was relieved of his gag and swathings; but he never saw his money again—nor the "affable young man" who doctored him for the gout by hydropathy.

For the Companion.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

The mother of Washington passed her last years in Fredericksburg. She was a prayerful woman, trustful and devout. Near her residence were some picturesque rocks overshadowed by trees. A lover of woods, birds and flowers, she used to retire in pleasant weather to this lovely spot for meditation and prayer. She there tasted the sweetness of which Cowper sings:

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee."

Here the still twilights of the summer days during the stormy period of the American Revolution found the mother of Washington praying.

The burden of her prayers is known only to God. No step followed her to that leafy sanctuary. One cannot doubt that she prayed for her country and for her son, and that her prayers were heard in heaven. This place of devotion became to her one of the dearest spots on earth, and she selected it for her grave.

The spring of 1789 found her at the age of fourscore and five years suffering from an incurable disease. Just before entering upon the duties of the presidential office, Washington hastened to Fredericksburg to make her a visit. It was their last interview.

"The people," said Washington, after the first emotions incident to such a meeting had subsided, "have been pleased to elect me to the magistracy of the United States. I have come to bid you farewell. As soon as the business of arranging the new government is over, I shall hasten to Virginia and"——

"You will never see me more," said the venerable woman. "My great age and the disease from which I am suffering, warn me that I shall not be long in the world. I trust God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the destiny Heaven assigns you, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

Washington wept like a child, kissed her furrowed cheek, then went forth to the great work before him. Her grave was long neglected. As Mrs. Sigourney sweetly and touchingly told the tale,—

"Nature stole
In her soft minstrelsy around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet gemmed,
And pearled with dews.

"She bade bright flowers spring,
Gifts of frankincense with sweet song of bird;
And autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect."

In 1833 a monument was commenced over her grave, the corner-stone of which was laid by President Jackson.

MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

This simple and affecting inscription is enough. Her spirit rests with God who gave it. H. B.

SOME TEXAS INDIANS attempted to get up a menagerie of their own, and commenced by stealing an elephant belonging to a travelling circus. They carried him to their village, where upon his arrival he assumed command, scattering Indians and wigwams promiscuously. Lo has abandoned the show business for the present.

INCIDENTS OF AN EARTHQUAKE IN VALPARAISO.

South America has been the scene of some of the most terrible earthquakes known in history. One of the more recent calamities of this kind is described by a travelling correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, who makes us smile as well as pity:

Fortunately I have to tell you of general consternation, and of scenes rather comic than tragical. My room-mate, who had been through many an earthquake here and in Peru, rushed out of the room *en dishabille*. The house was swaying backward and forward like a tree shaken by the wind. There was but little noise, other than the crackling of timbers, and the usual heavy rumbling that precedes and accompanies an earthquake was wanting.

The house in which I live is built against the hill, and there is an egress by the roof to the hill behind which we have often spoken of as being the safest refuge in case of a severe earthquake. Singularly enough, I did not feel the slightest alarm, probably through ignorance, as I find those that have seen most of earthquakes fear them most. But as the rest had all left, I thought it best for me to go too.

Not caring, however, to appear in public without the customary clothing, I was making frantic efforts to put on my pantaloons, but the room shook so that I found it difficult to stand. When at last I got on my pantaloons, I started for the door, but by this time the shock was over and I did not really leave my room.

As the people of the house slowly returned to their rooms, I saw only pale faces and trembling limbs. Dr. Baker, a dentist, who occupied the rooms below me, had a patient in the chair. He ran for the hill, his patient following him.

Men in the barber's shop rushed into the street with napkins under their chins, some partially shaved and others just lathered, and the barbers with either the razor or brush in their hands.

A young American dentist, Emmons by name, was filling a lady's tooth when the shock occurred. He rushed into the streets with his instruments in his hands, the lady following him with a napkin in her mouth.

The cornice was thrown from a new building in the Plaza de la Municipalidad, and a boy and a girl who were passing at the time were injured by the *debris*, the latter so severely that she died the next day. The walls of the Merced church were cracked in several places, and, as service was being held at the time, there was a great panic and rushing for the street, in which many women fainted, and others, in the rush, were thrown down and severely bruised. A like scene occurred in the other churches. Many houses in various parts of the city were cracked, but none thrown down. In the hospital many bedridden patients found sufficient strength to rush out of doors.

SAVED BY A CANARY.

Norah had carefully turned down the gaslight, so that Dick should not chirp and disturb the little trio of "troublesome comforts," had disposed a small towel-rack full of aprons airing at a safe distance from the grate, and had gone down to sit in the kitchen with Bridget. Mamma had smoothed her sweet face into its usual serene expression, and was reading the evening papers with papa; and for awhile every thing was safe and quiet.

Now, when Mrs. West had bought Dick of the bird-fancier, two years ago, the man had repeated, over and over again, "Splendid singer, *he* is, ma'am; warranted to sing by daylight or gaslight!" Mrs. West did not think much of this at the time, but she soon found that the little fellow would hop and chirp all night if he saw the least spark of light. Often, when one of the children was sick at night, Dick would have to be hung in another room, such a singing would he keep up!

On this occasion Dick was deep in dreams, with his bright eyes closed and his saucy head snugly tucked under his wing, when, in the midst of his slumbers, he was suddenly waked by a light. Instantly he was on *two* legs instead of *one*, and in a few seconds was chirping in a very lively tone.

Thinking that a nocturnal lunch would taste good, he hopped down to the seed-box and was busily engaged in eating. Brighter and brighter gleamed the light, and presently it attracted our wise little bird, so that he flew into his ring, and began a soft little song.

But the light that pleased little Dick was far more dazzling than the ordinary gaslight, for a live coal had snapped from the midst of the glowing fire, and in a moment the aprons had begun to blaze!

One of them falling off, lay on Mabel's little heap of clothes, and these were soon on fire; the chair close by contained Lotty's clothes, and just beyond that, through the open door, was the foot of Harry's white bed. The three precious lives were steeped in a sound, childish slumber, while the hearts around which the little lives were entwined were beating calmly and unconsciously in papa's and mamma's bosoms. Could nothing save them? Had they prayed in vain to God to watch over them that night, and keep them from harm?

The children slept on and did not hear the friendly voice; but Mrs. West down stairs, started, and held her breath to listen.

"Why don't you go on, my dear?" said her husband.

"Hark!" said she; "I think I hear Dick singing!"

"Well, what if he is singing?"

"Why, he never sings unless there is a light."

"Probably Norah is up there for some reason. What a little woman you are, to be so easily startled about the children!"

So on went the reading, while up stairs the fire had got possession of Harry's bed-clothes, and the smoke began to be very thick.

Little Dick seemed to think something was wrong, but sang on bravely, and at last Mrs. West, being afraid he would wake the children, told her husband to wait until she had been up to see into the matter, promised to be with him again in a moment, and ran up stairs.

Opening the door where her treasures were, she was blinded and choked by a sudden smoke. Beyond, in the adjoining room, she could still hear little Dick. She joined her voice to his, and Mr. West came flying up stairs, soon followed by Norah, and Bridget, and Bridget's cousin, John Thomas, whom the dreadful cry of "Fire!" had roused in a moment.

Mrs. West, though almost fainting with terror, caught up Harry, and made Norah and Bridget understand that Lotty and Mabel must also be snatched out of bed; and Mr. West, with John Thomas's help, emptied the water-pitchers and the pails from the bath-room close by. The little ones, hardly comprehending what had taken place, were quickly tucked in mamma's bed, and the two servant-girls ran back to help fill the pails at the taps. It was all done so quickly, that it hardly took as long as it has taken me to write about it.

Mamma had been very courageous until every thing that she could do had been done, and then she felt her strength leave her, and sank upon the floor.

Lotty and Mabel, after a few ineffectual attempts to ask some questions, fell fast asleep; but Harry had been more thoroughly aroused, and now suddenly asked, "What's the matter, mamma? why did you bring me into your room?" Receiving no immediate answer, he sat up in bed, and began again, "I thought I heard Dick singing."

"O Harry!" burst out mamma, through her tears, "Dick's singing *saved your life!*" and then she fell into such a passion of joyful weeping that she could say no more.

Harry did not know why he should cry, but cry he did, in sympathy with mamma.

In the morning, when Mrs. West opened the door of his cage out hopped little Dick upon her finger, and the grateful mother pressed her lips again and again upon his bright feathers. I can tell you, Dick had an extra big lump of sugar that day; and they have loved him more and more every day since.—*Christian Weekly.*

HOW TO KEEP YOUR EYESIGHT.

Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia. One of the most eminent American divines has for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in vain, and lost years of time in consequence of getting up a few hours before day and studying by artificial light. Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eyesight in reading fine print and doing fine sewing.

In view of these things it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is better to have light from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that on first awakening the eyes shall open upon the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be of a bluish tinge, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment that you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment stop using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger; it is the speediest diluent in the world. Then wash the eyes and face in warm water.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HOW WASHINGTON LOOKED IN 1778.

The following sketch of Gen. Washington's personal appearance is taken from a letter written in New York, in 1778, and published in the Kentish *Gazette*, an English paper:

Gen. Washington is now in the forty-seventh year of his age; he is a tall, well-made man, rather large boned, and has a tolerably genteel address; his features are manly and bold; his eyes of a bluish cast, and very lively; his hair of a deep brown; his face rather long and marked with the small-pox; his complexion sunburnt and without much color; and his countenance sensible, composed and thoughtful. There is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness; he has an excellent understanding, without much quickness; is strictly just, vigilant and generous, an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a father to the deserving soldier; a gentleman in his manners; in temper rather reserved; a total stranger to religious prejudices, which have so often excited Christians of one denomination to cut the throats of those of another; in his morals irreproachable; he was never known to exceed

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the bounds of the most rigid temperance. In a word, all his friends and acquaintances allow that no man ever united in his own person a more perfect alliance of the virtues of a philosopher and the talents of a general.

A SELLER SOLD.

An incident recently occurred in a town on the Connecticut River, which illustrates the danger of practical joking, and serves at the same time its purpose of fun:

A certain barber happening in a store, a clerk offered a bottle of bear's oil. He did not want it, but being over urged, took it and paid for it. On opening it in his shop, the oil was found to be lamp oil, with a very rank smell. Nothing was said of the cheat, and the barber shaved along, as usual, until the matter was forgotten.

A few evenings since the clerk went into the barber shop to be shaved, preparatory to a ball. After the harvest of thick, beardy skin had been reaped, the clerk straightened himself up and exclaimed,—

"Now slap on the oil."

A good handful was poured, "slapped," and rubbed in. A second followed, but before it could be rubbed in, the clerk smelt something, and leaped from the chair as if he had been shot, at the same time giving utterance to sundry ejaculations of disgust.

The barber assured the enraged customer that he had put bear's oil on his head, and from the very bottle he had sold him. If it was poor oil it was the clerk's fault. There was no resisting this, and the matter was settled by refunding the money paid for the oil, and shampooing at the clerk's expense.

The clerk went to the ball, but the rank lamp oil stuck to his hair, and the snuffs of those who came near him showed that the barber was wicked when he shampooed him.

FASHION IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Fashions travel fast and succeed each other in a provoking hurry, but, after all, the styles worn by our great grandmothers don't seem to have travelled quite round the world yet. Mr. R. Pumpelly, the distinguished Chinese traveller, informs us that the Pacific Islanders, who are several hours behind us in getting the sunrise, are several generations behind us in getting the fashions. He says:

The costume introduced by the missionaries, fifty years ago, is still the dress of the native women of the Sandwich Islands. It consists of long skirts, high waists, immense coal-scuttle bonnets, and, apparently, no under-clothing. It is said that it was with great difficulty that the missionaries succeeded in making these children of nature adopt any dress whatever, even for decent attendance at church. Even now, I have been told, on some of the islands, the people bring, on Sunday, all their clothing in a bundle to the door of the church, where they dress, and after service, doffing their costume, carry it homeward under their arms.

LIKE CHILD, LIKE MAN.

It is told of Henry IV., of France, that he twice whipped his son, Louis XIII., with his own hand—the first time because he had taken such a dislike to a gentleman that his servile attendants could only appease him by pretending to shoot, with a pistol without ball, the object of his aversion; the second time for crushing the head of a sparrow. Though the just punishment he had received was small in comparison with the unjust punishment he had inflicted, his mother objected to this discipline of her son. "Pray to God," replied Henry, "that I may live, for when I am gone he will ill-treat you."

The experience of the king had taught him that cruelty seldom knows any distinctions, and that he who begins by crushing the heads of sparrows in sport, would end by directing his venom against the mother that bore him. The prediction was verified to the letter.—*Quarterly Review.*

A LION MADE BY A WOLF.

Wilhelm Wolff, the Berlin sculptor, has just finished an altogether original group of four lions. The mother-lioness has just been struck by a fatal arrow, and in her face there is an almost human expression of mingled pain and dread of approaching death, for her limbs are already stiffening. An unconscious little cub is leisurely taking its accustomed nourishment, and another is scrambling sportively over her back, probably with the same end in view. But most striking of all is the figure of the male lion. The bereaved king of the desert stands, full of grief and wrath, behind his dying partner, and, with head extended and vengeful eye, he gazes into the distance, as if trying to discover who has slain his beloved. He looks as if he had just given a howl awful enough to make the desert tremble.

JUST as an auctioneer was saying "Gone!" a few evenings since, his audience went through the floor into the cellar, but happily without hurting any of them. The auctioneer, as soon as he found his legs, remarked that the accident would allow him to sell lower than before, and called for a bid, and they bid him "Good night."

A STATESMAN who had failed, wrote on his front door: "Payment suspended for thirty days." A neighbor, reading this, said: "You have not dated this notice." "No," said he, "I do not intend to do so; it would run out if I did."

THE CHILD'S CREED.

I must not lie, but speak with cautious tongue;
God hears each word that little children say;
Like pearls upon a string of gold, are hung
All gentle things we utter, day by day.

I must not fight; these skilful, busy hands
Were meant to touch with silken, soft caress;
To lead the weak, to work, when toil demands,
Nor curse with smiting, what God meant to bless.

I must not steal, whate'er my neighbors own,
Or small, or mean, or worthless unto them;
For God will see from His eternal throne;
If but a flower I take, He marks the stem.

I must not hate—for hate is deadly sin—
Even my enemy, though he hated me;
God's golden gates I cannot enter in,
If in my soul one thought of hate there be.

But I must love; love is the morning star,
That ushers in the day; love like the sun
Scatters its constant blessings near and far;
It tells of heaven; 'tis heaven on earth begun.

And I must pray; my little heart must rise
Quick as a thought can send it, unto heaven;
Straight as the lark goes singing to the skies,
So must my soul's best powers to God be given.

And I must try, when wicked tempters come,
To keep each evil thing beneath my feet;
Just as a little tired child goes home,
Nor stops for all the rude charms of the street.

For am I not a soldier of the Lord?
Young, it is true, but old enough to be
Christian in truth, in deed, in thought, in word;
Like Him who gave His precious life for me.

MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

For the Companion.

LITTLE ROY.

Little Roy Bent was full of trouble. His mamma was sick, and he didn't know what to do with himself. He had no brothers or sisters to play with, and papa had gone to his office.

To be sure there was Cousin Sophia, but she wasn't a bit like mamma. Cousin Sophia loved him and took good care of him, but the litle boy missed his mother's gentle tones and ways.

So at length little Roy crept softly up stairs to his mamma's room and stood by her bed.

"Mamma," said he, "I should like to pound."

"Well, where's your little hammer?" asked mamma.

"O, it's in my plaything-box," said Roy. "But I haven't any nails nor anything to pound 'em in."

"You poor little workman," said mamma, smiling. "There is a bundle of laths in the kitchen closet that papa brought home on purpose for you. They are on a high shelf. You may go and ask Cousin Sophia to give you one of them and a few tacks. But you must take them into the shed, so I need not hear the noise."

Roy hurried down stairs with a bright face, to find Cousin Sophia. She was dusting the parlor. Roy was a very polite little boy, and he said, "Please will you come to the kitchen closet and get me a lath and some tacks? I'm going to pound."

"Nonsense," said Cousin Sophia. "There's no need of your pounding. Run away and play with your blocks. I'm busy, and I can't leave my work every two minutes to wait on you."

Now Cousin Sophia meant all the time to get the things Roy wanted, when she got ready; but Roy didn't know that, and he felt so disappointed he could not speak. He shut the door and went slowly back to his mother's room.

"What is it, dear?" asked mamma, when she saw the sorrowful little face near her pillow.

"O dear," sobbed Roy. "She says I can't have this, and I can't have that, and I can't have *that*, and what *can* I have?"

Mamma tried not to smile as she took Roy's chubby hands in hers and said, lovingly,—

"Tell mother all about it."

So Roy told his story, ending by laying his cheek on the pillow and saying, mournfully, "Mamma, I don't have any more happy days."

"I am very sorry," said mamma. "It makes me sad to see you unhappy. Cousin Sophia loves you dearly, and she don't mean to be unkind to you. I dare say you give her a great deal of trouble sometimes. You know she never had any little boys to take care of, and she don't know how many things they want."

"I hope no little boys will ever buy her for their mother," said Roy, decidedly.

"Besides," mamma went on, "you did not tell her that I said you might have those things. If you had told her I sent you to ask her, she would have gone at once. Now go and tell her mamma is willing you should pound if she will be so kind as to give you the things. You are my little gentleman, remember."

Roy kissed his mother and went down stairs again. Cousin Sophia was in the kitchen this time, but he did not have to ask her, for the lath and tacks lay on the table. There was a sugared cookie beside them.

"Is that for me?" asked Roy.

"Of course," said Cousin Sophia. "Did you think it was the milkman's? Here's your hammer, so take your things and run. I'm going to mop the floor."

Roy hurried off to the shed, and as he ate the cookie he thought Cousin Sophia wasn't so *very* bad, after all. He "pounded" to his heart's content till dinner time. Cousin Sophia had given him a good many tacks, "ever so many more'n mamma does," Roy said, and he drove every one into the lath.

Then he carried it up stairs to show to his mother.

"I shall be a carpenter when I grow up," said he. "And I'll build you such a nice house, mamma. I'll build a little one for Cousin Sophia, too," he said, with a sudden generosity, adding, after a pause, "only I'll build it a long way off."

MIRIAM.

A NURSERY TRAGEDY.

It happened only last week, and with my own eyes I saw the conclusion of the shocking affair. I was sewing by my window, when suddenly I spied on the roof of an opposite house the savage creature running about, shaking poor Nancy Gray's body furiously. Instantly I rushed over to my neighbor to tell her what had happened—but there was no need of speaking; already her little four-year-old girl was sobbing upon her lap.

"Poor little Bessie!" said mamma, soothingly, stroking the light brown, crimpy hair. "There, there; don't cry—tell mamma how it happened. That's a good little girl."

"O, O, O, it's too dedful; I tan't tell about it—I san't ever love pussy any more. O-O-Ooooo! I tan't help trying. Charley's gone to take Nancy Gray away from her. She's er naughtiest, naughtiest sing in all er world."

"There, there, dear; now, don't cry," said mamma. "Tell poor mamma all about it."

"O, O! Boo-hoo-hoo!" sobbed Bessie. "I was a dressin' Nancy Gray up pretty, wassin' her face all nice wiz a toos-brus, and was juss yeddy to put on her sings—she-e-e-'s a b-a-a-d, naughty pussy. I tan't help trying—an'-an' I was loo-oo-ooking for a pin er sumfin, an' she tum an' t-oo-oo-ook her right in her m-mouf; an' all Nancy Gray's sawdust is yunnin' out; an' her leg goes juss so; she's mose d-dead. I won't never div pussy any thin' dood; an' O, mamma! tiss me—I feel so aw-awful. O, what'll Nancy Gray do?"

"Here she is!" cried Charley, rushing in at that moment, and flourishing Nancy Gray's dangling form in the air before he gave her to Bessie. "I guess Mrs. Pussy won't come near this chap very soon again. Where's some bran or Indian meal, mother? I'll make Miss What-you-call-her look as good as new in less than no time, if you'll sew up the kid a little. Why, Bessie! what are you crying for now, you little goosie? Didn't I nearly break my neck getting Miss What-you-call-her back to you all safe and sound?"

But Bessie scarcely heard him. As for me, I had my work at home to finish; and so, with a kiss, I left the dear child moaning, as she clasped poor Nancy Gray to her bosom: "O, mamma! all her bones are broke! All her bones are broke!"—*Hearth and Home.*

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

ENIGMA.

I am a name of 15 letters. Two boys living in 5, 10, 12, 12, 4, 1 had to walk a distance of 3, 7, 5, 13, 14 miles to school. 3, 7, 13, 8, 6 way lay through a wood 3, 7, 1, 13 was very seldom frequented except by outlaws 1, 19, 15 robbers, who used to flee 3, 17, 14, 6, 13 for protection when pursued by 3, 7, 13 police. 1, 12 the boys proceeded along they 11, 14, 3 a fierce-looking 11, 1, 9, who 3, 7, 5, 13, 1, 3, 14, 9, 13, 5 what he would do if they 15, 4, 15 not give 7, 8, 11 their books 1, 2, 15 jackets. 3, 7, 14 boys being strong and brave 12, 1, 8, 15 they would not give 7, 18, 11 anything 1, 13 all. Then 7, 14 began to beat 3, 7, 14, 11, whereupon 3, 7, 13 boys 6, 1, 9 and climbed up a 3, 5, 14, 13, and cut each a large branch of it, then came down and began to lay on the 11, 1, 2 lustily; then he 5 13, 3, 6, 14, 1, 3, 13, 15, into 3, 7, 13 woods, 1, 2, 15 the boys arrived 1, 3 the school in safety.

My whole, if set in a garden, will produce one of the prettiest plants in cultivation.

J. LEATHART.

2.

REBUS.

NIGHT NIGHT NIGHT
NIGHT (END)
Night NIGHT Night

CHEESE KURD.

3.

A BIBLICAL ACROSTIC

1. A hall where Pontius Pilate judgment gives,
2. A bhamberlain to Macedonia sent.
3. A town where Paul a very short time lives,
   When he from Cæsarea to Rome once went.
4. When may we not a solemn face put on?
5. Who sleeping while Paul preached was mach to blame?
6. Where to fulfil a vow St. Paul was shorn,
7. A church for crown and glory he did claim?

What we should strive to be, if Christ the Lord
Were made by us our guide in deed and word.

4.

CHARADE.

Molly wished to dry my *first*,
So, to do it well,
Took my *second*: that's my *whole*—
More I dare not tell.

UNCLE STEPHEN.

5.

WORD SQUARE.

1. To produce.
2. The opposite of sweet.
3. A ruler.
4. A part of a sword.

NELSON.

6.

CONCEALED BIRDS AND CONCEALED TREES.

Mamma, please don't scowl so.
I saw her on the first train.
I stayed over a week at Nashville.
My bracelet is an opal, most richly mounted.
The cur ran to me when Jaynes struck him.
I paid low rent at Hornellsville.
A particular kind of cloak.

C. IDA D.

Conundrums.

Why is the air of Germany bad for consumption? It is too tonic (Teutonic).

Why should you never carry a portable inkstand? You will find it an ink-convenience.

Which has the most legs, a horse, or no horse? No horse; for a horse has four legs, no horse has five.

When is a turkey a ghost? When it's a gobblin'.

Why do physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Because they are more liable to see sickness.

What is always behind time? The back of a watch.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Star, Tare, Area, Rear.
2. Bristol, Dayton, Dover, Delhi, Bergen.
3. "Ill news flies fast."
4. Fruit.
5. "Handsome apples are sometimes sour."
6. T. L. I.
7. Mow, Alumni, Ruin, Cod, Houses.—MARCH WINDS.

CAMPTON, N. H., captured a bear last week weighing three hundred and twenty-five pounds, and "extracted six gallons of hair oil from him." The papers in the vicinity speak of the "extraction" as if they had only to tap the animal to get at the hair oil all refined, scented and bottled.

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For the Companion.

QUEER BOOK-TITLES.

It has always been considered by authors and publishers that one thing which entitles a book to public respect is a good title. As, however, readers sometimes feel when they have perused a volume that they cannot tell what it has all been about, so the writers of books are evidently sometimes in the same quandary. They are at a loss how to name their offspring, and the names they give at last are as odd as Zerubbabel and Beelzebub would be for children.

The ancient Greeks indeed gave their books such titles as enabled them to put a good face on. One was "A Hive," and therefore supposed to be full of honey. Another was "A Horn of Plenty," and a third "A Meadow." Others were decidedly flowery, as "The Rose," "The Violet," &c. The Persians were fond of such titles as "The Garden of Roses," "The Enlightener of the Understanding."

The Jewish names of books sound to us as ridiculous as some of their names of children. "The Heart of Aaron" is the uncommon title of a commentary. "The Bóxes of Joseph" is an introduction to the Talmud, and no doubt dry enough, while there was surely plenty to crack in "The Garden of Nuts." Another theological work was styled "The Royal Wardrobe, divided into Ten Coats," by Mardocheus. An Arabic book called "The Springtime of the Just" was just a collection of farces, and two Turkish works on law were "Precious Stones" and "The Meeting of the Seas." Perhaps they referred to punishment by stoning and drowning. A better title hereabouts for the latter would be, "A Meeting of the Fees."

In the middle ages the titles of books were as long as the titles of the noblemen, and were often the most spicy parts of them. Here is one: "The Great Shipwreck of Fools, who are in the hold of Ignorance, swimming in the Sea of the World; a book of great Effect, Profit, Utility, Value, Honour, and Moral Virtue, for the Instruction of everybody; which book is adorned with a great number of Figures, the better to demonstrate the Folly of the World." And here is another, which takes the floor against dancing: "The Blazon (description) of Dances, where may be seen the Misfortunes and Ruin arising from Dances; from which no Man can return the Wiser, or Woman the more Modest." A dogged Jesuit styles his book "The Little Dog of the Gospel barking at the Errors of Luther;" and another, "The Little Pocket-Pistol which fires at Heretics,"—both probably being too small to do much harm.

Some of the titles had rather a personal bearing. Thus, "A pair of Bellows to blow the Dust off which covers John Fry," and "A Bullet shot into the Devil's camp by the Cannon of the Covenant," which latter might surely be pardoned if it was as heavy as lead.

A book called "The Sweet Marrow and Tasty Sauce of the Savory Bones of the Saints in Advent" might be supposed to contain skeleton sermons, but really it was meditations on anthems. Sometimes an author's ideas became confused, as is seen in the following: "The Scraper of Vanity, a Spiritual Pillow, necessary to extirpate Vice and to plant Virtue." Here the writer appears to have gone to sleep over his scraping, or he would not attempt to extirpate vice by a pillow; unless he proceeds on the principle that people are always good when they are asleep. So we find "The Spiritual Snuff-Box, to lead devoted Souls to Christ." If a snuff-box would do that it was surely not to be sneezed at. So "The Silver Bell, the sound of which will, by the Grace of God, make of an Usurer a perfect Christian," must have been one of powerful sweetness.

Book-titles have often been the vehicle of keen satire. The story is told of one book, entitled "The Great Deeds, Works and Valour of M. D'Esperon (just appointed governor) in his Journey to Provence," which was bought by a great many people. On turning over the pages, however, they found them entirely blank. The publishers excused themselves for this fraud on the ground that, as the duke had done nothing, they could print nothing about him. Another book was announced, but never published, called "The necessity of Shaving," dedicated to the Duchess of Orgia.

Modern times have also witnessed some strange christenings of books. Ruskin, the great art-author, calls his tract on church polity "Notes on the Construction of Sheep-folds; by which he has gained some readers among the farmers, but has also lost some from among the clergy. A. Karr published a book containing several novels, which he styled "The Contents of a Bottle of Ink," and he found this title, instead of a blot, to be quite a card in his favor. He borrowed it, however, from Victor Hugo, who wrote his "Notre Dame de Paris" with just one bottle of ink, but did not conclude to give his book such an undescriptive name.

MR. BRONTE'S CRAVAT.

One who is writing some recollections of the authoress of "Jane Eyre" and her family tells us how her father treated his neck. We don't wonder he had the bronchitis.

He was in the habit of covering his cravat himself. We never saw the operation, but we always had to wind for him the white sewing-silk which he used. Charlotte said it was her father's one extravagance—he cut up yards and yards of white lustring (silk) in covering his cravat; and, like Dr. Joseph Woolffe, (the renowned and learned traveller,) who, when on a visit and in a long fit of absence, "went into a clean shirt every day for a week, without taking one off," so Mr. Bronte's cravat went into new silk and new size without taking any off, till at length nearly half his head was enveloped in cravat. His liability to bronchial attacks, no doubt, attached him to this increasing growth of cravat.

A HIGH FLIGHT.

A Down-Easter lately came to New York, and took lodgings at one of the *high* houses. Telling the waiter he wished to be called in the morning for the boat, both of them proceeded on their winding way upwards, till having arrived at the eighth flight of stairs, when Jonathan caught the arm of the guide, and accosted him thus:

"Look here, stranger! if you intend to call me at six o'clock in the morning, you might as well do it now; as 'twill be that time *afore I can get down again.*"

STAFF OF CABBAGE.

Cabbage is almost the "staff of life" to Dutchmen, but the following is probably the first case of an American using it for a walking-cane:

A man in Knoxville, Tenn., is the owner of an original style of walking-stick. It is a cabbage-stalk that was cut by his father in Florida, while a soldier in the war of 1812, and is said to make a very serviceable cane.

PHILOSOPHICAL COURTING.

A love-smitten gentleman, after conversing awhile with a lady on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with the emphatic question,—

"Will you have me?"

"I am very sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and I hope the refusal will not give you pain; but I must answer 'no.'"

"Well, well, that will do," said her philosophical lover; "*and now suppose we change the subject.*"

A NICE YOUNG MAN in Maury, Tenn., went to bed leaving a burning candle and a pistol on his table. The dripping sperm ignited the table, the table igniting the pistol, the barrels began to explode, and when the young man awoke he was nearly burned, smothered and shot to death. His pillow received the balls and saved his head.

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Is has so much of beauty in it,
So much of joy the heart to inspire,
And make it pleasant every minute;
We much admire its fields of green,
To quaff its sweet and balmy air,
To gaze upon each Summer scene
While nature seems so young and fair.
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 30. VOLUME XLIV.

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For the Companion.

RUTHY'S COUNTRY.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

It was such a strange, sad, old face to be on such a young, slight form, that you could not help looking at it again and again. Otherwise there was nothing remarkable about her. She was just a girl sweeping a crossing, in a bustling, dirty street, on a muddy, sloppy March day.

She was thinly clothed, but not more so than others of her class, and there was nothing in particular to make me notice her except this queer, expressive, melancholy, unyouthful countenance. She wore a worsted hood which left the whole face visible. You could see the forehead, broad and low, and lined with puzzled thinking; the dusky, tumbled hair; the wishful, pathetic mouth with its drooping corners; and the great, strange, olive-colored eyes, which looked as if they had asked for something they could never find for such a weary while that now they would never ask again—eyes dark with despair, and yet with a suggestion of something else in them which set you questioning.

Patiently she swept on. Sometimes she had to spring aside from the rapid passage of cart or carriage, sometimes she made clean the way of some dainty foot passenger, who rewarded her with a penny; but all the time the hopeless, unchildlike visage never betrayed the slightest gleam of interest. I was dabbling in art a little, just then; and I stood in the window of a picture store and watched her, thinking that her strange, impassive face ought to fit, somewhere, in the illustrations I was making for a book of ballads, but not knowing quite how to use it.

All at once, as I watched, I saw a singular change pass over her. She held her broom motionless, her lips parted, a light as if at midnight the sun should rise, lighted the darkness of her eyes, her whole expression kindled with something—interest, surprise, expectation—I hardly knew what, but something that transformed it as by a spell. I stepped to the door then, and followed her eyes up the street.

It takes ten times as long to tell this as it was in happening. It all came in an instant—the change in her face, my going out to look for its cause, and the sight which, following her eyes, I saw—a carriage coming swiftly down street, an elegant open barouche, in which sat a lady dressed in furs and velvet, and a wonderfully beautiful, golden-haired child. It was at the child that my little crossing-sweeper was looking, with a gaze which seemed to me to say,—

"So this, then, is childhood? *This* is what we ought to be, when we are young; and how beautiful it is!"

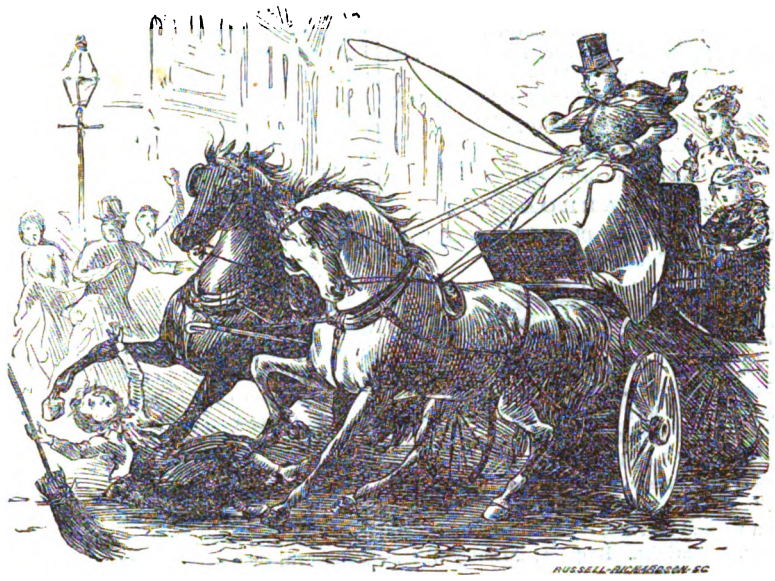
She looked so intently that she forgot she was standing in the way, until the coachman shouted out to her, while he tried with all his strength to pull up his horses. She had looked one moment too long. Somehow the pole knocked her down, and the horses stepped over or on her, which I could not see; but in another moment they were drawn up a rod farther on, the lady was getting out of her carriage, and I myself was in the heart of the crowd which gathered at once, as usual. "Her arm is broken," one cried. "She has fainted," said another.

"Where is her home: can any one tell?" asked the lady in the furs and the velvet, standing now beside her.

A ragged little newsboy stepped from the ranks and pulled at some ghost of a cap. "Please, ma'am, I know," he said. "It's down here in Moonstone Court, with old Sally."

"Hey for Sally, in our alley," sang another little limb of evil, vexed that he had not been the one who knew the local habitation aforesaid.

Newsboy No. 1 was elevated to the coachman's box, and was desired to show the way. The lady got into the carriage herself, and received the injured and swooning girl, whom there were strong arms enough to lift—the golden-haired child looked on with the compassion



RUTHY'S COUNTRY.

of an angel in her angelic face—newsboy No. 2 hung on behind dexterously, making sure that his offence would pass unnoticed in the general *melee*, and the carriage rolled away toward Moonstone Court. Presently the golden-haired child spoke.

"What if they haven't any good place for her there, mamma?"

Mrs. Brierly, for that was the lady's name, bent forward and addressed newsboy No. 1, on the box.

"Is she old Sally you spoke of the girl's mother?"

"No, ma'am. She aint no relation to her. I've heard folks say, Ruthy's father and mother died, and old Sally took her in to beg for her; to be a sufferin' orphin, you know; and lately Ruthy won't beg any more, and they say the old un do beat her awful."

"O, mamma!" It was all the pitiful, childish lips said; but the blue eyes full of tears finished the prayer.

"Don't be afraid, Gracie," the lady answered, smiling; "she shall not go there." Then she turned to newsboy No. 1. "Here is some money for you. You can tell old Sally that the girl got hurt, and has been taken to the hospital. You had better go and let her know at once."

So newsboy No. 1 got down from his unwonted elevation, pulled again at the phantom of a cap, and looking curiously at the fresh, crisp currency in his hand, walked away. Newsboy No. 2, correctly divining that nothing was to be gained by remaining, while by following his comrade he might perhaps come in for a treat, let go his hold on the carriage, and went after the other.

"Now, James," Mrs. Brierly said to the coachman, "you may drive to the Children's Hospital, on Rutland Street."

"We shall go right by home, sha'n't we, mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"I suppose we couldn't be a hospital, could we?"

"Not very conveniently, I think. It is better to help keep up a hospital outside than to turn our own house into one."

"Yes'm," Gracie said, thoughtfully, "only this once, when we did the hurting, I didn't know but it would be nice if we did the curing."

Just then, before Mrs. Brierly answered, the swooning girl revived, and opened for an instant her curious, olive-colored eyes. There was something in their look, perhaps, which went farther than Gracie's argument. At any rate the lady said,—

"After all, James, you may as well leave us at home, and go at once for Dr. Cheever."

In five minutes more the carriage had stopped before a substantial, prosperous-looking house, the coachman had carried the poor, suffering little waif up stairs in his arms, and Mrs. Brierly had summoned Mrs. Morris, the good, motherly woman who had been Gracie's nurse, to her councils.

When Dr. Cheever came, he found his patient in clean, pure clothes in a fresh lovely room, waiting for him with a piteous, silent patience which it was pathetic to see. She suffered cruelly from her hurt, a compound fracture of the wrist, but she was not used to making moans or receiving sympathy; and it would have seemed to her a sort of sacrilege to cry out with human pain in this paradise to which she had been brought. One could only guess at her suffering by her compressed lips, with the white pallor round them, and the dark rings about her eyes.

Dr. Cheever listened to the account of the accident, while he dressed the poor hurt wrist with a gentleness which soothed the pain his touch caused. When he had done all he could, he followed Mrs. Brierly from the room.

"This will be an affair of several weeks," he said. "Would it not have been better to take the girl to one of the hospitals?"

"I thought so, at first; but, as Gracie said, we did the hurting, and it seemed right we should do the healing. Besides, the child's face interested me strangely, and I think it will not be a bad thing for us to have a little experience of this sort."

Meantime Ruthy lay and looked about her, as we have all fancied ourselves looking when, the death sleep over, we shall open our eyes to a new morning in some one of the Father's "many mansions." To a denizen of Moonstone Court this peaceful spot in which Ruthy found herself might well seem no unworthy heaven. The walls were tinted a soft, delicate gray, with blue borderings. On the drab carpet blue forgetmenots blossomed. Blue ribbons tied back the white muslin curtains, and all the little china articles for use or ornament, were blue and gilt.

Only one picture was in the room, and that hung over the mantel, directly opposite the pure white bed where Ruthy lay. It was a landscape by Gifford—one of those glorified pictures of his which paint nature as only a poet sees her. Soft meadows sloped away into dreamy distance on one side, and on the other, into the green enchantment of a wood a winding path beguiled you. In the centre, with her raised foot upon a stile by which she was about to cross into the peaceful meadows, a young girl stood with morning in her eyes. Just as she raised her foot she had paused and turned her head to look over her shoulder, as if she heard a voice calling her, and was hesitating whether to go on her appointed way or back into the green wood's enchantment. There was a wonderful suggestion for a story in the girl's face, her attitude, her questioning eyes. But if Ruthy felt this at all, it was very vaguely and unconsciously; yet the picture revealed to her a new world. Somewhere, then, meadows bloomed like these meadows, and woods were green, and light flickered through tender leaves, and over all the great, glorious blue sky arched and smiled. Somewhere! That must be country—outside of the pavements and the tall, frowning houses. O, if she *could* go! O, but she *would* go! Let her wrist but get well, and then! She had never had these dreams before. The vision of the country, the true country, had never dawned on her till now. And yet she must have seen pictures of it in the windows of print shops; but her eyes had not been anointed, or Gifford had not painted the pictures.

All through the quiet weeks in which her sore hurt was healing, she watched that painted landscape, and her longing to find it grew and grew. But she never said a word about it. Indeed, she seldom spoke at all except to answer some question.

Mrs. Brierly became strangely interested in her in spite of this silence, which piqued and disappointed Gracie. The child could not understand what the mother guessed at—the sense of isolation which tormented Ruthy. She was among them but not of them, the girl felt. She had been injured by an accident for which these people in some wise held themselves responsible, and so they were good to her and gave her glimpses of heaven. But they were of the chosen people, and she a Gentile, an outcast at their gates. If she could but go away from every thing she had ever known, and follow that winding path into the still wood, she should be happy. Who knew what she might not find there—love, may be, and friends, and home—perhaps, even, the father and mother who, as old Sally said, were dead. Who knew?

One day Mrs. Brierly came in to sit with her. Ruthy could sit up now, and she was in a low rocking-chair, still facing the picture. The lady saw the direction of her eyes, and said, gently—

"I think you must like pictures very much, Ruthy?"

The olive-colored eyes gleamed, and a flickering flush came and went in the thin cheeks, but the girl answered shyly and guardedly, as her wont was.

"I don't know, ma'am, I have never seen any. I like this one. It is the country, isn't it?"

Mrs. Brierly smiled.

"Yes, it is the country as Gifford, the man who made the picture, saw it. Country means ploughed fields and potatoes to some people, and paradise to others. I think *you* could find Gifford's country, Ruthy."

The girl's heart gave a great, sudden bound. That was just what she meant to do; but she was silent. Soon Mrs. Brierly asked,—

"Do you remember your father and mother, Ruthy? I think they must have been very different people from old Sally."

"Yes, ma'am, I remember my mother. Father died so long ago I have forgotten all about him, and mother and I grew poorer and poorer, until one day I woke up, as it seemed, from a long dream, with my hair all gone, and very weak; and the neighbors said mother and I had both had a fever, and she was dead. Then Sally took me, and sent me out to beg, until I wouldn't beg any more; and since then I've sold matches and swept crossings, and done any thing else I could. My wrist is getting so I can use it now, and I must go to work again. I am very thankful to you, ma'am. I would have my wrist broke twenty times to come once into this house and lie in this white bed, and see that picture. But to-morrow I shall be well enough to put on my own clothes again and go to work, and I will, please, ma'am."

"These are your own clothes that you have on, Ruthy, your very own. And here are more changes for you in this drawer, and here in the

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closet are your shawl and hat. You must not go away yet, till you are much stronger, but when you do go, all these things are your own."

"My very own!" It was a sort of glad cry which came from the girl's quivering lips. Her eyes filled, and the flickering color came into her cheeks. Mrs. Brierly got up and went away. She had never heard Ruthy speak so many words before, and she began to feel that she should get to the girl's heart in time, but she would not let her excite herself any more, now. And Ruthy sat and looked at the picture and thought.

The next morning rose bright and clear—a summer morning, which had slipped away from its kindred and stolen on in advance to brighten the last week in April. Nurse Morris went first into Ruthy's room and found the little white bed empty, and the room empty also. She called the maid who had been sweeping down the steps and washing the sidewalk, and asked if she had seen any one go out. No one, the girl said, but she had left the door unfastened while she just chatted a bit with Katy, next door, and some one might have gone, and she not know it.

Mrs. Morris went next to Mrs. Brierly with her tale, and Mrs. Brierly came in dressing-gown and slippers to look at the empty room. The hat and shawl she had put in the closet for Ruthy were gone, but the changes of clothes in the drawer were untouched; and upon them lay a piece of paper on which the girl had printed, laboriously, in great capital letters,—

"I AM GOING TO FIND THE COUNTRY. I DID NOT TELL, FOR FEAR I WOULD NOT BE LET TO GO. GOD BLESS YOU, MA'AM, I'M VERY THANKFUL."

It seemed useless to try to follow her on her unknown road. No one could guess in what direction she had gone. Tender-hearted little Gracie cried over her departure; Mrs. Brierly felt very anxious and uneasy, but they could only wait. And it was three days before any news came. It was brought, at last, by an odd messenger. A market-man stopped with his wagon before the house, and ringing the bell, asked to see the mistress, and was shown up stairs.

"Did a young girl, sort of delicate lookin', leave you lately, ma'am?"

"Yes, on Tuesday morning. Can you tell me any thing of her?"

"Well, you see, I get up nigh about in the middle of the night to get things ready for market, and Wednesday morning [illegible] a girl lying in a dead faint on my barn floor. I called my wife, and we brought her to, and wife asked her where she came from. 'Mrs. Brierly's, No. 775 Tremont Street,' she answered, straight enough; and then she went off again, and the next time we brought her to there was no more sense to be got out of her. She just kept saying over something about finding the country, and 'it aint there.'

"I had to come off to market, but we carried her into the house, and in the middle of the forenoon wife see the doctor goin' by, and she jest called to him. He said it was brain fever; and she don't get any better; and wife said I'd better stop at 775, and if there was a Mrs. Brierly here, why I could let her know. We live at Highville, about fifteen miles from Boston, and if you ask for Job Smith's you'll find my house."

So poor little Ruthy had walked all those lonesome miles to find the country that Gifford saw, and had found,-instead, pain and weariness, and who knew what more?

That day Mrs. Brierly drove out there, and took Nurse Morris with her; Ruthy recognized neither of them, and at length Mrs. Brierly drove sadly away, leaving Nurse Morris behind to care for the sick child, as busy Mrs. Job Smith, with all her kindliness, was unable to do.

And after a while the fever wore itself out, and Ruthy, a white wraith of a girl, was carried back into the chamber of peace, where the country Gifford saw was hanging on the wall. But the days went by, and the spring came slowly up that way, and the young summer followed, and Ruthy was still a pale, white wraith, and grew no rosier and no stronger.

"Do get well, Ruthy," loving little Gracie used to say, "and we'll take you to find the country."

But Ruthy would shake her head with a slow, mournful motion, and answer,—

"No use, Miss Gracie, it is in the picture, but it aint anywhere else."

And by-and-by they began to know that Ruthy would never go where pleasant paths led through the wood's green enchantment, or peaceful meadows smiled in the summer sunshine. Sorrow, and privation, and weariness had done their work too well, and the little heart that beat so much too fast now would stop beating soon. But Ruthy was very happy. The unrest that had possessed her before she went to find the country was all over. She had come to see, through the leadings of Mrs. Brierly, that the true country was not to be reached by earthly winding ways, and she was content to watch it as Gifford painted it, and dream her silent dreams, which no one knew, as she watched.

One night when Gracie bade her good-night and danced away, she looked after her with the old, wistful wonder in her eyes, and then looked up at Mrs. Brierly.

"How beautiful God can make children, ma'am. I think they'll *all* be so, in the true country." Then reaching forward she took Mrs. Brierly's hand and touched it for the first time with her humble, grateful lips.

"O, ma'am," she said, "you are so dear and good."

The next morning, when they found her lying still, she was whiter than ever. She would never speak again to tell her disappointment or her joy, but a wonderful smile, a smile of triumph, was frozen on her young, wistful mouth, and Mrs. Brierly, looking at her, stooped to kiss Gracie's tears away, and said,—

"Do not cry, my darling—I think, at last, Ruthy has found the true country."

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

Re-assurances from the Guide—Puzzle is Followed by a Gleam of Light—The Discovery of the Lost One—His Attitude on the Occasion.

"Do not fear," said the guide, as soon as he could make himself heard. "It is noting."

"But he's lost! he's gone astray!" cried Noah, in indescribable agitation; "we'll never see him again! Harry! let's hunt him up!"

"But I say—it is noting—no mattaire. Allaright."

"Can we find him?"

"Easy. Allaright.. Be quiet; do not be disterss."

A feeling of relief came over them at these words. The guide led the way back calmly, to the place where the blocked path was, with the huge cross; and then turned down the passage which they had traversed first. They went over their first route, looking carefully at every place, and calling at every passage way. At last they came back by their old path to the cross.

In their journey they had seen no sign of the [illegible] Not a voice was heard responsive to their cries of distress. The darkest fears came over the boys. What to do they knew not.

On reaching the cross, the guide stopped and looked up and down the passages in silence. The boys saw a puzzled expression on his face, and the sight of this made their hearts sink within them.

At last he spoke.

"You are certain dat he come into dis place?"

"O yes."

"Perhaps he stay behind. Ha?"

"No," said Tom, sadly, "for I was walking behind him all the way to the first chapel. That was beyond this place. After that he made me go first, for fear I'd be lost."

"Hm," said the guide.

He stood in deep thought, with a still more puzzled face.

"O," said Noah, "don't let us waste our time; let us be off again."

"But we have been, and he is not dere," said the guide.

"Then let us go to another place."

"Dere is no oder."

"He has wandered off into some side passage, and lost his way. O come. Even now he is bewildered in trying to find his way back to us."

"But dere is no place to wander," said the guide.

"Why yes, there is,—we passed them,—lots of little passages."

"Dem; O, dat is noting. Dey all leetle ones. Dey go nowhere. All stopped up. Nobody could go more dan dozen foot—noting. We hafe been over de whole. Nobody can pass into oder parts from here—all shut up wit walls an doors."

"Is that really so?" cried Noah, with great relief.

"It is so. An now I tell you whar he is. He haf gone home."

"Gone back?"

"Yes. Not possible to go any whar else. He gone back. Tired, hungry, or any ting. Come."

The guide started off again, and before long reached the door which led into the stairway.

He opened it. The boys burst through. A cry escaped them; for there, calmly seated on the steps, calmly leaning against the wall, in a particularly easy attitude—there they saw Uncle Zebedee!!!!!

Chapter XVIII.

Uncle Zebedee makes Ample Explanations—From Rome to Venice—Taking a "Header."

"Uncle Zebedee!" cried all.

Their excitement, and the flush of joy which was on their faces, told the whole story.

Uncle Zebedee was full of remorse. His explanation was a simple one. When they had got back to the cross, on their first round, he was very tired, and afraid of rheumatism.

"I knowed that cross," said he. "I've got an eye that's ben trained in the woods. Any body would have noted that cross, an' me in partic'lar. I saw that the entrance wa'n't over a hundred yards from that. I heard the priest offer to go another round, and you all wanted to go. I hadn't the heart to stop you. You were all enjoyin' it at a rate that was a wonder to me, and I knew that if I said I was fagged out, you'd all come back with me. I knew, too, that the place was safe, and that the stories were all bugbears. For I asked the guide in one of the chapels about them small, open passages, an' he told me they led nowhar. He told me nobody could get lost, so I had no anxiety about you. Whereupon, as you started, off I slipped, and here I've ben, takin' my ease ever sence, and wondered what's keepin' you so long."

"Uncle Zebedee," said Tom, in a solemn, sepulchral voice, "this will be a warning to me. After this, I will never let you go out of my sight."

The party remained in Rome for about a week, during which time they visited all the objects of interest; though, of course, in so short a period it was not possible to do more than glance at the vast collection of wonders, which are accumulated in the eternal city.

There were the churches and cathedrals, among which the vast fabric of St. Peter's attracted their chief attention and admiration. There were the palaces, with their galleries of painting and sculpture, through which they walked till they felt bewildered by the riches of art, that were heaped around them in such profusion. They would have liked to remain a far longer time, but this was impossible.

At length they set out for Florence. They travelled in a hired carriage, for the purpose of seeing the country, and took the road by Perugia. On this journey they passed through a country, which was full of the charm of historic associations, where they beheld the tombs of old Etrurians, and gazed upon the scene of Hannibal's victory at Lake Thrasymene.

They remained two or three days at Florence, where they saw a cathedral that rivals St. Peter's in grandeur, and museums of art that vie with those of Rome.

Then they went on.

Bologna, Ferrara and Padua were passed through without any long delay, and at length they reached Venice.

It would be difficult to describe the sensations which they experienced, as they found themselves in this extraordinary city.

It is a city that rises out of the sea. The streets are canals; the carriages boats. The cabs, the omnibuses, the barouches, the carry-alls, the buggies, the phaetons, the one horse "shays," the coaches, the drays, the trucks, the hand carts, the go carts, the velocipedes, the wheelbarrows, the teams, the perambulators,—in fact all the various species of vehicles, which in every other city on the globe go on *wheels*, here in Venice, go on *keels*. "The only horses," as an Irishman once remarked, "are men, and the only rail dhry land is all wather, so it is."

They stayed here a week, in spite of Uncle Zebedee's anxiety to go on; and saw every place of interest in this wonderful city, but thought no single object was to be compared to the city itself. They saw the cathedral of St. Mark, where magnificence and decay are so strikingly blended. They saw the spot on which Frederic Barbarossa knelt and did homage to the Pope. They visited the Doge's palace, ascended the "Giant's Stair," looked into the "Lion's Mouth," inspected the Hall of the Inquisition, passed over the Bridge of Sighs, and descended into the terrible dungeons of the Inquisition. Here they found three tiers of cells, the upper ones of which had once been reserved for mere murderers; but the lowest for heretics, where, below the surface of the sea, they might live a living death. All the horrors of the place, now exposed to the public eye, they saw, and shuddered, and were glad to escape from such hideous scenes to the upper air.

During their stay in Venice, Tom had been subject to a strong temptation. It was all the fault of the salt water, which filled him with an irrepressible desire to have a swim. He had not been able to manage this, but at last, as the time of their departure drew near, he grew desperate, and determined to accomplish it somehow. So, on the morning of their last day, he got up early, and in rather scant clothing went down stairs. The door was unlocked, he passed out, and in a few moments he had divested himself of the little clothing which had covered him.

Then he stood for an instant and looked at the canal beneath.

Then he raised his arms, and *took a header* straight into the turbid wave.

Rising, he struck out and swam toward the grand canal, which was not very far distant. This he reached. He swam across it. Then he struck out to return.

But when he was about half way across, on his homeward journey, he heard a sound which made him turn his head.

He saw a sight which filled him with consternation.

It was a police boat.

What was worse, it was coming straight toward him.

The only thing that he could do was to try and get away. And this he did do. He struck out vigorously. But alas! he was distant from the hotel, and the boat was near, and it could move much more quickly than he could. Tom labored hard. The water foamed around him, and behind him, yet still that terrible police boat kept on his track, and gained on him rapidly.

At last Tom reached the side of the grand canal, just where the entrance was to his own canal.

The police boat was close behind him.

He struck out wildly. No use. The next instant the police boat was beside him, and a strong hand had seized him by his hair.

To be continued.

For the Companion.

TWO PAUPERS.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

A small, low room, with whitewashed walls, two narrow windows curtained with green paper, supplemented by two worn out shawls, a bare floor, a few chairs and two beds.

The beds are occupied by two old women, way-worn and wrinkled, wrapped in loose gowns. They are Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Darley, and their room is in the first ward of the Huxley poor-house.

What brought them there, and how they like their abode, they shall themselves be allowed to reveal.

To our coming in from the bright October sunshine, the apartment looks dark and uninviting, and so thinks Mrs. Brooks, as she stands on the threshold, holding in her hands a basket and several small parcels, like the Lady Bountiful which she is.

Some of the outside sunshine seems to cling to Mrs. Brooks, however, and the place is lighter for her presence.

Having shaken hands with the two old women, she divided between them the articles she had brought. There were tea, sugar, crackers, cold tongue, custards and jelly, all of which were received by Mrs. Darley with gratitude, and by Mrs. Ray with the remark, accompanied with a long-drawn sigh, "I never thought I should be an object of charity."

Mrs. Brooks took no notice of the seeming ungraciousness, but seating herself by Mrs. Ray's bed, remarked, cheerfully, "I hope you find yourself better to-day."

"Better?" answered Mrs. Ray. "How can anybody get better in a place like this?"

"You are made comfortable here, aren't you?" asked Mrs. Brooks.

"Comfortable? Well, yes, so far as having my daily wants supplied, I'm comfortable; so is the dog, so is the cat, I suppose. But it's poor-house fare I get, and poor-house company, and I never ought to have been here, never. O, it's a shame, it is."

"You speak as if you had been dealt with unjustly; by whose fault, then, were you brought here?"

"Every body's. Nobody's. I don't know whose fault in particular, but every thing has gone against me. I was well born and well brought up, Mrs. Brooks. I was a Staples, Mrs. Brooks, and there wasn't a better family than the Stapleses in the State. I was an only child, and went to school from the time I was born, I was going to say, from the time I could speak plain, any way, till I was married."

"You were married young, then?"

"I was only eighteen. Willis Ray was three or four years older. He was in a druggist's shop then, but he had tried his hand at a good many things before that—he ran away to sea once; but sick enough he got of it. He wasn't called very steady, but when did a girl of eighteen ever take that into account?"

"Did your father approve the match?"

"Father? No; he was dead set against it. He did all he could to prevent it. Sometimes I

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used to think I almost hated him for persecuting me so. Once there was a whole week that I never spoke to him, except to answer when he spoke to me. I just sulked and cried all the time; but he wouldn't give in, and I wouldn't give in, and at last Willis and I planned a runaway match. Father found it out, and, O dear me, I shall never forget how he looked—angry, and grieved, and mortified, all together. Said he,—

"'Martha, I will never consent to your marrying Willis Ray; but if your mind is made up to it, you needn't go out of your father's house for the wedding. Mind, though, I do not consent to the marriage, and I warn you that you will rue it.'

"So I was married at home in a respectable manner, as became one of the Stapleses, and father always treated us well enough, except about little Jacob."

"Who was little Jacob?"

"Our son—the only one that lived to grow up. Father said we should spoil him petting him so, and Willis resented it because father interfered, and so that made trouble between them."

"And your son lived to be a comfort to you, I hope?"

"Comfort? If ever a woman had a trial with a child, I did with that one. I'm sure I tried hard enough to please him; I just let him have his own way in every thing; and yet he paid no attention to my wishes at all. He grew up just like his father, and when he got old enough, he ran off to sea, just as his father had, too."

"And then?"

"That was all; he never came back. He died in Brazil. Father died soon after, and left me all his property, but it was so tied up Willis couldn't touch a cent of it. That irritated Willis, and though I held on to my rights a number of years, I never had any peace till I had given it all up to him.

"He didn't do any business while that lasted, and drank harder than ever. It didn't last long, though, and after that, we kept growing poorer and poorer, and moving about from place to place, and Willis' health gave out, and I could do nothing to support him. How could I, Martha Staples that was, and brought up in affluence!

"I told him he had brought all the trouble on himself and on me too, and, would you believe it, he was mean enough to reproach me with giving up the property to him. He said we should have been well off if I'd hung on to that. Well, they carried him off to the poor-house in his native town, and brought me here. I don't know whether that's law or not, but I don't believe it's Gospel to separate man and wife."

"Nor I either," said Mrs. Brooks; "and I will see if something cannot be done about it."

"O, he died about a month after they put him there, poor man, so I'm left alone in the world, and nobody to wear crape on his hat for me when I die, which I never thought I should live to see. But things have been against me all my life, and here I lie and think it over, and all the time it keeps going through my head in a kind of sing-song, 'Martha Staples, you're in the poor-house; Martha Staples, you're in the poor-house,' and I don't take one minute's comfort in the whole twenty-four hours,"

Mrs. Brooks could not help thinking, as you are doing, my reader, that most of Mrs. Ray's misfortunes might be traced back to herself, but she forbore to tell her so, and after presenting such consolations as occurred to her, she asked, "Is there any thing in particular you would like to have me bring when I come again?"

"I'm in want of every thing, madam—food and raiment, house and home. To think that I, Martha Staples, should ever come to this!"

Mrs. Darley was so much accustomed to the complainings of her companion, that she had fallen asleep; but was awakened by the slight noise Mrs. Brooks made in moving her chair back.

She smiled as the lady approached her bedside, and in answer to the inquiry after her health, replied,—

"Thank you, ma'am, I'm comfortable. I suffer little pain, now, and have the best of care; every body's good to me."

"I am glad to hear you say so, yet I suppose the days must seem long, lying here with nothing to do."

"Well, no, ma'am, they don't. I have the use of my eyes, so I can read a good deal, and when I can't read I can think."

"About the books you have been reading?"

"Not so much as I do about myself, Mrs. Brooks,—there, that sounds selfish, doesn't it," said Mrs. Darley, with a cheery little laugh; "but when one gets so near the end of the journey as I am, it's natural to think about what's coming next."

"Do you mean death?"

"No, I mean heaven. Why, sometimes I just shut my eyes, Mrs. Brooks, and I forget all about where I am; it seems as if I'd got there. And it's pleasant to think about the past, too; my past life, you know."

"And yet you've had your trials, I suppose?"

"Yes, I've had my share—at least I called them trials at the time, but they hardly seem worth mentioning now that I'm so nearly done with the world. I lost friends, but I expect to find them again; I lost property, and here is this peaceful asylum provided for my old age. I suppose, though, if any one had told me, when I married Mr. Darley, that I should die in the poor-house, I should have been slow to believe it."

"May I ask what brought about the change in your circumstances?"

"It was his kindness of heart brought it about, ma'am; he signed a note for a man and had to pay it, and it ruined him. But he kept his honesty; I was thankful for that, even then, and I am more thankful for it now than I should be for wealth untold.

"The blow was too much for him, though. He was never very strong, and he kept continually reproaching himself for the trouble he had brought on me and the children, and worrying about what was to become of us, and his business went wrong for want of capital, and in two or three years he sunk away in a decline.

"I did what I could for myself and the children with my needle, but it wasn't much. I might have taught school, for I had a pretty good education, but there was baby to look after. People said I wasn't very energetic, and I suppose I wasn't, but my husband always liked me better for 'my quiet ways,' as he called them. Well, we got along somehow, and by-and-by the baby died, so I didn't have him to fret over, and the two older ones grew up and were married."

"And then, of course, you had a home with them?"

"No, one went West and died of malarial fever soon after, and the other to California; it's twenty years since I've heard any thing from her, and I don't know whether she's living or not.

"After they left me I lived by myself and took in sewing, or went from one house to another, doing odd jobs, till at last, when I got too old for that, my brother took me home to live with him. He was well off, and besides, at that time I could make myself useful in the family. His wife was always flinging up at me how I was a burden, and didn't do enough to pay for my board, but though that was unpleasant, I suppose I should have stayed a few years longer if it hadn't been for my accident."

"What was that?"

"Why, one day I was sitting at the kitchen window, darning the family stockings, and little Winnie, the two year old baby, was playing about the floor. My sister-in-law was in and out, or I should have looked after the child better, but feeling no care of her, I was intent on my darning, till after a while, I happened to glance toward her, and there she was standing by the cooking-stove, reaching her hand up to a kettle of hot water.

"I sprang across the room, and snatched the child in my arms, but the kettle went over, and I slipped on the stone hearth and broke my hip. I was pretty badly scalded, too, but I saved Winnie.

"After that I was helpless, and my sister-in-law declared she wouldn't have me in the house any longer. So as soon as I was able to be moved, they brought me here."

"But your brother; why didn't he declare that you *should* stay in his house, and eat out of gold and silver every day, for the service you had done him?"

"It would only have made trouble in the family, dear; and he never forgot me. He sent me ten dollars a year as long as he lived. Every body's kind to me, and if I have outlived my usefulness, I've outlived my troubles, too."

As Mrs. Brooks, walking home in the clear October sunshine, contrasted the two women she had left, she repeated to herself,—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

PARISIANS AND THEIR WAR RELICS.—The curious, sportive lightness of the French character appears strongly in the readiness with which they go back to amusement after war, and even gather up their enemies' weapons among their playthings:

"Among the curiosities of Paris at the present moment must certainly be ranked the shells on sale, exploded and unexploded. At first shells were sold in the rough, and good prices given for mere splinters. But the Parisian has a horror of any thing *au naturel*, and cannot allow shells any more than beauty to go unadorned. So now there is an ingenious man on the Boulevard des Italiens who has made shell a specialty.

"He has got cones of shells as inkstands—and very solid ones they make too—whole shells (spiteful lead-coated Prussian four-pounders these) made into tobacco boxes; broken pieces cleaned and polished, a little too much so to look genuine, and made into paper-weights. One huge Krupp shell has been cut so as to take drawers in it for pens, pencils, &c., while another has been tilted on one side and shows a clock let into a hollow for the powder.

"These are only a few of the ingenious devices for making shells useful, if not ornamental, which may be seen in Paris, and there is at least one comfort for the inexperienced in purchasing this kind of relic, namely, that they run little danger of having a supposititious article palmed off on them, seeing that the supply of shells, burst and unburst, in Paris just now is likely to be sufficient for almost any possible demand."—*Paris correspondent of the London News, 13th.*

A BIRD'S SHADOW.

A shadow—yet I heard it sing,
And heard the rustle of its wing,
Till every pulse with joy was stirred;
It was the shadow of a bird!

Only the shadow! Yet it made
Full summer everywhere it strayed;
And every bird I ever knew
Back and forth in the summer flew;
And breezes wafted over me,
The scent of every flower and tree;
Till I forgot the pain, and gloom,
And silence of my darkened room.
Now, in the glorious open air,
I watch the birds fly here and there;
And wonder, as each swift wing cleaves
The sky, if some poor soul that grieves
In lonely, darkened, silent walls
Will catch the shadow as it falls!

Independent.

For the Companion.

A MIDNIGHT SCARE.

By C. A. Stephens.

In the township of Greenwood, Me., on the side of a steep, wooded mountain, which overhangs a narrow, wild-looking pond, there is a curious hollow rock. It is a huge boulder, lodged among thick evergreens. The underside of it is split in such a manner as to form a roomy cavity, and it is called from this circumstance the "House Rock."

Within it a spring of icy cold water trickles out, letting loose myriads of imprisoned bubbles, and sending a tiny rill tinkling over the sharp stones below; while back, in the darkest corner, a black fissure opens, between damp, mossy jambs, into a still deeper hole, or den, behind.

A legend says that an Indian sachem once lived here, and that his treasures (whatever they might have been) were hidden in this inner den. There is also a story that in earlier days, while the State was still a province, a gang of Indian fighters, who were watching the movements of a party of Pequawkets, spent several days here during a severe north-east storm. And the shore of the pond below is said to have been the scene of a fierce fight.

The rock on one side is yellowed and crumbled by the fires which have been built against it.

But whatever warlike occupants the old Rock may have sheltered in the past, I doubt if it ever held a more wicked-looking one than was rather unexpectedly turned out of it, one afternoon last September.

A party of us boys and girls had gone there for a picnic—the rock and its old legends making the locality attractive. From the village a rough road passes up the valley beside the pond. We made the trip in wagons for the first ten miles; and from the road up to the rock went on foot, carrying our baskets.

Our table (a stake and pole affair, covered with white cloths) was set *in* the rock, to enhance the romance of the thing. There were but twelve or thirteen of us; just a rock-ful; and we were in the midst of the festivities, when a sudden scratching and snarling back in the dark corner, caused us to look hastily in that direction. A big cat-head, with great silvery eyes, which glowed and flashed, was staring out from the fissure.

One glance at this savage apparition was quite enough to raise a panic. We all jumped up—the girls shrieking and screaming! At which the creature, scared no doubt by the outcry, made a leap, and then a rush to get past us. Every boy and girl sprang toward the entrance of the den.

The beast then dived under the table, and getting entangled with the cloths, upset it, sending cakes and crockery in every direction. And just then some one ran against me, pitching me headlong, and before I could regain my legs the creature had rushed by us. Somehow I caught a glimpse of his gray back, as he scuttled away among the bushes.

"After him! Give it to him!" was the general shout.

All the boys started in hot pursuit. A chase of a few rods took us down to the shore of the pond. The animal had run out on a little point extending into the water, and seeing us closing in upon him, sprang up the trunk of a pine, which leaned out from the bank.

"Stone him! Pelt him out of the tree!" was the cry.

There were plenty of large, round stones lying about, and whole volleys of them were soon flying into the pine. For some minutes the beast clung growling to the limbs, then finding the place rather too exposed, he leaped down some fifteen or twenty feet, into the water, and swam for the opposite shore. We saw him climb up the bank and disappear in the woods.

Our visitor was easily recognized as a rather large specimen of the Canada Lynx, or, as it is commonly called, the "Lucivee," from *Loup Cervier*. And this picnic scrimmage recalls quite vividly my first adventure with one of these creatures.

It was toward the last of September, when, in company with an old "river driver," named Ben Murch, I was coming down through the "black growth," from the Allaguash Stream to the West Branch of the Penobscot. We had been up to examine a dam on the Musquacook waters, built by the lumbering firm of which my uncle was a member. A late spring freshet was thought to have broken it.

The dam, however, was all right, and we were on our way back. We had expected to get to the West Branch before night; but dusk had fallen, and we had concluded to camp out, when the forest suddenly lightened up ahead, and pushing on, we soon came to a large opening.

"Hay farm, I guess," said Ben, pointing to some tall, dark objects, which I now made out to be hay-stacks.

We had stumbled upon one of the clearings, or "hay-flats," made by the lumbermen, to supply their oxen with fodder.

During the summer, gangs of men are sent up from Bangor and Augusta to cut grass, and stack hay for winter use.

On the farther side of the clearing, which (as we now discovered) lay along the river, there was an old log camp, where the workmen had lodged. We went toward it.

"It looks a little pokerish," said Ben; "but I guess we'll try it."

The rickety old door was creaking and banging in the wind; and the whole establishment had a dreadfully dismal, deserted look. But the night was chilly, and we were not very fastidious. There was a haystack standing near.

"We'll take a shake-down out of this," continued Ben, pulling out some of the dry hay.

We each of us gathered up what we could carry, and went into the hut. It was a pretty dark place inside, for there were no windows.

On striking a match, we discovered a sort of loft of loose boards overhead, with a hole where there had probably been stairs, or a ladder. There was also a stone fireplace on one side, with a lot of old pine knots in it.

Lighting these the old den began to brighten a little. We had a "cold bite" with us, which we proceeded to dispose of; and then shaking down our hay, in front of the fire, we lay down, and finding it tolerably comfortable, soon went to sleep.

I don't know how long we had slept, (sometime, I presume, for the fire had gone out,) when I was suddenly conscious of a loud shriek—such a scream, and so near, that I sprang up before I was fairly awake, bumping against Ben, who had leaped to his feet like an Indian.

"Is that you? D'ye hear that?" I exclaimed.

"I rather think I did," said Ben. "Do you *holler* in your sleep?"

"No, I don't—if I know myself. Do you?"

"Not much."

"There's something prowling round here, then," muttered Ben. "Got a match?"

A wisp of hay was soon blazing; but there was nothing inside of the shanty. We then cautiously opened the door and looked out. It was a dark, moonless night; still, we could dimly see objects near the hut. There was nothing stirring outside. And after going round the camp, and listening awhile, we went in again and lay down, each a little suspicious, I think, that the other had "hollered" in his sleep.

This was a reassuring view of the case; and on the strength of it, we presently dozed off again.

But by-and-by, I began to dream I was being charmed by a black snake, and waking suddenly and opening my eyes, I saw distinctly a couple of pale, bright spots, glaring down from the hole in the floor overhead! It took me a mo-

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ment to collect my wits, and then I knew it must be some creature of the cat kind, up in the loft.

"Ben! Ben!" I whispered, giving him a sharp nudge with my elbow. The moment I stirred, the creature gave an unearthly screech.

Ben didn't need any more waking. We both jumped to our feet.

"Catamounts! Wild cats! Up in the loft!" I yelled.

"Where's the gun? the gun!" shouted Ben, fumbling wildly about.

Another screech, and down came the bright spots into the hay, with a spit and a growl.

I jumped for the door, with a vague idea that if cats and guns were coming into conflict there in the dark, I would give them as fair a field as I could. But as I pushed it aside, the creature, fully as anxious to get out as I, leaped for the opening, knocking me headlong. Out we both went together, sprawling and scrambling. I have a frenzied recollection of claws clutching the back of my coat, and a horrid *swish* of fur in my face. But before I could pick myself up, the beast was gone. Ben rushed out with,—

"Did he scratch ye, Kit?"

"No—I guess not—much. What'n the world was it, though?"

"Lucivee, I guess. Sounded like their screeches. I've known of their getting into old camps before. He was up there, ye see, when we came in, hours ago. Been watching us all night."

For the Companion.

BLOW OUT YOUR LIGHT.

Learned men have made us so familiar of late years with the worlds that are over our heads, that we begin to feel quite neighborly with the moon and other heavenly bodies, and wish we could either increase the power of our telescopes, or have our celestial neighbors come nearer to us.

A certain distinguished professor of one of our colleges, has come to the conclusion, that situated as we are among the myriads of comets, whose fiery locomotives are so uncertain in their movements, the probabilities are strongly in favor of a collision some time or other, and he don't see how it can long be avoided.

Retiring to bed one night at a late hour, after great fatigue, I placed the lamp on a table near by, (a bad example which we hope no one will follow,) and took up the professor's latest article on comets, to read it. This is the last thing I remember doing, till I woke up in wild astonishment at the scenes I had witnessed, and which seemed to have occupied a large portion of my life.

I thought I was on my way into the city, as usual, in the morning train. As we rode in, every body remarked an unusual feeling in the atmosphere. A peculiar glow pervaded the air, such as travellers report of the desert of Sahara. Over a portion of the sky, a broad, bright haze like the milky way, extended from the horizon upward almost to the zenith. What it could be, no one could imagine, and few troubled themselves about it, but left it to star gazers and newspaper reporters. Early risers insisted that since the morning, (that is with them about daylight,) it had been increasing in size and distinctness, but they were few in number, and their testimony had but little weight.

On reaching the city, we found people in groups at the corners of the streets, looking upward with expressions of alarm and agitation, and "many an eye was heavenward turned, that seldom looked that way before." Some laughed and turned on their heels, then stopped to gaze again, as if not entirely satisfied. Others looked very grave, said nothing, but kept up a deal of thinking. Some passed from group to group, catching all the various opinions and flying reports. Among the latter was myself, for I had not yet determined what to do.

All at once, and I never shall forget it, the cry arose, "It is the comet! the comet!"

The scenes of terror, confusion and despair that followed, from this time—which was about ten o'clock in the morning—beggar description. Women fainting with apprehension, fell in the streets, and imagination added new horrors to the fearful reality. The heat, the brazen heat, so noticeable in the morning, constantly increased, and by noon exceeded all former experience, and was still on the increase.

Gusts of wind swept over the city, with force before unknown, unroofing blocks of stores, then suddenly sinking into as fearful a calm.

By one o'clock all business was suspended, and my own private course of action decided upon; which was to push at once for the suburbs and convey my family to a place of comparative security, a deep fissure in the rocky cliffs near our residence. I hastened to the station and took the last train that ever left that depot.

By this time surmises and doubts were at an end, and those who scoffed a few hours before, were convinced that the comet was indeed drawing near. The burning heat had driven all persons into houses and stores, wherever they could find shelter.

The roofs were warping and cracking open, inflammable materials were beginning to ignite, and fires to kindle. But no one had the courage or the power to check the flames or to render his neighbor any assistance.

Some digged through the floors of cellars and into old wells for a last refuge, if need be, under the surface.

Some fled to the sea, but returned, unable to endure the glare.

Who can describe the agony of these few hours of increasing heat, till life seemed insupportable, and then I ceased to know, or care, or feel; for consciousness left me, and my last remembered sensation resembled suffocation over the fumes of burning charcoal. Meanwhile we, at least, were safe, underground, breathing as we could, and mercifully oblivious of the fate of the world.

When we awoke from how long an asphyxia we knew not, thankful that the heated rocks had not fallen upon us and hid us forever, we realized that we were still in existence and that all was over; for the air stealing through the crevices was the atmosphere of earth, and we were unmistakably hungry in a perfectly natural way.

But what a scene on emerging from our shelter!

Towns and villages, and all that grows and that has life, were in ashes. Not a vestige left of any thing that could burn. How extensive the desolation was, we knew not, till years had elapsed. But here and there were many, reckoned in the aggregate by millions, who were preserved like ourselves with their lives alone. The institutions and the arts of man had not perished; and amid the wreck of matter, the survivors still "had all things under their feet," as at the first destruction by water, and they began in fear and awe the task of reconstruction and repair.

The germs of vegetation, wherever remaining, came forth anew, and nature, ever young, put on again in due time her garments of gladness and beauty.

Absent fleets returned. Lands were portioned out anew, and cities were rebuilt.

According to the professor's prediction, the concussion of the comet, or meteor, or whatever it was that collided with our mother earth on that eventful day, left its permanent effect upon the climates.

The *isothermal hoops* were driven up by the blow, and among the agreeable results therefrom, the east winds of New England were sent to warm the Esquimaux, who still survived unharmed in their thick-ribbed ice. Time would fail to even allude to the changes wrought by this great catastrophe, in the institutions of Western nations; in all that perished and never again appeared to plague or bless mankind.

But time, while all this was going on inside my noddle, was growing very short with me, and if I had not sprung up as I did, this veracious story would never have been told. The lamp which I had so carelessly left burning, had in some way communicated with the bedclothes, and the flames were slowly advancing over the pillow case.

My face was blistered, and the hair on one side of my head was badly singed.

The phenomena of the dream are thus satisfactorily accounted for, and the moral of the tale the attentive reader has already perused in the heading. G.

THE MOABITE STONE.

Of all the remarkable "accidental" witnesses to the truth of the Bible history discovered from time to time in the old cities of the East, there is none more strangely interesting than the "Moabite Stone." Both the character of the matter written upon it, and its great antiquity make this singular relic of the past, a thing of value and a thing of wonder.

It was first seen in 1868, by Rev. Mr. Klein, a missionary, while travelling in the land of Moab. He had stopped to search among the ruins of the ancient city of Dibon. While thus engaged, his eye fell upon a black slab or tablet. It was about three feet long and two feet wide. Upon it was an inscription in what appeared to be Phenician characters.

He reported his discovery at Jerusalem, and some time after parties were sent to take impressions of the stone, and efforts were made to buy it of the Turkish authorities.

As is almost always true of that bigoted nation, so soon as they found that the slab was *wanted*, they became suspicious. It had never been worth any thing to them and was worth nothing to them now, but when it seemed likely to be of value to somebody else they concluded there must be something dangerous about it and broke the tablet in pieces.

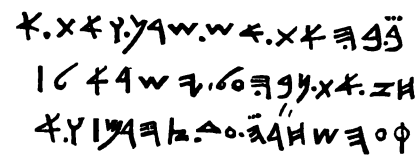
A tolerably good impression of the inscription had already been taken, however, nor did their superstitious meanness prevent the taking of another and still more accurate impression, for the broken parts were carefully put together and the whole copied again on "squeeze paper."

Oriental scholars skilled in the old Semitic tongues were soon put in possession of this curious writing, and translations of it were made both in France and England, and published to the world.

It is a record of the exploits of Mesha, King of Moab, who was cotemporary with Jehoram, and Jehoshaphat, and the prophet Elisha, and must therefore have been carved on the tablet about two thousand eight hundred years ago! It contains thirty-four lines, (a few words of which are illegible,) and the whole of it printed in the *Companion* would make nearly half a column. It commences in this way:

"I, Mesha, son of Kemoshgad, King of Moab, the Dibonite. My father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I reigned after my father. And I made this high place for Kemosh in Korchoh, a place of deliverance; because he delivered me from all enemies, and let me look upon the destruction of all my haters," &c.

This intensely interesting monument of Bible history mentions the familiar names of Omri, (father of Ahab,) Nebo, Baal-Meon, Medeba, Aroer, Arnon, Horonaim, and twice the name of Jehovah. When we think how ancient it is, it almost startles us. Nine hundred years before Christ! Nearly three thousand years old. The remarkable story in the third chapter of Second Kings relates the overthrow, and probably final downfall of this King Mesha, and the record of his previous deeds as given on the tablet was probably made during the wars hinted at in the first verse of the first chapter of Second Kings.



Here is a small portion of the inscription upon the stone. It is worth a thoughtful examination, for it is a copy of the oldest alphabetical writing in the world.

THE ELECTIONS OF THE YEAR.

Fourteen States are to hold elections this year, —and the elections thus held will be important, both directly and indirectly.

Directly, the results of the elections will show whether the States are to be governed by Democrats or by Republicans.

Indirectly, they will have an important influence on the nominations that will be made for President and Vice-President, next year, when a national election will be held.

For instance, among the gentlemen spoken of in connection with the Democratic nomination for the presidency, is Gen. Hancock, one of the most brilliant officers of the national army during the secession war.

He is a Pennsylvanian,—and if Pennsylvania should give a Democratic majority in October next, the leading men of that party would have increased influence in the Democratic National Convention that will meet next summer, to nominate a candidate for the office of President. They could consistently say that their very large and important State would vote for the General, should he be nominated, and that would be a strong argument in favor of making him the presidential candidate of the party.

If, on the contrary, Pennsylvania should give a Republican majority, the Pennsylvanian Republicans in their National Convention could consistently ask for the nomination of Mr. Cameron, of their State, for the vice-presidency. That is one way by which "things work" in politics.

Of the States that hold elections in 1871, the following are expected to vote for the Democrats: New York, California, Kentucky and Maryland. The following States it is expected will vote for the Republicans: Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine and Illinois. Pennsylvania, Ohio and New Jersey are classed as "doubtful States." North Carolina holds no election, but she will vote on the question of holding a State Convention to amend her Constitution.

Many of the States named will choose Legislatures, and the Legislatures thus created will elect United States Senators. This is an element in State elections that always makes them lively and interesting,—and sometimes bitter and venomous,—for national senatorships are eagerly sought by ambitious men.

The elections will begin in August, with that of Kentucky, and stretch far over into November, when New York and Massachusetts, and some other States, will vote. Vermont and Maine vote in September,—and Ohio, Pennsylvania and Iowa in October.

The chief interest of these elections, as we have said, relates to their bearing upon the next presidential contest. That contest will be so active and determined, that it must, for a time, absorb every other political interest. The presidency of the United States has become so great and powerful an office that parties contend for it fiercely. The Democrats have now been out of power since the spring of 1861, and they are impatient to regain it. The Republicans have been in power since the spring of 1861, and they do not mean to be thrust from the position—if they can prevent it.

So there will be a grand fight, and all political action, from this time to the month of November, 1872, will be determined with reference to its bearing upon the decision of that election.

"POOR FRANCE," AND RICH FRANCE.

Almost every American pities the French, and the words, "Poor France!" have been very frequently uttered by them during the last twelve months. They thought she was justly beaten in the German war, but pitied her all the same.

In respect to suffering, no doubt she may fitly be called "Poor France," for suffering makes even rich men "poor" for the time. But in another sense we can say "rich France," without any violation of the truth, as facts of recent occurrence show.

The conquering Germans laid on France a price, as we may call it, of 5,000,000,000 of francs. This may be stated, in our money, at well nigh $940,000,000 in gold. At first thought, men declared that it would be impossible for the French to pay such a sum, and that the Germans could not really have expected them to pay it.

Yet France has just done that which shows that she can pay the entire German bill for damages, and pay it, too, at once, if it is found expedient to do so. Not long ago Bismarck dunned the French government sharply, and threatened to do something of an ugly character if the money due was not paid immediately. Being obliged to act, the French authorities put a great loan on the market. The amount they asked for was 2,000,000,000 of francs, or almost $370,000,000, (gold).

Subscriptions were opened, and not only was the whole amount taken up in France, but much more than double that amount was subscribed. At the time we write, the French returns show that the subscriptions exceed 4,500,000,000, and all the subscriptions have not come in. It seems probable that the total quite comes up to the entire amount of the German exaction, and that France could, were it worth her while to do so, square accounts with her conquerors, and bid those of them who yet cumber her territory take themselves off.

These facts prove that France is indeed a rich country, and not so easily exhausted as some folks have supposed. Bismarck answered those persons who remonstrated against the heaviness of the fine he laid on her, by saying that she was richer than was believed, and that she would soon get over the consequences of his very tight squeezing. And so he squeezed her very tightly indeed.

Time has speedily demonstrated that the astute German was right in his estimate of the power of France to pay heavy damages.

BOUND-FOOTED GIRLS AND FREE-FOOTED GIRLS.

Dr. Dio Lewis and a good many others would tell us that we need not go half as far as China to see specimens of this contrast, but the following is about the females of the "Flowery Kingdom," and is from a lecture by Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, who last year and year before wrote to the *Companion* several interesting letters from China:

"The women of China are divided into two classes—the bound-footed, who are the ladies, and the large-footed, who are the common class. The latter carry the burdens, do all the drudgery and out-door work, while their husbands do nothing. When a little girl is born, the parents think the gods are angry with them, and they hold a consultation whether she shall be allowed to live or not. If she is, when she arrives at the age of four years, they hold another consultation whether she shall be a bound-footed or a large-footed woman. If she is chosen to be a bound-footed, she is not permitted to do any

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thing, but if otherwise, she has to be the family slave.

"I have seen a woman with four children strapped to her back and rowing a boat, while her husband laid in the cabin smoking his pipe. Girls have no choice of their husbands; the young girl is sold by her parents at the highest price they can obtain for her. She never sees her husband, nor he her, until after they are married. If he chooses he can be divorced from her for talking too much; if he becomes poor, or gets tired of her, he sells her again.

"In the coldest weather the large-footed women are not allowed to wear stockings, and cannot dress in any other colors than black or blue. I have walked through the streets when the women would brush against my dress so as to see my feet, so they could tell to what class I belonged. I would say to them,—

"'I will show you my feet, but do not pull my clothes, as it is rude.'

"When I would expose my feet to them they would exclaim,—

"'Why, have you no real ladies in America?'

"And the only way that I could make them believe that we had was by telling them that the women read books like the men, which utterly astounded them, as the real Chinese lady is brought up in the utmost ignorance, and they only marry in the rich families, because they know and do so little, and need so much waiting upon that it takes a rich husband to support them.

"If you ask a Chinese woman how many children she has, she will give you only the number of the boys. She has to be asked the second time how many girls she has, as they are thought so little of that in many cases they are killed as soon as born."

The Broad-brims have a song, "I'm glad I am a Shaker," &c. American girls—Shaker or otherwise—should certainly sing "I'm glad I aint a Chinee."

EXCITEMENT OF SEAL HUNTING.

A lively writer to the New York *Herald* from Newfoundland, describes the process of seal catching as carried on among the ice-fields of that coast during the months of March and April. We select a portion, which is well worth reading, both for the information and for the incident which closes it:

The pursuit of the seals is exciting. The ice reached, the batsmen proceeded to business. Each is provided with a long staff, similar in shape to the American base ball bat, with the difference of greater length. These batsmen are extremely agile and level-headed. They leap upon the floating ice and make direct for the young seals. The latter are summarily disposed of by a blow on the nose from the bat or a kick from the foot, *en passant*.

The foot blow is termed a "boot," and being dealt powerfully, settles the juvenile seal.

With amazing rapidity the batsman continues his work of destruction. He seems to be everywhere and his track is marked by havoc. He is generally provided with an alpenstock, with which he springs from "ice-pan" to "ice-pan," often alighting on cakes tilted at an angle of thirty degrees. A slip here would be death, but your genuine seal hunter rarely trips up, for he is educated from the cradle to endurance and activity, and endowed with fearlessness and a clear head.

An amusing incident here occurs to me. One of the men had set his heart upon a "cub," and was chasing it, the seal making amazing time and distancing the pursuer, who, in his eagerness to secure the coveted prize, rushed past an "old hood," when he was suddenly seized by the seat of his trowsers by the seal. The man pulled and the seal growled and tore. Every body was convulsed with laughter, and could not move a peg to the man's assistance. At last teeth gained the day, the raiment parted, and the man, whose courage had long since oozed away, fled. He reproached one of the scoffers subsequently by the remark, when the incident was referred to, "Moony, you're no man."

LOOK OUT HOW YOU PUNCTUATE.

The old blunder of dropping the semicolon and comma out of the toast "Woman; without her, man would be a savage," occasionally finds its match yet among careless or ignorant writers and speakers.

In a recent issue of the Lyons *Republican* there was an article on the double meaning of words that was quite amusing, showing how the manner of speaking certain sentences will convey entirely different meanings. So, also, in writing sentences, two or more constructions can be conceived according to the punctuation. In the sentence "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will," a change in the punctuation makes it read: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends rough, hew them as we will."

During our school-boy days the afternoon of every Friday was devoted to "speaking and compositions." One of our schoolmates was very partial to the well-known speech of Norval, commencing "My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks, a frugal swain." No effort of the teacher could prevent him from speaking it thus: "My name is Norval on the Grampian hills; my father feeds his flocks," &c. Since we commenced writing this article we have thought how many transpositions can be made of the sentence "Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way." Perhaps somebody can give the number.

TOOTH PULLED.

It is not often that wild beasts fall into the hands of dentists. But an unfortunate lion has just had a troublesome tooth extracted by a professional man of Glasgow. We should think, however, that the dentist to whom such a task was assigned was the more unfortunate creature of the two. In this case the patient was lassoed.

When he was somewhat exhausted by struggles to free himself, the doctor mounted on a tub in front of the cage. A piece of wood was placed to the lion's mouth, and at once the beast made a snap. Then a pitchfork was held up, and, placed in the mouth, kept it open while the inside was thoroughly washed. Afterward the doctor, pushing his arm between the bars into the lion's mouth, and running his hand over the teeth, found the loose grinder. A terrible struggle ensued. The lion plunged more vigorously and howled more frightfully than ever, tossing his head from side to side, and at times forcing his hinder as well as his front paws against the bars. But ultimately the doctor triumphed over all difficulties and dangers, and by means of powerful forceps extracted the loose tooth, which was found broken and diseased near the root. When the task had been completed the lion sank down completely exhausted, and while he lay steady and quiet the doctor cut the flesh over the jaw and found the bone severely injured, if not broken. It was, however, deemed inexpedient to subject the beast to another operation.

BEAUTIFUL IN OLD AGE.

How to be beautiful when old?
I can tell you, maiden fair—
Not by lotions, dyes and pigment,
Not by washes for your hair.
While you're young be pure and gentle,
Keep your passions well controlled;
Walk, work and do your duty—
You'll be handsome when you're old.

Some white locks are fair as golden,
Gray as lovely as the brown,
And the smile of age more pleasant
Than a youthful beauty's frown.
'Tis the soul that shapes the features,
Fires the eye, attunes the voice;
Sweet sixteen, be these your maxims—
When you're sixty you'll rejoice.

WHAT THE ENGINEERS DO FOR US.

We think little of and give little credit to the black-handed and sooty-faced toilers whose skill and carefulness enable us to travel so comfortably by boat and car. It should not be so. An engineer has a more responsible place than a conductor. If you don't believe it, "put yourself in his place." A sarcastic writer says:

What an easy thing it is to pilot a crowded ferry boat over a dark, rolling river, and carry her back into the slip, without bump or shock! Try it. Also, what an easy thing it is to drive a locomotive! Pull a lever and away she goes; pull another, and she slacks and stops. That's all.

The quick eye, firm hand, prompt courage, the knowledge of every furlong of the road, the putting on steam on an ascent, or the shutting off on a down grade; the difference of expansion in the rails between hot and cold, wet and dry, and the perpetual risk of life, limb and property, are matters unknown to the people who pay their fare, take their tickets, and get to their journey's end.

All the while their lives have been in the hands of a grim-looking man at the end of the train, who, if they meet him on the platform, they avoid, lest they should spoil their silks or broadcloths by the contact.

PRESENTIMENT.

William James, one of the victims of the Pittston mine horror, was a Welshman, and had been in this country about seven months. On the morning of the dreadful day in question he had taken his breakfast, and his wife had made ready his dinner and set the pail beside him. For some time he sat wrapped in thought, his arms folded, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the stove, and a deep melancholy apparently brooding over him. He was aroused from his reverie by his wife telling him that his dinner was ready, and that he would be late, as the bell had rung.

He started to his feet, and gazing upon her for a moment with a look full of tenderness and significance, said to her, "If I should not come back alive would you be in such a hurry getting me out?"

The wife answered "No," but remarked that "if he was going at all, it was time he was gone."

He lifted his pail without saying a word, and after kissing his wife, kissed his four little children, who were sitting playing on the doorstep. When he had got about fifty yards from his home, he returned again, and kissed his wife and children once more with great fervency.

His wife noticed that he was the victim of gloomy forebodings, and as he turned away she was about to entreat him not to go to work if he apprehended any danger. But hope, and courage, and the pressing necessities of their family overcame her intention, and she let him go. She stood in the door and watched him on his way to the fatal pit. When at a point where he turned out of her sight, he paused and cast a wistful look toward his home and little ones, and seeing his wife, waved with his hand a last adieu. He parted with his loved ones forever.

A CRUEL DEATH.

Processions of children marching through dust and heat on the Fourth of July are always dangerous to health and even life, but it is scarcely less than *barbarous* to make a child, or any person, *stand still* under the rays of a hot sun with the head unprotected.

At the recent German festival in New York a prominent feature of the procession was a representation of the "Watch on the Rhine." The most prominent feature was a beautiful young lady representing "Germania," who stood on the top of a tower, in the centre, clad in a red velvet dress, bearing a sword in one hand. She was exposed to the piercing rays of the sun, which fell with unusual fervor that day. She wore nothing on her head but a single laurel wreath. For hours she stood in the sun while the fifteen miles of pageantry moved slowly through the streets. The heat, the great fatigue, and the excitement, exhausted her, and in a few hours after the show she died.

A BIGGER GUN YET.

A writer to *Appletons' Journal* says:

You speak of the great gun recently cast at the Royal Arsenal in England as being the largest in the world. This is a mistake. There is a gun at Fort Hamilton, Long Island, that far exceeds the English gun in size and weight. It weighs one hundred and sixteen thousand five hundred and forty-nine pounds, which is over fifty-eight and a quarter tons, while the English gun weighs but thirty-five tons. It carries a ball of one thousand pounds' weight; the English gun, a shot weighing but seven hundred pounds. Its service charge is one hundred pounds of powder, which can be increased to one hundred and fifty. It is twenty feet in length, and is capable of propelling a ball to a distance of three miles. I think this beats the Englishman considerably. There is, however, still a larger gun, of Krupp manufacture, owned by the Prussian government, which was at the French Exhibition, and which, according to a recent article in the *Gartenlaube*, throws a solid steel shot weighing eleven hundred Prussian pounds, encased in two hundred pounds of lead.

HONOR AMONG RELATIVES.

The Portsmouth *Times* relates that some two years ago a poor, discharged soldier in that city employed a claim agent to send his application to Washington, which he did without success. A second time the papers were sent, and again rejected. The man's wife again went to the agent, saying that they had nothing to eat, and begged him to try again. He did so, and this time the bounty of one hundred dollars was paid. Before any of the money was spent for himself or family, the discharged soldier enclosed a ten-dollar bill to his uncle, to pay for money lent him when he was in want. A few months since he was informed that his uncle had died and bequeathed him all his estate, valued at two hundred thousand dollars, giving as his reason for so doing, that he had many times lent money to his relatives, and except in this single instance had never been repaid. He rewarded his nephew's honesty by making him his legatee.

LIVED IT DOWN.

An honest blacksmith was once grossly insulted, and his character infamously defamed. Friends advised him to seek redress by means of the law, and obtain substantial damages; but to one and all he replied, "No; I will go to my *forge*, and *there* in six months I shall have worked out such a character, and earned a name, as all the judges, law-courts and lawyers in the world could never give me." He was right. It is by honest labor, industrious toil, manly courage and a conscience void of offence (a difficult attainment) that we assert our true dignity, and prove our truth, honesty and respectability.

RAN FAR ENOUGH.

Two Ellington lads determined to seek their fortune, "whether their mother would let them or no," and instead of going to church as sent, Sunday, they walked to Bolton, where they arrived, wet to the skin, in the evening. They slept in a stage that night, and Monday walked to Hebron. Arriving there, it suddenly occurred to them, that there wasn't much fun in running away after all, and so footed it back home, concluding that "Ellington wasn't a very bad place." They walked during their short absence about fifty miles.

CLOVES ARE BUDS.

Cloves are the dried unexpanded buds of the clove tree, a celebrated spice cultivated on the island of Amboyna, in Sumatra, Zanzibar, Borneo and Cayenne; the culture and trade in this article was a monopoly in the hands of the Dutch for many years. The imports into the United States are about two hundred thousand pounds annually; and into England about one million. The name is derived from the resemblance of the spice to small nails, and in all countries it is called by a name having this signification.

THE EFFICACY of "White's Specialty for Dyspepsia" is well attested in another column of this paper.

ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, are conquered by Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy. 30—1t

VINEGAR, how made in 10 hours, without drugs Particulars 10 cts. F. SAGE, Cromwell, Ct. 16—3m

$10 A DAY, with Stencil Tools. Samples free. Address A. E. GRAHAM, Springfield, Vt. 30—4t

$325 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. 20-3m

THE "TOMTIT" is still selling at the rate of 100 daily. Price only 10 cents. EXCHANGE PRINTING CO., New Bedford, Mass. 30—3t

30 CENTS for a Beautiful Colored Stereoscopic Floral Picture from Nature. Postpaid. S. H. MARTIN, Marblehead, Mass. 30—1t

$40 A WEEK Greenbacks for all. For circular, New Novelties, address C. W. SMITH, Saco, Me. 30—.teop

JACKSON & CO. are still offering a large variety of Summer Hats, for men and boys, at 59 Tremont Street, Boston. 30—1t

$250 A MONTH easily made with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Secure Circular and Samples, *free*. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro', Vt. 24—26t

TWO-DOLLAR DOUBLE ENGINE.—Double steamchests, safety valves, cylinder, pistons, etc., four times the capacity and four times the power. Price $2 00. COLBY BROS. & CO., 508 Broadway, N. Y. 24—tf

$6 00 A LINE for an advertisement in 780 weekly newspapers circulating in all the Northern States of the Union. Best and cheapest medium of its kind in the world. Estimates sent on application to E. W. FOSTER, 41 Park Row, N. Y. 30—4teop

LE CERCLE, the Popular Field Game, will largely supersede Croquet the coming season. Prices reduced. Send 10 cents for Descriptive Book, or stamp for Illustrated Circular. D. B. BROOKS & BRO., Boston, Mass. 22—tf

RYDER'S DOLLAR ENGINE,
Beats the world all holler;
Except his double Engine,
For a double dollar!
23 COLBY BROS. & CO., 508 Broadway, N. Y.

EVERY TEACHER should have in the school-room one of Colby's Dollar Steam Engines. It is complete in all its parts, a perfect engine, illustrating the principle of steam power to a nicety—interesting, instructive, amusing. Sent postage paid on receipt of $1 30 by COLBY BROS. & CO., 508 Broadway, N. Y. 24—tf

WHISKERS!—One package of Prof. Hall's Magic Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded. 25 cents a package, post-paid; 3 for 50 cents. EDGAR JONES, Ashland, Mass. 29—4t

ROOT BEER, A Desirable Summer Drink. In many respects the BEST DRINK of the kind manufactured, as its medicinal properties render it exceedingly valuable in any disarrangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. ON DRAUGHT AT NO. 37 COURT STREET. 5 cts per glass, or 25 cts per package, which will make five gallons *delicious beer*. 25—tf

WORK AND PLAY.—A monthly magazine for the instruction, amusement and improvement of the Young Folks. Illustrated with **Oil Chromos.** Only $1 per year. Every person raising a club can have the **full value** of all the money sent in Croquet or other games. SEND 10 CENTS for sample copy. MILTON BRADLEY & CO., Springfield, Mass. 30—1t

$5 TO $10 PER DAY can be made by any lady or gentleman of ordinary abilities to sell a new patented article, one of the most *useful* and cheapest inventions ever offered to the public. Send 20 cents for sample and circulars, or call and satisfy yourself at office, 87 Westminster Street, Room No. 7, Providence, R. I. S. W. YOUNG. 27—4t

LEATHERBEE BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Eastern and Western LUMBER,
LEATHERBEE BROTHERS' WHARF,
NEW ALBANY STREET,
Second Wharf South of Dover Street Bridge,
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480 and 482 Harrison Ave., opp. Perry St.,
JOHN W. LEATHERBEE, ANDREW F. LEATHERBEE. BOSTON.
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VEGETINE
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world. 23—8t

THE WEED
"Family Favorite"
SEWING
MACHINES
are the MOST POPULAR in the market, because they will execute the GREATEST range and VARIETY of work. They are the SIMPLEST and EASIEST to operate, and are always in order.
"SHUTTLE," "STRAIGHT NEEDLE," "SELF-ADJUSTING TENSION."
Can be purchased and payments made in
SMALL MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS.
Reliable Agents wanted on Commission and otherwise. For terms, descriptive circulars and samples of work, address or apply to
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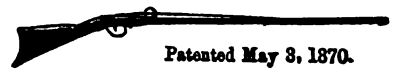
16—eop40w JAS. H. FOWLER, Agent.



Patented May 3, 1870.
BOYS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents will buy one of Reed's American Rifles (patented). A full-sized gun made of black walnut, silver mounted, and beautifully finished. Will throw a wooden ball a great distance with force and accuracy without powder or noise. It will afford more amusement to both Boys and Girls, old and young, than any game ever invented. GEO. H. REED & SONS, Proprietors and Manufacturers, 568, 570 and 572 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass. 26—tf

FIVE MYSTERIOUS PICTURES
SENT FREE on receipt of stamp for postage. ADAMS & CO., 25 Bromfield Street, Boston. 28—eow3t

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HOW AN OLD MAN DIED.

The start it gave me just now to see,
As I stood in the door-way looking out,
Bob Green at play by the maple tree,
Throwing the scarlet leaves about!

It carried me back a long, long way;
Ten years ago—how the time runs by!
There was nobody left at home that day
But little Jimmy, and father, and I.

My husband's father, an old, old man,
Close on to eighty, but still so smart;
It was only of late that he began
To stay in the house and doze apart.

But the fancy took him that afternoon
To go to the meadow to watch the men;
And as fast as I argued, just so soon
He went right over it all again;

Till, seeing how set he seemed to be,
I thought, with the air so warm and still,
It could not hurt him to go with me,
And sit for a little under the hill.

So lending my arm to his feeble tread,
Together slowly we crossed the road,
While Jim and his cart ran on ahead
With a heap of pillows for wagon load.

We made him a soft seat, cushioned about,
Of an old chair out of the barn close by;
Then Jim went off with a caper and shout,
While we sat silent, father and I.

For me, I was watching the men at work,
And looking at Jack, my oldest son—
So like his father! he never would shirk,
But kept straight on till the stint was done.

Seventeen was Jack that last July;
A great stout fellow, so tall and strong!
And I spoke to the old man by-and-by,
To see how fast he was getting along.

But father had turned away his head,
A-following Jimmy's busy game
With the maple leaves, whose bloody red
Flared up in the sun like so much flame.

His lips, as he looked, began to move,
And I heard him mutter a word or two:
"Yes, Joe! A fire in the Weston grove?
Just wait—one minute—I'll go with you!"

"Why, father," I cried, "what *do* you mean?"
For I knew he talked of his brother Joe;
The twin that was drowned at scarce fifteen,
Sixty summers and more ago.

"The sun has dazzled you; don't you see
That isn't a fire a-blazing there?
It's only Jim, by the maple tree,
Tossing the red leaves into the air."

But still he nodded, and looked, and smiled,
Whispering something I could not hear;
Till, fairly frightened, I called the child,
Who left his play and came frolicking near.

The old man started out of his seat;
"Yes, Joe, yes; I'm coming," said he.
A moment he kept his tottering feet,
And then his weight grew heavy on me.

"Father!" I screamed; but he did not mind,
Though they all came running about us then;
The poor old body was left behind,
And the twins were young together again.

And I wonder sometimes, when I wake at night,
Was it his eyes or my own were dim?
Did something stand, beyond my sight,
Among the leaves and beckon to him?

Well! there comes Jim up the interval road,
Ten summers ago? yes, all of ten;
That's Baby Jack on the pumpkin load,
And Jim is as old as Jack was then.

KATE P. OSGOOD, *in Harper's Magazine for June.*

For the Companion.

A LITTLE FACTORY BOY.

"Dear Jesus, let me lean on thee."

His name was Gerald. He was born in a small town in Hertfordshire, England, in a cheerless hovel, so low that it was scarcely possible for the occupants to stand erect. His father was a boatman, an ignorant man, and a lover of beer, who received but scanty pay for his hard labor.

His mother was a true woman, though she knew nothing of books. She accepted her lot of hardship with a resolute spirit; she felt that life had little sunshine for her, that it was her mission to suffer and to endure, but she hoped and prayed that God would recompense her in her children.

At eight years of age Gerald was put to work in the factory. He saw the sun rise through the factory windows, knowing little of the great world of life and beauty that it lighted. His life begun without a childhood. He knew little of sports and plays, of daisied fields with children, and birds, and brooks, and air. He heard the spindles flying in the mill, and often felt that he himself was scarcely more than one of them, and that it would be a blessed thing when life's work was done, all done.

At last the factory burned down, and the playless boy was put to work in a low, marshy district at plaiting straw. The plaiters were subject to the most distressing attacks of ague. Poor Gerald contracted the disease, which at one time seized the whole family, except the hardy boatman. He tells us that his mother and the children all lay ill at one time, each burning with the fever and crying for drink, and unable to help the other.

Picture the scene! Who would have said who looked in upon the neglected sufferers that there was one in that wretched hut, for whom God and humanity had a mission? Much less, who would have dreamed that a sweet young poet was there?

"I had no childhood," said Gerald, in his riper years, "I never knew what childhood meant. Ever since I can remember I have had the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow."

He was a quick-minded, winsome child, warm-hearted and self-forgetful. His mother loved him dearly, and longed to give him an education—just a little! So she denied herself every thing except necessary food and covering, and sent him to a penny school.

He learned to read, and a new life opened before him. He read the Bible. It told him that all things were possible to those who trust in God. He read it again and again, and committed the most precious and encouraging chapters to memory. A thirst for knowledge was awakened within him. He longed to become an intelligent man and a useful man, and to do some good work in the field of life.

He committed his way to the Lord. Providence turned his steps to London, where he found himself at the age of fifteen, an errand boy. Here he had access to books, and he employed every moment of his leisure in the pursuit of useful knowledge. "I had often wondered," he said, "why I lived at all—whether

"It was not better not to be,
I was so full of misery."

"Now I begun to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence was to read and get knowledge. Read! read! read! I used to read at all possible times and in all possible places, often till two or three in the morning."

"The Lord will fulfil the desire of those that fear Him," says the Scriptures. We may well believe that Heaven had marked the mother's sufferings and sacrifices, and had listened to the boy's prayers. The morning clouds were lifting from the lad's youth, and a brighter unfolding of life was at hand.

A new inspiration begun to kindle within him. He saw beauties in nature that others seemed to pass unnoticed; he felt a desire to elevate and improve mankind which others seemed to disregard.

One day, just in the bud of boyhood, he found that he possessed poetic power, that he could put the thoughts that kindled within him into rhythm and embellish them with rhyme. He was a natural musician, but he neglected music for poetry, and devoted his leisure with all the enthusiasm of an ardent, susceptible nature to the study of metrical composition. He wrote a book of ballads having for its aim the improving of the condition of the poor. It was very well received by the public, and his patient and self-forgetful mother, now advancing in years, had the satisfaction of seeing her darling boy respected by others, and of knowing that he was worthy of respect.

He devoted his muse to the elevation of the laboring classes, whose condition he well knew by a hard experience. He felt that he owed another duty to the poor of England, and that was to help them to procure larger political rights and privileges. So he soon commenced the publication of a cheap political journal in their behalf, and applied himself to the enterprise with much zeal and industry. He rapidly rose to an honorable position, to influence and to fame.

This poor factory boy was Gerald Massey, one of the most noble and pure-hearted reformers that ever labored on English soil.

Would you like to read some stanzas that show the spirit that influenced him in his days of trial and the source to which he went for strength?

"Out of the Depths."

So dark the way I cannot see.
O some time, smiling Face Divine,
Look down and make my night to shine.
So dark the way I cannot see,
Dear Jesus, let me lean on thee.

My burden bows me to the knee.
O Lord, 'tis more than I can bear,
Didst thou not come my lot to share?
My burden bows me to the knee,
Dear Jesus, let me lean on thee.

Far off, so far the heavens be
With their wide arms! and I would prove
The close, warm-beating heart of love!
But so far off the heavens be,
Dear Jesus, let me lean on thee.

Father in heaven, we cannot see
Thy face, nor grasp the spirit hand
That leads us to the unseen land.
But trustingly and tremblingly,
Dear Jesus, let me lean on thee.

One smile, and all my fears would flee.
One whisper, and the storm would cease,
And I should feel the perfect peace,
The door would ope, the darkness flee.
Dear Jesus, let me lean on thee.

If any boy suffering from hardship and burdened by poverty should read this article, let him take heart from the lesson of Gerald's early days. The Lord helps those who look to Him for help, and who are faithful to do every duty that is pressed upon them. When human aid fails, go alone to your chamber and pray, "Dear Jesus, let me lean on thee." H. B.

A RASH PROMISE.—About fifteen years ago a curious contract was made between a Miss Evans and a Mr. Cooper, which has resulted in a novel lawsuit in Chenango county. It seems from the newspaper accounts that Mr. Cooper agreed to give Miss Evans one ewe lamb and its increase until she was twenty-one years of age, in consideration of a gold watch-key. The suit was brought to recover the sheep or its equivalent. The evidence showed that the increase was to be in ewe lambs, and that the natural increase of a flock of sheep would double every year. According to this estimate, Miss Susie would have at the end of fifteen years 16,064 ewe lambs, which, at $4 per head, would amount to $64,256. The justice heard the evidence, and, like a wise man, reserved his judgment. What the final result of the suit is has not yet been reported.

TAKING THE STARCH OUT OF A ROWDY.

A Pennsylvania paper describes a spicy scene in a country school-room. The story has a healthy moral for a certain class of scamps:

In district No. ——, in the town of H——, a young man of very considerable physical as well as mental substance, had been employed by the trustees to teach school, and having secured from the commissioner the necessary license, he proceeded on the appointed day to No. ——, and opened his school.

It may be remarked by way of explanation that the scholars in this district have not enjoyed an enviable reputation for order and quiet submission to the reasonable rules of school; but it did not require a long acquaintance with the new teacher, to convince them that he was "master," and that it would be necessary for the comfort of body as well as mind that they should behave themselves, as well as attend to their studies.

And so the school went on very pleasantly until one afternoon toward the close of the first week, the school was visited by a young man of the district, who evidently prided himself on his muscle. He looked over the new schoolmaster, and concluded to have a little sport at his expense

Entering the school-room unbidden, he walked down one of the aisles and seated himself in the back part of the room. A stranger to the master, he was treated as a gentleman, but he was known by all the scholars as a loafer and a "bully," and they evidently expected fun. He determined that they should not be disappointed. It did not take the keen eye of the schoolmaster long to detect mischief brewing, and he concluded that he was equal to any emergency that might arise.

In course of the first hour a pupil in a seat just across the aisle from where our hero sat, asked the teacher to assist him in a sum in arithmetic. For this purpose the teacher found it convenient to occupy the seat with his visitor. His back was partly turned toward him while he leaned across the aisle to the desk of the pupil he was assisting.

When the teacher arose and walked to the front of the room, there was a titter from nearly all the scholars. He asked the cause of this, and was told that a large piece of white paper was dangling from the skirt of his coat.

He immediately asked if any one could tell him who pinned it there.

There was no response. Remembering the position he had been occupying, he promptly asked of our hero—

"Sir, did you pin that paper to my coat?"

"Yes, sir!" came the prompt reply, and the following scene ensued:

"What did you do it for?"

(Laughing carelessly.) "For deviltry."

"Well, sir, don't you know any better than to come into school and cut up such a caper as that?"

"Well, no, sir; I don't think I do."

"Well, sir, then you are ignorant indeed, and I think I will give you a lesson or two. Come out here."

Taking hold of the ends of the seat upon which he was sitting, the visitor said, "No, thank you, I am very comfortable where I am, and I will sit here."

The teacher quietly walked to where visitor was sitting, took hold of his wrists with his two hands, and wrenched them from their grasp on the ends of the seat, for he was a very muscular man. Then by a quick and powerful effort he jerked him from his seat, and threw him violently flat on his face in the aisle.

"Now get up and be seated," he said.

Visitor gets up promptly and is seated.

"Now get up;" (visitor obeys;) "sit down again;" (obeys.) "Well, you are improving. You are just beginning to learn how to *mind*, at least." (Teacher walks back to the front of the room.) "Now come out here."

Visitor—(Gets up and walks along toward the door.) I guess I will go home.

Teacher—(Placing himself between visitor and the door.) No; I cannot spare you till school is out; you may sit in this chair. Now, sir, you may return to your seat. (Visitor complied.) It is our practice when the commissioner comes to visit the school to give him as good a seat as we have, and since you have honored us with a visit this afternoon, and are so ready to do everything you are told to do, in short, since you behave so admirably, we will treat you as we would the commissioner. You may now take a seat here, (sets the chair very near the stove and visitor promptly occupies it.) Why, you are getting along finely; you already know more than you did when you first placed yourself in my charge.

There, take this book and study this lesson, (hands the book and visitor takes it) and don't you stir from where you are now sitting till school is out.

The teacher then filled the stove full of wood, and proceeded to the usual order of business. Visitor had apparently learned one important lesson, at least, and that was, that he had better remain where he was ordered to stay, and not attempt to leave his place or the school-room till the close of school, and he remained there sweating profusely.

When the roll had been called and school dismissed, the teacher had designed to have a private interview with the "commissioner," but the door being open, and the teacher happening to look in another direction, the "commissioner" went out of the door as if shot from the mouth of a cannon, and his coat-tails were pulled homeward in a way to be despised. Henceforth, wherever he is met by the scholars of that school he is hailed as "Commissioner C."

CURIOUS FORM OF INSANITY.

Superstition may become an actual disease—and a strange and terrible one it is.

There are many varieties of religious mania, that most distressing nervous disorder which is often epidemic, and to which, when it appears in this country, police authorities and village fence-viewers invariably apply heroic remedies without dreaming of consulting physicians. A while ago was recorded the case of a poor fellow who had the notion developed in his diseased brain that he was to be the means of saving mankind; the spirits had told him that after fasting forty days he would die, and come to life again after six days, when "we should all be brothers." He starved himself to death, although the town authorities (!) tried to force him to eat. In Kalamazoo there has appeared another case of this mania, which attacked a whole family. John Heisler, his wife and four children were accustomed every day to place a little child—Heisler's deformed daughter—upon the top of their house, and then in the adjoining field fall down and worship her. They would eat nothing, and so the police and poormaster forced themselves into their house, took the poor man away, and put him into a lunatic asylum, whence he escaped, returned to his home, and was defended against further interference by the whole famished family, armed with clubs and pickaxes. At last, however, entrance was made, and crosses and other religious emblems were seized by an indignant Barney Locher and scattered to the four winds. The poor lunatics were forced to eat a little, but were very sulky about it. Heisler was again captured and lodged in the House of Correction, where he yet will not eat willingly, and the rest of his folks have been placed in the County House.—*Cincinnati W. Times.*

DR. CHALMERS' DAUGHTER.

In one of the alleys running off from Fountain Bridge, Edinburgh, a street crowded with drunkenness and pollution, is the low-roofed building in which this good woman is spending her life to help men and women out of their miseries. Her chief work is with drunkards, their wives and daughters. Some of the poor women of the neighborhood who have sober husbands complain against her, saying,—

"Why do you pass us? Because our husbands are good, you do not care for us. If we had married some worthless sot, you would then have taken care of us in our poverty!"

In the winter, when the nights are long and cold, you may see Helen Chalmers, with her lantern, going through the lanes of the city, hunting up the depraved, and bringing them to her reform meetings. Insult her, do they? *Never!* They would as soon think of pelting an angel of God. Fearless and strong in the righteousness of her work, she goes up to a group of intoxicated men, shakes hands with them, and takes them along to hear the Thursday night speech on temperance.

One night, as she was standing in a low tenement, talking with the intemperate father, and persuading him to a better life, a man kept walking up and down the room, as though interested in what was said; but finally, in his intoxication, staggered up to her and remarked,—

"I shall get to heaven as easy as you will; do you not think so?"

Helen answered not a word, but opened her Bible and pointed to the passage, "No *drunkard* shall inherit the kingdom of God." The arrow struck between the joints of the harness, and that little piece of Christian stratagem ended in the man's reformation.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

STRANGE RECOVERY OF A RING.

Our readers will probably call to mind several instances of fact similar to the following—instances of curious events in real life which have made the foundation of many a romance. Few have happened, however, more remarkable than this:

A few months ago a story was published in the newspapers to the effect that a signet ring bearing the the monogram "P. B.," had been discovered by a fisherman in the entrails of a codfish caught in Trinity Bay, N. F. The fisherman kept the prize in his possession until the 12th inst., when he was requested in a letter from the colonial secretary to send or bring the ring to St. Johns, N. F., as he had received letters from a family named Burnam, in Poole, England, saying that they had reason to feel certain that the ring once belonged to Pauline Burnam, who was one of the several hundred passengers of the Allen steamship *Anglo Saxon*, which was wrecked off Chance Cove (N. F.) in 1861, the said Pauline Burnam being a relative of theirs.

The fisherman in whose possession the ring was, carried it to St. Johns and presented it at the colonial secretary's office. He was requested to take a seat and wait a while. After about half an hour's delay the man of fish was introduced to an elegantly dressed gentleman, a Mr. Burnam, whom the colonial secretary had sent for on the fisherman's arrival. The ring was

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immediately identified by Mr. Burnam, who called it his mother's wedding ring, which she had always worn since her marriage in Huddersfield, England, in the year 1846. The ring was accordingly given up to Mr. Burnam, who rewarded the fisherman with bank notes to the amount of fifty pounds sterling.

HOW TO SWEEP THE STAIRS.

Almost any very little girl (or boy either, for that matter,) may at certain times be a real help to mamma, by knowing just how to sweep the stairs, so I'll tell you how to do it. You do not need a big broom. Take a dust-pan and a little whisk-broom (like the kind used for brushing clothes); kneel on the second or third step from the top of the stairs, whichever you find most convenient, and brush the top step, and its surbase perfectly clean, working the broom well into the corners of the wood-work, and brushing all along the stair-rod close against and under it. Don't let the dust fall upon the next step, but sweep it carefully into the dust-pan, which you should hold close to the step. When number one is clean, move a step lower down, and commence number two, taking care now to brush the upright *back* of the step also—sweep and gather the dirt as before—then go on with number three, and so on till you reach the bottom. A few moments afterward, take a small dusting-cloth (a silk one is best) and wipe lightly the top of the balustrade, and every baluster, so that not a speck of dust can be found upon them. Then go to mother and tell her the stairs are clean.

I know a little girl who used a slate for a dust-pan, and made a whisk-broom for herself by tying up bunches of straw cut out of old brooms. With these tools and a damp cloth she managed to keep the stairs bright and clean all the time.

A BANKER'S RULE OF COMPLIMENT.

Archibald Saul, the wealthy banker, was well known on change in his day. He was a small, wiry man, keen and shrewd, and a great stickler for form. His clerks were aware of his precision, and failed not to do their work according to the rules laid down. One day Saul called his private secretary and directed him to write to Mr. B——, a rising merchant and importer.

"Write," said the banker, "that I have transacted the business which he entrusted to me agreeably to his wishes."

The secretary at the desk wrote, and when the body of the communication was completed, he turned and asked,—

"With what form shall I close the letter, sir?"

"You may write I have the honor to be yours."

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! wait. Tell me, has Mr. B—— settled his account to date?"

"Yes, sir; his accounts were settled promptly and cheerfully."

"Ah! then you may place—I have the honor to be your humble servant."

"By the way," said the secretary, "I forgot to say that Mr. B—— has chartered two new ships, and his ventures are not only brilliant but safe. He is regarded by the knowing ones as a man of remarkable ability."

"Ah-ha! Indeed? Place quickly—I have the honor to be, sir, with the highest consideration and respect, your very humble and obedient servant."

THE KIND CONDUCTOR.

It is a pleasure to say something to the credit of an individual who belongs to that much-abused class of our community, horse-car conductors, whom people like to believe dishonest. On the morning of the Fourth, a little girl riding to Boston tendered to a conductor, for fare, a dingy-looking scrip, of the denomination of twenty-five cents. He took it, looked at it, said "Counterfeit!" and returned it to her.

Evidently judging by her appearance that it was all she had, he added, "Never mind; let it go till next time."

But the girl was mortified by the circumstance, and, her eyes brimming with tears, she turned her face away. A lady standing near, remarked, "Her Fourth of July is spoiled."

The conductor heard her, and, hesitating but a moment, said to the girl, "Let's see that money again."

She handed it to him, and then he took from his pocket the brightest, newest twenty-five cent scrip he could find, and gave it to her in exchange. When he saw her countenance expressing the thanks she could not utter, we have no doubt that he felt amply rewarded, and we will wager quite an amount that his wearisome labors that day were very much lightened by his little act of kindness.—*Anon.*

PETUNIAS.

When the petunia is grown as a house plant and neatly trained on a trellis, it presents a much prettier appearance than when grown in the garden. A very neat trellis may be made of old hoops, forming pieces of them into three circles, seven, five and three inches in diameter, fastening each circle firmly with the clasps taken from the hoops. Then a fine stick two feet long, nicely polished and sharpened at one end, must be put through the circles, first under one side of the smallest, then over the same side of the one next in size, then under the other side of the first, etc., weaving them in, securely fastening the upper side of the largest one with a little wire staple.

THE MOST LEARNED WOMAN in the world is said to be Princess Dora d'Istra. She reads and speaks fifteen languages, has written novels, historical and philosophical works, is an honorary member of ten learned societies—and is, notwithstanding, quite good-looking.

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

Little children! how He loved them!
  Passing all the grown folks by
Just to raise the little children,
  On His breast to let them lie!

Do you think you would have loved Him,
  Would have tried to win His smile?
Jesus' arms to-day will take you,
  Hold you all the life-long while.

Let them "come?"—that is, to love Him,
  And to do His bidding sweet;
He has many little errands
  Fitted well for little feet.

Sometimes what He says is harder;
  "Let the restless feet be still."
If the little heart is patient,
  That is doing Jesus' will.

"He it is," He says, "who loves me,
  That will my commandments do."
There are many He has left us
  That are plain enough for you.

"Overcome with good the evil."
  When some little playmate strikes,
If you give a gentle answer,
  That will be what Jesus likes.

Let this loving Saviour, children,
  Teach and lead you all your days,
In green pastures, by still waters;
  Jesus' ways are pleasant ways.

Morning Light.

For the Companion.

ROY'S VISIT.

Roy's mamma did not get well very fast, so one morning his father took him to Aunt Grace's house to stay a day or two.

Roy loved to visit Aunt Grace, she was so good and kind. His cousins, Horace and Edwin, were older than he, and went to school, but he could play with them when they were at home.

Besides, grandpa and grandma lived there too, so you see little Roy had plenty of company. He used to stay there often, so he was not afraid of being homesick. And now he was very glad to be there.

Horace and Eddie had gone to school, so Roy went to grandma for amusement. She was sewing.

Roy thought he would like to sew.

Aunt Grace gave him a piece of red flannel, and grandma said he could make a pincushion. Roy sat down on a cricket, and was soon hard at work on the pincushion. It took a long time

to make it, but Roy was very patient. He stuffed it with black cotton, and trimmed it at the corners with some tassels of red flannel. It was a funny looking thing, but he was well pleased with it, and said he should carry it home for his mother.

All day long he was as busy and happy as he could be, and at night was pretty tired.

So Aunt Grace put him to bed early, in the back side of her own bed. Some time afterwards, when she thought he was sound asleep, she heard him calling "Auntie! auntie!"

She went to the door and saw a funny sight. Roy had been picking off the wall paper, and behind the bed was a space of bare plaster nearly a yard square. He had been so much engaged that he did not think of the mischief he was doing till he suddenly saw what a large hole he had made in the paper.

Then he called Aunt Grace, and sat up in bed looking at her with a very red, troubled face.

"Why, Roy!" exclaimed auntie. "See how you have spoiled my nice wall!"

"Never mind, auntie," said Roy, hurriedly, "I can buy you lots more paper down street, enough to paper this whole room, *ever so much* prettier than this, for two cents."

Aunt Grace almost smiled, but she saw that Roy felt very sorry, so she told him to lie down now and go to sleep, and they could see about the paper in the morning.

Roy turned his back to the wall, and was asleep in a few minutes.

The next morning he went down street with Aunt Grace, and she let him help her choose some new wall paper.

But she would not take his two cents, so Roy bought some candy.

In the afternoon Cousin Sophia came to say that mamma was better, and that Roy might come home if he wanted to. He was blowing soap bubbles, and said he didn't feel quite ready yet.

Aunt Grace said she would keep him till after tea, and lead him home herself.

So Cousin Sophia went back again.

Auntie and Roy had a very pleasant walk to mamma's house that night. They did not hurry, but stopped at all the toy-shop windows; as Roy liked to do.

Once they met a little girl who smiled at Roy.

"Who is that?" asked auntie, when she had passed.

"O," said Roy, "that's Inez. Don't you know her?"

"No," said auntie.

"Well, I should think you would," said Roy. "I do. She lives on our street."

"Do you play with her?" asked auntie.

"Some," said Roy. "Once, one of our newspapers blowed way down into her yard, and she told me about it. And I told her if she'd bring it to me I'd give her twenty-five cents, if I had it."

"And did she?" asked auntie.

"Yes," said Roy, "she brought it."

"And did you give her the twenty-five cents?" asked Aunt Grace, very much amused.

"Why no," said Roy, looking up a little surprised.

"Why not?" said auntie.

"Why, I didn't have it," said Roy.

Just then they saw mamma's face at the window, and Roy ran to give her the first kiss.

MIRIAM.

"MAY I BRING THEM TOO?"

One day a lady who loves children very much met on the street a little girl with bright eyes and a pleasant face, but wearing torn and soiled clothing. The lady stopped and spoke kindly to the child, and asked her about her parents. The little girl did not go to Sabbath school; and when the lady asked her if she would like to come every Sabbath to a pleasant room, where she would find a great many little girls, and where kind teachers and friends were ready to welcome them, and to teach them about the dear Saviour, who, when He was upon the earth, took little ones in His arms and blessed them, she answered,—

"O, yes, I should like so much to come! and I know lots of little girls like me who don't go. May I bring them too?"

On being told that she might bring all the children she could find who did not go to Sabbath school, and there would be room and a welcome for all, she straightened herself up, and in a confident tone, said, "I can bring them. I'm little; but I can just do that. I'll go right now, and ask some of them." And away the little creature ran on her pleasant errand.

This little girl had not so pleasant a home as you, little reader; neither had she been so carefully trained as I trust you have been; but she showed a very unselfish disposition in wanting others to share the good things promised to her. You like to go to Sabbath school; but do you not know some little boys or girls who now spend Sabbath at home, or in play in the street, whom you can persuade to go with you, that they, too, may learn about Jesus?—*S. S. Visitor.*

GOD is an ocean of love, boundless, without bottom or shore.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

RIDDLE.

There's only one that bears my name, in heaven, or earth, or sea:
Many before have borne the same, and some will after me.
Though I've no place upon the earth, I whisper from my cell
Of things that make you sometimes laugh, then weep, to hear me tell.
You saw me once, but called me by another name,
The day when erst from out eternity I came.
Though none denied the right to rule was mine,
And though no *monarch* claims it by so long a line,
The sun yet rose but once upon my sway;
He set: I yielded up my crown for aye.
With blessings and with curses I'm marked and serried o'er,
And bear the impress still of deeds untold in ancient lore.
Remorseful man, wouldst thou recall, and bid me look again
While from my camera you remove the impress you made then?
Know, then, O mortal, you may chase the phantom as it flies,
And seize it long before from out my mocking tomb I rise.

M., OF GLEN'S FALLS.

2.

REBUS.

H.

3.

CHARADE.

I'm a word of eight letters and syllables two.
  My *first* is as light as a feather,
Has a figure of exquisite beauty, too,
  And yet when I'm seen it's hard weather.
On the *second* we live—it's a marvellous thing,
  But it's hollow—of that I've no doubt.
Put the two things together, and in very hard weather
  How thickly they're flying about!

UNCLE STEPHEN.

4.

WORD SQUARE.

Lyric verses.
An animal.
Used for food.

M. A. B. C.

5.

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

What Queen for murd'rous deeds stands forth to view?
What brother's welcom'd after long adieu?
A creature next, for one far dearer slain.
He who his subjects slew for love of gain.
A land where first was found that precious ore
That men and nations covet more and more.
A King whose cruel acts were well repaid,
And retribution just upon him laid.
Whilst she whose tongue to prayer and praise once given,
When sin o'ercame her, felt the wrath of Heaven.
Search well the Scriptures, and you'll therein find
The man I name—a pattern to mankind.

A. M. A.

6.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of ten letters. One morning 8, 9, 4 found a 10, 5, 7, 8 of 6, 2, 8, 7; he went and asked his mother if he might 7, 5, 3, 3 them, and buy a 8, 9, 1 with the money. She assented, but told him 10, 9, 8 to loiter 9, 10 the way. He 7, 5, 8 off, but after a while he 7, 5, 5, 7 a nice bird flying 1, 2, 7, 8, and putting down the 6, 2, 8, 7 he threw a 7, 8, 9, 10, 5 at it, and while he did this, 7, 9, 4, 5, 111 disposed 1, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, took the 10, 5, 7, 8 and threw it away, thus he 3, 9, 7, 8 his 6, 2, 8, 7, and 2, 3, 7, 9 his mother's 5, 7, 8, 5, 5, 4.

My whole was a great English statesman.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Antirrhinum Seed.
2. "The longest night has an ending."
3. Perfect, Matt. v. 48.
   - Pavement.....John xix. 13.
   - Erastus.....Rom. xvi. 23.
   - Rhegium.....Acts xxviii. 13.
   - Fast.....Matt. vi. 16.
   - Eutychus.....Acts xx. 9.
   - Cenchrea.....Acts xviii. 18.
   - Thessalonica.....1 Thess. ii. 19.
4. Floor-mop
5. Make, Acid, King, Edge.
6. Maple—Owl. Fir—Heron. Ash—Dove, Palm—Ostrich. Currant—Jay. Thorn—Wren. Oak—Lark.

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For the Companion.

JUPITER.

As the god Jupiter was chief among the Greek and Roman deities, so the planet Jupiter is the largest and most glorious member of our solar system. It would make three hundred globes like our earth; and if all the other planets were formed out of its substance, there would yet be stuff to spare.

On the 12th of May last, the planets Jupiter and Venus planned it so as to meet in the evening. They might then be seen apparently near together and so equal in brightness that neither outshone the other. Their nearness was, of course, only apparent, for they were really millions of miles apart. Jupiter, being much farther off than Venus, must also have shone much more brightly to make an equally brilliant appearance.

Their apparent friendliness was only temporary, they gradually became more and more distant toward each other. But the fact that it could ever rival the bright evening star shows what a splendid object Jupiter must be. It is 490,000,000 miles from the sun (more than five times as far as we are) and yet it lights up our sky for us as though it felt all the interest of a near neighbor.

According to ancient mythology, Venus wore a bright girdle, or *cestus*, which had the power of making people love her. According to modern astronomy, it is Jupiter wears the belt, while Venus has none. Like a victorious prize-fighter, he deserves the belt because he is larger and stronger than all the other planets. This belt really consists of several belts or zones, so we cannot, as we might otherwise do, regard it as *singular*. If Jupiter were a lady, we might imagine its waist-band to be made of shot silk. For at different times and to different observers it presents different colors. Sometimes it is described as greenish yellow, then as yellow, again as red; while one observer calls it brown, and others have seen it when it has been quite white. On either side of it are dark bands and sometimes these stretch across it and divide it into parts.

The most remarkable thing about Jupiter's middle belt is that it seems to have had a great rip or tear, and that not a small one. On 29th February, 1860, Mr. Long, of Manchester, England, noticed an oblique dusky streak across it. This was only 10,000 miles long and 500 wide! Jupiter's tailor or dressmaker does not seem to have thought much of it, for it certainly did not have "a stitch in time." And like most rents, being neglected, it grew larger.

It disappeared for a while every night, but when Jupiter, in the course of his daily revolution, presented his bright side, it was again visible, till in about six weeks it began to extend itself, and that at a tremendous rate. Its average rate of growth was 8,640 miles a day, or 151 miles the hour, a speed more than three times that of our swiftest express trains, and two-thirds greater than that of hurricanes, which sweep away buildings, tear up trees and produce universal desolation. On April 9th the rift was not less than 100,000 miles in length, or long enough to wind four times round the middle of the earth.

How are we to explain this strange belt and its rift? Some have thought it must consist of clouds driven by fierce winds, blowing steadily in the same direction, and occasionally showing the bare skin of Jupiter, which being dark, implies that he is a planetary negro.

But it has been discovered that when the belt is subject to most change the spots on the sun are most numerous, and it is natural to consider that the appearances are due to the same cause. The winds on our earth are caused by the influence of the heat from the sun, and as Jupiter gets only one twenty-fifth as much of this heat as we do, it would be strange if its winds were so much stronger than ours. The spots on the sun's face are now regarded as the result of electric storms, or cyclones, which whirl its gassy covering into holes, through which we get a glimpse of the sun's body, which looks dark by contrast with the burning gas all around.

Why may it not be electric cyclones which tear holes in Jupiter's belt also? It may be; but then we must come to another conclusion, namely, that Jupiter also is a *sun*, not so hot and bright as ours, but quite enough so for the little earths or moons which make their journeys round him. Sometimes intensely bright white spots are seen on his red belt, and these must be caused by sudden explosions, like a cork flying out of a bottle, and driving the clouds before it.

If Jupiter is really a sun, giving out light and heat of itself, what a glorious object must it appear to the inhabitants of its four moons. Its surface is 115 times as large as our earth, and being partly illuminated by the sun, it must exhibit phases like Venus and our moon; but shining by its own light also it can never be wholly dark. Perhaps Jupiter is a sun partly cooled off and in preparation to be a world like ours.

CURIOUS FACT IN FIGURES.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5, will give the same result if divided by 2,—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2,320; divide the same by 2, and you have 232, and as there is no remainder, you add a cipher. Now take 359—multiply by 5, the answer is 1,795; on dividing this by 2, there is 179 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,795.

THE FREAKS OF A HEN.

A correspondent of the *Rural New-Yorker* writes: "About October 1st a cat littered her kittens in the side of the hay mow. Some time after their eyes were opened, an old hen, disposed to do a little good in the world, took to brooding them; nor could her step-mother proclivities be changed. When the old cat would return from a foraging expedition, Biddy would take up her position 'a top o' the heap,' so that the old cat and her kittens went to bed in true German style."

A GOOD REPLY.

A young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber of New York recently, and asked for the Governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "O, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better than a sinecure, you had better go and try a *water cure*."

ROOT BEER.—A pleasant summer drink, that is both refreshing and unobjectionable, may be made from packages of prepared herbs, put up by G. W. Swett. The cost is slight, and for warm weather there is no beverage more inviting.

QUESTION IN ARITHMETIC.—If Sir Walter Scott's dog was worth ten guineas, what was his *kennel-worth?*

IN PROOF of the assertion that cattle will stray into strange places we may say that we have seen a cow hide in a shoemaker's shop.

A NEWSPAPER reporter told of the "twin roses of health and beauty" on the "bony face" of a bride. He meant bonny.

A LITTLE four-year-old girl who has "been there," gives the following recipe for vaccination: "Scrape your arm a little; scrape it till it hurts; put in a little *putty;* let it dry; and that's all—till it 'takes.'"

A YOUNG COUNTRYMAN shopping in Lawrence, on Saturday, stole a ride on the sprinkler of the watering-cart, evidently not knowing how the old thing worked. The driver pulled the valve lever and the countryman rose about three feet into the air, coming down wetter but wiser.

TESTIMONIAL.

Cambridgeport, March, 1871.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

AN ADVENTURE AT EYRIE POND.

By C. A. Stephens.

About twenty-seven miles north of Mt. Katahdin, near the head waters of the east branch of the Penobscot, there is a small lake or pond. It is not on the State maps, and has no name, unless the Indians gave it one, but which, from a wild incident that happened there last season, I shall call Eyrie Pond.

To a lover of nature this wild and unnamed lake and its surroundings make a most romantic locality. The impressive view when I first stood on its shore is still vivid in my memory.

My brother Zeke and myself, with old Hughy Clives, a trapper and woodsman well known in that region, were going across from the Pomgokwahem Lake to the head of the Aroostook River, on our way down to Presque Isle. Starting out from our camp on the margin of the lake early in the forenoon, we had the good fortune, after a tramp of a few miles, to shoot a moose.

The creature was browsing in a cluster of sumac bushes, and the wind was toward us. Quick to detect danger, as moose are, this one had not noticed our approach. At a distance of twenty rods from him, Zeke happened to see his broad antlers moving over the shrubs. He at once fired. The great ruminant bounded away with a hideous whine. Boys who go to menageries may have heard something like it from the camel when teased.

We ran in the direction of the sound and saw the moose a few rods away, rearing and plunging, Hughy then fired, and the moose dropped like a plumb.

"Now for some moose steaks!" exclaimed the old fellow, and he proceeded to cut out and load us all, himself included, with such generous quantities of the venison, that, as we plodded on under it, I almost wished Zeke's aim had been a little less sure. As if to cap our toil, there arose a most terrific thunder shower—it was in August. The great drops, accompanied with hail, began to splash and cut down through the leaves. Such vivid lightning and heavy thunder I have seldom heard in Maine.

Sheltering ourselves as best we could under a large Norway pine,—a tree the Indians say the lightning never strikes,—we waited till the shower had passed over. Then pushing through the drenched undergrowth, we came suddenly out upon the shore of the pond, above referred to, just as the sun was breaking from the dark thunder clouds.

It was a grand scene! The heavy spruce growth, which enclosed the little wild-looking pond on all sides, was sparkling with water and light. Over the south-western end hung a bright rainbow, resting its mysterious "foot" on either shore. Opposite us, on the other side, a high crag towered over the water, showing rugged ledges, set about with shrubby spruces. On its summit stood several tall, dry stubs, one of which was blazing and smoking. It had been struck by the lightning.

A mob of crows, their black backs shining in the sun, were wheeling and flapping along the face of the crag, their caw, caw, caws coming faintly over the pond. They seemed to be teasing something.

"It's a raccoon, I guess," said Hughy, "among the rocks. Crows like to torment them. Well, boys," looking round, "we might as well camp here. We've had a pretty long tramp. For one I'd like to try some of those steaks. There won't be more'n time enough to get a fire, and have 'em roasted."

Every thing was wet. The wood, of course, was in no hurry to burn. Cooking meat under such circumstances is a work of time, and it was nine o'clock before our steaks were ready for eating. But we dined heartily, at last, on corn cake, which we had brought with us, and broiled moose. And here let me say that there's nothing under the sun quite so savory as moose steaks, especially when one has had, by way of

AN ADVENTURE AT EYRIE POND.

relish, a tramp of fifteen or twenty miles just previous.

"We must hang up this meat, what there is left of it, out of reach of the wild critters," said Hughy, as we finished. "In the morning we'll

Throwing the rest of the venison over the drooping limb of a hackmatack which leaned out over the water, we sprigged off a "shake-down" of spruce boughs and went to bed. You may be sure that we rested well, for it was broad daylight when I awoke, and Zeke and Hughy were still snoring.

Our "shake-down" was several rods from the hackmatack. The bushes hid it from view where I lay. But I heard a great cawing and shaking of the branches, and scrambled out to see what was going on. A couple of great birds, of a yellowish brown color, with large, hooked bills and still larger claws, were tugging and tearing at the strips of meat which they had already pulled down from the branch; while a flock of crows were sailing about and hopping on the ground at a respectful distance.

Hearing the bushes rustle, both birds turned their bright, unflinching eyes toward me a moment, then sprang up with a great flapping, each griping in its talons a long cut of the meat, that dangled from their claws as they flew slowly across the pond.

"What's the rumpus?" exclaimed Hughy, starting up.

"There goes our venison," said I, pointing to the winged thieves.

"Got the meat, d'ye say?" cried the old man. "Show! Eagles, aint they?"

"Ah! nest over there on the rocks!" continued he, as the great birds settled upon the opposite crag. "That's what those crows were jabbering about. They'll be back, if we keep out of sight. Get into the bushes. May be we'll get a shot at 'em."

Ere long one of them came back. But he evidently suspected danger, for he flew high over the tree tops, with his sharp eyes turned down to reconnoitre.

"Let him have a shot," said Hughy.

Zeke fired. The eagle spun round in the air and tumbled downward, flapping one wing. At length falling into the water, he splashed along the surface to the other shore, where he disappeared in the woods.

"Broke his wing," remarked Hughy.

Hearing the shot, the other eagle rose from the crag and began to wheel in lofty circles, high above pond and crag.

"Let's go to the nest," said Zeke.

Passing around the head of the pond, we clambered along the rocks, between the crag and the water. There was barely a pathway. The precipice rose almost perpendicularly, and the waters at its foot looked black and deep. It was impossible to climb up over the overhanging ledges, as we had thought to do.

"Have to go round to the top," said Zeke.

ridge was less steep, we climbed up and walked along the crest.

"Right opposite that pine stub," said Zeke.

Holding fast to the brambles, we peeped over. Down some thirty feet, on a projecting rock or shelf, which jutted out from the rugged side, there was a mass of sticks and brush, and on it two half grown eaglets, that crouched in silence, turning their bright eyes suspiciously up to us.

All this time the old eagle was sailing about far above us, out of rifle shot.

"Well, there's the nest," said Zeke, "but how are we to get to it?"

"Wish we had that moose hide here," muttered Hughy. "Might have made a rope of that."

"Wouldn't a pole, a long one, do?" asked Zeke.

"Do to poke them out with, do you mean?"

"No; to climb down on."

"Would you climb down on it?" said Hughy, laughing.

"Yes, if you'll get a strong one, and hold it fast."

"Agreed."

A little back from the top of the crag there was a thicket of small beeches, like those the farm-boys sometimes cut for goad sticks, only larger; growing among other trees, they were tall and slim. Getting out his big knife, Hughy hacked off one of the largest of these, some three inches in diameter, and set about with tough twigs, as such beeches usually are. Taking this to the ledge, we slid it down till the end stood firmly on the rock upon which the nest was placed.

"All ready," said Hughy. "I'll hold the top of it. Needn't be afraid of my letting go. If you can only cling on to your Jacob's ladder, you're all right."

Throwing off his coat, Zeke swung off from the ledge and climbed down the pole, while Hughy and I held it.

Suddenly a great rushing of wings came to our ears; and glancing up, we saw the old bird swoop down past us like lightning, snapping its black beak. Almost grazing Zeke, it rose suddenly up with a broad sweep of its wings.

"Hold hard!" cried Hughy. "I'll fix him!"

Catching up his rifle, he fired, but missed. The eagle sailed off, and, at the same moment, scared by the report, the young eaglets flopped out of the nest, and, unable to fly, went cawing and flapping down the rocks to the bottom. Zeke climbed up the pole to the top of the ridge.

"They've eaten the moose meat," said he. "I couldn't find any thing of it. But you ought to see the bones and skulls of rabbits and deer down there. Such a smell of carrion, too!"

We went round, and down to the water again. One of the young birds had been killed by the fall, but the other was lively enough. It squalled and fought with bill and claws, when we took him up.

Tying his unruly little feet, we carried him to Presque Isle with us, feeding him on the way with hares, for which he seemed to have an inordinate appetite.

There was stopping at Presque Isle, then, a young lieutenant of the British army, a bit of a naturalist in his way, who had come from Woodstock, N. B. He pronounced it a golden eagle, and took a great fancy to our gluttonous little captive. So, one day, after handsomely beating him at target shooting, and thus proving the superiority of American rifles over the clumsy English weapon he had with him, we made him a present of the bird.

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Conversation under very Embarrassing Circumstances—Tom in the Water Confronted by the Venetian Police in the Boat—Held by the Hair—A New Dodge—A Sudden Jerk and Successful Escape.

he tried to dive.

No use.

The hand held his head firmly, and, out of breath with his exertions, he was compelled to yield. Tom supported himself by clinging to the boat, and the hand did not relax its grasp.

Three men were in the boat, and regarding Tom sternly, one of them said something to him.

He did not understand it, of course.

"Really," said he, "I am quite mortified, but I don't understand a word you said."

But this was unintelligible to the Italians. They tried again. They spoke French. No use. They even tried German. A failure.

"He must be English," they said,—"or Russian."

But the position was by no means a pleasant one for Tom, who found the water rather enjoyable when he was dashing about in the freedom of nature, but a very different thing when floating on it as a captive. He understood, at that moment, the sorrows of the captured trout, the hooked salmon, the speared eel, the netted shad. "You might as well have a hook in your gills," said he, afterward, "as have a hand clutching your hair."

He was too sensible, however, to make any struggle. He awaited the action of his captors, trusting that the future would afford some opportunity of escape.

His captors, on their part, did not know what to do. He was a foreigner, and therefore he might be a person of importance. This thing might have been done through ignorance. How could they get him into the boat? They did not want to run the risk of offering unnecessary insult to one, who might be, perhaps, an English milor, or a Russian prince,—prince, milor, or beggar,—he might be any one of these, for he floated before them as nature made him, and without any adventitious surroundings.

At last, Tom made some gestures, which plainly conveyed the idea of clothing himself. He then pointed to his hotel. The quick-witted Italians, who, of all men, are perhaps most ready in the comprehension of the language of gesture, at once caught his meaning. The boat moved slowly along toward the hotel, while Tom moved slowly after it. At length they reached the place where the steps ran down to the water. On the lower steps Tom stood, up to his waist in water, and made gestures to signify that his clothes were up there, behind the door.

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The Italians seemed to understand him. The boat drew nearer. The grasp on Tom's hair relaxed. One of the men prepared to step out. At that instant Tom jerked his head free. With a bound he leaped up. The man sprang after him into the water. But Tom had the start. He was too quick for his pursuer. To rush through the door, to bang it in the faces of the police, and to bar it against them, was the work of an instant. The next instant he had slipped on his loose attire.

A few moments more, and he was safe in his room, telling his story to his astonished friends.

The police lingered awhile in doubt, and then sullenly withdrew. They concluded that, on the whole, it would be safest, and best, and most sensible, for them to pursue the matter no further.

Chapter XX.

On the Road Once More—The Distant Alps—Over the Alps—The Lake Maggiore—The Hanging Gardens—The Giant Statue—Domo d'Ossola—Detained—Further On—Snowed Up—On Again—A Perilous Journey—Avalanches—Fearful Disaster.

On the day following Tom's adventure in the canal, the party resumed their journey. The railway train bore them swiftly along that great bridge which passes over the waters of the sea, connecting Venice with the main land;—on through the green fields of Venetia, toward the wide plains of Lombardy. City after city was passed, many of which were associated with the recollections of the past. They did not stop at any of them, however. Having now seen Venice, they could not hope for any other Italian city of commanding interest. It is true, Milan lay before them, but after Naples, Rome, Florence and Venice, what is Milan? They did not look forward to it with any of that eager and passionate interest, which their approach to these other places had roused within them.

Besides, they had other things to think of. As they rolled along over the plains of Venetia and Lombardy, there appeared far to the North the giant forms of the Alps, whose snow-white summits stretched along the horizon. Behind that lofty barrier lay the place where dear friends were waiting for them. Beyond that lofty snow-covered range lay Geneva. The sight of this barrier served to bring them nearer to their loved ones, and every thing else began to lose its interest beside objects so dear as these. They could not think of anything else but pushing onward, cross the Alps, and join their friends.

From Milan the Simplon road goes across the Alps, and by this route they were to proceed to Geneva.

The road presented but few objects of interest until they reached the Lake Maggiore. Here a wonderful scene spread before them. The broad lake extended far away, surrounded by green shores; while in the distance rose the giant Alps, their summits covered with snow.

On the bosom of this lovely lake, there were two small islands, which seemed like the creation of some enchantment. Their names were Isola Bella, and Isola Madre. Each one was covered with hanging gardens, which rose up on terrace above terrace, and, at a distance, resembled those fanciful pictures, which are made of the hanging gardens of Babylon.

On these terraced gardens there grew a profusion of richest vegetation; tall tropical trees being intermingled with those of a colder zone, and all surrounded and undergrown with a dense growth of shrubbery, whose deep green contrasted with the lighter hue of the loftier trees.

The effect of the whole scene was of a kind which can never be forgotten. Here were the widest extremes of sublimity and beauty; rocky precipices, and green sloping shores; snow-clad Alps piercing the clouds, and fairy islets reflected in the glassy wave.

Now, as they rode on, they saw full before them a giant figure. They looked at it as the Lilliputians looked at Gulliver. It was a figure of enormous size, arrayed in the robes of a priest, looking toward the lake, with his hand outstretched, as if in the act of blessing. As they drew nearer, the figure became gradually revealed.

It proved to be a vast colossal statue, representing St. Carlo Borromes, which was reared on an elevated pedestal, on the shore of the lake, and close by the roadside. The figure is built of stone, surrounded by a bronze covering. It is sixty feet in height, and as the pedestal is forty feet high, the whole altitude is one hundred feet. At the base of the pedestal is a door, by which an ascent may be made to the top. The coach stopped here to give the passengers an opportunity of ascending, and our party gladly availed themselves of the chance.

Inside they found a long flight of steps, which led up to the head. It was lighted in different places by narrow slits, and the ascent was not at all difficult. The wonder of the thing was, that they were, so to speak, inside of a colossal man. Their wonder burst forth when they reached the head, and stood inside of it.

There was room for them all. Uncle Zebedee seated himself in the hollow that was made by the projecting nose. Harry and Tom stood each by an eye, looking down upon Lake Maggiore, and Noah and Syd waited till their turn might come for looking out. The consciousness of being inside the head of a bronze statue was peculiar, and as they looked out through the eyes, the sensation was terrific.

After leaving this, the road began to ascend slightly, and the Alps were slowly approached. The towering forms of these sublime mountains upreared themselves, range behind range, covered with glittering snow, which reflected back the rays of the sun, and dazzled their eyes as they gazed.

At length they began to enter among the hills; and the lower declivities of the mountainous country, and the lesser heights around shut out the glory of the grander eminences beyond. The road wound along, sometimes with a roaring brook dashing beside it; at other times crossing the brook by a bridge; again rounding a hill and going off for miles to return again to this brook.

Before evening they reached Domo d'Ossola. This is on the southern side of the Alps, and is a thoroughly Italian town. The houses, the churches, the hotels, are all in the Italian style. Around it are the lofty mountains, but in the town there is the glare of sunshine, and the brightness of the southern atmosphere.

Here they passed the night, and on the following morning proceeded on their journey. The road ascended, but with a very slight incline. To avoid steep ascents it winds round in a wonderful manner, sometimes crossing deep gullies on stupendous bridges, at other times passing through long tunnels, which have been excavated in the solid rock.

At first they did not see so much of these great engineering works, but before their journey was accomplished they had seen enough to understand why the Simplon had gained its world-wide fame, as the "Colossus of Roads."

As they drove along they saw that every step brought them steadily nearer to the line of snow, and at length they found the road itself covered, and though the snow became steadily deeper, yet they met with little difficulty until they approached the first station, where they expected to change horses.

Here they encountered a deep drift. A path had been shovelled through this, so that they went on without any difficulty; but the sight of this served to show them what might be expected in those regions which they were only entering, and to fill them all with great doubts as to the practicability of their journey.

On reaching the station these doubts were confirmed. They were informed that the road was covered so deep with snow that it was impassable; that men had been working on it for two days, but were not yet done, and that they would have to wait some time before proceeding. The worst of it was that there was every probability of another storm, which would heap up the snow still higher, and render impassable even those places which had been cleared away.

They were therefore compelled to wait.

For two days they stayed there, in this little wayside inn, amusing themselves with looking out at the scene before them. All around them the ground was covered with snow. Above them towered the Alps, with their vast white summits, where the wild wind blew, hurling the snow wreaths into the air.

Beneath was a deep ravine, at the bottom of which a torrent ran, and whose sides presented a spectacle of the most savage grandeur. It was not possible to go about to any distance over that deep snow. Their boots were made for lighter purposes than plunging through drifts; and so they were forced to remain in doors, and do the best that they could to pass away the time.

On the third day, however, a start was made. On going out they found that the diligence was to be left behind, further progress on wheels being impossible. In its place there were several sleds which looked exactly like those with which they were familiar at home.

Each sled was drawn by one horse, and had straw spread over it. One sled carried the luggage. This went last. Tom insisted on going in the first one, and the others did not oppose his wishes. Harry went with him. These with the driver formed the first load. Next came Noah and Syd with their driver. Then Uncle Zebedee and a German with theirs. Then two Frenchmen. Then a priest and a woman. Last of all came the luggage. So they started.

The road had been cut out through the snow for a long distance, so as to make their passage practicable. They wound about among the mountains; sometimes they came to long tunnels, called galleries, where the road avoided the danger of falling avalanches; at other times it passed over bridges, and turned in and out and in again with innumerable windings.

At length they came to the Gorge of Gondo. This is a narrow chasm, the sides of which rise up almost precipitously for many thousand feet. At the bottom flows a furious torrent. The road had been formed on one side, and here as they passed along they could look up at the tremendous height above them; and down at the still more tremendous abyss beneath them.

Nor was this journey without danger. At times, before them and behind them, there would come a low rumbling sound, and down the steep declivity they would see a mass of snow and ice rushing headlong to the abyss beneath.

Many times they had to get off the sledges, and get them over the heaps that these falling avalanches had formed over the road. Fortunately, however, none of these came near them, and so they pushed forward, eager to get on as fast as possible.

At length the Gorge of Gondo grew less formidable. The abyss beneath was not so fearful, the heights above, though lofty, were not so precipitous. Here they could see the distant outline of the little village of Simplon, that stands almost at the top of the pass.

As they went on the snow grew deeper. Poles projected above its surface. Harry's driver, who could speak a little English, told him that the snow on the highest part was forty feet in depth, and that here it was thirty-five. Their pathway was about four feet wide, cut in a smooth slope of snow that had filled in the road to an equality with the mountain declivity. The depth below was at least a thousand feet. Here and there rocks and trees jutted out, and interrupted the smooth white surface.

Here they drove along.

When suddenly, before them, and above them, and all around them, there arose a deep, low, dull, rushing sound, which seemed as if all the snow on the slope was moving. Harry's driver whipped up his horses, furiously. The others held back, and cried out to the passengers to look out for their lives.

An avalanche was coming! It was coming somewhere down the slope which they were traversing, but where, no one knew.

But they knew soon enough.

For Harry's driver, in whipping up his horses, had forced them forward into the midst of it.

And down it came,—a vast mass of snow and ice. Down it came, irresistibly, tremendously, with a force that nothing could withstand! The others looked on, voiceless, with horror, and spellbound. It came! It struck! and the next instant down went the sled that carried Harry and Tom, over the edge of the slope, and down ward to the abyss. A shriek burst forth from Noah and Syd. Then all was still.

To be continued.

For the Companion.

MY CITY COUSINS.

By Alice Robbins.

I had often received an invitation to come and see my cousins in the city of Boston, and as they had spent several seasons at our old-fashioned home, I felt tolerably well acquainted with them. They were all high bred girls, but in the country dressed their simplest, and professed to lay aside style willingly.

There were Libby, Carry, Hatty and Lida. Carry was the eldest, just turned eighteen, and a great belle. On the occasion of their last visit they were more than usually kind in their invitations, and declared that I must come and see them; they could not take no for an answer.

The next season they were not our guests, and the following winter, papa, having business in the city, thought I had better improve the opportunity to visit my cousins.

"I heard that brother John had gone into a new house," he said; "a splendid swell front, on one of the fashionable streets, so I suppose there'll be plenty of room, and I dare say you'll enjoy yourself bravely."

I was more than delighted at the prospect of seeing city life for a little while, and was only too anxious to appear well in the eyes of my fashionable relatives. I had two silk dresses, one black, the other plum color, that I was especially proud of. To be sure I had made them both myself, from patterns, but I prized them all the more for that.

"Indeed, miss," said Sally, who had lived with us fourteen years, "ye needn't be at all anxious as to how ye'll look, for there isn't one of them has your own pretty face. It's my opinion they'll all be jealous of you."

"Don't fill the child's head with such notions," said my mother. The child was nineteen.

"Sure, 'n I only told the truth," muttered Sally.

Four blessed weeks I went on with my preparations, making new and altering old, till my wardrobe seemed of almost wonderful proportions. The largest trunk in the house would hardly hold it, and that was a venerable hair trunk, nearly a century old. It did not occur to me that it was ancient, however, till I saw the footman smile as it was taken into the large hall of my uncle's house.

My father, good, easy soul, was always his simple self, and walked about quite unconcerned among the beautiful chairs, and tables, and ottomans, while I sat down, my little bag in my hand, wondering why nobody came.

"John must be doing well," said my father, lifting up two or three delicate toys from one of the tables in his large bronzed hand. It is only a wonder that he did not smash them. How could he or I know that they cost, some of them, a hundred dollars apiece?

"How still it is here, and O how splendid!" I said, beginning to tremble in my new, plain, gray walking-suit. "They must be very rich."

"Well, yes, I suppose John has done putty tolerable well," mused my father. "He was a go-a-head from a boy, always swapping, mighty sharp at a trade, but he's pitched hay and hoed potatoes many a time, for all that. John mustn't get proud. Money isn't every thing."

Money seemed a good deal, to judge by these gorgeous parlors, and I was beginning to wish somebody would make an appearance, when a smart-looking girl came in, that I thought was a visitor.

"The young ladies are dressing, miss," she said. "Will you excuse them?"

I rose from my seat.

"Then I will wait," I responded.

"Would you like to go to your room, miss?" was the next question she asked. "I will show you there."

Could this girl be a servant, moving so airily in her nice dress? I could hardly believe it.

"This is your room, miss," she said, stopping at the third story. "Your trunk is in here, miss. Would you like me to assist you?"

"O no," I made reply, feeling unusually nervous and flustered. "I wont detain you." She smiled and left me alone.

The room was large, plainly furnished, and looked out upon rows of back yards. I don't know why, but I felt as if somebody had plunged me into a snow bank. Every thing had been so splendid, and so strange, and so unhomelike, that I could have cried like a child for one sight of mother. I just longed to turn back and ask father to take me right home again, for he was going on the morrow; but pride restrained me. What I should wear in this great house for an afternoon dress, puzzled me exceedingly, but finally I made the best choice, and arrayed myself in my black silk. I could not certainly be far wrong in that, I thought.

An hour passed, and still I sat in that dreary room.

"Why don't some of them come in?" I wondered; "they know I am here." And finally I plucked up courage to go down stairs.

Miss Carry was there, talking with my father, and dressed in gorgeous array. Such glitter! such ribbons! such diamonds! I had hardly dreamed of, much less seen.

"O Cousin Della!" and she actually gave me the tips of her fingers. I was stunned by her frigid manner. No kiss, no warm look of welcome or pleasure.

"You are new to the city, are you not?" asked the grand belle, as she took up a photograph album.

"As new as you were to the country, when you went there the first time," I could not help saying.

"Ah, yes, it *was* odd," she replied, coldly; and then Lilly, Hatty and Lida glided in, all grown to young ladies.

How my heart sank within me when I noticed the splendor of their toilets! Had they done this to crush me at the first?

I understood it better when I met their mother, a large woman, with cold eyes and an imperious manner. She called me "Miss Somers," and missed me so persistently, that once or twice I came near being rude.

"Why didn't you say it?" whispered Hatty, her eyes sparkling.

"Say what?"

"That's just what I wanted to hear. I'm sure it was right on the tip of your tongue, and I know it would have been good. Pray don't control yourself next time. You see my sisters put on an extra agony in this fine new house. I

don't care a bit. I liked the old one much better. Never mind, we'll have good times."

Well, if Hatty was a little bit ugly, (that is, she squinted just a trifle,) why, she was certainly sensible, so I concluded to make my visit as long as I at first intended.

I was snubbed, often, there was no doubt of that. My dresses were exceedingly plain, and behavior did not go for much in that costly house. I knew they did not like to introduce me to strangers, and avoided it, if they could,—only Hatty, she took the greatest pains to thwart her sisters, and made me acquainted with everybody. It so happened that my aunt was to give a great party. When the night arrived, Hatty said,—

"I want you to wear one of my Swiss muslins, to-night. There's to be a magnificent creature here. I mean he is really good, and an author, a fine musician—every thing—and Carry is wild about him."

"But I sha'n't wear one of your muslins," I said, with a proper pride. "I shall go in the old silk."

"Just as you please, Miss Independence; but you'll be plain as a pipe-stem. I admire your spunk, but as it's a great occasion, I wish you had something gorgeous—but no matter."

We were in a flutter of excitement. Hatty and I, and a chosen few, went into one of the half-deserted rooms near the conservatory. Hatty insisted on my playing. I sat down and went through three pages of one of Beethoven's sonatas.

"I didn't know you played that," said Carry—she was leaning on the arm of the author and composer.

"I am charmed when a lady plays and *comprehends* Beethoven," said the lion. I had been introduced to him. Next day he called, and his attentions were so marked that Carry hardly spoke to me till I went home.

I am writing this in our cosey little parlor. The author and composer is seated at my cottage piano. For two summers, since my visit to the city, he has been a visitor at our humble home, and the next time I go to the city, I think, perhaps, Cousin Carry will have to call me by a different name.

For the Companion.

THE DEACON'S SURPRISE.

By R. H. Davis.

Every body in the village knew Simple Simon. He lived with his mother down in that little red hut just by Indian Creek; and you would generally find him on a summer day in or about the water somewhere. Sometimes the boys who were going fishing would give him a penny or two to dig their bait, and Simon would go grubbing on his knees in the mud, and mumbling his one song about "Poor Joe," as happy as a king. If Joe were any poorer than Simon, he must have had a very bad fortune indeed. His mother, the widow Matmoth, used to keep them comfortable enough by her washing and ironing, until she was crippled by the rheumatism, this winter. She still managed to hobble about over her tubs for an hour or two each day. But they had nothing to eat but bread and molasses, and as for meat, they had nearly forgotten the very look of it. It was no wonder that Simon's great arms and legs grew bony and gaunt, and that his eyes sank deep into his head.

Simon had light, staring eyes, precisely like an owl's; he never worked or played as other boys do, but perpetually sauntered or marched about, his hands in his pockets, his rags of clothes fluttering about him, a cock's feather in his hat. If you spoke to him, your only answer would be a stare and a "Hi!" and then Simon went on his way, chuckling as if he had silenced you by the wittiest retort. No matter how the boys teased him, he replied only by this same good-humored "Hi!" So the people called him simple, and an idiot, and the boys made verses about him, some of which, no, doubt you have heard. But his mother never would be convinced that he was different from other boys.

"My Simon has as clear a brain in his head as any body," she would say; "though he chooses to be a little peculiar. Every body has their own way of doing things."

It was about the middle of December that the widow grew sick and had to quit work and take to her bed. She did not let any of her neighbors know, however.

"I never have begged, and I never will," she said to Simon, at which he nodded and chuckled, and began to sing "Poor Joe" to a very lively tune.

But those were rough days for Simon. He did what he could; carried wood which he picked up in the forest, and kept up big fires, night or day; then he would peep into every pot or pan to find something to cook, and shake his head dolefully over each, and finally bringing the bread and molasses, he would divide the slice in half, and put his mother's part close to her hand, while he munched his own. When he had done he would sit staring solemnly down into her face hours at a time, now and then suddenly breaking out into a whistle to cheer her up. She would hold his hand, and look up into his face as though it were the brightest and handsomest in the world.

"Go out, Simon," she said, the day before Christmas, "and take a run on the snow."

"Hi?" said Simon, looking doubtfully at her, and thinking he could not be spared. However, he went, for one of Simon's oddities was that he always obeyed to the letter, no matter what was his own opinion in the matter.

He found Bill Ruth, and Joe Stiles, and two or three other fellows, on the barrels outside of Dea. Stebbs' store. They did not dare to go inside, cold as it was. Every boy knew how cross "old Stebbs" was, and kept carefully out of his way.

"Hillo, Simon!" shouted Bill. "Getting ready for Christmas down at your house?" winking to the other boys.

"Dunno. We might be, and then we mightn't," said Simon, gravely. "What *is* Christmas, Bill?"

"Time when every body's jolly, and you get things. I tell you, Simon," with a sudden idea, which made him laugh and kick the sides of the barrel vigorously, "you'll have a Christmas tree. Just you look to-morrow morning in your back kitchen—you know the back kitchen?"

"Hi!" said Simon, breathlessly.

"Well, there you'll find a tree that grew in the night; and on it you'll find—let me see—new clothes and a hat"—

"A hat?"—taking off his old summer one and twirling it about on his fist thoughtfully.

"A fur hat—warm over your ears; and apples, and cakes, and candies. O, my goodness! how can I tell all you'll have? It makes my hair stand on end to think of it."

Simon sat dumb for a moment or two with delight, his face very red, then he got down.

"I'll go home," he said, suddenly, putting on his hat.

"To tell your mother? You'll do nothing of the sort. You must say nothing to her about it till the time comes."

Simon stood, with a disappointed, blank face.

"Hi?" he said, anxiously.

"No, not a word, I tell you. Now be off, and remember and look in the back kitchen to-morrow."

Simon darted off, jumping fences and turning somersets in the air, and whistling so shrilly that he could be heard clear up the village street.

"What do you mean to do, Bill?" asked Joe Stiles. "You know well enough Simon 'll have no tree."

"I bet he will, then," said Bill, with a laugh. "D'ye see that old dead larch in the fence corner? I'll drag it down and stand it in his back kitchen to-night, and a better show of old pots, and pans, and rags you never saw than there'll be on it. It 'll be jolly fun."

"I don't see the fun," replied Joe, without laughing. "I wouldn't play tricks on a fellow that can't hit back. Simon can't fight, and you know that, Bill Ruth. Besides, he and his mother are nigh about starved. The old woman's been in bed for weeks."

"It's none of my business if she's been there a year," muttered Bill.

Just at that moment old Dea. Stebbs thrust his knotty, sour face out of the door.

"Come, be off with you, you young vagabonds," he said, thumping the barrel with his hickory cane.

The boys did not stop to argue the question, but made off down the frozen street at full speed. Dea. Stebbs stood looking after them a minute, and then putting on his hat, walked slowly down to his house on the meadow.

That was the longest night of Simon's life. He could not sleep for listening to hear if there were any mysterious sounds in the back kitchen. He sat by the fire, his hands clasped about his knees, chuckling, now and then, and rubbing his elbows with impatience. At last he got up and went to his mother's bed.

"What's Christmas, mother, eh?"

The widow turned her thin face to the wall. She had been thinking, just then, of the day, and how bright and plentiful it would be to so many in the world, how hungry and cold to her and her boy.

"It was the day when the child Jesus was born, Simon."

"Does *He* send the new clothes, and the fur hat? Hi?"

His mother looked puzzled.

"People who love Him give gifts on that day, because He loves us all and gives us all we have."

"Loves us?" trying to understand.

"I don't know, child," she said, bitterly. "I think He has forgotten us."

"I guess not," said Simon, laughing knowingly, and nodding his head. She fell asleep after she had made him come to bed. But Simon sat straight up the rest of the night, staring and listening with all his might, for he heard noises through the thin partition. It was Bill Ruth, who had set up the dead larch and hung it with rags, and broken tin cans, and an old hoop skirt that he had found in the road.

"It's the people that love the Lord," muttered poor Simon, inside. "He hasn't forgot to send them."

Bill Ruth had not such jolly fun as he expected in dressing his tree. He felt that it was a cruel trick, and that he was a mean cur, let him try to forget it as he would. However, he finished the work, and stole off home to bed.

"I'll be back by daylight to see the end of the joke," he said.

By daylight, therefore, he was up, and coursing along the frozen fields like a hare. It was a clear, gray morning. The snow lay white on fields and hills. Down in the village lights were glancing, early as it was, in the upper windows of almost every house, for it was Christmas morning. Children and grown people were awake and calling joyfully to each other; trees were glancing with lights and beautiful presents; the very air was full of love and gladness as on that first Christmas morning, long ago, when God, with deep significance, sent His message of good will to the world at the same time from the poor stable and from the heavenly choirs.

"Simon will have his tree, too," said Bill, laughing to himself, as he saw the firelight shining through the windows of the poor widow's hut. He crept stealthily to the door and listened. Simon was coaxing his mother to rise and come with him to the back kitchen.

"There'll be a tree, there, mammy. He's sent somebody to put it. He that was born to-day, you know."

The widow was too weak to stand, but she struggled up. She would not let Simon bear his disappointment alone.

"My poor boy!" she said, putting her arm about his neck. He helped her along gently. He was trembling with excitement.

Bill's heart failed him as he saw the poor woman dragging along the floor to see his miserable tree. "I—I wouldn't have done it if I'd have thought she'd have known," he muttered.

"Now, mammy, dear!" said Simon, throwing open the kitchen door. There was a blaze from the fire, and there, in the middle of the floor, stood a great Norway fir, green and beautiful. Hung on its branches were a suit of warm, good clothes for Simon, a fur cap, and apples, cakes and candies. Underneath stood a barrel of flour, two or three barrels of potatoes, a warm woollen dress, packages of tea and sugar, little jars of butter and sausage, and a nice fat turkey hen, all ready for roasting.

Simon stood dumb for one minute, and then broke out into a thundering "Hi!" catching his mother in his arms and whirling her about.

She could not speak for crying. Outside, in the dark, old Dea. Stebbs, and his wife, and Dr. Potter stood peeping in and laughing like three children.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Stebbs, "we've had our joke; let's go home. I did not think any thing would ever drag me out of my bed as early as this on a winter morning."

"Hollo! who's this?" cried the deacon, as he stumbled over a figure that skulked along like a dog. "So, so, my young friend! How do you like Simon's tree?" And he gave Bill a sound cuffing on the ear, that sent him away howling.

But Simon heard nothing of all this. He went about touching and feeling every thing on the tree. "He did not forget us, mother, did He?" he said.

"No, my son." And in her heart she thanked God, whose love had touched her, also, on this Christmas day.

A MAN IN DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Did you ever awake in the night in great terror over some dream? Some fearful danger was just before you, and you cried out in fear for "Mother! mother!" Though there was nothing near to hurt you, yet your terror was just as real as though a lion was in the room.

Now, the imaginary terrors of a man in the delirium which drinking causes may seem very funny to lookers-on, who know there is no danger; but they are terrible beyond all thought to those who experience them.

A man living in New Haven, Conn., drank so deeply that his reason was for some time overthrown. When his paroxysms came on, he fancied that he saw before him men preparing to flay him alive. Slowly they began their dreadful work, cutting his flesh with keen little saws, then tearing off his skin in strings, and hanging it up on wires before his eyes.

He would shriek and cry out in as terrible agony as if they were really doing it. Then he would imagine that his heart was a cage of wild beasts, who were tearing, growling and fighting with each other. He would beg his companions to tear them out, and when, to gratify him, they would pretend to do so, a feeling of death-faintness would come over him. Then he would think those about him were throwing sharp hooks at him, trying to fasten them in his flesh. He would wrestle and fight for hours with his unseen foes, until the sweat poured from him in streams.

Did he not pay dear for his cups? Was the little pleasure he got out of them worth all that agony?

For the Companion.

TEACHING DEAF MUTES TO SPEAK.

Two large, beautiful houses standing on the crest of a hill; from the front windows a look up and down the Connecticut Valley, with its broad, waving meadows, blue river and misty mountains; and from the rear a grove of chestnut trees, in the midst of which stands another building, quite new, French-roofed, and containing many rooms. Outside, children playing gayly, but never a shout to be heard among them—then a summons to one of the houses, a scattering off into different rooms, and busy lessons begin.

What is it all?

A school?

It must be; but things seem to go on in some very strange ways of their own. Not a bell is in one of the rooms, but when the teacher wishes to call a recitation, she strikes the floor with her foot, the scholars all look up, and she calls one or more to come forward. There is no singing, no music lesson any where in the school; and in one room, a class of children, some not more than five years old, it is true, but others twelve or fourteen, are learning the names of colors, and rushing about in great excitement and glee, to pick up a veil, or a book, or a bit of ribbon, and wave it before the teacher's face to prove that they understand her when she says, very slowly and distinctly, "*blue.*"

Not a school for crazy children, nor for crazy teachers, as one might begin to think, but the Clarke Institute for Deaf Mutes, established at Northampton some four years ago, and receiving now more than forty pupils,

And in this school, any one fortunate enough to have ears of their own, may hear a good deal that is remarkable. No such thing as being born deaf and dumb, for instance! Although such cases have been spoken of ever since the world began, and we supposed we knew some of them, it is a great mistake. Plenty of people are born deaf, the teachers allow, but they assure you the vocal organs of such unfortunate ones are just as good as our own, the only difference being that they have never learned to use them. In this school they are taught to do so, and also to read from the lips what others say, and the result is, that the deaf hear with the eye, and the dumb speak.

Although teaching the deaf mute lip-reading and articulation is so new a thing in this country, it has been almost the only method pursued with them in Europe for hundreds of years.

More than three centuries ago a good monk, named Ponce de Leon, away in sunny Spain, thought it hard that the shadow of silence and solitude should rest on the lives of any children, and taught, one after another, many deaf mutes to speak. And wonderful as it may seem, they learned so well, that one of them became a priest and another a soldier. Afterward, instead of a solitary child being taught, here and there, schools were established, and now in England, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Denmark,

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Russia, Sweden, and even in Egypt, they are busily doing their work. Only in France, the good Abbe De L'Epee thought it too hard for mutes to learn to speak, and invented an entirely different language, using signs instead of words, by means of which he gave all his pupils their education.

Visitors to the German schools, where the children are taught to speak and to read from the lips, bring back stories that we find it almost hard to believe.

Our own schools, when first established, chose the French abbe's method, and have always continued to use it, so that until a few years ago, the people of this country hardly knew there was any other way to teach the deaf and dumb. But at that time Miss Rogers, of Chelmsford, determined to try the European method with some mute pupils under her charge, and her success was a surprise to every one. In a few months the children knew hundreds of words, could form sentences from them, and write letters home. Now her little school has become the Clarke institute, of Northampton, and has a corps of teachers and more than forty pupils.

If any one has a fancy for being astonished and entertained at the same moment, Miss Rogers' school is the place to pass an hour or two. In some rooms the older scholars are busy with such studies as go on in any school, and in others, those who have been there but a short time, are taking lessons in speaking, and learning the meaning of words. In one of these, some visitors, the other day, found a bright-eyed, red-jacketed little lady, with a class standing before her, teaching them the names of the colors. There was a little daughter of Gen. Mitchell, not more than six years old, with floating golden hair, and a fairy face and form, then older children, then a colored boy, Robert, about fourteen years of age, rolling his great eyes, and showing his white teeth, in an ecstasy of delight at feeling a new idea penetrate his brain.

"*Blue, blue,*" said the little teacher, with sparkling eyes, striking the floor with her foot. This was to bring back a wandering gaze, for though the children do not hear, they *feel* the slightest jar.

"Blue, blue," they all cried back again, in great enthusiasm, though not in time together, for not one knew whether the other answered or not.

Then they went to the blackboard and wrote the word, and then scampered off all about the room to find something blue, as proof positive that they knew the meaning of the word.

It was droll enough to see Robert, at the other end of the room, frantically waving a blue veil he had found; but droller still, when "brown" was the word, to see one of the children run up to him and gesture vigorously upon his cheek, while he stood immovable, rolling the eyes farther than ever, in the delighted dignity of being used as an "illustration."

This class had been but very little while in the school, and, as some of them had never been taught a word in their lives till they came, of course it was slow work at first. After they had done with the colors, the teacher took the word "pleasant" for the next lesson. Poor Robert succeeded pretty well in repeating it, but as for the meaning, it was of no use—he couldn't get it. The teacher pointed out of the window, to suggest the pleasant weather.

"Nice day," said Robert, in triumph. She shook her head; that wasn't it. Next she smiled in the most amiable way, and then scowled sharply, to see if she could convey the idea, as she often did, successfully, by contrast.

"Wrinkled," cried out Robert, and the lesson had to be put over for completion to the next day.

When the visitors had seen all they wished of the performance of this class, the teacher turned to a little boy and said,—

"Will you show these ladies to Miss ——'s room?"

He watched her face with a keen glance as she uttered the words, and then turned quietly and led the way.

There, and in other rooms, there were spelling classes, classes in composition, drawing and recitation of poetry, all interesting, but the spelling-class having rather a peculiar feature. The scholars, though they know the names of the letters perfectly, are taught to pronounce them in spelling, as they sound in the words, that helping them to keep the idea of their real service.

One boy was told to spell "purpose." He repeated the word in a low, almost guttural tone, giving each syllable a slow, prolonged sound "pur—pose," and then proceeded to spell it. P only the *puffy* sound, as if he were going to say "*pooh*," u much like *oo*, r as nearly as possible like the sound in the word, p again as before, o, s, only the hissing sound, e much as *ea* in early, and the word was completed "pur—pose."

There is a great difference in the speech of the pupils, according to the different circumstances and time of their learning, but many speak so clearly and even prettily, that you would scarcely suspect it was to them as hardly earned an accomplishment as piano playing is to happier children.

As the visitors passed near the room of the red-jacketed little teacher again, she opened the door and begged them to return, as a little brother and sister in her class were very anxious to express themselves in a lesson they had lately learned. The little girl seated herself with quite an air, and the handsome little brother stepped out into the hall, his face glowing with pride and promise. Then came a tap at the door. The little miss rose and opened it. "Ah-how-do-you-do? Will-you-walk-in? I-am-very-glad-to-see-you. Shall-I-take-your-hat?" With a face covered with smiles he gave it her, and she begged him to be seated. Then followed inquiries for his family and a few more questions and answers, when he rose and said he must go.

"Do-not-go. Come-again. Let-me-give-you-your-hat," said the little maiden, with the most bewitching of glances, and the little brother bowed himself out, with all the airs and all the happiness of any petted beau in society.

But how is this wonderful lesson taught? Is there any magic wand in Miss Rogers' room, with which she has touched, one after another, these forty deaf mute children, that the deaf hear and the dumb speak? Search, if you like; you will never find it, for though a wand there is, and busily used, it is invisible. Patience, courage and skill, these are the green stems of the triple staff, and buds, blossoms and fruits start daily forth in the form of success and joy.

But patience and courage, as well as other workers, must have a method, and so have Miss Rogers and her teachers. Often when a new pupil enters the school, she finds that, bright, happy and intelligent as he may be, the existence of any such thing as a language of words has never entered his mind. He sees the lips move, but has no idea that any sound is produced; has never noticed that one movement of them differs from another, and does not know why such movements are made. Least of all, has it ever occurred to him to try making them himself. Here is work to be done. First, the pupil *must* notice what the lips do, and that some effect is produced by doing it. So Miss Rogers takes his hand, holds it before her mouth, and breathes upon it as *h* is pronounced at the beginning of a word. He feels her breath upon his hand, and so discovers what she does. As soon as this is plain, she places the same hand before his own mouth, and signifies, as best she may, that he is to do the same. This is generally accomplished quite easily, and the teacher takes *o* as the next lesson. The pupil watches her lips as she pronounces it, and soon learns to place his own in the same position, but makes no sound. How should he, when he has no idea any one ever did such a thing? What is to be done now? Taking his hand again, she clasps it upon her throat and repeats the letter. Now he makes a discovery—something is done there as well as with the lips. Try it yourself, little deaf mute; try again, and the name won't belong to you many days! She returns his hand to his own throat, and he tries. No sound at all at first, then a faint one, then a queer, outlandish one. Not quite right yet. Once more, there it is, *o* fair and square, and round as *o* ever ought to be!

Hurrah, triumph, and to-morrow a new lesson. New letters, new triumphs, joy for the teacher, and unknown and unimagined pleasure for the scholar; easy words, short sentences, more letters, more words, chalk and blackboard, same words there; books, lessons, pen and ink, letters written home, companionship, chats with friends! A new world all around, in which not only to live and move, but to speak and listen, and forget that he was ever called *deaf and dumb!*

And as if it were not wonderful enough that these scholars, some of them hardly more than curly headed babies, can read with their keen little eyes whatever the lips may say to them, some do even more. If the teacher turns only the side of her face toward them, and covers her lips with her hand, they can tell what she says from such motion as they can see in her cheek and throat, and will repeat it after her without a mistake. This makes them ready to understand a person whose mouth is covered with a beard, and at the same time time teaches something of a lesson to careless boys and girls who are not deaf, but tumble through life without ever *really* seeing any thing that comes before their eyes.

These children, beginning at six, eight, ten or twelve years old, have to work pretty busily to catch up with their friends and neighbors who began before they were fairly out of their cradles. It would seem strange to see a child of seven years old learning for the first time that God, her Heavenly Father, was everywhere, and to hear her, when she thought she had caught the idea, cry out,—

"O many, many, many fathers! One in Northampton, one in Springfield, one in Boston, one everywhere!"

But though they start at a disadvantage, they work away and get on faster than any one can well believe; but if you want any help to your faith, or your understanding of what is done among them, the best thing you can do is to go and see for yourself. Z. A. R.

A NEW BRITISH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION.

The British Parliament has taken a step that is of some importance to Americans, though likely to be considered more hereafter than at present. It has passed an act to unite the Leeward Islands of the British West Indies in a body politic. The islands are six in number, and bear the following names: Antigua, Dominica, Montserrat, Nevis, St. Kitts, and the Virgin Islands. The Virgin Islands are in fact a group of islands, but we speak of them by their political appellation.

The largest of these islands is Dominica, which has 291 square miles, with a population of 25,666 souls.

Antigua is the most populous of the group, having 37,125 inhabitants,—but its area is only 83 square miles. It is a rich island, and long has been famous for its—rum.

St. Kitts has 103 square miles, and a population of 24,440.

Nevis has 9,822 inhabitants, and a territory of 50 square miles.

Montserrat's territory is 47 square miles, and the inhabitants number 7,645.

The Virgin Islands have a population of 6,051, and an area of 57 square miles.

The total area is 731 square miles, and the entire population is 110,759.

These are small figures, but empires have grown out of smaller beginnings than those of the new Confederation.

The sea is always at the command of islanders who have the courage to seek its conquest, and the capacity to conquer it. All the West Indian islands are rich in the power to produce things that the world wants, and which it is ever ready to buy, and which it is willing to pay for at good prices.

There is but little published, as yet, as to the details of this new scheme, save that they are not of a democratic character. Power will be in the hands of the few, who will share it with the British government.

It is a singular fact that English-made countries seldom begin with very large ideas of government, and the result is that quarrels are apt to rise early. The many will not submit to exclusion, and the few insist upon maintaining an exclusive system.

This movement in favor of uniting the Leeward Islands is supposed to be but the beginning of a much larger undertaking, which shall lead to the establishment of a confederation of all the British West Indian Islands.

BANKRUPT LORDS.

A bankrupt, in the common use of the word, is a person who cannot pay the full amount of his debts, and to avoid embarrassment gives what property he may have to his creditors. They receive it, and release him from further obligations to pay what he is owing. An honorable man will avoid bankruptcy, and pay his debts in full, if it is possible for him to do so. If through misfortune such a man "fails," he is to be pitied, not blamed.

But there are bankrupts that deserve no pity, because their misfortunes are the results of their vices, or follies—such cases, for instance, as those English lords spoken of in the newspapers, who became insolvent in consequence of their being gamblers and spendthrifts, indulging in horse-racing and other vices.

It is mentioned in the London journals that Lord Courtenay, son of the Earl of Devon, has "failed" for no less a sum than four millions of dollars, though he is but a young man, and never has been in business—and so had no business to "fail."

The family of Courtenay is one of the oldest and most renowned of all the aristocratical families in Europe. It is both French and English in its history, and was ancient long before many present great families had been heard of.

It has produced Dukes, and Marquises, and Earls, and other nobles; and it has intermarried with royal houses, and did not think it had received any addition to its honors by so doing. Sovereigns have been produced by this family; and it was famous in the crusading times,—and was, and yet is, very proud of its blue blood. One of its members might have become King of England, more than three centuries ago, had he known how to conduct himself in a proper manner.

The popular inference would be that the members of such a family must be too highly bred and refined, to be guilty of common—or rather uncommon—swindling. Some admirer of "nobility" says that honor is the peculiar virtue of an aristocracy, and keeps its members from being guilty of base actions. One well known writer declares that "it feels a stain as a wound," and in so saying the writer did violence to his own extensive knowledge of history; for of all bodies of men, from the middle classes up to the nobility, that have produced great knaves,—men alike dishonest and dishonorable,—aristocracies hold pre-eminence.

This Lord Courtenay is a case in point. He had every reason that man could have, for behaving well, and yet he has behaved infamously. No English nobleman can owe four millions of dollars, with nothing to show for it, and be more honest than a common thief.

An English merchant might owe four millions, and not be able to pay a penny in the pound, and yet be strictly honest; for he might have "failed," from causes beyond his control, in course of legitimate business. But an English Lord does not engage in commerce. He may "fail," like the merchant, but it will be only because he is a spendthrift, and a vicious fellow generally; and were justice done in his case he would be sent to a penitentiary, to herd with other men who dishonestly take other people's property.

But Lord Courtenay will get off without punishment or with a very light one. He will "go through the insolvent court," and so be "whitewashed." If the commissioner should be a very just-minded and stern man, he may be sent to a debtors' prison for a few months. This will be the extent of his punishment; and on his father's death he will, as Earl of Devon, take his seat in the House of Peers, as one of the law-makers of the great British Empire!

It is only a year or two since the young Duke of Newcastle became a bankrupt, under most disgraceful circumstances, though he has in his veins the blood of the Pelhams, the Cavendishes, the Clintons, the Hamiltons, and others of the great patrician houses of Great Britain.

The Earl of Westmoreland, head of another old line, recently became a bankrupt. The Marquis of Hastings was another of these prodigals, but he died early.

Such are the doings of some of the aristocratic young men of the highest rank; men who are charged by their birth with the most responsible duties as rulers. The facts show that neither mental nor social culture, nor high rank, necessarily produce moral principle, or restrain vicious propensities. The only culture that ensures virtue, is a daily culture, embodied in a declaration

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written by a wise man, centuries ago. "Thy Word" [O God] "have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee."

THE "ONE TERM PRINCIPLE."

Parties and politicians have phrases of their own, which, like slang phrases of low life, need to be interpreted to the uninitiated in order to be understood. One of these now in use when the Presidency is mentioned, is "one term," or "the one term principle," as some put it. What does it mean?

Simply this: There are men in the United States who think no man should be allowed to hold the office of President for more than "one term." The length of one Presidential term is four years. Thus, they say that President Grant should not be a candidate for re-election in 1872–8, but should retire to private life on the 4th of March, 1873.

There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States, or in the laws of the land, that prevents a man from remaining President for life, provided the people choose to re-elect him once in every four years. A mistaken opinion prevails that a man cannot lawfully serve as President more than two terms. It is perhaps a natural one, for no person has ever retained the office more than eight years; and no President, so far as we know, has ever sought it for a third term.

Thus a practice has come to have the force of law, or of a constitutional provision, and many persons confound two things that have no resemblance to each other. The Constitution limits the Presidential term to four years, but it does not limit the number of Presidential terms that a man can serve.

President Washington wished to retire from office at the close of his first term, in 1793; but he was persuaded, much against his will, to accept a second term. There was a desire that he would then retain the position during a third term, but he retired on the 4th of March, 1797, when his second term expired.

His successor, John Adams, was chosen but once, and so he could not follow the example of Washington; but Mr. Jefferson, whose second term expired in 1809, did follow it. So did Mr. Madison, in 1817; and so did Mr. Monroe, in 1825.

Mr. John Quincy Adams, who succeeded to Mr. Monroe, was not re-elected; but President Jackson retired at the end of his second term, in 1837. He was the last President who was re-elected till 1864–5, when Mr. Lincoln was chosen a second time.

As early as the contest of 1828–9, the "one term" idea was advanced. Gen. Jackson was elected as a "one term" man, but nevertheless was re-elected in 1832–8.

Mr. Clay, who was very anxious to become President, advocated "one term" elections. He failed, however, to get even four years possession of the coveted office.

One or two prominent public men are now advocating the single term principle. The subject excites but little interest, and as yet has received no marked support from the people.

CURED OF STAGE FEVER.

The sound advice of those who have tried it has often proved a timely and effectual cure to boys and girls who coveted a theatrical life. Let all stage-struck youths read this advice of a celebrated actor:

Nearly twenty years ago, says a writer in the La Crosse *Democrat*, I was crazy to enter upon the miseries or mysteries of theatrical life—to explore life behind the foot-lights. One night I visited Burton's Theatre, watched his play, and the next day called upon the distinguished comedian to see if it was possible for me to enter his theatre as an apprentice with a view to becoming an actor.

Burton was sitting in his private office when I entered and introduced myself. After stating to him the object of my visit, telling him of my hopes, plans, willingness to work, and determination to be somebody, he leaned back in his chair, looked at me with a kind, friendly, interested look I shall never forget, it was so pleasant, and said,—

"Young man, you had better go and drown yourself. If you have pluck, energy and ambition you can find a better future for you in other pursuits—with the auditors, not with the actors. One-half the work required to make a good actor will make a rich man in any other profession.

"You have spoken to me plainly and with earnest hopefulness. Allow one who is, comparatively speaking, an old man, to advise you never to look to the stage. Every city is full of poor, miserable men, hanging about the doors of theatres, living in idleness, waiting for a chance to be put on in somebody's else place. The tinsel of the stage and the reality of life are very different things. The smiles, the laughs, the fun and the well-fitting costumes worn by the actors are only for the occasion. But few smiles come from the heart, they are only face deep; while the clothes are left in the wardrobe after the actors have donned their rags and gone home.

"If you are willing to work you had better do it outside of the theatre, it will be better for you. Should you not happen to possess those qualities which constitute good actors, to enter upon the life would effectually spoil you for any thing else; for once let the shittlessness of unqualified stage life be tasted, and the victim is forever injured."

ROSE CHARMS.

The fragrance of the rose is always fresh and delightful. One can never have too much of it. No perfume makes a lady's drawer more pleasing than dried rose-leaves, with a drop or two of lavender added.

The perfumers, when they wish to preserve rose-leaves fresh until they have a sufficient quantity to distil, or use in other ways, pickle them, separating the leaves from the stalks, and mixing them into a paste with salt, in the proportion of six pounds of leaves to one of common salt. This, put in jars, will keep any length of time. Packing alternate layers of salt and fresh rose-leaves away in jars is a first-rate, simple way of getting a fine essence of rose.

Let the jars remain covered in the cellar for a month or two, then put the pulp into a crape, and press the moisture from it. Bottle this essence, and let it stand out, corked, in the sun and dew, until it is quite clear. One part of this essence, one part of spirits of wine, and ten parts of spring-water, will give you a fine-flavored rose water. A good tincture of rose-leaves may be made by simply digesting them in strong spirits; while three parts of leaves of just opened roses to four parts of sweet olive oil, pounded in a mortar, kept still for a week, and then expressed, will give you an excellent oil of roses.

I knew an old lady who used to make a great variety of charms, amulets, etc., out of rose leaves, that were more fragrant and quite as durable as those manufactured out of perfumed clays. Her process was to fill a mortar with roses gathered with the dew on them, sprinkle over them a little powdered cinnamon and cloves, and then bray them thoroughly until they formed a stiff brown mass of about the consistence of putty. This she moulded into beads, crosses, and figures of various kinds, and then dried them in the sun or in an oven. They become as hard as pebbles, and retain their sweetness a long while. Fingers that are skilful at moulding may, in this way, turn out some very pretty and appropriate mantel ornaments.

A WRONG.

There is the soundest common sense in the following paragraph from the *Manufacturer and Builder:*

Why is it that there is such a repugnance on the part of parents to putting their sons to a trade? A skilled mechanic is an independent man. Go where he will his craft will bring him support. He need ask favors of none. He has literally his fortune in his own hands. Yet foolish parents—ambitious that their sons should "rise in the world," as they say—are more willing that they should study for a profession, with the chances of even moderate success heavily against them, or run the risk of spending their manhood in the ignoble task of retailing dry goods, or of toiling at the accountant's desk, than learn a trade which would bring them manly strength, health and independence.

In point of fact, the method they choose is the one least likely to achieve the advancement aimed at, for the supply of candidates for "errand boys," dry goods clerks and kindred occupations, is notoriously over-stocked; while on the other hand, the demand for really skilled mechanics is as notoriously beyond the supply.

The crying need of this country to-day is for skilled labor; and that father who neglects to provide his son with a useful trade, and to see that he thoroughly masters it, does him a grievous wrong and runs the risk of helping by so much to increase the stock of idle and dependent, if not vicious, members of society. It is stated in the report of the Prison Association, lately issued, that of fourteen thousand five hundred and ninety-six prisoners confined in the thirty States, in 1867, seventy-seven per cent., or over ten thousand of the number, had never learned a trade. The fact conveys a lesson of profound interest to those who have in charge the training of boys, and girls too, for the active duties of life.

HOW A MOSQUITO PRESENTS HIS BILL.

We do not know that there is much satisfaction, after you have had your blood sucked, to be told precisely how it was done; but here is a very learned description of the trade manners of the pestilent little "swamp angel," who stings with his mouth:

The mosquito has a proboscis like an elephant, only not so large. It will, however, look nearly as large under a good microscope. He cannot do as many handy things with it as the elephant can do with his, but he can cause a great deal of annoyance in a small way with it.

It is hardly the thing to say that the mosquito bites us, for he has no teeth. The microscope reveals the fact that he carries a pair of scissors inside of his proboscis—the neatest and sharpest little cutting tools you ever saw. He gets his living by these. They are two delicate little blades, and are placed alongside of each other.

When he is ready to make a meal off of us, he first buzzes around with those beautiful wings, and sings a pleasant little song. If we let him quietly settle down, he picks out a place on our skin which is just to his liking. He is very delicate about it. When he gets ready, he puts his proboscis down, and pushes the little scissors out, and makes a neat cut, so that he can suck the blood out.

Then he drinks as much blood as he wants, and is done his dinner. But he does not leave yet. He is going to pay his bill. He has taken our blood, and he will leave us something in exchange for it. With all his faults, he is an honest little fellow—after his fashion. He has the pay in his pocket, ready to squeeze out before he goes. It is poison, but that makes no difference to him. It is the best he has to give us.

His poison pocket is at the head of his proboscis, and at the lower end of his proboscis he has another little pocket, into which he puts poison enough for one dose. This poison is very powerful. A very little of it makes the place where the mosquito puts it very sore.

After he has sucked our blood, he puts the drop of poison into the place he took the blood from. It is not the bite or the cut that the mosquito makes that hurts us, but the dropping of this powerful poison into our flesh. If this mosquito was large enough to give a powerful dose of this poison, it would be bad for us. If he were as big as a kitten, and his poison as strong in proportion, a "bite" from him would kill us.

GENUINE COURTESY.

Even among the vicious and the outcast, are seen occasionally those fine acts of courtesy that are only prompted by genuine kindness of feeling. Here is an instance of the kind, by a poor woman, that is worth recording:

A gentleman was passing the mouth of a squalid alley, when he heard loud cries of pain. Looking down the place he saw a crowd of blackguard-looking men standing passive, while a great brute of a fellow was mercilessly thrashing a slender lad. The gentleman prepared to interfere, when a very poor-looking woman came up to him, and said,—

"Hush! don't, sir. They'll only blackguard you, and wuss than that. I'll speak to 'em."

She interfered, and effectually, for the beating ceased, and the lad escaped. She herself retired with a quiet, silent self-respect, which so evidently meant "Do not thank me or interfere any farther," that the gentleman also withdrew. From what he afterward learned of the alley, he was convinced that his obligations to the woman went beyond the preservation of his purse.

On a previous occasion, in another neighborhood, the same gentleman, having caught sight, a few doors down a vile court, of a blind old hag cowering over a fire, thought she looked so exceedingly picturesque that he made some little progress down the passage to study her. But a young woman, evidently of the lowest sort, said to him,—

"Aint you afraid to come down here of a night, sir?"

He took the hint and prudently retired.

DEAF DEBATER.

In the new German Parliament there is one member who is as deaf as a post, and yet not only delivers frequent and excellent speeches, but mingles as freely in the debates, and answers his adversaries' attacks as readily and unhesitatingly as any of his colleagues. The member we refer to is the famous historian Heinrich von Treitschke.

He is enabled to take part in discussions not by the use of finger language, nor by guessing an orator's words from the motion of his lips, but by the services of one of his fellow-members, Herr Wehrenpfennig, who acts as his friend's amanuensis, writing down, word by word, every speech delivered in the house. This piece of friendship deserves to be admired, but it may be questioned whether it will not prove too arduous for the self-sacrificing member in the end. How Herr von Treitschke will manage in the event of Herr Wehrenpfennig's falling ill, or, still worse, not being returned at the next elections, it is hard to say. That the obliging gentleman performs his duty well is proved by Herr von Treitschke's ready answers in the recent debates. Perhaps the two will constitute themselves twin candidates, and jointly canvass for seats in future. Some members, however, doubt their ability to continue the co-operative arrangement long, and affirm that, after all, the liberal professor will resign his seat.

AN ELEPHANT'S FREAKS.

While Barnum's menagerie was at New Britain, the elephant gave an exhibition not on the bills. Early Sunday morning the huge animal escaped and thrust his head through Ralph Kent's barn door. Finishing his explorations here, he went to the house and there put his impudent trunk through the open window of a sleeping-room, making a circus of the interior arrangements to the consternation of its occupants. The keeper was sent for and finally coaxed him away.

SINGULAR DEFORMITY.

At Osage, Iowa, there is a little girl two years of age, whose ears are perfectly sealed up, the external ear seeming to be doubled forward. An effort to remove the deformity by a surgical operation failed, as no openings were found, the ears being closed up perfectly, not even admitting a fine probe. The child hears some, probably from the fact that the internal ear is perfect, and strong vibrations are transmitted through the mouth.

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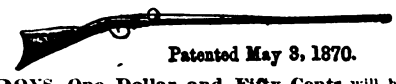
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BALLAD.

"A boy of thirteen found fighting was taken to be shot. He took a silver watch from his pocket and cried out, 'Captain, do let me take this first to a friend across the street; I borrowed it.' 'O! you scamp,' said the officer, 'I understand, you want to run off.' 'My word of honor, I will come back again,' said the boy, and the captain, seeing it was a child, was only too glad to be rid of him. In ten minutes the boy came back and took his stand with his face to the wall. 'Here I am, fire!' Does Roman history tell us any thing braver? The captain boxed the little hero's ears and ordered him never to show his face there again. They could not fire on him."—*Incident in the taking of Paris.*

The rush of men, the clash of arms,
The morning stillness broke,
And followed fast the fresh alarms,
The clouds of battle-smoke.

The Seine still bore a lurid light,
As down its ripples run,
Where late had shown the fires at night,
The rosy rifts of sun.

"Shoot every man," the captain cried,
"That dares our way oppose."
Like water ran the crimson tide,
Like clouds the smoke arose.

They forward rushed, the streets they cleared,
But ere the work was done,
Before the troop a boy appeared,
And bore the boy a gun.

"Thou too shalt die," the captain said.
The boy stopped calmly there,
And sweet and low the music played
Amid the silenced air.

"Hold!" cried the boy; "a moment wait,
For, ere I meet my end,
I would return this watch, that late
I borrowed of my friend."

"Return a watch?" The captain frowned.
"Your meaning I discern;
Such honest lads are seldom found;
And when would *you* return?"

"At once!" the hero makes reply;
"As soon as e'er I can;
I *will* return, and I will die
As nobly as a man."

"Well, go!" The lordly bugle blew,
And said the man, with joy,
"Right glad am I to lose him, too,
I would not harm the boy."

Some moments passed; the deadly rain
Fell thickly through the air;
The smoke arose, and, lo! again
The boy stood calmly there.

The muskets ceased, the smoke-wreath passed
O'er sunlit dome and spire,—
"Here, captain, I have come at last,
And I am ready. Fire!"

As marble grew the captain's cheek,
He could not speak the word.
The shout of *Vive la Republique*,
Adown the ranks was heard.

The bugle blew a note of joy,
"Advance!" the captain cried,—
They marched, and left the happy boy
The colonnade beside.

We sing Vialla's sweet romance,
Of Barras' death we read,
But few among the boys of France
E'er did a nobler deed.

The palace burns, the columns fall,
The works of art decay,
But deeds like these the good recall,
When empires pass away.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

For the Companion.

MARTIN CREGHAN.

A column of smoke, which grew dense and black, rose from the shaft of a mine in West Pittston, Penn., showing that the shaft was on fire. It was an afternoon in May. Thirty-eight miners were at work that day in the mine. Their death was inevitable unless the fire could speedily be extinguished. The alarm spread, and men, women and children gathered around the place of disaster. Terror, anxiety and pity rested on every countenance. Each one realized that death, in its most dreadful form, was probably doing its work below.

For twenty-four hours efforts were made to rescue the sufferers, and at the end of that time thirty-eight bodies were brought to the surface. Nearly all of them were insensible, eighteen were dead.

Among the prisoners in the mine was a boy named Martin Creghan. He was a warm-hearted, intelligent lad, and seems to have been a favorite with the miners. As soon as the alarm that the shaft was on fire was given below, the miners saw that they could only escape almost immediate suffocation by closing the passage that led from the bottom of the shaft to the chambers. They went back about three hundred feet from the entrance and commenced building a barricade of blocks of coal.

When this was nearly completed, it occurred to them that a notice ought to be placed on the opposite side to guide the relieving party, which they knew would be sent down as soon as the flames were subdued.

The breastwork, however, was too nearly finished to admit the passage of a full-grown man. The flames were roaring up the shaft, the peril each moment was becoming greater. There was not a moment to lose. What was to be done?

Martin's form was slender. He saw his duty, and though his life might be forfeited, he met it nobly.

"I can write," he said. "Lift me over the barricade. I will go."

They lifted him over the barricade. The smoke and the fumes of the coal were suffocating. He doubtless remembered Avondale, and realized how slender was his chance of ever beholding the world again. He wrote slowly but distinctly these words: WE ARE ALL HERE. He looked at it a moment, and then, as though conscious that he had done a noble act which might prove the last of his life, he added, in bold letters, MARTIN CREGHAN.

Faint and sick with suffocation, he raised his arms, and they drew him through the aperture.

The act was too much; he sunk down exhausted. The miners finished their work, and knelt down to pray. It was a touching and solemn scene. Catholic and Protestant miners forgot the distinction of sects, and united their agonized supplications before the Lord of all. Then some of them sung,—

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy.
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy."

Poor Martin Creghan lay in the darkness on the coal heaps, dying. His brother bent over him, and saw his dear life ebb away. They brought him up the next day with the dead. The words, "WE ARE ALL HERE," rightly directed the relieving party, and among the rescued was the brother who watched over him in his last hours.

His act was a brave and noble one, and the name of the young martyr will be among those that cannot soon be forgotten. B.

HOW FATHER CURED HIS HORSE.

"Killed by kindness," we say; but that means *cured* by kindness almost always, for kindness kills the bad in both man and beast. The following pretty story informs us how rough and cruel treatment spoiled a good horse, and how good treatment reformed him:

"Well," said Reuben, "father always wanted a horse because the folks in Greene live scattered and he has so far to go to attend funerals and weddings, and visit schools, you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildreth and a stranger asked him to ride.

"Father said, 'That's a handsome horse you are driving. I should like to own such a horse myself.'

"'What will you give for him?' said the man.

"'Do you want to sell?' says father.

"'Yes, I do, and I'll sell cheap, too,' says he.

"'O, well,' says father, 'it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with.'

"'Make me an offer,' says he.

"'Well, just to put an end to the talk,' father says, 'I'll give you seventy-five dollars for the horse.'

"'You may have him,' says the man, as quick as a flash, 'but you'll repent of your bargain in a week.'

"'Why, what ails the horse?' says father.

"'Ails him? He's got the "Old Nick" in him, that's what ails him,' says he. 'If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse till the sweat run off of me in streams. I've fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shavings under him. I might have beat him to death and roasted him alive before he'd have budged an inch.'

"'I'll take the horse,' says father. 'What's his name?'

"'George,' says the man.

"'I shall call him Georgie,' said father.

"Well, father brought him home, and we boys were mightily pleased, and we fixed a place for him in the barn, and curried him down and fed him well, and father said, 'Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly.'

"So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him and got in the wagon to go. But Georgie wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we boys brought him apples and clover-tops, and once in a while father would say, 'Get up, Georgie,' but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By-and-by, he says, 'This is going to take time. Well, George, we'll see which has the most patience, you or I.' So he sat in the wagon and took out his skeletons"——

"Skeletons?" said Poppett, inquiringly.

"Of sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put down things they think of when they are off walking, or riding, or hoeing in the garden.

"Well, father sat full two hours, before the horse was ready to start; but when he did, there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only Georgie gave in a little sooner.

"All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable, feeding him, and fussing over him, and talking to him in his pleasant, gentle way, and the third morning, when he had fed, and curried, and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, Georgie put his feet together and laid his ears back, and wouldn't stir.

"Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head. Dove, tell what you said to George that morning."

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly *'ediculous* for him to act so; that he'd come to a real good place to live, where *everybody helped everybody*; that he was a minister's horse, and ought to set a good 'sample to all the other horses, and God wouldn't love him if he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. Then I kissed him on his nose."

"And what did Georgie do?"

"Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got through, he felt so 'shamed of himself, he couldn't hold up his head; so he just dropped it, till it 'most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheeps."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father told him to go, he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night, when he was unharnessed, he rubbed his head against father's shoulder, and told him as plain as a horse could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make it up to father ever since, for the trouble he made him. When he's loose in the pasture father has only to stand at the bars and call his name and he walks up as quiet as an old sheep. Why, I've seen him back himself between the shafts of the wagon many a time, to save father trouble. Father wouldn't take two hundred dollars for the horse to-day. He eats any thing you give him. Sis very often brings out some of her dinner to him."

"He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove; "it makes him think he's folks."

BOLD SMUGGLING.

Geneva, as must be well-known to all our readers, supplies half Europe with her watches and her jewelry. Three thousand workmen are kept in employment by her master-goldsmiths; seventy-five thousand ounces of gold and fifty thousand marks of silver annually change their form and multiply their value beneath their skilful hands. The most fashionable jeweller's shop in Geneva is that of Beautte; his trinkets are those which beyond all others excite the longing of the Parisian ladies. A high duty is charged upon these in crossing the French frontier; but, in consideration of a brokerage of five per cent., M. Beautte undertakes to forward them safely to their destination through contraband channels, and the bargain between the buyer and seller is concluded with this condition as openly appended and avowed as if there were no such personages as custom-house officers in the world.

All this went on smoothly for some years with M. Beautte, but, at length, it so happened that M. Le Comte de Saint-Cricq, a gentleman of much ability and vigilance, was appointed director-general of the customs. He heard so much of the skill evinced by M. Beautte in eluding the vigilance of his agents that he resolved personally to investigate the matter and prove for himself the truth of the reports. He, consequently, repaired to Geneva, presented himself at M. Beautte's shop, and purchased thirty thousand francs worth of jewelry, on the express condition that they should be transmitted to him free of duty on his return to Paris. M. Beautte accepted the condition with the air of a man who was perfectly accustomed to arrangements of this description. He, however, presented for signature to M. de Saint-Cricq a private deed by which the purchaser pledged himself to pay the customary five per cent. smuggling dues, in addition to the thirty thousand francs purchase money.

M. de Saint-Cricq smiled, and taking the pen from the jeweller's hand, affixed to the deed the following signature: "L. de Saint-Cricq, Director-General of Customs in France." He then handed the document back to M. Beautte, who merely glanced at the signature, and replied, with a courteous bow,—

"*Monsieur le Directeur des Douanes*—I shall take care that the articles which you have done me the honor of purchasing shall be handed to you in Paris directly after your arrival." M. de Saint-Cricq, piqued by the man's cool daring and apparent defiance of his authority and professional skill, immediately ordered post-horses, and, without the delay of a single hour, set out with all speed on the road to Paris.

On reaching the frontier, the Director-General made himself known to the employees who came forward to examine his carriage, informing the officer of the incident which had just occurred, and begged of him to keep up the strictest surveillance along the whole of the frontier line, as he felt it to be a matter of the utmost importance to place some check upon the wholesale system of fraud which had, for some years past, been practised upon the revenue by the Geneva jewellers. He also promised a gratuity of fifty Louis d'ors to whichever of the employees should be so fortunate as to seize the prohibited jewelry—a promise which had the effect of keeping every officer on the line wide-awake and in a state of full activity during the three succeeding days.

In the meanwhile M. de Saint-Cricq reached Paris, alighted at his own residence, and after having embraced his wife and children, and passed away a few moments in their society, retired to his dressing-room for the purpose of laying aside his travelling costume. The first thing which arrested his attention, when he entered the apartment, was a very elegant-looking casket which stood upon the mantelpiece, and which he did not remember to have ever before seen. He approached to examine it; his name was on the lid; it was addressed in full to "M. le Comte de Saint-Cricq, Director-General of Customs." He, accordingly, opened it without hesitation, and his surprise and dismay may be conceived when, on examining the contents, he recognized at once the beautiful trinkets he had so recently purchased in Geneva.

The Count rang for his valet, and inquired from him whether he could throw any light upon this mysterious occurrence. The valet looked surprised, and replied, that on opening his master's portmanteau the casket in question was one of the first articles which presented itself to his sight, and its elegant form and elaborate workmanship having led him to suppose it contained articles of value, he had carefully laid it aside upon the mantelpiece. The Count, who had full confidence in his valet, and felt assured that he was in no way concerned in the matter, derived but little satisfaction from this account, which only served to throw a fresh veil of mystery over the transaction, and it was only some time afterward, and after long investigation, that he succeeded in discovering the real facts of the case.

Beautte, the jeweller, had a secret understanding with one of the servants of the hotel at which the Comte de Saint-Cricq lodged in Geneva. This man taking advantage of the hurried preparations of the Count's departure, contrived to slip the casket, unperceived, into one of his portmanteaus, and the ingenious jeweller had thus succeeded in making the Director-General of Customs one of the most successful smugglers in the kingdom.

AN ODD OLD GENTLEMAN.

Occasionally there comes to our notice (though perhaps unknown to the public till the papers announce his death,) a strange character who seems to have got out of his own generation somehow, and lived his life at the wrong time. The *Massachusetts Ploughman* describes a case of this kind:

A gentleman died at the age of eighty-three, at Longmeadow, Mass., named William Sheldon, who was clearly a character. He passed an uneventful life, developing his powers after the common methods. Once he wrote newspaper tales, but subsequently he addicted himself to science. On this his appetite fed to satiety. He possessed a smattering of every branch of it. Harmless and benevolent by nature, we cannot but think that he got quite as much out of life as the best of us.

He was very fond of nature in all her moods, and made friends of the animals and birds around him. Every pleasant day he walked a stated distance, and the paths he followed streak many a pasture and strip of wood. He weighed his food and measured his walks. For fifty odd years he was an habitual consumer of opium. He dressed in antique style, and to his last day would not offer allegiance to any power but that of the king. As a churchman he was accounted extremely "high," while for the animals he held to a future state of immortality.

A BLUNDER THAT MADE A JOKE.

Few things are funnier than a right answer put *in the wrong place* by the bungling of a dull scholar. The following incident is going the rounds at the expense of President Hopkins and several other good men:

In the senior examination at Williams College, a few years ago, a goodly company of Doctors of Divinity and other prominent men being present, the special topic of the moment was "the right of property." Good Dr. Hopkins was the questioner, and little Fred. H. was called up.

Question—"How is the right of property acquired?"

Answer—"By discovery."

"In what other way?"—No answer.

"Can't you think of some other way? How have most of *us* [with a gesture toward the company] acquired what little we have?"

The *first* of this brace of questions had evidently set Fred's mental machinery to work, and he had not fully taken the sense of the *last* when came the quick, emphatic reply,—

"O yes! By *fraud!*"

It was clear at once that "acquisition by labor" had found no place among Fred's ideas, and the sudden and audible smiling that followed was by no means confined to the class.

SAVED FROM DEATH BY COOLNESS.

Caution and presence of mind are to be admired and valued always, but in moments of mortal peril they are absolutely necessary. The following incident is a thrilling illustration:

In a Missouri paper we read a romance of which a Mr. Haynes and his little son are jointly the heroes. As the story runs they were in a field, when a swarm of bees alighted upon the boy, covering him from head to foot; they hung upon his ears, chin and nose in great bunches, and clung in thick clusters to every part of his body. Mr. Haynes, realizing the dangerous situation in which his child was placed, commanded him to stand quite still. This the brave little fellow did, until the bees had all settled. Mr. Haynes then took a stick, gently lifted the boy's hat from his head and placed it upon a neighboring bush, when the entire swarm left their extraordinary resting-place and took to the hat and bush. Strange to relate, the boy received only one sting, and that was caused by his seeing with his teeth a bee that was trying to make its way into his mouth.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

When an earthly touch once mars a heavenly gift, it can never again be restored to its primitive beauty. Ruffle the snow just fallen, and who shall lay it again; displace the dew as it has fallen upon the blushing fruit, and no skill can replace it; press the rose leaf and wound it, and none can give back the perfection of its tints. So it is with human character. When youth

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has lost its innocence, when sin has once blasted the soul, when the first freshness of a God-given life is gone, no after repentance, reformation or devotion to God will ever make it the same.

ROMANTIC RESULT OF A STARE.

As manners consist mostly in appearances, and "appearances are deceitful," mistakes are sometimes made in judging whether an act is polite or impolite.

A beautiful and wealthy young lady at a social party took offence at what she supposed to be the impertinent gaze of a gentleman present, who was a stranger to her, but a friend of the lady of the house. The young lady demanded his expulsion as a condition of her remaining.

Explanations ensued. The gentleman was not looking at her, "though beautiful enough to attract and fasten the attention of any one." He was looking at a fine and costly chain that encircled the fair one's neck—just such a one as he had purchased for his sister—in one of the links of which (having a secret opening) he had put his photograph. But, some months since, and before he had an opportunity to present it to his sister, it was stolen from him. Upon examining the lady's chain he touched a spring (to the little beauty unknown), and lo, and behold! there was his photograph!

I leave you to judge of the confusion of the fair one. She immediately offered to return the piece of jewelry, which was politely declined, for the time, and it is said by knowing ones that she has concluded to accept of the young man's hand and heart, in order that being the possessor of the one she may be permitted to retain the other. It is but justice to remark that the young lady bought the chain of a travelling peddler, who had stopped at her father's house, for about one-half of its original cost.—*Chillicothe Register.*

DIED WITH CLEAN HANDS.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," and one should hardly forget the first at the moment when he needs the last most. The following death-bed incident has been called "singular," but after all there is something natural and pleasant in the act of a dying soldier, here described:

An officer belonging to Lyons, who served as medical director of an army corps, narrates the following curious details about the nephew of Gen. Manteuffel, a young count of the same name who was mortally wounded at Mouzon. He had been conveyed to the ambulance of our surgeon, and insisted upon knowing his fate. He bore the intelligence like a soldier. He disclosed his last wishes to the doctor, confided to him his papers, and requested that the portrait of his wife, which he pressed convulsively to his heart, should be buried with him.

As the fatal hour was drawing near, the doctor observed that the wounded soldier was laboring under some fresh cause of disturbance. This led him to extort from him a farther confidence. The dying young nobleman, with a smile on his face, lifted up his hands, smeared with earth and powder. The doctor at once understood his meaning, and with considerable difficulty obtained a piece of toilet soap.

The hands were washed, and the young count himself cleaned his own nails with the most minute care. Half an hour afterwards he died with a smile on his lips.

A SISTER'S PLEA.

A lad of 11 years, named John Hyde, was arraigned before the Court of Special Sessions in New York city, on charge of petty larceny. The scene that followed is thus described:

The lad had no sooner made his appearance from the dock than his little sister, passing the gauntlet of police officers, came running up to him, and sobbing as though her heart would break, and flinging her arms around his neck, cried: "O, Johnny, Johnny, what has brought you here?" Johnny cried in sympathy with his little sister, and, indeed, every eye in court was moistened. After embracing him affectionately, the little child dropped on her knees, and, with hands uplifted and the tears streaming down her cheeks, begged that her little brother might "be let go." Justice Dowling could not resist the appeal so touchingly made, and discharged "poor Johnny."

ASKING TOO MUCH.

The following illustrates very nicely the romantic spirit of self-sacrifice with which sentimental young striplings are fond of swearing devotion to their favorite lady:

A young couple were sitting together in a romantic spot with birds and flowers about them, when the following dialogue ensued:

"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most willingly would I lay it at thy feet."

"O, sir, you are too kind! But it just reminds me that I wish you'd stop using tobacco."

"Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded."

"Very well, sir, since this is the way you lay down your life for me, and as you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take good care you are never wedded to me, as it would be bigamy."

NOT long ago Judge Holbrook astonished an Irish woman in a New York street car, by giving up his seat to her. She slowly ran her eye over the judge from head to foot, and ejaculated, "Ye's a gintleman, sir—every inch of ye!" The judge being six feet four, this may be called a stunning compliment.

PUSSY'S APPEAL.

I am a very old pussy,
My name is Tabitha Jane;
I have had about fifty kittens,
So I think I mustn't complain.

Yet I've had my full share of cat's troubles;
I was run over once by a cart;
And they drowned seventeen of my babies,
Which came near breaking my heart.

I was tied by some boys in a meal-bag,
And pelted and pounded with stones;
They thought I was mashed to a jelly,
But it didn't break one of my bones.

For cats that have good constitutions
Have eight more lives than a man;
Which proves we are better than humans,
To my mind, if any thing can.

But I've failed to fulfil all my duties;
I have passed half my life in a dream;
And I never devoured the canary,
And I never lapped half enough cream.

But I've been a pretty good mouser;
O, the rats and the mice I have caught?
And have brought up my frolicsome kittens
As a dutiful mother-cat ought.

Now I think I've a right, being aged,
To take an old tabby's repose;
To have a good breakfast and dinner,
And sit by the fire and doze.

For the Companion.

A JAIL STORY.

Grandma Richards heard a great noise in the nursery. She thought she would just go and see what was going on there, and if all was right.

So she laid down her knitting and went softly up stairs. She didn't mean to go in unless she was needed, but no sooner had she opened the door than half a dozen voices shouted, "Come in, come in, grandma! We're playing jail."

"Walk in, ma'am," said Harry, advancing towards her. "I am the jailer. Shall I have the honor of showing you around the building? It is a very interesting sight."

Grandma couldn't refuse such a polite invitation, so she came in and looked about her.

Tables, chairs, crickets, and everything movable had been used in building several pens, or cells, as Harry called them, and in each cell there was a prisoner.

"We have some pretty dangerous characters here, just now, ma'am," said Harry. "That fellow, there in the corner is a thief. He stole a bag of gold and four ink bottles out of a store. This one here is a housebreaker. Broke three houses all to pieces! New ones, too—hadn't ever been lived in! Would you believe it, ma'am?"

Grandma looked solemnly through her spectacles at the prisoner, little Jim, whose fat cheeks were almost bursting with laughter, and declared she never should have believed it, never.

"Why, do you put ladies in jail, too?" she asked, stopping before the next cell, where Rosa sat, smiling at the visitor.

"Well, not often," said Harry, "but, you see, this lady wouldn't mind her husband. She was very disobedient indeed. So, at last, she had to come to jail."

"What has this very young man done?" asked grandma, pointing at two year old Wallace, who was busy trying to escape from the last cell.

"O," said Harry, readily, "he smoked his pipe in a barn, and burnt up ten houses and a church."

The idea of baby Wallace smoking a pipe made grandma and all the prisoners laugh heartily, and the little fellow joined in with a squeal of triumph, as he succeeded in getting out of his cell and started for grandma's open arms.

"He's as glad to get out of jail as I was once," said grandma.

"*You!* O, grandma! Were you ever in jail?" exclaimed all the children in a breath.

"Yes," said grandma, smiling at the astonished faces, "really and truly shut up in jail."

"My! I don't be"—— began Jimmy, but suddenly recollected that he was speaking to his grandmother, and altered his remark to "What did you do?"

"If you will put this room in order, and then come down to my room, I will tell you all about it," said grandma, walking off with Wallace in her arms.

In a few minutes the children were seated quietly in grandma's room, waiting for the story, while Wallace sat contentedly in her lap, eating a cookie.

"When I was a little girl," said grandma, "my father and mother lived a few months in the house with another family. The man was a good-natured, lazy fellow, and while we were there he was taken up and put in jail, because he owed so much money.

"They used to put people in jail for debt, in those days.

"When the new house my father had been building was ready for us, he said he must go to the city and buy some things. Mrs. Williams, the wife of the man who had gone to jail, asked my father if she might ride to the city with him, so she could visit her husband. My father was willing, and I begged so hard to go too, that when Mrs. Williams promised my mother to take good care of me, she gave her consent, and I started on the journey as happy as a queen.

"Mrs. Williams had filled a basket with nice things to eat, which she carried for her husband, and my mother gave us another for our own use.

"I remember that long ride, very well. We went in the early morning, and I thought that I had never seen everything look so fresh and beautiful before. My tongue ran fast till we reached the city and stopped before the gloomy looking building, which father said was the jail.

"He left us there, and said he would come for us in the afternoon. I clung tightly to Mrs. Williams' hand as we entered the jail, and felt a little frightened when the turnkey locked the heavy doors after us.

"We found Mr. Williams very glad to see us, and while he talked with his wife, I had plenty of time to gaze about the room. There was a table, a chair, a narrow, hard-looking bed, and one grated window. I thought I should not like to live in jail.

"After awhile, Mrs. Williams began to unpack the baskets, and I discovered that I was very hungry indeed. We spread our lunch on the small table, and had quite a pleasant meal.

"Mr. Williams seemed in good spirits, and told me several stories about the jail.

"Not long after dinner my father came for us, and I, for one, was very glad to go. I had stayed in the dark, gloomy place as long as I wanted.

"It seemed so good to go out into the world again—to feel the sunshine and breathe the pure, fresh air. And I thought that home was the best place in the world, as we drove into the door-yard where my dear mother stood, waiting to welcome us."

"And did Mr. Williams ever get out?" asked Rosa.

"O, yes," said grandma. "But he and his wife went away out West, soon after, and we never saw them again. But I shall always remember them, and my first visit to jail."

MABEL DEANE.

BE THANKFUL.

"I don't want any supper," said Kate. "Nothing but bread and milk, cake and berries. Just the same every night."

"Would you like to take a walk?" asked mamma, not noticing Kate's remarks.

"Yes, mamma."

Kate was pleased as long as their walk led through pleasant streets; but when they came to dirty ones, where the houses were poor, she wanted to go home. "Please, mamma, don't go any farther."

"We will go to the corner house," said mamma.

Some rough-looking men were sitting on the doorsteps. Kate felt afraid, and held mamma's hand; but they went up the tottering steps to the garret. So hot and close it was they could hardly breathe.

On a straw bed near the only window lay a young girl asleep; so pale and thin, she looked as if she was dead.

Hearing footsteps, she opened her eyes. Mamma uncovered her basket, and gave the girl milk, and placed the bread, and cake, and berries beside her.

Kate wept as she saw the girl eagerly eat her supper. Not a mouthful had she tasted since morning.

Her poor mother had been away all day working, and now came home wishing she had something nice to bring her sick child. When she found her so well cared for, she could not thank mamma and Kate enough.

The supper seemed a feast to them. "If we can keep a roof over our heads," said she, "and get a crust to eat, we are thankful."—*Child's Paper.*

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

SUBSTITUTIONS.

CHANGE ONE LETTER.

(1) Change an ancient food into insanity. (2) An evil spirit into a Greek mythological character. (3) A fish into hearkening. (4) Part of a flower into a fire-arm. LULU D.

2.

BURIED TOWNS.

Take a leader by that place.
In the yard were fat hens and cocks feeding.
Go where you may, over the hills and over the river.
He made a cowardly onset on the boy.
I am going to see Stephen Field.

3.

REBUS.

LUCIUS GOSS.

4.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Seat of life.
2. Senior.
3. Good-bye.
4. Chains of Rocks.
5. Confidence. S. H. LITTELL.

5.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

I am one-twelfth of a division of time.
Reversed, I am an edible root.
Transposed, I am a girl's name.
Beheaded, I am an affirmative.
Curtailed, I am a parent.
Beheaded and curtailed, I am a vowel. A. B.

6.

CONCEALED RIVERS.

1. Oh! I often think of ease.
2. Can't Gertie play with these?
3. A cherub or angel, which you please.
4. Do you colof a door with grease?

GILBERT.

7.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in deer but not in hart,
My *second* is in buggy but not in cart;
My *third* is in rope but not in twine,
My *fourth* is in ox but not in kine;
My *fifth* is in plough but not in drag,
My *sixth* is in peak but not in crag.
My *whole* is a foreign land. E. S. C.

8.

CHARADE.

My *first*, with hands and face so bright,
Goes rattling on from morn till night;
At times 'tis much too fast, and so
Requires a timely check, you know.
My *second's* watched with jealous care,
Most lads conceal some treasure there;
Buttons and marbles, tops and string,
Knives, large and small—yea, everything.
Deep in my *whole* my first is found,
With twofold darkness compassed round;
Though so obscure I humbly pray
You'll whisper me without delay. ZETA.

Conundrums.

What virtues do physicians like best? *Patients* and long suffering.

What difference is there between a live fish and a fish alive? A difference, that is, the difference of an A.

Why will next year be like the last? The last year was 1870, and the next year will be 1872 (too).

What part of a fish weighs most? The scales.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark? On the head.

When is a soldier not half a soldier? When he's in quarters.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Yesterday.
2. "A liar ne'er can be believed,
   By one that he has once deceived."
3. Snow-ball.
4. Ode, Dog, Egg.
5. ABRAHAM, Jas. ii. 23.
   Athaliah.....2 Chron. xxii. 10.
   Benjamin.....Gen. xlv. 14.
   Ram.....Gen. xxii, 13.
   Ahab.....1 Kings xxi. 19.
   Havilah.....Gen. ii. 11.
   Adoni-bezek.....Judges i. 7.
   Miriam.....Num. xii. 10.
6. Palmerston.

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FALL OF A METEORIC STONE.

Aerolites (*aer*, atmosphere, *lithos*, a stone,) are certain congealed substances that have fallen to the earth from the atmosphere. Writers in ages past mention the fall of what are commonly called meteoric stones, but such accounts, until a comparatively recent date, have not been regarded as trustworthy.

In 1796, a stone was exhibited in London, weighing fifty-six pounds, which creditable witnesses declared had fallen from the atmosphere. The story was not received by scientific men, with the exception of Sir Joseph Banks, who had in his cabinet a similar stone, which had fallen from the clouds in Italy.

In 1798, a meteor, whose light was so intense as to cast a shadow, followed by a fearful report and a great storm of stones, was seen at Benares, and in 1803, a similar meteor was observed in Normandy, followed by a sound like musketry, and by a fall of stones which caused a hissing in the air.

Aerolites when taken into the hand immediately after falling, are found to be hot. Their fall is sometimes accompanied by a shower of red dust called the rain of blood. What their origin is, of course no one can tell. They are evidently fragments of bodies moving in space, which come within the limits of the earth's attraction, and are drawn to it. An aerolite recently fell in Searsmont, Me. The Belfast *Journal* says:

There was first heard an explosion like the report of a heavy gun, followed by a rushing sound, like the escape of steam from a boiler. The sound seemed to come from the south, and to move northwardly. The stone fell in the field of Mr. Bean, the flying earth being seen by a lady who lives near. The hole that it made was soon found, and the stone dug out. It was quite hot and broken, so it could be removed only in pieces. The outside shows plainly the effect of melting heat. It struck with such force as to penetrate the hard soil to a depth of two feet. It is just twenty-two years, to a day, since a similar stone fell at Castine. It was much less in size, and penetrated two inches into a hard, dry road. It came from the south-east, and was accompanied by a report that was heard at a distance of thirty miles.

BARNEY BUTZ AND HIS PORK FIRE.

The following is an instance of Irish wit in a more practical line than we commonly find it. The genius which in great pressures, as peril to human life, &c., can at once, for safety's sake, do violent things, such as would be called cruelty, robbery, trespass, at ordinary times, is precisely that which great Generals must have during a war. Barney Butz *might* have made as prompt and plucky a military commander as "Phil" Sheridan:

The Bethlehem (Pa.) *Times* says that the oldest locomotive engineer in the United States is Barney Butz, who now runs an engine on the Lebanon branch of the Reading Railroad. A good story is told of Barney's readiness in case of emergency. One day his engine would not make steam well, and he was likely to be overtaken by a passenger train before he could reach the turn-out. Seeing a good-sized porker along the track, he jumped from his engine—the train moving very slow—seized the pig, killed him and stuffed him into the furnace. The fat of the pig was better than kindling-wood, and in a very short time Barney had steam up and was out of danger.

"TAKE MY COAT."

We do not know whether the hero of the following incident has since become a missionary "for good and all" or not, but he *knows how*, at any rate:

There was a little boy attended a large Sunday school in Brooklyn, N. Y., who was much interested in bringing in children. He went about, week after week, getting new scholars,—persuading them to forsake their sinful amusements on the Sabbath. One day he brought a number of boys to school, and when he got to the door one of the boys refused to go up stairs.

"Well, my little friend, why won't you go up stairs?"

It was a long time before the little fellow would give an answer; at last he said he did not want to go up stairs because he had no coat on.

"Is that all?" said the little missionary; "if that is all you want, take my coat."

So he took off his coat, and gave it to the little boy, who then went up stairs, and in time he became one of the best scholars.

DOG AND DUCK.

A favorite house dog, left to the care of its master's servants, at Edinburgh, while he himself was in the country, would have been starved by them had it not had recourse to the kitchen of a friend of its master, which it occasionally visited. Not content with indulging himself simply in this freak of good fortune, this liberal-minded animal, a few days subsequently, falling in with a poor solitary duck, and possibly deeming it to be in destitute circumstances, caught it up in his teeth, and carried it to the well-stored larder that had so amply supplied his own necessities. He laid the duck at the cook's feet, with many polite movements of his tail—the most expressive of canine features—then scampered off, with much seeming complacency at having given his hostess this substantial proof of his grateful sense of favors received.

TO IRON VELVET RIBBON.

Dampen the under side slightly, and draw it backward and forward over a hot stove-pipe until the velvet is quite dry. A still better plan—though in winter it is not always as convenient—is to lay a wet piece of cotton cloth on a hot flat-iron placed upside down, and while the steam rises from it, to draw the under side of the velvet tightly backward and forward over the wet cloth.

PAPER NAPKINS.

In the restaurants of Germany we now meet with napkins made of silk paper, neatly ornamented in embossed figures, which answer an excellent purpose for wiping the mouth and fingers; and although capable of use but once, are cheaper than the cost of washing linen napkins of the same size. They are furnished at the rate of from one-sixth to one-third of a cent each, and of a size from ten to twenty-five inches square.

The Boston Directory for 1871 contains, as usual, much information in regard to business, also advertisements from many of the leading business firms, together with a complete map of the city, with its suburban wards. It gives 98,210 names of residents and persons doing business in the city, which is about 4,500 more than were given last year. Much credit is due Messrs. Sampson, Davenport & Co., for the very correct and comprehensive Directory of the city which they furnish every year.

At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense.

When a school-girl, Harriet Beecher Stowe disliked to write compositions as much as any of our modern misses.

A giddy student, having got his skull fractured, was told by his doctor that the brain was visible. On which he remarked: "Do write and tell father, for he always said I had none."

An old lady, not remarkable for the clearness of her ideas, describing a fine summer evening, said, "It was a beautiful bright night; the moon made every thing as light as a feather!"

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When thee went a courting, I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open; now that thee is married I tell thee to keep them half shut."

A Pennsylvania cow swallowed a leather nail pouch, years ago, and when she was lately killed, every nail was found in the pouch. She didn't lose one. Few cows are so trustworthy.

A grocer at Woonsocket, who keeps a store cat, found her one morning, last week, with three kittens and a young rat in a barrel, the latter apparently two or three weeks old. The kittens were removed, but the cat remained with the rat until they were restored to her, and now she continues to take equal care of them all. The rat has his eyes open now, and the result is watched for with some interest.

$10 A DAY, with Stencil Tools. Samples free. Address A. E. GRAHAM, Springfield, Vt. 30-4t

$325 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. 20-3m

THE "TOMTIT" is still selling at the rate of 100 daily. Price only 10 cents. EXCHANGE PRINTING CO., New Bedford, Mass. 30—3t

JACKSON & CO. are still offering a large variety of Summer Hats, for men and boys, at 59 Tremont Street, Boston. 30—1t

"WHITCOMB'S Remedy for Asthma, enabled my wife to sleep quietly."—*Kimball Hadley, Wardsboro', Vt.* 31—1t

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July 10, 1871. *31—eow2t Bradford.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 32. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, AUG. 10, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

THE WHITE SATIN BALL DRESS.

I never deceived my mother but once. I have never intentionally deceived her, or any one else, since that dreadful time.

My mother was never very stern, but so kind, and good, and gracious, that I can hardly tell how I was led to do so fearful a thing. It seems to me now that I should not have attempted it of my own accord, but added to my own strong desire, were the urgent words of a rash friend, and so my scruples were overcome.

Mother was always happy, and bright, and cheerful. She made home pleasant the whole day long, and tried in every way to amuse, as well as to instruct, her children. There were games of endless variety, music, charades for the long winter evenings.

"I do not wish my children to feel that they must seek their pleasures abroad," she was wont to say.

One thing I did not understand; she had a horror even of select parties, indeed, assemblages of eve ry kind, and she set herself mightily against such entertainments as included dancing.

I often felt that this was unreasonable, as I loved to dance. My beautiful, merry Aunt Alice, for whom I was named, who died in the bloom of her youth, had taught me to dance when I was quite a little girl, and I had frequent and innocent opportunities to indulge in it, though when I had been tripping about with my little playmates, I never mentioned it to mamma.

I was from home when my Aunt Alice died, spending my vacation with another aunt. When the news came that she was dead, I remember what a fearful shock it was, and how lonesome and dreadful the whole house seemed to little cousin Fanny and me. I was ten and Fanny was nine, but we had both loved our beautiful aunt, who was only seventeen when she died.

Years after I surprised mamma, one day, looking over an open trunk, and crying. On the top of the trunk laid an exquisite dress of white satin, trimmed with beautiful lace, that gleamed here and there.

"O, mamma, please let me see it," I cried; "please do."

So she took it out, and held it at arm's length, shaking it a little, so that the fine gleaming folds shone like silver.

"It would just fit me, wouldn't it, mamma?" I asked. "Try it up to me."

"No, no," mamma replied, shuddering, and folded the dress rapidly, and laid it back. Then hastily closing the lid of the trunk, she took me by the hand and led me down stairs.

In a few months from that time I had completed my sixteenth year, and was tall and womanly of my age. Lawyer Barker's daughter was one of my form-mates, and we were very much attached to each other. She was a little wild, and inclined to break rules, but thoroughly good-hearted, and one of the brightest creatures I ever knew. Her father was said to be rich, and Laura had a great deal of money, which she spent freely. I wonder now, that I was not often ill from the effects of the sweetmeats I was constantly eating, through her generosity.

"Anne Watson is going to give a grand party," she said, one day, at recess; "and six out of our class are invited; guess who!"

I guessed every body but myself.

"Your name heads the list," was her reply. "Mamma is going to get me a sweet blue silk, that I have longed for for a year. It is to be trimmed with Maltese lace, *real*, only think. One needs to be dressed nice to go to the Watsons'. They live in a perfect palace, and there's a conservatory, and every thing beautiful. Why, Alice Allison, how glum you look!"

"Because I can't go," I said, moodily.

"I should like to know why. It is next Thursday, nearly a week; plenty of time to have a dozen dresses made."

"Mamma wouldn't let me attend such a party,

THE WHITE SATIN BALL DRESS.

and besides, she is going to her sister's, next Wednesday, to stay till Saturday; so you see it will be out of the question."

"I *don't* see. Why, you've a lovely chance. Your mother needn't know any thing about it."

Of course I was highly indignant, and repelled the idea; but every day Laura Barker besieged me, and each day my resolution grew weaker. At last, I confided to her the secret of the beautiful dress which my aunt had worn.

"O, you foolish girl!" she cried, "how can you rest, when you have such a splendid opportunity of making yourself perfectly beautiful! With your dark hair and eyes, how lovely you would look in white! Don't hesitate; your mother has some foolish notion about it, but I'm sure she wouldn't care, after it was all over. She knows how hard it is for young folks to resist such things."

"But mother is going away to-morrow, and she will have the keys."

"Father has oceans of keys," said Laura; "if you'll invite me over to-morrow evening, we'll try fifty, if you say so. My curiosity is excited now, and I must see that dress."

I was foolish and wicked enough to yield, though with fear and trembling. From that moment my light-heartedness was gone. Even though my mother was miles away, I felt as if she stood near me and could see every thing I did. That evening Laura came to the house; our houses were not very far apart. Made bolder by her merry laughter, and inclined to think, as she said, that I thought too much of trifles, we went up into the room leading from my mother's bed-room. After repeated trials, we found a key that fitted the lock, and in a moment there was the lovely, lustrous white satin, under a fold of thin Swiss muslin, resplendent with its trimmings of lace.

"O, it's too exquisite for any thing!" cried Laura, with rapture; "why, Alice Allison, you'll be the belle of the ball-room; you will, indeed. I don't think even Anne Watson will be so elegantly dressed. O, Alice, how I envy you!"

"But stop," said I, "with such a dress, other things are needed."

"Well, look down in the trunk. I presume you will find—yes, there's a splendid sash; here are the slippers, lovely white satin, not a bit soiled; here are the gloves, hardly creased; here is a magnificent lace handkerchief. Why, don't you see, you little goose, your mamma is keeping these things for you? They'll just exactly fit you."

They did just exactly fit me, for I need not tell you that I tried them on, and that I allowed myself to be captivated by Laura's flattering tongue.

I was to leave home with the dress, secretly, the next evening, after apparently retiring, so that the servants might not know it, and go over to Laura's, and dress there. My mother, being an invalid, seldom went into company, and as Laura had a weak mother, (one might have known that,) she entered into the scheme with real pleasure.

Well, I was dressed for the ball. I surveyed myself with glistening eyes and heightened color. Every body, Laura, Laura's mother and the maid, and my own secret consciousness, told me I was beautiful.

And yet I was as miserable as I could be, whenever I stopped a moment to think. At the brilliant assemblage that night, I was almost bewildered with attentions. My dress was often spoken of. I had been dancing for an hour or two, when I observed an elderly lady watching me with a face of great interest. At last she came towards me.

"Are you Alice Allison?" she asked.

I said "Yes," with a quick-beating heart.

"I knew that face—and your mother let you wear that dress!" she exclaimed, with a strange expression upon her face. Then I was called away, but everywhere that woman's look followed me; it haunted me. I could not dance—could not eat; I was choking with a sense of my deceit, and of something else that was vague and dreadful.

Never did poor prisoner fly from his bars more quickly than I went home, using the same stratagem to enter, with which I had let myself out. I stripped off the now hateful dress; I laid it in the trunk, and then I breathed more freely.

The way of the transgressor is hard. Ah! I found that out, bitterly. Good Dr. White, coming to see my mother after her return, asked me how I liked the party.

"Doctor, Alice didn't go," spoke up my mother; "I don't think she had even an invitation; and I was very glad."

The doctor looked at me in amazement; but he saw my scarlet cheeks, and kindly held his tongue. O, how degraded I felt! Should I confess, or still act out the lie?

"Alice," said my mother, "I never felt like telling you before, but your Aunt Alice died at a ball, just as she was attired in that beautiful dress you saw once, up stairs."

The darkness of horror seemed to have fallen about me. I gasped.

"She was not fit for such things, physically," continued my mother, after a short silence; "excitement is dangerous for any of our family, and that is one reason why I have not allowed you to mix in such assemblies. You might escape, but—who can tell?"

I broke down, then. For a long time I could not speak for my sobs. I told my mother every thing. She was startled, grew as white as a sheet; but, blessed mother! she soothed me, and forgave me. But to this day I have never forgiven myself.

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

Horror—Efforts to Recover the Lost Ones—A Perilous Descent—The Icy Slope—Will the Rope be Long Enough?—A Critical Moment—The Question Solved.

The shriek that rang out from Noah and Syd died away in the silence of utter horror. The whole party stood spellbound, gazing at the ruin before them, where the resistless avalanche was hurrying down the lost ones to the abyss beneath.

The descent was very steep, and was a smooth white surface for five hundred feet. Then there were fissures, which dotted the expanse of snow, and grew denser farther down. But the way in which the avalanche was moving seemed to lead past this grove.

The depth was fearful, and far down there was a line of shade, that looked as though at that place there might be the edge of a precipice. Along this were other trees and occasionally a sharp rock.

All this flashed upon their eyes in an instant. As they looked the sliding mass hurried on in its downward career, bearing with it those who were so precious to the horror-stricken friends above.

Downward it bore them, downward and still farther downward in a confused mass. They had seen Harry stand erect, clinging to a stake in the sled. They had seen Tom throw himself prostrate, holding on. They had seen the driver fling himself off the sled altogether. In this way they were borne past the place where the grove was, until at last, speeding on, they descended so far that the projecting trees on the upper and farther edge of the grove intervened and hid them from view.

A deep groan burst from Uncle Zebedee. Noah and Syd, who had been in the nearest sled, stood with white lips and faces of agony. The other drivers hurried forward, followed by the Frenchmen and the German. The drivers began talking in an excited manner; the Frenchmen also joined in, and the German also. But as they all spoke in French, the boys did not understand a single word of what was said.

Their anxiety was terrible. More than ever they lamented now their unfortunate ignorance of all languages but their own. But the present moment was not a time for lamentation. Action was necessary, and that, too, instantaneous. Yet what could be done?

The drivers looked down carefully, and talked vehemently with one another, gesticulating all the time;—pointing down to the track of the avalanche; pointing to the fir grove; pointing down the road, up the road, everywhere; pointing to the distant Simplon village.

The two Frenchmen also took part in the discussion with great volubility, gesticulating incessantly.

The German also entered into the debate in a heavy, phlegmatic, guttural, German manner; waving his heavy German hands like two sledge-hammers.

At last Uncle Zebedee could endure it no longer.

"What's the use," he cried, bawling at the top of his voice, as though he was speaking to deaf men, and could howl a knowledge of English into these foreigners, "what's the use of standin' here all day talkin'? Why don't ye do somethin'? Can't we go down after 'em? I'll go, at any rate."

Saying this, he prepared to descend the slippery declivity. Had he tried it, his manly form in a few minutes would have been some thousand feet or so below its present situation. But he didn't do it, for two of the drivers seized him,

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L M Hosford Oct70

and jerked him back just in time to save his life.

Then they pointed down the declivity, and made wry faces.

Then they shook their heads very violently and emphatically.

"Then why don't *you* do it?" said Uncle Zebedee, indignantly. "Every moment's precious."

The drivers could not understand his words, but his eloquent face and his gestures they could understand. They at once began to bustle about. Each one rushed to his sled, and drew forth a coil of rope.

"Aha!" cried Uncle Zebedee, as he saw the ropes. "They've come prepared. They knowed somethin' might happen."

Then the three coils were all bound together. It seemed as though it ought to be long enough to reach down to the bottom of the slope. Then the drivers talked long and vociferously, and with multitudinous gestures, to the two Frenchmen and the German. They then made signs to Uncle Zebedee and the boys, by which they seemed to convey the idea that they were going down by means of the rope.

Noah's driver then bound the rope about his waist, and taking an iron pointed staff from the sled, prepared to descend. The other drivers also found iron-pointed staves in their sleds, and attaching the rope at a considerable distance from one another around their waists, they waited until the first driver had descended far enough to draw the rope straight. They then followed. They stepped slowly and cautiously over the treacherous surface, yet still went boldly down.

After the third driver had gone, Uncle Zebedee insisted on fastening the rope to himself and following. But the German shook his head vehemently, and tried to prevent him, pointing to the rope which he and the Frenchman were letting out as the drivers descended.

Noah also saw the utter futility of such an attempt on the part of one so ill prepared, and so incapable as Uncle Zebedee. He and Syd both fastened the rope around their waists, and implored Uncle Zebedee to stay behind and assist the Frenchmen.

Their entreaties made him change his mind, and he accordingly took his station with those who remained to manage the rope.

Slowly and cautiously the party of explorers went down. First went driver number one.

Then driver number two.

Then driver number three.

Then Syd.

Then Noah.

The rope was passed through the hands of the German. Frenchman number one guided it. Frenchman number two had the end fastened around his body. As for Uncle Zebedee he did not know what to do in particular, so he caught the rope, and taking his place between the German and the Frenchman, let it pass through his hands. In this way he satisfied somewhat his longings to do something for the rescue of the lost boys.

Downward, further and further, went the adventurous party, sometimes sinking in the snow, sometimes sliding over the crust. The leader directed his steps toward the point of the grove behind which the avalanche had hurled the sled and its occupants.

At length the Frenchmen and the German began to talk in anxious tones. There was cause for anxiety. The rope had been nearly all let out, and the foremost man was still a hundred feet, at least, above the line of trees.

What was to be done?

Uncle Zebedee could not understand the conversation, but he fully understood the difficulty of the occasion, and looked down with a quick-beating heart upon the enterprise that was to be thus baffled.

What was to be done?

The Frenchman around whose body the rope was bound proposed that they should let the rope go altogether. This was the only way by which the adventurers could be able to descend further. He insisted that there was no danger. They could get down as far as the fir grove. They could support themselves from the trees and go down further. It was best, he thought, that the rope should be thrown to them so that they might make use of it for a further descent.

To this the German objected that if they should let the rope go they would not be able to draw them up again.

But the other Frenchman sustained the proposal of his countrymen. He thought the first necessity was that the men should get down. As to getting them up again, he suggested that one of them should drive off to the Simplon village, which was not far away, and get men and ropes.

The German, however, thought that if the rope should be let go, the whole party might be put in peril, particularly those who were nearest. Syd and Noah were not more than half way down, and the place where they stood was a glare of frozen snow where it was difficult to find a footing.

Before this argument was ended, the rope was all expended.

It was a critical moment.

They saw the first driver far down, and almost within reach of the fir grove, turn round and wave his hands vehemently. He found himself detained, and wanted to go on. The pull on the rope was tremendous. It required the utmost strength of the Frenchmen, and the German, and Uncle Zebedee to prevent themselves from being pulled away.

And now, at that critical moment, just as the Frenchman in his despair was about to loosen the rope, and literally "let the adventurers slide," a shout was heard down the road, not far away, which roused them in an instant. They turned, and

Chapter XXII.

Wonder of Wonders!—Harry, Tom and their Driver calmly advancing on their Sled—Utter Confusion and Bewilderment—Uncle Zebedee thinks they are "Sperrits," and refuses to believe his Eyes—Grand Collapse of Everybody—Explanations.

And wasn't that a wonder!

Astonishment deprived them of utterance. They stood with staring eyes as the sled approached, and said not one word. In their paralysis of amazement they were dragged toward the edge of the declivity, and it was only the necessity of saving themselves from being pulled over, that roused them from their stupor. Then their frantic efforts to retain their position distracted their minds for a time, and the new comers, seeing their situation, hurried forward and lent the aid of their strength. This additional assistance soon restored their firm foothold.

Thereupon the driver began to chatter to the Frenchmen and the German, while Harry and Tom explained it all to Uncle Zebedee.

They had been thrown down the slope and carried along with amazing speed till they reached an immense mass of soft snow which had accumulated in front of a grove far below the one in sight. Here they were partially buried up, but succeeded in extricating themselves.

One glance showed the driver where he was. A short distance below them was the Simplon road itself, in one of those windings which they had traversed not long before. In climbing the mountain it had to make a long circuit, and they had been thrown from the upper part of the road down the mountain side to the lower part. They soon got the horse and sled out of the snow heap, and descended to the road. Nobody had been injured beyond a few slight bruises, and they hurried up as fast as they could.

The other drivers must have known that the road lay below, but they could not have supposed that the sled had been carried so far. The grove where they had been stopped was much lower down than the one in sight, and one or two precipices lay between. Had the snow not been so deep their lives would certainly have been lost, and so there had been every reason for the deep anxiety which had been felt.

The adventurers below recognized, to their amazement, the forms of the returned victims of the avalanche, and the new help thus arrived formed a sufficient addition of strength to draw up without much difficulty those who had gone down.

Chapter XXIII.

A Happy Reunion and a Happy Conclusion.

They resumed their journey. For the rest of the way they met with no adventures. They passed the mountains and reached Brieg by evening. On the next day they came to Villa Neuf, at the end of Lake Leman, and from this place they went by steamer to Geneva. There they found their friends waiting for them, and this reunion was made all the pleasanter by the memory of their past adventures.

IMMENSITY OF SPACE.

Astronomers estimate that some of the most distant stars seen by Lord Ross's telescope, give to the earth the rays of light which left them 50,000 years ago, having taken all that time, at the rate of 200,000 miles, or eight times round our earth, in one second, to reach us; that the rays emitted now will not reach our solar system until another 50,000 years have passed away. Take our earth for a centre point, and one of these distant stars being due east and another due west, their distance from each other would be double the distance from the earth, or 100,000 years would be consumed in the passage of rays of light from one to the other,—more time than is allotted to three thousand generations of the human race. If the time so occupied is inconceivably vast, how can we form any conception of the distance? Multiply the 100,000 years, reduced to seconds, by 200,000, and you get the distance between such stars in miles; but the number is absolutely overwhelming.

But we have only begun to look a comparatively small distance out into open space, or perhaps into, to us the illimited creation. We may imagine a million of stars placed in a straight line, each as far from its next as the two we have supposed, and yet the distance between the two last extremes would be too short for a measure to measure across the vast creation, though extended over a new space once in each minute for a million of years.

MIDSUMMER.

It is midsummer, the sweet midsummer—
Poor daffodil blossom! what's that to thee?
Thou hast no part in its golden glow—
Thy time of blooming was long ago;
Thou hast no share in its silver dew—
It will not wake thee to life anew.
What sadder fate can the autumn bring
Than summer does to a flower of spring?

It is midsummer, my life's midsummer—
My sorrowing heart! what's that to thee?
Its joys are things that I cannot share—
'Tis not for me that its days are fair;
For love for me was an April flower,
Whose beauty went with the passing hour.
What sadder fate can the autumn bring
Than summer does to a flower of spring?

Harper's Magazine.

For the Companion.

OUR BERRY PARTY.

By Mrs. C. W. Flanders.

We were to have a blueberry party on Saturday, which was our school holiday in Pleasantville, and a more ferocious set of romps never went gypsying over the country than those who then did duty at our school-house, where pretty Miss Gentle was paid eight dollars a month to keep our rollicksome spirits under subjection.

She did not do it, however,—no mortal power could. We had been just a restless human sea all that week, and a crisis seemed imminent, when darling Miss Gentle hit upon the blueberry party.

"Now, scholars," she said, "if you only will be good, and have perfect lessons for three days, I will take you all to the Minister's Pulpit for a grand berry excursion. There you can hustle off your animal spirits to your heart's content."

The Minister's Pulpit was the highest hill in town,—a regular mountain to our young eyes; and as it was the highest peak we had ever seen, it was the one object of all our ambitions to ascend it.

Considerable mystery attached to this mountain, which was attractive to us. There was a cave, somewhere among the ledges, and a Lover's Leap, where, as the legend had it, an Indian maiden had committed suicide for her dusky lover. And what added a little of excitement to our pleasure was the fact that on one part of the hill rattlesnakes were said to abound, although it is doubtful whether more than one or two stray snakes had ever been seen there.

We all became obedient and decorous, from the moment the berry party was proposed. Jim Cowler stopped sticking pins into the little boy in front of him, and Joe Smith ceased angling with a fish-hook among the naked feet under the benches; and "let us have peace" seemed to be the motto for bad and good.

At noon we had an hour allotted us for recreation, and this hour was now a very exciting one. We all had our school favorites, and whenever an excursion was indulged in, were as jealous of any infringements upon our rights as if we had been older flirts.

Joe Smith and Jim Cowler had both conferred the questionable honor of their preferences upon Pattie Kay, who was much the handsomest girl in school. She was a good girl, too, and of that pleasant class that try to avoid giving pain to others. It was true, Joe Smith had more than once angled among her auburn curls with the abominable fish-hook; but it is generally understood, that through some kind of depravity not discernible here, the steadiest school girls are oftenest taken under the escort of the wildest boys.

It was certainly so in this case, for Pattie favored Jo and Jim about equally, allowing Joe to work out all her hard sums, and Jim to mend all the pens, which in those days had to be whittled out of classical goose quills.

The consequences resulting from this passive state of Pattie's affections were occasionally productive of evil. Scarcely a month passed but there was a juvenile duel in the play-ground, after which one boy sported a blackened eye, and the other a swollen nose, and both were treated to the customary feruling, which never failed to draw tears from poor Pattie's blue eyes; which tears were accepted by each of the youngsters, as an especial tribute to his own personal valor.

When the blueberry party was announced, Pattie glanced toward these two culprits, and beheld Joe's forefinger crooked into an interrogation point, while Jim's thumb was pointed toward the Minister's Pulpit.

Pattie nodded. She understood, as well as you and I do, that forefinger and thumb were both asking, "Will you go with me?" but as she afterward said, she certainly intended the nod for Jim, although she happened to look at Joe.

When Saturday arrived, we met at the school-house according to previous arrangement, each with basket or kettle for holding the berries we expected to gather. Joe presented himself with a large, double marigold in his hand, evidently intending to bring its attractions to bear upon pretty Pattie, in case she showed any stray preferences for Jim.

But the latter had been too cunning for his rival, for he had adorned himself with a ring, which he was conspicuously wearing upon his little finger. It was a large, flashy affair, with a green stone, and took all our hearts at once, making us particularly attentive to Jim Cowler.

When our party started from the school-house all the large girls clustered around the teacher, partly to tease the boys, and partly from the modest shyness natural to girls *then* if not *now*; but soon we began to pair off. By the time we had reached the foot of the mountain, Miss Gentle was left alone with the smaller children.

The yellow marigold was transferred to Pattie's sundown, and she and Joe were in the gayest spirits, especially when they discovered the perils to which we all flattered ourselves we were to be exposed. Jim was already tormented by his boyish jealousies, and was lumping alone, not far from this vexatious couple, listening to all that was said, and forcing in a word occasionally, whenever it could be neatly done, to Joe's discomfiture.

Pattie had discussed the Cave and the Lover's Leap, and was wondering what she *should do* if she came across a rattlesnake!

"A rattlesnake!" echoed Joe, contemptuously. "Pooh! I had as lief see twenty rattlesnakes as not!"

"O!" piped Pattie, fixing her blue eyes upon him with great admiration, "you don't say so! Why, they are sure death, if they bite, you know."

"Of course they are," answered Joe, coolly snapping off some green leaves from the boughs. "What of that?"

"Then you'll die, you know;" and Pattie's blue eyes assumed an expression of interest, which did not escape Joe's attention; no, nor Jim's either, as to that matter.

"I almost wish we *could* see a rattlesnake," Joe said, snipping off more leaves, and strutting along valiantly. "Rattlesnakes are nothing, if you only know how to manage them. You see they have to stop to coil up every time they spring, and they can only spring a given distance, at a time. Now, if you just go behind them, with a crotched stick in your hand, and pin their necks to the ground, they may wriggle, and wriggle, and wriggle, but they can't hurt any body, no more than if they weren't rattlesnakes."

Pattie gave a little coquettish scream, as if she already saw Joe in the very act; then she caught hold of his arm, as if to hold him back from such personal exposure.

Joe liked Pattie's agitation extremely, and was growing taller at every step.

"You needn't be worrying yourself in that way, Miss Pattie," cried Jim, glancing sneeringly over his left shoulder. "Jest you wait till Joe gets a glimpse of a rattlesnake, and then you won't see his heels for the dust there will be behind him."

"If I couldn't get a girl of my own," cried Joe, waxing red and wrathful, "I wouldn't be sneaking, and listening where I wasn't wanted."

"I am here to help Pattie," said Jim. "We shall see snakes, pretty soon, and I know you, too well, not to know you will run like blazes. Your long legs didn't get so long by standing still."

Words were followed by a few arm thrusts then, but when Pattie declared she would join the teacher, and "never speak to either of them any more," they stopped quarrelling, and Jim went sulkily behind, as he had done at first.

When the ascent was about half completed, Miss Gentle called her party together, and made them rest a while. She wished the loiterers to come up, and to ascertain if all her flock were safe.

We were cosily seated upon tufts of moss, rocks and trunks of trees, listening to Miss Gentle's botanical lecture, when Joe and Pattie appeared, just below us, with Jim in the rear. Pattie was walking jauntily along, with her sundown on the back of her neck, and her curls straying about her pretty face, looking as lovely as any wood nymph, when Miss Gentle sprang

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up, with a terrific scream, and threw up both arms with frantic gesticulations. Both eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and her face was as white and rigid as marble.

On came Pattie and Joe, laughing and chatting like magpies.

"Run, Pattie—run for your life," gasped the teacher, and then, for the first time, we noticed, coiled up in the mountain path, along which the party were coming, a large rattlesnake, making ready to dart upon the intruders.

Poor Pattie tripped over in a dead faint at the very first look.

Joe gave a yell that could have been heard a mile, and started down the mountain with a speed I have yet to see equalled, and never can see surpassed.

As for the rest of us, we did not wait for a second invitation to run.

Jim Cowler was the only self-possessed individual present. At the foot of the mountain he had cut a stout cane, which he had been swinging all the way up, to show, as we thought, his wonderful ring to better advantage. Whatever had been his original motive in thus arming himself, the cane did good service now.

Without an instant's hesitation, the fellow sprang forward, and with a well aimed blow, wounded the astonished rattlesnake. The reptile did not die, however, without making an effort to attack his foe. He thrust out his deadly fangs, and writhed and twisted in his final agonies, but Jim continued his assaults, until the limp, disgusting object was powerless to do harm.

Then he wiped his forehead, went and raised up Pattie, who had recovered sufficiently to see the last acts of the little tragedy, and looking around with provoking coolness, he asked for Joe Smith. But Smith was not to be seen.

When Jim had looked the ground over, and made sure there were no more rattlesnakes to conquer, we came down from the rocks where we had taken refuge, and with one accord pronounced Jim Cowler a hero.

As no amount of holloing could bring back the valiant Joe, who seems not to have stopped running until he reached his father's door, we took the snake along as a trophy, and made the remainder of the ascent in safety.

Late in the afternoon, a straggling, weary, hungry group of young people, might be seen, and indeed was seen, entering the village with a harvest of blueberries. Pattie and Jim Cowler *attracted* the most attention, because the latter carried the rattlesnake strung upon his cane, over his shoulder. The marigold, that in the morning had been so conspicuous an object in the young girl's sundown, had disappeared; but the ring—that circle of brass and green—had somehow found its way to her little, plump hand, and her eyes were beaming upon Jim's proud face just as admiringly as they had previously shone upon Joe.

We lingered a little upon the village green, to relate our adventure to the anxious friends who had come out to receive us, for Joe had excused his precipitous return, by relating a fabulous story of being chased down the mountain by a rattlesnake, six feet long.

Joe, who at first had the good sense to keep out of sight, allowed his curiosity to overcome his sense of shame, and was detected at a corner of a street, glaring at Jim and Pattie with jealous eyes.

In a moment every finger was pointed in scorn and hissing, and one voice cried out, "For shame, O, for shame—Joe Smith!!!" That voice belonged to Pattie Kay.

Joe grew cynical after that adventure—and to this day hasn't quite overcome a resentful feeling towards both girls and rattlesnakes.

THE MYSTERY OF AN OLD DUNGEON.

The ancient history of Florida—in the days when the Spaniards held it, nearly three centuries ago—comprises many dark tragedies, and secret tales of cruelty, superstition and oppression. Traces of some of these have come to light by accident or otherwise, in modern times. A writer from Fort St. Augustine to the Chicago *Interior*, relates the discovery of a dungeon under that old fortress, the story of which is as interesting as it is authentic.

Some soldiers stationed here in 1836, one day noticed the earth falling in from the promenade above, and prompted by curiosity, excavated an opening sufficient to obtain an entrance into a dark passage hitherto unknown. At the extreme corner of this passage, near the floor, there was the appearance of an aperture closed with stones of a somewhat different look from the rest of the wall. This was found to be the entrance to a deep dungeon, many feet below the surface, and after close examination the skeletons of two human bodies were discovered, with other indications of cruel imprisonment. Gazing round on these gloomy walls, we felt an irresistible desire to solve the mystery of the story of these unfortunate beings, shut out here forever from the light of day. Were they prisoners of state, exiled from their native land, to die here unknown, or were they subjects of that relentless power, the Inquisition, by which so many innocent victims were spirited away, silently and without a note of preparation made to perish by torture, or sink from the slow pangs of starvation?

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

Her dress was of sixpenny print; but 'twas clean;
Her shoes, like all shoemakers' children's, were mean,
Her bonnet a wreck, but whatever she wore,
The air of a damsel of breeding she bore—
Not that of a shoemaker's daughter.

The girls of the school, when she entered the place,
Pinched each other, then tittered, and stared in her face.
She heeded no insult, no notice she took,
But quietly settled her eyes to her book—
She meant business, that shoemaker's daughter.

Still jeered at by idler, and dull head, and fool—
A hermitess she in the crowd of the school;
There was wonder indeed, when it soon came to pass
That "Calico Kitty" was head of the class.
Yes! Kitty! that shoemaker s daughter.

Harper's Weekly.

A BEAR HUNT.

When a young man I made a visit to the South. The planter with whom I was stopping lived not far from the Altamaha River. Near his plantation was a huge swamp covered with canebrake. This canebrake was infested by bears, panthers, and other wild beasts, that had made it their home. In it they might have lived in perfect security, and grown old and died, without ever meeting the hunter or his hounds, if they had only been content to remain under its cover; but the open country outside the canebrake was plentifully stocked with hogs and cattle belonging to the cotton and rice-planters; and nothing pleased Mr. Bruin and his fierce neighbors better than to go on a foraging expedition into this open country.

Whenever the hogs were attacked they ran home for protection, and no planter of experience was at a moment's loss to determine whether the assault was made by bear or panther; the hogs themselves would tell. If the assailant was a bear, they came with their bristles raised, and with a loud "oogh! oogh!" of fear, flying for dear life, yet ready for fight; but if a panther, they came in with every hair lying flat, and in perfect silence, as if afraid by a grunt to reveal their place of refuge.

When the cattle were attacked they did not run home, but ran together, with a loud bellow, which called every bull and cow within miles to assemble in defence of their endangered neighbor. It was interesting to see the courage and fidelity of these creatures, although their efforts to relieve an assailed companion were generally unsuccessful.

Persons not acquainted with the habits of these wild beasts might suppose that a bear or panther, after making its dash upon stock, would gorge itself, and return to cover, long before hunters could assemble to pursue it. But this is not the case. As a rule, neither of these beasts can finish a calf or hog of ordinary size at one meal. The part not devoured would be dragged to some place of concealment, and there covered with leaves to await the return of the diner's appetite, which might be fairly calculated upon for the next day.

We seldom went into a bear hunt with fewer than eight hunters, and as many servants, and from thirty to fifty dogs of various kinds—hounds, curs and fices. The bear-dogs, which were not a peculiar breed, but only an ordinary hound or cur, trained to the purpose, needed to track the bear to its place of concealment, and to lead in the chase. Our other dogs were kept in leash, at least all those that might balk the hunt by going off on trail of deer or fox, and leading the others astray. It was mainly for the purpose of managing these that our servants were brought.

I have said that in these hunts we brought together all sorts of dogs, for every thing that has legs, and teeth, and a growl, can help to annoy; but it is the experienced dogs, as a rule, that are the most efficient.

The young dogs, strongly excited, and full of spirits, would rush without fear upon the bear, and be, in an instant, struck down breathless or lifeless; while the older ones, taught their danger by former rebuffs, would keep carefully beyond the reach of those terrible paws, and use every chance to give a snapping bite at leg or side, then quickly retreat.

In the meantime the little ones would play a very important part. Too insignificant in appearance to attract the bear's attention, yet so quick in motion as to elude his blows, they would come slyly behind, or fly in between his hind legs while warding off the larger dogs, and give such sudden nips with their sharp teeth as to make him wince.

Whenever they were sufficiently numerous, those nips would come so often, and so unexpectedly, that the bear in self-defence would seek refuge in a tree.

That was the very place where the hunters wished him. He would always select a tree large enough to fill his hug, so that his arms could more than half encircle it, for a small tree he cannot climb. At the best he is an exceedingly awkward climber, moving slowly, head up, and making so much noise by crushing and shelling off the bark in his progress, that he can be heard for a quarter of a mile.

Of course, at such times, with all his feet occupied in his work, and his head up, he can do nothing to defend his hinder parts, except to look back and growl; and I have more than once seen a bear ascend several feet with a big dog hanging to each flank, and a little one holding fast to his tail. As his object in taking to a tree is not to enjoy the luxury of climbing, but to escape annoyance, he seldom goes higher than the first branch. Over that he throws one arm, then sticking his sharp hind claws in the bark below, to support his body, he turns his head to look down at his tormentors and to growl defiance.

As soon as he is known to be "treed," the nearest hunter has the first shot. His aim is usually at the neck. A bear's hide is exceedingly tough, and withal so thickly coated with long, tough hair, that it is proof against every missile less penetrating than a rifle-ball or the heaviest kind of deer-shot. The skull, too, is very thick and strong, consisting in front of a tough double bone, pointed like a house-roof. The most vulnerable parts are the neck, the ear, and the side adjoining the shoulder.

The hunter delivers his shot, which sometimes ends the sport by reaching the brain or marrow of the neck. If, however, the wound is not fatal, but only severe enough to convince the troubled beast that there is no hope of safety in the tree, it instantly withdraws its arm from the supporting limb, puts both paws to the back of its head, draws itself head and tail together, into a kind of ball, then loosens its hinder claws, and falls to the earth like a bag of sand.

No sooner is this done than its old tormentors gather close around. But the bear, unless disabled by the wound, is far from conquered. It raises itself with its back against the tree, and woe to the dog that dares to come within a certain distance! A blow from that paw breaks every bone in his body, or tears a great hole in his side, and sends him off howling, to die. Another shot finishes bruin's life and the hunter's sport for the day.

I shall never forget my last bear-hunt on old Altamaha, not only because it was the last, but on other accounts also. A long-necked, long-armed, long-legged negro, mounted on a long-tailed horse, having under his arm an enormously long horn, from which he blew notes as long and loud in proportion, rode furiously to the house, bearing a note from our friend Ruggles, begging us to come without fail to his assistance the next morning, for that "the father of all bears" was eating up his hogs.

Sunrise, next morning, found eight of us at his house, enjoying a capital breakfast; and before the dew was off the grass, we were in saddle, with about fifty dogs, under the guidance of Cudjo, the above-described messenger, toward the scene of depredation. Mr. Ruggles said he could not tell us exactly where to look, but that, within the range of a mile, during the past four or five days, the bear had spared neither his hogs nor his corn, which was then in roasting-ear, nor his mutton.

We called up Cudjo, who was a jolly old soul, about fifty years of age, and made particular inquiry as to the haunts and habits of the bear. He told substantially the same story his master had given, and added an amusing account of the bear's mode of robbing a corn-field. He said that it would never enter twice at the same place; that it would gather an armful of ears, carry them over the fence, and then carry them to some place where it could enjoy them in security.

We did not uncover under a two hours' hunt, and then he made such resolute and persistent efforts to reach the canebrake, only two miles distant, where he would be perfectly safe, that it was scarcely possible for us, with all our skill, to drive him back.

About midday those of us who were behind the dogs heard the report of a gun. We hurried up, for, while shooting bears, it is against rule to shoot at any thing else. The gunner was Ruggles. We found him perched high as he could get in the branches of a dogwood, blown half way down by the last hurricane.

He informed us that, hearing the dogs approach from a distance, he had taken his stand in a rough, newly-cut road, hoping to get a shot. While the dogs were yet half a mile off, he heard a rustling, and saw the bear shuffling along directly towards him at a gait half-trot, half-gallop, but fast enough to put a horse in a canter.

Of all bears he had ever seen or heard of in these parts, this was the largest. It was not only "the father, it was the *great-grandfather* of all the bears in the settlement, big enough almost for a grizzly." He said that, not liking to fight so terrible looking a beast with nothing but a shot-gun, and without even a dog to help him, he had clambered into this leaning dogwood to be out of the way.

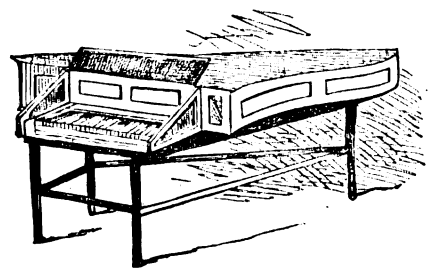
The bear, however, had seen him run; it came to the tree, planted its feet on it, looked him full in the face, and seemed to be debating whether, as it had a little time to spare, it should not run up the leaning trunk and give his leg a pleasant bite. Not at all disposed for familiarities of this kind from so rough-looking a stranger, he levelled his gun and poured a heavy load of buckshot directly into the creature's forehead.

"And now, gentlemen," said he, "you will find that bear about a hundred steps up this road, dead as a door-nail."

We followed its trail ten miles before we overtook it. The next morning, after having been skinned and cleaned of its offal, it weighed 406 pounds.

For the Companion.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.



In no department of art has there been more marked improvement, than in the manufacture of musical instruments. We can form no idea of those on which Jubal, "the father of such as handle the harp and organ," played; nor can we tell the form of the harp whose chords young David swept with such power as to charm away the evil spirit from King Saul, and on which he extolled the mighty God of Israel. But we know that from those early days down to our own times, men, craving fresh melody, have been inventing new instruments, or improving those already in use.

Within the last century or two, there has been a vast improvement in parlor instruments. The ladies of the Revolution enlivened their festive scenes, and charmed their gallant guests on the harpsichord, or spinet, which was the incipient piano-forte of our own time.

One of these little instruments, made a hundred years before their day, is now in the possession of Dr. Tourjee, at the New England Conservatory of Music. It has its history, though we cannot tell in what English hall it led the dance, or cheered the quiet home hour, or whose delicate fingers woke its melody when it was prized as an ornament in drawing-room or boudoir. Neither do we know who brought it to this country at a time when parlor instruments were almost as rare here as coronets.

The little that is known of its history is this: It was made in England, but was for a long time the property of one of the oldest families in Salem. When its mission as a musical instrument was accomplished, it was kept in the attic of the Mansion House, as a curiosity. After this, it became the property of a gentleman who, although he prized it very highly, sold it, about thirty years ago, to a gentleman in Concord, N. H., to whom he told what he knew of its history. It was afterwards purchased by Mr. Geo. M. Guild, of the firm of Guild, Church & Co., pianoforte manufacturers of this city, who regarded it as a great curiosity when contrasted with his own elegant parlor grand, but who was induced to present it to the museum of the Boston Conservatory of Music.

This little harpsichord, or spinet, is, as you see, from the cut at the head of this article, shaped something like a modern parlor grand. In its better days it rested on a slight frame, with four square cut legs, which were attached to each other by a strip of mahogany, as the legs of a chair are by the rounds.

It has five octaves, with very small keys, arranged like those of the piano. These are provided with tiny bits of quill, instead of hammers,

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for striking the wire strings. It has been used so much that the ivory on the keys is worn thin. Most of the notes are still in order, so that we can gain a little idea of the parlor music of two hundred years ago.

We should regard the tones of the harpsichord as very tame music now, and set very lightly by one as a parlor ornament. It hardly seems possible that it can belong to the same class of instruments as one of Messrs. Guild, Church & Co.'s elegant parlor grands. Here is a drawing of one of these modern instruments, so that the reader at a glance can contrast its fine proportions with the plain exterior of its lilliputian progenitor.

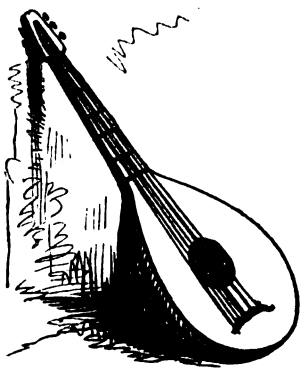
While the general form is the same, Mr. Guild's piano is three or four times as large, with improvements that give power and richness to the tone, and which make it one of the finest parlor instruments in the world.

After admiring and playing on a piano like this, we look back with emotions of pity on our ancestors, who thrummed away on spinets, making about as much music as can be wakened from a tightened thread of sewing silk.

But we have not told all we know of this little relic of the past. It was once in possession of a noted beauty and coquette of the last century, whose life of folly, and whose sad end, were made the subject of an old-fashioned novel, familiar to our grandmothers, but long-out of print. A fictitious name was given the heroine, who belonged to one of the most respectable families in this region; her real name was "Elizabeth Whitman." It may still, we are told, be read on her headstone, near the entrance to the old graveyard in Danvers.

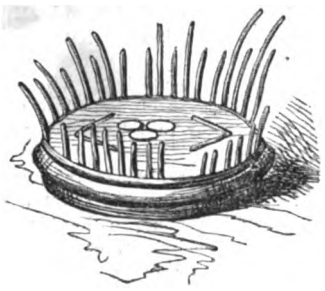
Knowing these particulars, one cannot look on the ancient keys of the little instrument, without feelings of sadness, for they have been touched to mournful, as well as joyous notes; have been watered by bitter tears, as well as struck by merry fingers.

Besides all else that Dr. Tourjee is doing for his generation, by popularizing music, he is making a collection of things antique and curious, connected with this science. He has an Egyptian "ood," or guitar, of the fifteenth century, of which we give a drawing. It resembles one-half of a large, oval, ridged squash, cut lengthwise, and furnished with an arm, or string, and keyboard; and is turned by a watch key.



Dr. Tourjee has also a Zithera, the ancient Cithera, similar, it is supposed, to the instrument Miriam played; a Chinese fiddle and flute; an Egyptian ramshorn, much like the one whose blasts brought down the walls of Jericho; a collection of little instruments, constructed by nature's own hand, without the aid of man,—insects which illustrate the production of sound; and a very respectable whistle, made of—what do you think?—a pig's tail, tied up gracefully with a blue ribbon! This was made, probably, to show that nothing is impossible in the way of drawing pleasure from the meanest things, if one has the determination to do it.

One of the most interesting articles in this very interesting museum is entirely unique, and without a name. It is circular in form, resembling in form and size an inverted dinner plate. Around the edge of this sounding board rise steel wires, or spindles of irregular lengths, representing the tones of the scale, across which are drawn fine wire strings. It is played by a bow, like a violin, the movement being on the outer side of the spindles, and this produces a pure, clear tone.



This instrument, the only one in the world, was the invention of a retired Prussian officer, who exercised his talents in constructing and playing it during his leisure hours. On his death, it was sold with his other effects at auction, and as no one could play it, it passed, with other things of little value, into the hands of a junk dealer. There it lay, for a long time, forgotten, till Dr. Tourjee, in exploring such places in quest of musical curiosities, saw and purchased it. The gentleman commissioned to purchase curiosities for the museum of the Paris Conservatory of Music, hearing of this rare one, offered Dr. Tourjee five hundred dollars for it. But the doctor only buys; he never sells the rare things that fall into his hands.

Another instrument, without either a name or a history, is in form and size something like a violin, though, unlike that, it has no sounding board, but is both hollow and open. The extreme end of the neck is carved in form of an Ibis; and as that was the sacred bird of the ancient Egyptians, it is not unlikely that this odd little affair was rudely carved and hollowed out by some unskilled Egyptian of long ago.

It has but three strings, and was doubtless played by a bow. So peculiar is its construction, that the cut will give a better idea of it than words.

In the museum are also a drum, pipes and cymbals, sent with an interesting letter from one of our missionaries in Ceylon, describing the music of the Tamul people, in Ceylon. The drum, which is very roughly made, is suspended from the neck and side, and thumped on one end with a stick, and on the other with the fingers. It is always beaten to announce a death, and is also borne before the body, on its way to the burying ground, its doleful sound mingled with the wailing and howling of the women.

It is also used, and thumped most merrily, at weddings, in connection with the pipes and cymbals.

There is a peculiar "beat" for the "wedding march;" and one of the pipes gives forth a monotonous buzzing sound, while another plays a fantastic air, over and over again; and the cymbals come in wherever there is the best chance for a discord. This is the Tamul drum. J. D. C.

RASCALS' TOOLS.—Milton, you remember, makes Satan the inventor of firearms. There can be no doubt that the devil helps his confederates in the invention of some of their implements of dishonesty. In the kit of two burglars, recently arrested, was a crowbar, joined so as to admit of being folded up and carried in an ordinary-sized satchel. When extended to its full length it was nearly six feet, and the joints being covered with stout rings, it was a powerful lever to pry. Burglars are skilful in planning tools and implements to aid them in their operations, as is constantly shown. A few years ago, a ladder of curious construction was recovered from a store robber. It could be folded up so as to look like an ordinary pole of eight or ten feet in length; yet, when opened out, made a most complete and substantial means of ascent and descent from the second story windows of places of business.

ONLY HERSELF.

Only herself—she had nothing beside,
When she came to Glen Allan as Ronald's fair bride;
Only herself,—with the beauty and grace
Of a warm, loving heart and a bright, winning face;
And the old and the young, as they saw her ride past,
Said sunshine had come to Glen Allan at last.

Only herself—though the years flee away,
And her soft, auburn tresses are tinted with gray;
Yet she still is the same that with summer's first glow
Was welcomed by Ronald in days long ago;
And proudly he owns that no rubies on earth
Can vie with the dower of womanly worth.

ORANGEMEN AND CATHOLICS.

A society of men—popularly called Orangemen—celebrated the 12th of July last, by marching in procession in New York city. They did so at mortal peril. Catholic Irishmen had threatened to shoot them in the streets if the celebration took place. Troops were called out to protect the society. The procession was hooted at, stoned, and at length fired upon by armed Irishmen. The soldiers returned the fire, and scores of persons were killed and wounded.

It was a bloody defence of law and order, and a bloody retribution. The price was costly; but the right of peaceable citizens lawfully to appear in procession was vindicated, and unlawful interference emphatically condemned.

We propose now to give the reasons for this interference, and also to show why such deadly hatred exists on the part of Catholic Irishmen towards the society called "The Loyal Orange Institution."

The Irish Catholics sought to throw off the yoke of England in 1689. England had just made William, Prince of Orange-Nassau, and Stadtholder of Holland, king; but Ireland adhered to James II., William's father-in-law.

James was a Catholic, and had sought to establish Catholicism in England, most Englishmen being Protestants. The Irish sympathized with him because he was a Catholic, and joined him when he came to their country in 1689, from France. The war that followed lasted almost three years, and ended in the conquest of Ireland by the English.

The most remarkable battle that was fought in course of the war was that of the Boyne,—so called because it was fought partly on the banks of the river Boyne, and partly in the very bed of that river. James was defeated, and to the Irish Catholics there are no sadder words than "the Boyne Water."

The victors in the war considered the Boyne as their greatest success, and they and their descendants have celebrated the anniversary of the victory ever since 1690. That anniversary used to fall on the 1st of July; but when new style was substituted for old style, the months were carried forward *eleven* days, and so the 1st of July became the 12th of July. Hence the reason why the troubles in New York took place on the 12th of July, this year.

The term *Orangemen* is generally applied to Protestant Irishmen, and to a certain extent this use of the word is correct, as most Irish Protestants hold in respect the name and memory of the great man from one of whose titles the word has been formed,—William III., King of England, and Prince of Orange, who commanded the army that was victorious at the battle of the Boyne.

But there is another meaning of the word, and it is its legitimate meaning, though used in a limited sense.

There exists in Great Britain and Ireland, and in their dependencies, an *Order of Orangemen*,—a secret political society, called by itself "The Loyal Orange Institution." The members of this order, or institution, are the genuine Orangemen; and, technically, they are the only persons to whom the term is strictly applicable.

This institution was founded almost a century after the death of that William of Orange who was King of England. It dates from 1795, and William died in 1702.

Toward the close of the last century the British government began to treat the Irish Catholics with more liberality than they had experienced for several generations. This gave great offence to the ultra Protestants in Ireland.

About the same time the Catholics became quite active in demanding better treatment, and their demands were supported by not a few Protestants, some of whom were men of great note. For these and other reasons the members of the "Protestant Ascendency" in Ireland became alarmed, and began to take measures to retain the power they had held for more than a century. One of these measures was the creation of "The Loyal Orange Institution," in the north of Ireland, seventy-six years since.

This order soon became a very powerful body, being joined by many men of all ranks in life. It had for its chief end the combating of the Catholic fraternities; and many fights took place between the Orangemen and their opponent, particularly on the anniversaries of the battle of the Boyne; and not a few persons were killed or wounded in those fights.

The order is very extensively organized, and in this respect it bears considerable resemblance to the Masonic order, having many degrees, five in all, beginning with orange, and closing with scarlet. It is strictly Protestant. If a member marry a Catholic woman, he is instantly turned out. Every member must believe in the Trinity.

The members agree to support the present British reigning family so long as it is Protestants,—which is a safe course, seeing that the sovereign of Great Britain must be of the Protestant faith.

During the thirty-four years that preceded the emancipation of the Catholics, in 1829, "The Loyal Orange Institution" was very active in opposing all measures calculated to relieve the Catholics; but it had to submit when they were emancipated. Then, it is supposed, it began to conspire; for it was discovered that it had extended its lodges into no less than thirty-four regiments belonging to the British army. The Duke of Cumberland, brother of King William IV., was Imperial Grand Master; and it was believed that he meant to get possession of the throne through the order's aid, and so keep out the lawful heir, the Princess Victoria, (now Queen Victoria.)

Government took the matter up, and the Duke of Cumberland was forced to dissolve the order in Ireland. Nine years later, in 1836, it was re-established there.

It was introduced into British North America more than forty years since. There it is very numerous, and has great celebrations, with long processions; but in Great Britain and Ireland it cannot parade, as the processions are forbidden by law.

From this very brief statement of important historical facts, it can be seen why Catholic Irishmen are hostile to Orangemen, and why, in men uneducated and brutal, this hostility should show itself, as in July last, in acts of lawless violence.

THE GREAT TINNEVELLY ELEPHANT.

About ten years ago a most terrific hurricane visited the southern provinces of India. Sweeping over the plains on the eastern side of the Ghauts, it carried devastation on every side. Thousands of trees fell beneath its fury, being twisted off or torn up by the roots.

These were chiefly palmyras—the tall, straight palm which studs so thickly the southern portion of this great peninsula. Besides palmyras, many a majestic banian was laid low, and other trees of less pretensions but of greater value shared the same fate. Amongst the latter was a large mango tree in the mission compound of Palamcottah.

This tree was blown over, but its roots being broken on one side only, it was thought that if it could be set upright it might again live and grow. Accordingly men were obtained to undertake this task, and all the top branches were cut off. Then forty or fifty coolies were employed two whole days in endeavoring to set it up, but it defied their unskilful though strenuous efforts. At the end of the second day there the tree lay, refusing to be moved by them.

Finding the result so unfavorable, the attempt was about to be abandoned, when a friend suggested the desirableness of sending for "the great Tinnevelly elephant," as it was called, which was kept at the large Tinnevelly pagoda.

The idea seemed to be a good one, and so the great elephant was sent for. Well do I remember his coming into the compound, and the astonishing scene which followed.

His keeper, riding on his neck, brought him up to the house and inquired for what he was wanted. Being told what it was wished the elephant should do, he marched him off to the place where the tree was lying.

On arriving there, still sitting on his neck, the driver pointed to the fallen tree, and leaning forward, as if to speak into his ear, told him in Tamil (the native language of the country) what

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he was to do. On this the elephant elevated his trunk, and uttered a short, trumpet-like note. Then, going to the upper part of the tree, he coiled his trunk round one of the limbs, and raised it so as to get his tusks beneath the principal branch, when, by a mighty effort, he elevated the tree so that it rested on his tusks and forehead together.

Next, putting out his whole strength, he pushed it up as far as he could reach, and held it so for an instant, but finding it would not stay there, he withdrew his head and threw it down in apparent disgust.

It was at once perceived that props were needed to support it when raised, and men were sent off to procure them. Whilst waiting their return, the elephant walked to the living fence which surrounded the compound on two sides, and broke off a large branch, as I supposed to eat the leaves, but no such thing. The flies were very numerous and troublesome, and so, taking the branch in his trunk, he whisked it about, first on one side and then on the other, to keep off the troublesome insects.

The props having arrived, he returned to his work and raised the tree as before. This time the supports were placed under it, consequently it stayed in its place, and he seemed satisfied. Having rested a minute, he returned to the charge, and pushed the tree up further, when again the props were placed under it. Thus in three or four pushes he set it upright, and was then apparently so well pleased with his exploit that it was necessary to restrain him, or he would have pushed it over on the other side.

Having thus performed his task, he was again taken round to the front of the house, where a cocoanut was brought for him, and he keenly eyed the man while he was chopping off the husk. The fruit was then thrown down to him, but before touching it he made his salaam for it; this he did by putting the point of his trunk to his forehead and bowing his head at the same time. Then taking up the nut he dashed it against his forehead and broke the shell.

The kernel was speedily extracted by that very useful instrument, his trunk, and was quickly ground between his enormous teeth, with evident satisfaction to his huge highness. He was next told to dance, which he immediately did, and went through the performance with a very good grace, to the great amusement of all present, his enormous feet making deep indentations in the *ground beneath*.

For this exhibition of his dexterity and skill he was presented with a quarter of a rupee, (a coin about the size of a sixpence) which was thrown on the ground for him. He at once made his salaam for the donation, and then, picking it up, handed it to his keeper, and having, at the bidding of the latter, made a parting salaam to each of the company present, he departed to his home.

At the time I witnessed the above I was new to India and all things there. Being strange to me, the scene made a deep impression on my mind. But during the whole of my subsequent residence I never saw any thing more surprising than the sagacity of that noble animal. In putting up the tree he seemed to understand what was to be done just as well as any human being present, and the exhibition of animal power when he strained every muscle was a splendid sight. Indeed, I know not which was the more astonishing, the sagacity he exhibited or the muscular power he displayed. Both were far beyond my previously conceived notions, and led me still further to admire the wonderful works of the Creator.

HOW TO REVIVE WILTED CUTTINGS.

It often happens when we have to bring cuttings of flowers, rosebuds, &c., a long distance in hot weather, that, in spite of their being carefully wrapped up in damp blotting paper, they are completely withered by the time we get home. To put them in water is not enough. It is better to mix three or four drops of spirits of camphor with an ounce of water, and to keep their stems in this fluid for half a day or more, in a dark place, till they have quite recovered. This is the German method. In England manganesic acid is used instead of spirits of camphor, and the stalks are cut a little before they are placed in it.

LINGERING SUPERSTITION.

It is astonishing how the most absurd superstitions frequently linger on in remote country places. A law suit was recently brought before the court in Straubing, in Bavaria, in which the defendant was accused of having circulated the report that the plaintiff had exercised a power he possessed, of drawing all the wheat and other produce of his neighbors' fields into his own. The strangest part of the case was, that both accused and accuser, and all the witnesses, agreed in believing that some persons had this power. The complainant, though repeatedly assured that it was all nonsense, persevered in his belief, declaring that there was no doubt of the existence of people who could do such things; the clergy knew it was so; they could prove it; he had heard of it often enough. What will not people believe, if their religion teaches them to put no faith at all in their senses or their reason?

GIVING THE OLD HORSE "HIS TIME."

The following would generally be classed with cases of good-natured eccentricity, but we cannot help feeling amiably towards a man who practises the "love thy neighbor as thyself" on his dumb beasts as well as on his fellow-men. Still, there is surely no unkindness in working an old horse (moderately) till he dies, or has to be killed. The former habits of the animal make light labor no more a hardship to him than idleness—perhaps not so much. And few owners of horses are rich enough to afford the support of one or more four-footed do-nothings:

Maj. Baylies, of Dighton, carried on a large and very productive farm, adjacent to the Taunton River. A citizen of Berkeley, who owned a piece of salt marsh adjoining this farm, had one day put upon his wagon a larger load than his ox-team could draw. Seeing a fat and sleek horse on the major's premises, he asked the major to loan the horse to help draw the load down the road. The major said, "That horse is not mine, though he was once, and did me good service until he attained his majority; he is past twenty-one, at which age he acquired his freedom; complete freedom, sir; I have never worked him since, never will, and no one else shall. But be pleased to accept the free use of my oxen to assist in drawing the load."

We are happy to add that the old horse never was worked any more, but was well fed, warmly housed and carefully groomed until he died of old age.

"FIVE YEARS IN ONE PLACE."

In view of the distressing scarcity of competent girls to do housework, just now prevailing in the western part of this city, the following incident is in order: A girl called at the residence of a gentleman on High Street, to apply for a place in answer to an advertisement. The lady of the house asked for her references.

"I have lived five years at my last place," said the girl: "if you want to know any more about me, ask Father Hawley."

The lady was favorably impressed with a girl who had lived five years without changing her place, but concluded to call on Father Hawley.

"Do you know a girl named so-and-so?"

"Yes."

"She lived five years in her last place?"

"Yes."

All correct so far. But as the lady turned to go, Father Hawley inquired,—

"Do you know where her last place was?"

"No, she didn't mention that."

"It was at the State prison."

The girl did not tell the *whole* truth; few would have had the courage to do so, under the circumstances. Perhaps she would have done well if Father Hawley had spoken a good word for her, and the lady had taken her. Somebody must help bad people—when they are trying to reform, at any rate.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT GREENLAND.

This region, so little known, seems likely to be cut into and change its looks on the map, as the old "mountains of the moon" have done.

Investigations made by the late German expedition suggest the theory that Greenland is not a continental body, but a collection of islands. The reasons for this belief are stated thus:

"The newly discovered 'Emperor Francis Joseph's Fiord' was found to extend deep into the interior of the land, continually opening into new arms and widening in places. It was traced out for over one-third the breadth of Greenland, without any indication of coming to an end, and in the south-west opened into a great basin. The saltness of the water is not affected by the pouring in of fresh water streams, as it should be unless the fiord communicated with the sea at both ends."

Perhaps Capt. Hall will be able to solve the question.

IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED.

It is not so very strange to hear of aged couples dying at *nearly* the same time, but for an old man and his wife to drop away within an interval of only *ten minutes* of each other, from independent causes, and in the regular course of nature, is remarkable indeed.

Mr. Reuben Munson, in his 90th year, and Mary Munson, his wife, in her 84th year, of Morrisville, Vt., died very suddenly, at 9 o'clock, P. M., on the 4th inst., and within ten minutes of each other. A lady of the house in which they lived went into the room where they were and found Mrs. Munson on the bed, and on being asked if it was not "about bed-time" replied in the affirmative, and nothing unusual was noticed. She had occasion to return to the room shortly after and found her dead. Mr. Munson was sitting in a chair and conversed some, but before the friends could be summoned, he died in his chair, without knowing that his wife had passed away. They were former residents of Duxbury, and had lived together sixty-four years.

TRAVELS OF A NEEDLE.

The human body entertains strange guests sometimes, but in connection with that fact we never thought to see *such* an illustration of the saying that a man shall reap what he "sews," as is furnished in the following strange story from Reading, Mass.:

Some thirty years ago, Mr. Thomas Day, of this town, engaged in the tailoring business on Commercial Street, Boston, and continued in business ten years, when he retired on account of failing health or disability. For the last two or three years he had suffered much from spells of dizziness, and could get no relief until a few days since, when he applied to Dr. Kimball, who made an examination, which resulted in his discovering and extracting a common sized needle with double thread four inches in length attached. As Mr. Day had used no needle of this kind for twenty years, he very naturally supposes he must have swallowed it anterior to that period, and Dr. Kimball is of the opinion that the working of the needle and thread through the system caused the dizziness with which Mr. Day has been afflicted. Since the operation Mr. Day feels greatly relieved, and is improving in health.

BOMBASTIC COMPLIMENTS.

The oriental high mighties have a language of their own. The amount of breath and pen, ink and paper it costs them to say a simple thing makes us think of a worn out chain-pump going round a hundred and fifty times to fetch a pint of water.

The new Sultan of Zanzibar is a master of the "highfalutin" style of composition. In a letter to Earl Granville, announcing his accession to the throne, he styles him "the noble of nobles, the pride of his peers, the most honorable, the most illustrious, the minister of foreign affairs, on the part of the majesty of England, Granville, the sun of whose prosperity may God guard, and the crescent of whose glory may He protect; and may he never cease to be a goal of man's aspirations with perfect happiness and good fortune. Amen!"

A VERY CONSCIENTIOUS WOMAN.

If we all inquired where every thing we buy *comes from*, and where every thing we sell *goes to*, our consciences *might* reduce our trade one-half:

A remarkable old lady lives in Greenwich. She was about to sell some rags the other day to a peddler, when she incidentally inquired what he intended to do with them. "Sell them to be worked over into shoddy," said he; whereupon she refused to let him have them at any price, insisting that her conscience would not allow her to have any thing to do with the manufacture of such a fraud on the public. The same lady, who is possessed of considerable wealth, has her will made in favor of certain charitable institutions, saying that she considers her property only lent to her by Providence, and it is her duty to return it when she has no further use for it in this world.

"TOOK."

Among country vulgarisms the word "took" as an auxiliary verb is made to play factotum or hack in about as many ways and places as that aggravatingly useful syllable "got." In some sections we meet with it in such phrases as "I took and told him." "He took after me with a club," &c. Here are some more specimens, and the reader may arrange the lines as "po'try," if he chooses, making every line begin with a capital letter:

He took her fancy when he came; he took her hand; he took a kiss; he took no notice of the shame that glowed her happy cheek at this. He took to coming afternoons; he took an oath he'd ne'er deceive; he took her father's silver spoons, and after that, he took his leave.

BLOWING EGGS.

An English gentleman was surprised at a humble Irish inn by a most palatable dish of manufactured eggs. The part next the shell was blanc-mange, and the centre was filled with jelly. On expressing his relish for them, the landlady replied, with a serene smile, "Och, thin, but I'm quite contint, sir; for I've spent the whole day blowing out the yolks and blowing in the jelly with my breath!" If we must have plain Irish cooking, save us from their fancy articles!

TALKED IN MEETING.

A Middletown correspondent of the Hartford *Post* says:

"A friend of ours, who has a habit of sleeping in church, was overcome one Sunday by Morpheus, and when asleep he is something of a somniloquist. He is something of a sportsman, also, and dreamed he was hunting rabbits. During an eloquent passage in the sermon, he espied in his dream a rabbit, and startled the congregation by shouting, 'There he goes.' The effect can be better imagined than described. Our friend didn't sleep any more that day."

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JUPITER.

As the god Jupiter was chief among the Greek and Roman deities, so the planet Jupiter is the largest and most glorious member of our solar system. It would make three hundred globes like our earth; and if all the other planets were formed out of its substance, there would yet be stuff to spare.

On the 12th of May last, the planets Jupiter and Venus planned it so as to meet in the evening. They might then be seen apparently near together and so equal in brightness that neither outshone the other. Their nearness was, of course, only apparent, for they were really millions of miles apart. Jupiter, being much farther off than Venus, must also have shone much more brightly to make an equally brilliant appearance.

Their apparent friendliness was only temporary, they gradually became more and more distant toward each other. But the fact that it could ever rival the bright evening star shows what a splendid object Jupiter must be. It is 490,000,000 miles from the sun (more than five times as far as we are) and yet it lights up our sky for us as though it felt all the interest of a near neighbor.

According to ancient mythology, Venus wore a bright girdle, or *cestus*, which had the power of making people love her. According to modern astronomy, it is Jupiter wears the belt, while Venus has none. Like a victorious prize-fighter, he deserves the belt because he is larger and stronger than all the other planets. This belt really consists of several belts or zones, so we cannot, as we might otherwise do, regard it as *singular*. If Jupiter were a lady, we might imagine its waist-band to be made of shot silk. For at different times and to different observers it presents different colors. Sometimes it is described as greenish yellow, then as yellow, again as red; while one observer calls it brown, and others have seen it when it has been quite white. On either side of it are dark bands and sometimes these stretch across it and divide it into parts.

The most remarkable thing about Jupiter's middle belt is that it seems to have had a great rip or tear, and that not a small one. On 29th February, 1860, Mr. Long, of Manchester, England, noticed an oblique dusky streak across it. This was only 10,000 miles long and 500 wide! Jupiter's tailor or dressmaker does not seem to have thought much of it, for it certainly did not have "a stitch in time." And like most rents, being neglected, it grew larger.

It disappeared for a while every night, but when Jupiter, in the course of his daily revolution, presented his bright side, it was again visible, till in about six weeks it began to extend itself, and that at a tremendous rate. Its average rate of growth was 8,640 miles a day, or 151 miles the hour, a speed more than three times that of our swiftest express trains, and two-thirds greater than that of hurricanes, which sweep away buildings, tear up trees and produce universal desolation. On April 9th the rift was not less than 100,000 miles in length, or long enough to wind four times round the middle of the earth.

How are we to explain this strange belt and its rift? Some have thought it must consist of clouds driven by fierce winds, blowing steadily in the same direction, and occasionally showing the bare skin of Jupiter, which being dark, implies that he is a planetary negro.

But it has been discovered that when the belt is subject to most change the spots on the sun are most numerous, and it is natural to consider that the appearances are due to the same cause. The winds on our earth are caused by the influence of the heat from the sun, and as Jupiter gets only one twenty-fifth as much of this heat as we do, it would be strange if its winds were so much stronger than ours. The spots on the sun's face are now regarded as the result of electric storms, or cyclones, which whirl its gassy covering into holes, through which we get a glimpse of the sun's body, which looks dark by contrast with the burning gas all around.

Why may it not be electric cyclones which tear holes in Jupiter's belt also? It may be; but then we must come to another conclusion, namely, that Jupiter also is a *sun*, not so hot and bright as ours, but quite enough so for the little earths or moons which make their journeys round him. Sometimes intensely bright white spots are seen on his red belt, and these must be caused by sudden explosions, like a cork flying out of a bottle, and driving the clouds before it.

If Jupiter is really a sun, giving out light and heat of itself, what a glorious object must it appear to the inhabitants of its four moons. Its surface is 115 times as large as our earth, and being partly illuminated by the sun, it must exhibit phases like Venus and our moon; but shining by its own light also it can never be wholly dark. Perhaps Jupiter is a sun partly cooled off and in preparation to be a world like ours.

CURIOUS FACT IN FIGURES.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5, will give the same result if divided by 2,—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2,320; divide the same by 2, and you have 232, and as there is no remainder, you add a cipher. Now take 859—multiply by 5, the answer is 1,795; on dividing this by 2, there is 179 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,795.

THE FREAKS OF A HEN.

A correspondent of the *Rural New-Yorker* writes: "About October 1st a cat littered her kittens in the side of the hay mow. Some time after their eyes were opened, an old hen, disposed to do a little good in the world, took to brooding them; nor could her step-mother proclivities be changed. When the old cat would return from a foraging expedition, Biddy would take up her position 'a top o' the heap,' so that the old cat and her kittens went to bed in true German style."

A GOOD REPLY.

A young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber of New York recently, and asked for the Governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "O, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better than a sinecure, you had better go and try a *water cure*."

ROOT BEER.—A pleasant summer drink, that is both refreshing and unobjectionable, may be made from packages of prepared herbs, put up by G. W. Swett. The cost is slight, and for warm weather there is no beverage more inviting.

QUESTION IN ARITHMETIC.—If Sir Walter Scott's dog was worth ten guineas, what was his *kennel-worth?*

IN PROOF of the assertion that cattle will stray into strange places we may say that we have seen a cow hide in a shoemaker's shop.

A NEWSPAPER reporter told of the "twin roses of health and beauty" on the "bony face" of a bride. He meant bonny.

A LITTLE four-year-old girl who has "been there," gives the following recipe for vaccination: "Scrape your arm a little; scrape it till it hurts; put in a little *putty;* let it dry; and that's all—till it 'takes.'"

A YOUNG COUNTRYMAN shopping in Lawrence, on Saturday, stole a ride on the sprinkler of the watering-cart, evidently not knowing how the old thing worked. The driver pulled the valve lever and the countryman rose about three feet into the air, coming down wetter but wiser.

TESTIMONIAL.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

AN ADVENTURE AT EYRIE POND.

By C. A. Stephens.

About twenty-seven miles north of Mt. Katahdin, near the head waters of the east branch of the Penobscot, there is a small lake or pond. It is not on the State maps, and has no name, unless the Indians gave it one, but which, from a wild incident that happened there last season, I shall call Eyrie Pond.

To a lover of nature this wild and unnamed lake and its surroundings make a most romantic locality. The impressive view when I first stood on its shore is still vivid in my memory.

My brother Zeke and myself, with old Hughy Clives, a trapper and woodsman well known in that region, were going across from the Pomgokwahem Lake to the head of the Aroostook River, on our way down to Presque Isle. Starting out from our camp on the margin of the lake early in the forenoon, we had the good fortune, after a tramp of a few miles, to shoot a moose.

The creature was browsing in a cluster of sumac bushes, and the wind was toward us. Quick to detect danger, as moose are, this one had not noticed our approach. At a distance of twenty rods from him, Zeke happened to see his broad antlers moving over the shrubs. He at once fired. The great ruminant bounded away with a hideous whine. Boys who go to menageries may have heard something like it from the camel when teased.

We ran in the direction of the sound and saw the moose a few rods away, rearing and plunging, Hughy then fired, and the moose dropped like a plumb.

"Now for some moose steaks!" exclaimed the old fellow, and he proceeded to cut out and load us all, himself included, with such generous quantities of the venison, that, as we plodded on under it, I almost wished Zeke's aim had been a little less sure. As if to cap our toil, there arose a most terrific thunder shower—it was in August. The great drops, accompanied with hail, began to splash and cut down through the leaves. Such vivid lightning and heavy thunder I have seldom heard in Maine.

Sheltering ourselves as best we could under a large Norway pine,—a tree the Indians say the lightning never strikes,—we waited till the shower had passed over. Then pushing through the drenched undergrowth, we came suddenly out upon the shore of the pond above referred to, just as the sun was breaking from the dark thunder clouds.

It was a grand scene! The heavy spruce growth, which enclosed the little wild-looking pond on all sides, was sparkling with water and light. Over the south-western end hung a bright rainbow, resting its mysterious "foot" on either shore. Opposite us, on the other side, a high crag towered over the water, showing rugged ledges, set about with shrubby spruces. On its summit stood several tall, dry stubs, one of which was blazing and smoking. It had been struck by the lightning.

A mob of crows, their black backs shining in the sun, were wheeling and flapping along the face of the crag, their caw, caw, caws coming faintly over the pond. They seemed to be teasing something.

"It's a raccoon, I guess," said Hughy, "among the rocks. Crows like to torment them. Well, boys," looking round, "we might as well camp here. We've had a pretty long tramp. For one I'd like to try some of those steaks. There won't be more'n time enough to get a fire, and have 'em roasted."

Every thing was wet. The wood, of course, was in no hurry to burn. Cooking meat under such circumstances is a work of time, and it was nine o'clock before our steaks were ready for eating. But we dined heartily, at last, on corn cake, which we had brought with us, and broiled moose. And here let me say that there's nothing under the sun quite so savory as moose steaks, especially when one has had, by way of

AN ADVENTURE AT EYRIE POND.

relish, a tramp of fifteen or twenty miles just previous.

"We must hang up this meat, what there is left of it, out of reach of the wild critters," said Hughy, as we finished. "In the morning we'll

Throwing the rest of the venison over the drooping limb of a hackmatack which leaned out over the water, we sprigged off a "shake-down" of spruce boughs and went to bed. You may be sure that we rested well, for it was broad daylight when I awoke, and Zeke and Hughy were still snoring.

Our "shake-down" was several rods from the hackmatack. The bushes hid it from view where I lay. But I heard a great cawing and shaking of the branches, and scrambled out to see what was going on. A couple of great birds, of a yellowish brown color, with large, hooked bills and still larger claws, were tugging and tearing at the strips of meat which they had already pulled down from the branch; while a flock of crows were sailing about and hopping on the ground at a respectful distance.

Hearing the bushes rustle, both birds turned their bright, unflinching eyes toward me a moment, then sprang up with a great flapping, each griping in its talons a long cut of the meat, that dangled from their claws as they flew slowly across the pond.

"What's the rumpus?" exclaimed Hughy, starting up.

"There goes our venison," said I, pointing to the winged thieves.

"Got the meat, d'ye say?" cried the old man. "Show! Eagles, aint they?"

"Ah! nest over there on the rocks!" continued he, as the great birds settled upon the opposite crag. "That's what those crows were jabbering about. They'll be back, if we keep out of sight. Get into the bushes. May be we'll get a shot at 'em."

Ere long one of them came back. But he evidently suspected danger, for he flew high over the tree tops, with his sharp eyes turned down to reconnoitre.

"Let him have a shot," said Hughy.

Zeke fired. The eagle spun round in the air and tumbled downward, flapping one wing. At length falling into the water, he splashed along the surface to the other shore, where he disappeared in the woods.

"Broke his wing," remarked Hughy.

Hearing the shot, the other eagle rose from the crag and began to wheel in lofty circles, high above pond and crag.

"Let's go to the nest," said Zeke.

Passing around the head of the pond, we clambered along the rocks, between the crag and the water. There was barely a pathway. The precipice rose almost perpendicularly, and the waters at its foot looked black and deep. It was impossible to climb up over the overhanging ledges, as we had thought to do.

"Have to go round to the top," said Zeke.

ridge was less steep, we climbed up and walked along the crest.

"Right opposite that pine stub," said Zeke.

Holding fast to the brambles, we peeped over. Down some thirty feet, on a projecting rock or shelf, which jutted out from the rugged side, there was a mass of sticks and brush, and on it two half grown eaglets, that crouched in silence, turning their bright eyes suspiciously up to us.

All this time the old eagle was sailing about far above us, out of rifle shot.

"Well, there's the nest," said Zeke, "but how are we to get to it?"

"Wish we had that moose hide here," muttered Hughy. "Might have made a rope of that."

"Wouldn't a pole, a long one, do?" asked Zeke.

"Do to poke them out with, do you mean?"

"No; to climb down on."

"Would you climb down on it?" said Hughy, laughing.

"Yes, if you'll get a strong one, and hold it fast."

"Agreed."

A little back from the top of the crag there was a thicket of small beeches, like those the farm-boys sometimes cut for goad sticks, only larger; growing among other trees, they were tall and slim. Getting out his big knife, Hughy hacked off one of the largest of these, some three inches in diameter, and set about with tough twigs, as such beeches usually are. Taking this to the ledge, we slid it down till the end stood firmly on the rock upon which the nest was placed.

"All ready," said Hughy. "I'll hold the top of it. Needn't be afraid of my letting go. If you can only cling on to your Jacob's ladder, you're all right."

Throwing off his coat, Zeke swung off from the ledge and climbed down the pole, while Hughy and I held it.

Suddenly a great rushing of wings came to our ears; and glancing up, we saw the old bird swoop down past us like lightning, snapping its black beak. Almost grazing Zeke, it rose suddenly up with a broad sweep of its wings.

"Hold hard!" cried Hughy. "I'll fix him!"

Catching up his rifle, he fired, but missed. The eagle sailed off, and, at the same moment, scared by the report, the young eaglets flopped out of the nest, and, unable to fly, went cawing and flapping down the rocks to the bottom. Zeke climbed up the pole to the top of the ridge.

"They've eaten the moose meat," said he. "I couldn't find any thing of it. But you ought to see the bones and skulls of rabbits and deer down there. Such a smell of carrion, too!"

We went round, and down to the water again. One of the young birds had been killed by the fall, but the other was lively enough. It squalled and fought with bill and claws, when we took him up.

Tying his unruly little feet, we carried him to Presque Isle with us, feeding him on the way with hares, for which he seemed to have an inordinate appetite.

There was stopping at Presque Isle, then, a young lieutenant of the British army, a bit of a naturalist in his way, who had come from Woodstock, N. B. He pronounced it a golden eagle, and took a great fancy to our gluttonous little captive. So, one day, after handsomely beating him at target shooting, and thus proving the superiority of American rifles over the clumsy English weapon he had with him, we made him a present of the bird.

For the Companion.

BOYS ABROAD.

By the Author of "Dodge Club," "B. O. W. C.," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Conversation under very Embarrassing Circumstances—Tom in the Water Confronted by the Venetian Police in the Boat—Held by the Hair—A New Dodge—A Sudden Jerk and Successful Escape.

he tried to dive.

No use.

The hand held his head firmly, and, out of breath with his exertions, he was compelled to yield. Tom supported himself by clinging to the boat, and the hand did not relax its grasp.

Three men were in the boat, and regarding Tom sternly, one of them said something to him.

He did not understand it, of course.

"Really," said he, "I am quite mortified, but I don't understand a word you said."

But this was unintelligible to the Italians. They tried again. They spoke French. No use. They even tried German. A failure.

"He must be English," they said,—"or Russian."

But the position was by no means a pleasant one for Tom, who found the water rather enjoyable when he was dashing about in the freedom of nature, but a very different thing when floating on it as a captive. He understood, at that moment, the sorrows of the captured trout, the hooked salmon, the speared eel, the netted shad. "You might as well have a hook in your gills," said he, afterward, "as have a hand clutching your hair."

He was too sensible, however, to make any struggle. He awaited the action of his captors, trusting that the future would afford some opportunity of escape.

His captors, on their part, did not know what to do. He was a foreigner, and therefore he might be a person of importance. This thing might have been done through ignorance. How could they get him into the boat? They did not want to run the risk of offering unnecessary insult to one, who might be, perhaps, an English milor, or a Russian prince,—prince, milor, or beggar,—he might be any one of these, for he floated before them as nature made him, and without any adventitious surroundings.

At last, Tom made some gestures, which plainly conveyed the idea of clothing himself. He then pointed to his hotel. The quick-witted Italians, who, of all men, are perhaps most ready in the comprehension of the language of gesture, at once caught his meaning. The boat moved slowly along toward the hotel, while Tom moved slowly after it. At length they reached the place where the steps ran down to the water. On the lower steps Tom stood, up to his waist in water, and made gestures to signify that his clothes were up there, behind the door.

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A TOUCHING POEM.

Horatio (or "Raish") Bolster, who has been sentenced to death for murder in Washington, D. C., has a father and mother in Waterbury, who have been telegraphed for to visit their son. Some months ago the following lines were composed by Bolster's mother and forwarded to his attorney in Washington. In a note to her son, which was forwarded at the same time, she says, "I commenced this for you, Horatio, before I went to Waterbury, but had no time to finish it. Look out the verses; I have taken it from your Bible:"

O bid me come to thee,
  Jesus, my Lord!
Loud roars the angry sea,
Darkness o'ershadows me,
Rude winds shriek threateningly;
  O speak that cheering word!

Extend thy powerful arm,
  And help afford;
My heart sinks with alarm,
So fierce and wild the storm;
Yet thou canst shield from harm;
  Save, or I perish, Lord.

I'm sinking in the deep,
  My cry regard;
Higher the dark waves creep,
Over my head they leap,
But thou my soul can keep;
  Save, or I perish, Lord.

Speak to the billows wild,
  Peace, be thou still.
O God, be reconciled!
Through Christ, the undefiled,
To me, thine erring child,
  Who'd humbly meet thy will.

Let me upon thee rest,
  O Saviour, dear!
Thus I the waves may breast,
By thy sweet presence blest;
Naught may my peace molest,
  Whilst thou dost soothe each fear.

Waterbury, April 1, 1871. MOTHER.

SUFFERING FOR ANOTHER'S CRIME.

The records of the courts have many sad cases like the following, of individuals "convicted" of crimes on circumstantial evidence, and afterwards found to be innocent. With every precaution it is impossible that such cases should not *sometimes* occur. Human law has no way of getting at the facts of crime but by *appearances*, and appearances are sometimes against the innocent:

A remarkable case, showing the danger of trusting implicitly to circumstantial evidence, has just been concluded in Toledo. Nearly three years ago, Robert Sharp was found dead, with shot and slugs in his brain, and a man named Harrington, who had been on intimate terms with the deceased, was arrested for the murder.

The evidence was wholly circumstantial, but so skilfully "worked up" by the detectives that Harrington was convicted and sent to the Penitentiary. His lawyer had become interested in his case, and, although Harrington was a poor man, he determined to fight his cause to the end. After a long and arduous struggle through the District and Supreme Courts, an order for a new trial was obtained, and that trial has just closed.

The main points in the evidence on which he was convicted were the apparent correspondence of the shot in the body of the dead man with that in the shot-bag belonging to Harrington, the correspondence of pieces of a newspaper found near the scene of the supposed murder, and assumed to be part of the gun-wadding, with a torn paper in Harrington's residence and a piece in his vest pocket; and that the motive for the murder was to be found in the alleged fact of Sharp having come to Toledo with several hundred dollars of money, which Harrington knew, and that no one else was so intimate with him.

On the second trial it was rendered doubtful whether there was any similarity in the shot. It was clearly proven that the pieces of paper alleged to have been picked up at the scene of the murder were not there at the time of the finding of the body, nor for a day or two afterward, and the inference was unavoidable that they were put there by the detectives to aid them in "working up" the case against Harrington.

It was further proven that Sharp was destitute when he arrived in Toledo, and that Harrington was doing his best to aid him in procuring employment. To crown all, an *alibi* was proven. Harrington was declared innocent, and the jury voluntarily gave him a letter, signed by every member, repeating, in emphatic terms, their belief in his entire innocence or any knowledge of the supposed murder, and bearing testimony to his uniform good character. The public sentiment unanimously coincided with this verdict. The former employer of Harrington immediately took him back into his service.

It causes an unpleasant shudder to reflect that a perfectly innocent man, of good character, suffered two years of degrading punishment and narrowly escaped an ignominious death for a crime of which he knew nothing.

A CHINESE WILL.

A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons, as follows: To Fum-Hum, his eldest, one-half thereof; Nu-Pin, his second son, one-third thereof; and to Ding-Bat, his youngest, one-ninth thereof. When the property was inventoried, it was found to consist of nothing more nor less than seventeen elephants; and it puzzled these three heirs to decide how to divide the property according to the terms of the will without chopping up the seventeen elephants, and thereby seriously impair their value. Finally they applied to a wise neighbor, Sum-Punk, for advice. Sum-Punk had an elephant of his own. He drove it into the yard with the seventeen, and said, "Now, we will suppose that your father left these eighteen elephants. Fum-Hum, take your half and depart." So Fum-Hum took nine elephants and went his way. "Now, Nu-Pin," said the wise man, "take your third and get." So Nu-Pin took his six elephants and travelled. "Now, Ding-Bat," said the wise man, "take your ninth and begone." So Ding-Bat took two elephants and absquatulated. Then Sum-Punk took his own elephant and drove him home again. Query—Was the property divided according to the terms of the will?

JACK WADE.

Boy-criminals who become notorious for "successful" felonies generally begin under the lead of older villains. The Hingham *Journal* publishes a series of stories by an English detective, of the daring robberies of a dangerous gang of confederates headed by a renegade Catholic priest, who was a very fiend for vile and secret artifice. This priest had educated to his wicked work a young boy, who bade fair to make one of the most accomplished thieves in the kingdom. Multitudes of wealthy firms had been robbed by the sly agent, and some were quite ruined by him. His part was to get into stores, &c., in the daytime, squeeze his small body into some hiding-place, and at night open the doors for the gang. We select the following one of his adventures, in which he was detected:

One evening, Jack had quietly ensconced himself in a very comfortable position, between some bales of dry goods, waiting for the porter to close the store, when the proprietor, a very nervous and sensitive man, knowing there was a large amount of money in the safe, concluded to inspect the premises himself when the store was to be closed for the night. He commenced at the upper room and passed down to the basement, taking a rapid and careful survey of each room as he passed down. He looked over the basement floor carefully, but could see no one, yet an intuitive feeling only possessed by the most sensitive organization, convinced him that somebody besides himself was in the room. His search was unavailing, and he was on the point of relinquishing it, when the porter entered. He told him of his suspicions and ordered him to make a thorough investigation. The man was more practical in his views than his employer was, and commenced searching in every spot where there was the least chance for a person of slight frame to hide in, and was about to give it up, when he noticed two boxes or bales a slight distance apart, and some goods which should have been on either one or the other, thrown across both. As he went to look, the space between them was so small that he concluded that it was impossible for a human being to squeeze himself into so small a compass. He raised the goods to place them in their right place, when the figure of the boy was disclosed. He grabbed Jack, and drew him from his place of concealment. The merchant was certain that some one was there, but was surprised to see a fine, intelligent-looking young man brought to the light. He asked Jack what business he had there, and for answer, Jack shook himself free from the porter's grasp, and darted towards the door, as another member of the firm was entering, and before he was aware of it, he was again a prisoner—this time in the hands of a man who would not stop to question him. The porter was sent for a policeman, and Jack was soon after given to his charge and sent to jail. Here he was visited by the detectives, and was offered his liberty if he would turn crown evidence and convict his accomplices. But he stood firm, and while he freely acknowledged that he was sent there to open the door for others, yet who the others were he would not say.

For this little piece of business he received a "five stretch" in the penitentiary; his extreme youth, and this being considered his first offence, was all that saved him from being transported.

REMARKABLE WOMAN FARMER.

The *soil* seems to develop as wonderful examples of woman energy as the female college,—perhaps more wonderful. What meaning this may have to the future of our Yankee girls we do not know. Certainly it looks like getting back to first principles. Adam, we are told, was created and put to "till the ground," and Eve was made to help him. Farmers would have "help" enough without Pat or the "Chinee" if all women—or half the women—had the heroic pluck and the capable brain of the little woman of whom Rev. Robert Collyer tells the following story:

Nine years ago there was an old man living in Dutchess county, N. Y., who owned a farm of about 300 acres, and three children, a son and two daughters. He was an old man then, and past work, and the son managed the farm. Then the old man made a proposition. He could not live long, and wanted to divide the property in this manner; he would divide it into two halves; give the son one half, and the other half to the two daughters. Then the son made a proposition. The property was worth from eleven to twelve thousand dollars, and he said he would sell his share to the two sisters for five thousand dollars on condition that they would take care of the old man as long as he lived. One of these sisters, a small, delicate person, acts for the other, who is something of an invalid. They agreed to the proposition, and the first thing this small person did when she got hold of the land and found herself in debt five thousand dollars was to run in debt four thousand more, with which she bought new stock and implements, put her buildings and fences in good repair, and got every thing as a woman likes to see it. That was nine years ago. Her father lived five years, and got to be so helpless that she had to wash his face for him and shave him, and wait on him, hand and foot. She fell sick herself on the strain and could attend to nothing for some months. But now that whole nine thousand dollars' debt is paid. The farm is in better condition than when she took it, and she has got so forehanded that she is able to go round visiting her friends, and was sitting among you in this church the first Sunday after vacation; and I suppose you would not know her, if she were here to-night, from the lady who seldom goes outside her own parlor. She has had the whole oversight of the place, sometimes hiring a foreman to work with the men when she needed any, but never giving up her own plan of ruling and guiding the land. One day, when she was not far on with her work, her brother came to see how things were going—not indifferent, I suppose, to his share of the property still invested. He saw some stone wall just down, and said, "You must not build a wall like that; the land will not afford it." "What do you think that wall will cost?" she said. The brother named the price it would have cost him. The sister brought out her book, showed him every item, and it was not quite half as much as he had said it cost. But then he found that while the woman did not touch the wall with the tip of her finger, she inspired and directed the men, so that they built as they built at the walls of Jerusalem in the days of Ezra the scribe; and so the wall was finished. All this she has done, and has raised a poor lad beside, taught him farming, started him on a farm of his own in Missouri, and is now looking out for another.

THE STORY OF A HERO.

He was only a poor boy, and a very poor boy at that, so poor that he hadn't even a pair of skates; so when the boys of his school were playing a game of "shinny" he was not chosen on either side, for what's the use of a fellow without skates? However, he scuffled along over the ice with his clumsy shoes, and never minded when the boys rushed pell-mell over him, nor the frequent raps from the sticks that struck wildly at the flying ball, but seemed to have as much fun as if he was leader, and had the finest skates on the ice.

"But it was hard work keeping up, so by-and-by he shuffled off the ice, and started with his hands in his pockets for the glue factory, where Tim Conover was sure to let him warm up. However, he must see how the game was coming out, so he crossed a vacant lot and came down to the river by the ice-houses.

Ah! it only needed one glance to see how it would come out for some of them. Only a few rods away was the belt of blue water where the ice had been sawn across to keep the boys from spoiling the harvest of the ice-packers, and every instant they were coming closer to it. Couldn't they see it? Would not somebody see it? No one had eyes or thought for any thing but that ball, gliding, glancing, darting here and there among the steel-clad feet.

It was a long way around the bend and up the river by any street, but straight across where the ice-cutters had been at work, was a thin, treacherous sheet of broken ice. It might hold a boy up, but if it didn't,—there was no time to think about that, for the next instant a ragged little hero was dashing across it, whooping and screaming like a locomotive gone mad. Would the ice bear? Yes; perhaps the hands that are underneath the falling sparrows held it up, and the herd of startled players looked up, and circled with quick motion from the very edge of the chasm at their feet.

"Who was he? Where is he?" they asked, with pale faces.

Gone down with the breaking ice, to come up again, gasping and struggling, at last to be drawn out, chilled and breathless, by the ice-cutters. They rubbed him with all the vigor of their brawny arms; they held him up by his heels to let the water run out; they pounded, and squeezed, and tossed him in a blanket, but he lived through it all, and came to himself with a strangling cough and laugh of approbation. Every body praised, and petted, and made much of him, and then forgot all about him; so it was left for me to tell his story, and I call it "The story of a hero."—*Little Corporal.*

THE UNPOPULAR POET.

Nobody knew him two centuries ago, for the English people were not great readers. Those who had heard of him—King Charles and his courtiers among the number—shrugged their shoulders at mention of his name. He had mingled in politics, had made himself a power in prose if not in verse, and had, unluckily for his fortunes, taken the losing side. He had been for Cromwell and the Commonwealth; his fortune had been wrecked by the Restoration. He kept a little school for day scholars in Bridecourt, Fleet Street. He was old and blind.

To speak of him, except with disrespect as a Roundhead and a bad subject, was to incur the suspicion of the court and of all the fashionable people who took their tone from it. He earned his bitter and too scanty bread with agony and tears, and was only too glad to accept a very mean and paltry dole from a speculative bookseller who had faith in him (to the extent of £5), for a work that has put many hundreds of thousands of pounds into the pockets of the printers and booksellers of the last two centuries.

The name of this poor, unpopular poet was John Milton. Nobody knew him in his own day. Every body knows him in ours. His fame extends wherever the English language is spoken, and his "Lycidas," his "Comus," his "Sonnets," and his "Paradise Lost," are part of the mind and education of every person of British blood or descent, who aspires to hold the position of a gentleman or a lady, or to the possession of ordinary information on subjects of English poetry and literature. Not to know Tom D'Urfry, Katherine Phillips, and Abraham Cowley, the popular poets of their time, is neither a wonder nor a disgrace among well educated people. Not to know John Milton and his immortal works is to be a dunce or an ignoramus, or at least an exceedingly illiterate person.—*All the Year Round.*

Real greatness doesn't depend on cotemporary fame. Kepler and Galileo were not appreciated in their lifetime.

THE MOUTHS AND THROATS OF SINGERS.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* has the following curious observations on the different qualities of the human voice, and the causes of them:

The character of the voice depends a great deal upon the physical organization. It is modified by the size and shape of the mouth, as well as the manner of using it. If a woman's mouth be small and her lungs weak, her singing voice will sound like *cooing;* if her mouth be small and her lungs powerful, her voice will resemble *hooting*, making a hollow sound, like that produced by blowing into the neck of a large bottle; if her mouth and throat are both very large, her voice will have a *twang* like that of a negress, and approaching a masculine tenor.

It may not have been generally observed that in proportion as any race of mankind is cultivated and civilized, the difference in the physical powers of the two sexes is widened. The male and female of the African race are more nearly equal in corporeal strength than the white man and woman. I have heard a negro man and woman singing together; and, as I did not see them, I could not determine whether the duet was performed by two of the same sex or otherwise. The voice of a negro of either sex, however, has, in all cases, a twang peculiar to that race. It might be imitated by singing through a widely-flaring tin funnel.

The length and size of the neck produce important modifications of the voice. Soprano singers, for the most part, have short necks and high shoulders. Women with very long necks and sloping shoulders have contralto voices, almost without exception. Hence, we may explain a fact which often excites surprise—that many small and slender women have a low and deep-toned voice, which should be distinguished, however, from one of a masculine character.

A symmetrical form of the neck and shoulders produces the mezzo-soprano, or middle voice, which is the most agreeable. All these different conformations of the mouth and frame give the voice its physiological character, which is also very considerably modified by temperament.

HOW THE GRAVEL-TRAINS UNLOAD.

Almost every body has seen gravel-cars running back and forth with their load of new land, but few have noticed the military regularity of the process of "dumping" them. The following, from the Boston *Advertiser*, by a correspondent who has watched Mr. Munson's land-making in "Back Bay," gives one a good idea of the discipline of the dirt army:

A train of tip-cars loaded with gravel backs in over the temporary track laid along the verge of the newly-made land. One man mounts between the car to be unloaded and the next, two men go to the "off" side to unfasten the chains, while the remainder grasp the side of the car to be depressed. The boss, seeing all ready, says, "Rock him," on which the two men on the off side put their shoulders to the car, and the others pull downward as though working at the brakes of a hand fire-engine. After rocking once or twice the boss says, "This time," and over comes the car, the men jumping back quickly to avoid the avalanche of gravel. When the load slides off clean the man on the car says, "All gone," the boss echoes the words, and the gang moves to the next car. Frequently the bottom of the load sticks; then the man a-top sings out, "Hit him one;" the boss repeats the order, and the car is vigorously jounced. If the car is cleared by this, the "All gone" sends the men to another. If not, the order is "Hit him again," and a second jounce follows. These orders are given and obeyed with almost military precision, and the discipline and activity of the gang are such that the cars are emptied at the rate of three a minute. As soon as the empty cars have been drawn off, the men level off the gravel with an energy in striking contrast with the manner of the city laborers.

A RELIEF IN TROUBLE.

While a large vessel was passing through the Harlem drawbridge, a little boy some eight or ten years old, stood watching the vessel, and carelessly placed one arm on the bridge just where the drawbridge closed. By so doing he lost his arm. He was taken in charge by two policemen, who took him to the nearest surgeon; and while the doctor was dressing that mangled limb, one of the policemen took the child in his arms and held him on his lap. The little fellow bravely submitted to the operation without a murmur; but, turning his pitiful eyes on the man who held him, he put his only arm around the man's neck and gave him a kiss. After a few moments, the boy repeated this. Again for the third time he threw that little arm around

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the strong man's neck, again kissing him, and very meekly said, *"If my mother was here, it would not hurt me half so bad."*

Poor little fellow! He thought he could stand it better if his mother was only by him. It's a good thing to have a mother by us when we are in trouble, but this cannot always be. We may, nevertheless, always have God with us. He will help us in trouble.—*Methodist.*

LORD BROUGHAM'S LAST VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Never but once did Lord Brougham enter the House of Commons after he was raised to the peerage. It was not many years before he died. He went, leaning on the arm of a friend, a well-known officer of the House of Lords, whom the aged peer had asked to escort him. There was a curiosity in the old athlete to view the arena where he had so often struggled with and thrown his adversaries.

Within the door leading from the other house, Lord Brougham gazed on the stirring scene for a minute or two, and then the tears welled up to his eyes, and he murmured to his friend, with deep emotion, "Take me away! take me away! There is not a face here that I can recognize!"

And he moved slowly along the passage back to the House of Lords, murmuring as he went, "Dead! dead! All gone! all gone!"

The great champion of that arena soon went the way that those who had wrestled with him had already passed. The promise of his bright boyhood was amply kept in his maturer years, and the memories of both will long be dear to all who reverence work above rank, and who hold the aristocracy of intellect as superior to any degree in the peerage.—*Temple Bar.*

DON'T BE TOO CERTAIN.

Don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken; and, if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, every body will lose confidence in what you say.

"John where's the hammer?"

"It is in the corn-house."

"No; it is not there. I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it is; I saw it there not half an hour ago."

"If you saw it there, it must be there, of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn-house, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand.

"O! it was the axe I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half-bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"But you said positively that you *did* see it, not that you *thought* you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, *even about* small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and by-and-by you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. *Don't be too certain."—Young Pilgrim.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I used to think the Lord's prayer was a short prayer; but as I live long and see more of life, I begin to believe there is no such thing as getting through it. If a man in praying that prayer were to be stopped in every sentence until he thoroughly prayed it, it would take him a lifetime. "Our Father"—there would be a wall a hundred feet high in just these two words to some men. If he might say "our tyrant," or "our monarch," or even "our Creator," he could get along with it, but "our Father"—why, the man is almost a saint who can pray that.

You read, "Thy will be done," and you say to yourself, "O, I can pray that," but God says, "How is it about your temper and your pride? How is it about your business and your daily life?" This is a revolutionary petition. It would make any man's shop or store tumble to the ground to utter it. Who can stand at the end of the avenue along which all his pleasant thoughts and wishes are blossoming like flowers, and send these terrible words, "Thy will be done," crushing through it? I think it the most searching prayer to pray in the world.

SOME THINGS YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY FOR.

For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry tongue.
For stopping the ear to a tale-bearer.
For refusing to kick a fallen man.
For being kind to the distressed.
For being patient to all.
For doing good to all men.
For walking uprightly before God.
For lending to the Lord.
For laying up treasure in heaven.

TO MAKE EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.

The traced patterns for embroidery are printed, when many copies of the same pattern are required. When a few are needed, they are made by hand, as follows: The drawing is made upon paper; then lay the drawing upon an even cloth, and perforate all the lines with a fine needle, close and even. Then take finely pulverized charcoal, three parts, resin one part in fine powder; mix and tie it in a piece of porous calico, so that it forms a dusting bag. Lay the perforated drawing upon your material, hold down with one hand, rub the dusting bag over the drawing; the dust will fall through the holes and form the drawing on the material. Remove the paper drawing, lay blotting paper over the dust pattern, and go over it with a warm flat-iron. The heat will melt the resin and fix the drawing.

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I wants a piece of cal'co
To make my doll a dess;
I doesn't want a big piece,
A yard'll do, I guess.
I wish you'd fred my needle,
And find my fimble, too—
I has such heaps o' sewin'
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsey tored her apron,
A tum'lin down the stair,
And Cæsar's lost his pantnoons
And needs anozzer pair.
I wants my Maud a bonnet,
She hasn't none at all,
And Fred must have a jacket,
His ozzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's,
You promised me I might;
I know she'd like to see me,
I wants to go to-night.
She lets me wipe the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free four pennies,
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wants some newer mittens—
I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my finger freezes,
These *leaks* so in the fum.
I wore'd 'em out last summer,
A pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie,
I'm hungry's I can be;
If you hasn't pretty large ones
You'd better bring me free.
I wish I had a p'ano—
Won't you buy me one to keep?
O dear! I feels so tired,
I wants to go to sleep.

For the Companion.

PATTY'S PARTY.

"Here's a piece of maple sugar for you, Patty," said Jenny Benson.

"O Patty Warren! you sweet little thing!" exclaimed Angie Green. "Come here and sit in my lap. I want to see your curls."

Patty was surprised but well pleased at this show of kindness from Jenny and Angie; they were so much older than she, and had seldom taken any notice of her before, except to scold or push her and her little playmates out of their way at recess.

Patty felt quite flattered now. She sat in Angie's lap and ate the maple sugar, while the two girls petted and praised her to her heart's content.

"Did you ever have a party, Patty?" asked Jenny, at length.

"No, ma'am," said Patty, opening wide her blue eyes at the idea.

"Don't you wan't one?" continued Jenny.

"O yes," smiled Patty. "But I guess my mother wouldn't let me, 'thout I asked her."

"O I know she'd let you," said Angie. "She couldn't refuse such a darling. And you'll invite me, won't you, dear?" "And me, too, Patty?" added Jenny.

"Yes, I will," promised Patty.

"And George Brown and Ben King," suggested Angie, naming two of the largest boys in school.

O yes. Patty was willing to invite anybody and everybody she was told to.

The news soon spread among the scholars that Patty Warren was going to have a great party. The little girl was coaxed, and flattered, and made much of, till she began to feel very grand and important indeed—not at all like her usual humble, happy little self.

Before she went home that afternoon she had invited half the scholars to her party. That is, all the older ones. Jenny and Angie advised her not to ask the little ones.

Besides, they coaxed her to go into some of the shops, on her way home, and invite several boys and girls who worked there. Patty was a little afraid of these people, for they were strangers to her, and almost as big as her father and mother.

But Jenny and Angie went with her and did all the talking themselves, so she got along very well.

The party was to come off that very evening, for the girls had persuaded little Patty that her mother wouldn't care, and would as soon have it one time as another.

Patty did not know that Jenny Benson and Angie Green were naughty, idle girls, and had teased their own mothers, in vain, for parties at their own homes.

But when they had left her, and she walked slowly home alone, she began to feel as if things were not exactly right. The more she thought of it, the more she was sure that her mother would not like it. She was afraid to tell her what she had done.

When she went into the house she found her father lying on the sofa with a very bad headache.

"You must keep just as still as a mouse, little Patty," said her mother, stooping to kiss her.

Then she hurried off to bathe the poor aching head with cool water, and Patty sat down on the doorstep to think. She felt troubled and unhappy.

Her mother was too busy to notice her or ask any questions, and Patty grew more and more afraid to tell. She ate her supper alone, and then went up to her own little room, waiting and dreading to hear her visitors arrive.

After a long time she heard their voices laughing and talking under her window, then the door-bell rang loudly. She heard her mother open the door, and then she doubled a pillow over her head and cried. It seemed a long time after that that her mother came in and said, gravely,—

"Patty, tell me all about this. How did it happen?"

"Have they gone?" asked Patty, lifting her head.

"Yes," said her mother. "I told them your father was too sick to be disturbed."

Then Patty told her mother the whole story, feeling very sorry and ashamed. She felt quite happy, however, when her mother forgave her, without giving her the scolding she felt that she deserved. And she promised never to invite company again without leave.

BAD MONEY.

Bill Dow was showing the boys a counterfeit ten-cent piece. "O, you don't *know* it is counterfeit," said Jem Drew.

"Yes, I do; father said it was," said Bill Dow.

"Well, you *needn't* know it," said Jem Drew. "Your father may be mistaken. I should go to that old peanut woman at the corner, and spend it. Treat us, old fellow. She's half blind, and will never be the wiser for it."

"What an honest, honorable fellow you are, Jem Drew!" cried little Asa Clicker. "That you call doing as you would be done by, do you?"

"Somebody passed it on Bill, and Bill does no more than keep it going," cried Jem. "Come, Bill, give us some peanuts."

"No, *sir*," said Bill Dow. "I don't do that mean thing, I tell you. I do not intend to be dishonest in a little thing, then I shall never be caught being dishonest in great ones. Father says half the frauds, embezzlements, and bank robberies began in little dishonesties. They tunnel the way for a rush at last."

"Good for you, Bill!" cried Asa Clicker. "I believe in you. As for Jem, he'll die on the gallows yet."

Bill tossed the counterfeit ten cents into the river, and the boys stood on the bridge watching the eddies it made in the still water.

"Let all bad money be sunk before it sinks us," said Asa.—*Child's Paper.*

We are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

CHARADE.

My *first* contains a solid foot
When used or when on trial;
Without my *second* not a note
Can sound on harp or viol;
My *whole* when in its proper place,
Within my first you'll view,
And when you comprehend the case,
You'll smile and say 'tis true.

L. WATKINS.

2.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

1. Empty.
2. A metal.
3. A relation of quantities.
4. A precious stone.
5. To censure.
6. Containing nitre.
7. Myself.
8. A fluid.

The *initials* read downward give the name of a State; the *finals*, read upward give the name of its capital.

MANDY MORTON.

3.

REBUS.

4.

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Syncopate the habitation of a recluse and leave inheritance. 2. An animal, and leave another animal. 3. Sentimental, and leave something pertaining to Rome. 4. Dismal, and leave a darling.

5.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in cower but not in flight,
My *second* is in power but not in might;
My *third* is in hold but not in keep,
My *fourth* is in bold but not in steep;
My *fifth* is in flight but not in cower,
My *sixth* is in might but not in power;
My *seventh* is in keep but not in hold,
My *eighth* is in steep but not in bold;
My *whole* is, (quite likely by this time you know it,)
The name of a humorous Boston poet.

"FILBERT."

6.

SQUARE WORD.

A seat.
A sign.
A plant.
A girl's name.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Manna, Mania; Demon, Damon; Herring, hearing; Pistil, pistol.
2. Derby, Athens, Andover, Lyons, Enfield.
3. "Evil be to him that evil thinks."
4. Heart, Elder, Adieu, Reefs, Trust.
5. May, Yam, Amy, &c.
6. Ohio, Niger, Orange, Colorado.
7. Europe.
8. Watch-pocket.

TO REMOVE ACID STAINS AND RESTORE COLOR.

When color on a fabric has been accidentally or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, but that of chloroform is but little known. Chloroform will also remove paint from a garment or elsewhere, when benzole or bisulphide of carbon fails.

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PINS.

Visiting one day the court house in Salem, that city once so famous for its witches, we were shown a small bottle containing pins, which were said to have been extracted from persons tortured by the witches. We noticed nothing at all remarkable about these pins, but we afterwards saw it stated in a newspaper, that they could not be the witches' instruments of torture, since pins of their date were made in two pieces, while these consisted only of one.

Up to the year 1824, pins were so manufactured that, like men in former times, they were liable to be beheaded. An English act of Parliament was passed in 1542, forbidding the sale of these articles, excepting "onelie suche as shalbe double-headed, and have the heades soudered faste to the shanke of the pynne, well swethed," &c. A single pin used to pass through fourteen pairs of hands before it was ready for a lady's. Adam Smith tells of a small manufactory where ten men did all the operations, and yet they could produce upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day.

In 1824, an American, named Wright, invented a machine which produced a perfect pin in one turn of a single wheel, and which is still used. This man rightly deserved to be called *the* pin-wright.

It is astonishing how many of these little things are lost. What becomes of them all? It is calculated that in England alone, fifteen millions are used every day. It is well they are so cheap. They were not always so. Among the expenses of the wife of Henry VII., we find twelve pence paid for three hundred pins, at four pence the hundred. A penny in those days was a large sum compared with its present value.

Some persons have undertaken to pick up and preserve the pins they have found. One Kitty Hudson, of Nottingham, is said to have stored in her mouth all the pins she found in cleaning the pews and aisles of a church. At last she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep without a mouthful of them. Of course she swallowed some, and they did not agree with her. She had to be taken to the hospital and operated upon, when a great number of pins and needles were extracted from various parts of her body. She had previously been liable to numbness, and the feeling called "pins and needles" in her limbs. Still, though she bewitched herself in this way, she lived to be married and have seventeen children.

In some parts of England, the people "pin their faith" on what are called pin-wells, into which passers by drop a pin as they go, in order to propitiate the fairy of the waters. One well in Wales is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and here the pins have to be crooked; though what the Virgin can want with crooked pins it is hard to tell.

It is supposed by some that pins were invented by the Dutch, as well as the thimble, which they call a finger-hat. The name, however, appears to be Welsh. (In the Swedish language, a porcupine is called a pin-swine.) They are certainly of very ancient date. British barrows (or tombs) have been opened, in which were found numbers of neat little ivory pins, used in arranging the grave clothes of the dead. It is probable most of the original pins were made of ivory, bone and wood, though sometimes of gold and silver. They have always been held cheap, so that to express unconcern people have said, "I don't care a pin;" all the more surprising then is it, that ladies require so many dollars for what they call their "pin money."

INDIA RUBBER INEXHAUSTIBLE.

The belt of land around the globe, five hundred miles north and five hundred miles south of the equator, abounds in trees producing the gum of India rubber. They can be tapped, it is stated, for twenty successive seasons, without injury; and the trees stand so close that one man can gather the sap of eighty in a day, each tree yielding, on an average, three tablespoonfuls daily. Forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country thirty miles long by eighty wide. There are in America and Europe more than one hundred and fifty manufacturers of Indian rubber articles, employing some five hundred operatives each, consuming more than 10,000,000 pounds of gum per year, and the business is considered to be still in its infancy. But to whatever extent it may increase, there will still be plenty of rubber to supply the demand.

SOLID SMOKE.

A working-man, writing to the editor of the *British Workman*, states, "Since I gave up smoking, I have put into a box, the amount that I formerly spent every week in tobacco. At the end of the year, on opening the box, I have counted out a sum of money sufficient to provide myself with periodicals and newspapers for the year, which sum I called *solid smoke!*"

A friend one day called and asked me,—

"Have you found the philosopher's stone?"

"No," I replied, "I don't turn the smoke into gold, but prevent the *gold* from turning into *smoke.*"

FORCING A LAUGH.

Do you know what we who are learned in fireside amusements call "Forcing a laugh"? It is nothing more than this: "Ha!" cries one, looking into his neighbor's face; "Ha!" answers she, instantaneously; "Ha!" says the next, as quickly; "Ha!—ha!—ha!"—round it goes like lightning, till the gravity of the proceeding—for everybody is anxious to be in time with his "Ha!"—excites such a feeling of the ridiculous, that the forced laugh changes into a natural one, and ends in a general roar.

SECRET OF SUCCESS.

A Christian merchant, who, from being a poor boy, had risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend to what, under God, he attributed his success in life.

"To prompt and steady obedience to my parents," was his reply. "In the midst of many bad examples of youths of my own age, I was always ready to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I firmly believe that a blessing has, in consequence, rested upon me and all my efforts."

THERE would be no evil speakers if there were no evil hearers. It is in scandal as in robbery—the receiver is as bad as the thief.

AN URCHIN being rebuked for wearing out his stockings at the toes, replied that it couldn't be helped—"toes wriggled, and heels didn't."

THE KING OF BAVARIA has had a garden laid out on the top of the palace at Munich. In the centre of it is a lake, upon which swans are seen swimming.

THIS advertisement appears in the columns of one of the city papers:

"WANTED.—Two sisters at No. — Grand Street want washing."

COL. SAM JAMES has recently introduceda new regulation into the penitentiary. Hereafter all prisoners are to be washed before they are ironed —*N. O. Times.*

AN OLD FARMER said to his sons, "Boys, don't wait for summat to turn up. You might just as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

A TWELVE year old Swedish girl, who, after a fortnight's trial, left a house in Maine where she had been employed as a domestic, said she liked the place and the people, but dared not live with folks who never prayed. The girl was wise, whoever sneers.

HERE is the latest hen story: A Monterey (Mass.) blacksmith has a hen which has laid and hatched a dozen eggs on his forge, less than three feet from the blazing fire. She was white when she first took her station there, but the coal dust and heat have changed her complexion materially.

LOUIS RUCKERT is termed the Tennessee Samson. One of his feats is to lie flat on his back on the floor and stretch his arms above his head, with the palm of his hands upward, and for a heavy man to place a foot in either hand, when he would raise him with ease, and get up on his feet. He has lifted men weighing nearly two hundred pounds in this manner.

SOME OF THE SYMPTOMS OF DYSPEPSIA are Loss of Appetite, Wind and Rising of Food, Dryness in the Mouth, Heartburn, Distention of the Stomach and Bowels, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Low Spirits; unless checked it surely affects the mind as well as the body and unfits one for the duties of life in a short time. These are all removed by the use of White's Specialty for Dyspepsia.
H. G. WHITE,
37 Court St., Boston.

WASHINGTON IRVING, a great sufferer from Asthma, found relief in Whitcomb's Remedy. 32-1w

$10 A DAY, with Stencil Tools. Samples free. Address A. E. GRAHAM, Springfield, Vt. 30-4t

$325 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. 20-3m

$40 A WEEK Greenbacks for all. For circular, New Novelties, address C. W. SMITH, Saco, Me. 30—2teop

THE "TOMTIT" is still selling at the rate of 100 daily. Price only 10 cents. EXCHANGE PRINTING CO., New Bedford, Mass. 30—3t

$250 A MONTH easily made with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Secure Circular and Samples, *free.* S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro', Vt. 24—26t

DANDRUFF may be effectually eradicated from the scalp by a few applications of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. 32—1w

BE SURE AND GO TO Jackson & Co., 59 Tremont Street, when you want a new Hat, Umbrella or cane and you will always find a good assortment to select from. 32—1w

WHEN YOU FEEL A COUGH or bronchial affection creeping on the lungs, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and cure it before it becomes incurable. 32—2w

RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS, Gun Material. Write for Price List to GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents Wanted.* 32—6m

TWO-DOLLAR DOUBLE ENGINE.—Double steamchests, safety valves, cylinder, pistons, etc., four times the capacity and four times the power. Price $2 00. COLBY BROS. & CO., 508 Broadway, N. Y. 24 - tf

THE SANFORD REFRIGERATOR is one of the best makes. Four sizes in light colors, or Black Walnut made to order. Also a large variety of Furniture. P. F. PACKARD & SON, 56 and 58 Union Street, Boston. 31—2t

LE CERCLE, the Popular Field Game, will largely supersede Croquet the coming season. Prices reduced. Send 10 cents for Descriptive Book, or stamp for Illustrated Circular. D. B. BROOKS & BRO., Boston, Mass. 22—tf

$6 00 A LINE for an advertisement in 780 weekly newspapers circulating in all the Northern States of the Union. Best and cheapest medium of its kind in the world. Estimates sent on application to E. W. FOSTER, 41 Park Row, N. Y. 30—4teop

MAGICIANS EXPOSE.—How to eat fire. Burn a handkerchief and restore it whole. Laughable hat trick. Japanese fly trick. How to make the Magic Ball, and other valuable information in magical arts. All are easily done. Sent for 25 cents. Address E. HARRIMAN, Boston, Mass. 31—2t

WHISKERS!—One package of Prof. Hall's Magic Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded. 25 cents a package, post-paid; 3 for 50 cents. EDGAR JONES, Ashland, Mass. 29—4t

ROOT BEER, A Desirable Summer Drink. In many respects the BEST DRINK of the kind manufactured, as its medicinal properties render it exceedingly valuable in any disarrangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. ON DRAUGHT AT NO. 37 COURT STREET. 5 cts per glass, or 25 cts per package, which will make five gallons *delicious beer.* 25—tf

STENCIL NAME PLATE, Ink, brush and directions, 50c. Ornamental styles, 65c. Name and address, 75c. Writing, 75c. Old English, $1 00. For marking sheets, pillow-cases and clothing of all kinds these neat little marking devices are unsurpassed. Every family needs one. Every boy and girl should have one. Printed designs mailed on receipt of stamp. All orders promptly filled. Address E. W. WALL, Ashland, Mass. 32—1t

EMPLOYMENT. I want 1,000 agents to canvass for the COMPLETE HERBALIST. I will give such terms and furnish such advertising facilities that no man need make less than $200 per month and all expenses—no matter whether he ever canvassed before or not. A premium of a new dress given to lady canvassers. Address, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J., and full particulars will be sent by return mail. 32—1w

$25. STEAM JET PUMP. $25. The simplest and cheapest device ever known for raising water, oils, syrups, acids, etc. Capacity 40 gallons per minute. Used in hotels, factories, mines, quarries, etc. Operated by steam direct from Boiler. **Has no valve or wearing parts of any kind. Is unaffected by sand or grit.** Certain to work at all times. Sent to any address on receipt of $25. SINKER, DAVIS & CO., Indianapolis, Ind. 31—4t

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF HON. ELIZUR WRIGHT, before the Insurance Committee, State House, Boston, March 29, 1871. "The most equitable mutual policy or company is one which pays NO DIVIDEND, but PAYS THE POLICY when the accumulations from the premiums amount to the sum insured."

The National Life Insurance Company, of Vermont, (organized in 1850) is the only Company that issues such a policy.

Boston Branch Office, 96 Washington Street,
JAMES T. PHELPS, Gen'l Agent.
Agents Wanted. 31—4t

BUY POCKET KNIVES,
If you desire good articles
AT REASONABLE RATES.
AT
Bradford & Anthony's,
30 178 Washington Street, Boston. 5t

SPALDING'S ROSEMARY
Combines everything required to give richness, beauty and elegance to the hair. It is neat, clean and free from all injurious minerals. It will restore the hair to bald heads; keep it from falling off, and make whiskers grow. Used upon children it will lay the foundation for a good head of hair. Spalding's Rosemary is sold by all druggists. E. M. SKINNER, Proprietor, 287 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. 14—eowly

DR. S. S. FITCH
sends his "Family Physician," 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.
Send your direction to DR. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. 23—1y

W. B. SEARS | Fire Insurance Agent, 40 State Street, BOSTON.
40—1yeow

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH, Just discovered, 12 cents. Novelty Co., Lebanon, N. H. 32—1w

WANTED.—Agents ($2 50 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the UNDER-FEED, makes the "lock-stitch" (alike on both sides), and is fully licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. *51—1y

NEW ENGLAND
Conservatory of Music,
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
Employs the most eminent instructors, and affords advantages superior to any similar institution at lowest rates. Fall Term opens Monday, September 11.
Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons Classes for Children.
Circulars containing full information mailed free upon application to E. TOURJEE, Director.
*31—6t

BOYS AND EVERYBODY,
If you want a *live*, spicy monthly that will *suit you every time*, give you fun and amusement the whole year, get the Fireside Favorite, 8 quarto pages, every month, full of *just such reading as you want* and Only 25 Cents a Year. 5 copies $1. *SUBSCRIBE NOW.*
FOUNTAIN & KELSEY, Publishers,
*28—eow4t 208 Broadway, New York.

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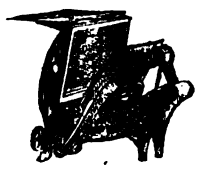
It Does Good Work.
THE
NOVELTY
JOB PRESS.



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The $15 Press is just what you want.
Send for full descriptive, illustrated circulars, with numerous testimonials, and specimens of printing done on the press, and specimen sheet of Types, Borders, Cuts, etc. Address
T. C. EVANS,
28— 106 Washington St., Boston.

Mercantile Savings Institution,
No. 48 Summer Street, cor. of Arch, Boston.
SIX PER CENT.
Interest will be paid by this Institution, on all *deposits* which remain in Bank six months next prior to the semi-annual dividend days, and five per cent. on all other deposits for each and every full intervening calendar month they remain in bank prior to the semi-annual dividends. This is the only Savings Bank in the State that pays interest on the deposits for each and every month they remain in Bank. The Institution has a guarantee fund of $200,000 and a large surplus in addition thereto. 23—1m

SEWING MACHINES!
ALL THE FIRST-CLASS
SEWING MACHINES
Weed Family Favorite,
Wheeler & Wilson,
Howe, Ætna,
American, &c., &c.,
Sold for small installments, as low as $5 per Month, or may be paid for in Work done at home. For Circulars and Terms, address
RICE & PECK,
(*Successors to Engley, Rice & Peck*),
9—1y 323 Washington, cor. West St.

BRADFORD ACADEMY,
FOR YOUNG LADIES.—The next term of this institution, which is the first term of the year, will commence on Wednesday, the 30th of August, 1871. The new building is unsurpassed for its purposes. The course of study has been carefully revised, and is comprehensive, embracing both the solid and ornamental branches. Able teachers are employed and are aided by the most learned lecturers in the country. Miss Johnson, the principal, now in Europe, will resume her duties at the beginning of the term. Application may be made to Miss ABBY H. JOHNSON, Principal, Bradford, Mass., or Rev. RUFUS ANDERSON, LL.D., Boston, Mass.
JOHN D. KINGSBURY, Sec'y.
July 10, 1871. *31—cow2t Bradford.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan,
Use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.
It is the only reliable and harmless Remedy known for removing Brown discoloration. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond Street, New York.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.
For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use
Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy.
It is invaluable to the afflicted. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by *Druggists every where.* *21—1t

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 33. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

RECLAIMED.

By the Author of "Master and Pupil."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

"What do you think of the new steam fire-engine?" asked Maj. Brown, of his neighbor and friend, John Kingsbury.

"She's a handsome piece of mechanism, major. I hope she'll work as well as she looks, and I don't believe she'll have to wait for her work a great while, either."

"Why so?"

"O, I've noticed that whenever a city or town gets a new fire-engine, they have plenty of chances to use it—and that, too, right away. I shall sleep with one eye open and on my barn for six weeks to come. If all goes well till then, there'll be no further occasion for fear, and I shall shut both eyes again, as usual."

The major laughed.

"You're incredulous, I see," continued his friend; "but mark my words,—there'll be a fire within forty-eight hours of housing that engine. I give you warning, major. Look out for your house and barn—I shall, for mine."

The major was accustomed to late suppers, and usually, before going to bed, took a "night-cap." Not a silken one, by any means, nor was it cambric; but it had the singular property of producing a sound sleep for several hours and a headache next morning.

Only thirty-six hours had elapsed from the time the key was turned upon the handsome new steamer, when the cry of "Fire!" startled the sleeping inhabitants of ward five, Camberwell

"Fire! fire!" shouted a stentorian-voiced policeman, directly under the major's windows. "Up with you, there! Your barn is blazing!"

But nobody answered.

Bang! bang! on the outside door; and whizz! whirr! went the rattle.

Still, the major did not wake.

In five minutes a score of men were at work, and two engines had commenced pumping water upon the burning barn, in less than fifteen.

But the major slumbered on, and, incredible as it may seem, knew nothing of the catastrophe which had happened, and his own loss in consequence, until long after daylight next morning.

Then he stormed at the servants, and upbraided his housekeeper, for not rousing him, although he well knew that he had given them all strict orders not to disturb him except in a case of life and death, and had distinctly said,—

"No matter if the house gets afire, unless it is certain to burn down, don't wake me! It's fully insured, and I can't afford to lose my sleep."

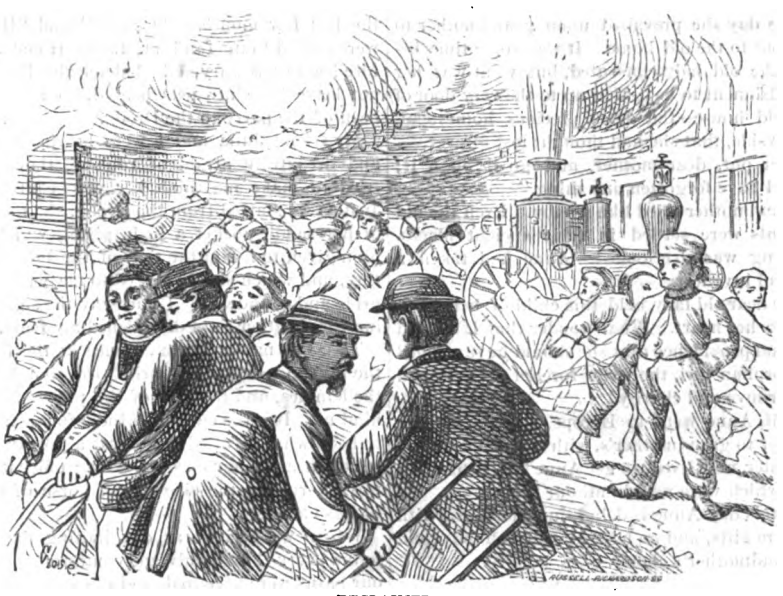
The newspapers said the fire was the work of an incendiary, and there is little doubt that it was.

The next night there was another alarm, but no particular damage was done in this instance. On the Saturday night following there were fires in three different wards of Camberwell, the last one being set in ward five, while the engines were away at work on the borders of the town.

This time it was Mr. Kingsbury's barn, but, fortunately, he had been on the lookout, and the fire was extinguished without any help from the department.

Mr. Kingsbury had heard boys' voices, at the first blazing up of the oil-soaked shavings, gathered under the lee of the fence, and he saw for an instant a face which he was not likely to forget.

It was the face of a lad who, three weeks before, had applied to him for work. Not a wicked face, either—at least so he had thought then. There was nothing vicious about it, nothing sinister. As it stood out in relief for one moment against the blackness of the night, Mr. Kingsbury thought he saw in it a new expression—loss of confidence in himself and others, and more than this, recklessness; the beginning of the end for weak natures not less than for those which are immoral—ruin.



RECLAIMED.

In the midst of his indignation at the wanton act, he felt a throb of pity for this stranger lad, and a little regretful that he had not found some sort of employment for him at the time he made application for it. "It might have kept him from crime and its punishment," thought he, "and eventually have made of him a respectable and useful member of society."

Now, having fully identified at least one of the band of incendiaries, Mr. Kingsbury might have taken his description to the police, and so had him hunted up and arrested; but the man had a kind heart, and could not quite bring himself to do it. Besides, he had buried a son of about the age of this lad, and his lost Theo's earnest eyes seemed to be looking into his, and pleading for the misguided young criminal. Mr. Kingsbury made up his mind to trace out the transgressor himself, and privately to give him warning, but to make no public report of his misdoings, provided he seemed penitent and willing to do right in the future.

His search, however, proved unsuccessful, although prosecuted during all the next day.

That evening there was to be a concert at the town hall,—rather a select affair, and Mr. Kingsbury had bought tickets for his family to attend. It was to commence at half-past seven.

At seven, Mr. Kingsbury, greatly to the surprise of his wife and daughter, announced his intention of remaining at home, and gave as his reason for this sudden change of programme, that he felt a presentiment there would be another attempt made early in the evening to fire either his barn or his house. "But Mary," said he, "you and Louise shall go, all the same. The Darleys are to call for you. There is the carriage, now."

Mrs. Kingsbury and her daughter went to the concert with their friends, and Mr. Kingsbury loaded his revolver and took his way to the barn. Having made sure that all was safe, and securely fastened the doors on the outside, he crept into the shadow of a spreading elm which overhung the horse-trough, and crouching low against the great tree trunk, awaited the arrival of the would-be incendiaries. He had some misgivings, it must be confessed, as to the correctness of his presentiment.

Eight o'clock came and went, and the slow minutes crept on toward nine. Presently, Mr. Kingsbury's quick ear caught the sound of a stealthy footfall. Through the darkness he could see a boyish form at the lower gate of the yard. The lad opened the gate without difficulty, and the hinges creaked but slightly. Leaving it ajar, he passed swiftly to the barn, pausing once to look sharply into the black shadows and listen. He then went to work hurriedly, within a stone's throw of Mr. Kingsbury's hiding-place.

The barn was built upon a little declivity, the cellar at the back affording shelter for the farm wagon, hay-rigging, wheelbarrows, harrow, &c. Here, also, was stored certain refuse lumber,—timbers and plank, the remains of the old barn which had been pulled down some four years before. Barrels there were also; one or two paint casks, and several empty boxes and firkins,—rubbish enough, certainly, to make an excellent bonfire. Of this Mr. Kingsbury was well aware, and had stationed himself accordingly.

The lad pulled from his pockets some shavings and light kindlings, and threw them into one of the barrels which lay upon its side against the pile of boards. Then he lighted his match, holding it between the palms of his hands till it should blaze sufficiently. It went out. There was a sudden whiff of wind. A strong hand seized him by the coat collar, and he felt the cold barrel of a revolver upon his forehead.

"I've caught you at last, you rascal!" said a voice out of the darkness; and the boy felt his blood curdle in his veins.

"Don't shoot me!" he implored. "Take me to jail, but don't shoot me!"

"I'll take you into the house first, and see what you look like," returned his captor. "But see that you don't attempt to escape, or I shall send a bullet after you."

The boy made no answer.

Mr. Kingsbury unlocked the kitchen door and drew in after him the trembling culprit; then locked it, and lighted the gas

"I thought so," he said, looking sternly into the face of his prisoner. "I have seen you before,—once when you came into my office in a manly way, and asked for work, and once, when you did not suspect it, at the dead of night, after you had sold yourself to evil. This is the third time we have met. Now you are in my power. Do you know that State prison for life is before you?"

The boy answered, doggedly, "Yes; but it don't make much difference to me. I might as well go there as be kicked about the streets and starve to death. It'll be a home, any way."

Mr. Kingsbury let go his hold of the lad. "Sit down," said he, more kindly. "I want to know why you set fire to my barn and that of my neighbor, Maj. Jones? You have, I've no doubt, set fire to other buildings. What prompted you to do it?"

The boy hesitated a moment, and then answered, abruptly, "I hate rich people. They've no mercy on poor folks. They don't care what becomes of such riff-raff as me. They wouldn't give a fellow a chance, even if they could do it by just turning over their hands. They'd rather support State prisons. Well, let 'em, I say, and I'm one that'll be even with 'em. You wouldn't give me work, and Maj. Jones cursed me for troubling him, and Squire Raymond sent me to Dr. Oliver, and Dr. Oliver said he knew I was a young vagabond who wanted a chance to plunder him, and Mr. Reeves, the grocer, didn't 'like my looks'—*I* didn't make 'em!—and Underwood, the lawyer, made fun of my rags before two snipper-snapper fellers who were studying in his office. I'd like to have a square fight with 'em! And then he kicked me down the stairs because I swore at him and called him names. You'd call names and swear if you'd been treated as I have! *You'd* set fire to folks' barns and houses that trod on you, just because you happened to be friendless and poor; and you'd clap your hands to see them beggared and homeless! Yes, I set fire to Major Jones' barn, and I meant his house should go too. I fired yours last night. I suppose that was the time you saw me, for I felt it in my bones that somebody was on the watch, and told"——

The boy left that sentence unfinished.

"Your accomplices, you were about to say," said Mr. Kingsbury, "that you'd be caught next time. Who were they?" he demanded,—"the boys who were with you last night?"

"Do you think I'd tell?" retorted the lad, almost fiercely. "I aint one of that sort, if I am a vagabond. Whoever they were, I led 'em into it. But they got frightened and went back on me to-night. *They'll* never set any more fires. And I won't peach on them. Perhaps you saw them when you saw me," he added, more respectfully, watching, as he spoke, the countenance of his questioner.

"It is possible that I did," replied Mr. Kingsbury, "and I may be able to identify them without your testimony."

The lad was silent for a moment, and then said, "I don't ask any mercy for myself, sir, but if you saw those two fellows, don't be hard on them. Don't prosecute them, sir. They weren't to blame. It was I. I egged them on; indeed, I did, sir, and they went in just for the fun of the thing—that's all. They hadn't any thing against you, and they won't ever try to set another fire. I know that, for they told me they wouldn't, and that they were sorry they went so far as they did. One of 'em"——

Again the boy stopped.

To be continued.

For the Companion.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHOICE.

My grandmother had lived alone for ten years, when all at once she took the whim that she was growing old and lonesome.

"Come and stay with us," said my mother, and the cry was repeated from eleven hearthstones; but "no," said grandmother, stoutly; "I will never sacrifice my independence, so long as I have a roof over my head."

Grandmother's house was small and old-fashioned, yet there she brought up, dear knows how many children. I always have to count my aunts and uncles, and they all went out into the world to some purpose. We numbered already two doctors of divinity and two of medicine; one lawyer, and one author, of whom we were very proud.

Grandmother's house had a good many rooms in it, small as it was. One had been built after another, as the growing wants of the family called for more space, so that the place was a quaint little collection of nooks.

Deborah, an ancient maid, who had been with my grandmother thirty-five years, took occasion on her sixty-first birthday to get married, and she and her husband lived in the house. A little boy came every day to do the errands, and grandmother, now verging on to seventy, did most of the work herself.

When grandmother once took a whim into her head, she often said, she never rested till it was gratified; so one day when I was visiting her at her home, which we called Sunnyside, she and I

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L M Hosford Oct70

went to the poor-house, to see if there were any children there worth the having.

I advised her to go to New York, but she was bent upon trying nearer home.

After we had gone through the tidy building, we came across a little girl with nothing to recommend her but a pair of rosy cheeks and exceedingly bright eyes. My grandmother stopped and addressed her in the Quaker dialect.

"What is thee name, my friend?"

The child looked a little frightened at the prim question.

"What's your name, little girl?" I asked, in my glib way.

"Scrubby," was all the answer she deigned.

"It's a German child," said one of the attendants. "Her mother died here only a month ago, and she don't know but little English."

"A German child—mother dead—knows but little English; I think she will do."

"Why, grandmother! you won't surely burden yourself with a creature like that!" I cried.

"My dear, thee knows I was always fond of curiosities," said my grandmother, smiling. So she took her home.

That first night was an experience. The child did not take kindly to her new place of residence. There were no children to play with, and she missed the license accorded her at the poor-house, from the first. She tried my grandmother's patience to the utmost. I could not understand what possessed the dear old lady to take unto herself such a living trouble.

Six months passed, and I was at Sunnyside again. A little girl came running in, soon after I was rested, her school books in her hand, her laughing eyes full of pleasure, as she went up to my grandmother for a kiss.

"Can this be Scrubby?" I asked.

The child talked imperfect English, but her ways had become very winning. She hung up bonnet and shawl; she watered the flowers; the kitten came to be played with; sunshine seemed to emanate from her presence.

"Thee sees that I was right," said grandmother; "she pays for the trouble."

She paid in more ways than one.

One day Deborah and her husband went to the city to see about a small property they owned there, and grandmother and the child were left alone. It was nearing evening, and Scrubby—I won't call her that ugly name—my grandmother called her Anne—little Anne then sat upon the steps, playing with the home-made doll that was a wonder in her eyes. Suddenly, as the darkness came on, it occurred to the child that it was time to be called. The white cat came out and begun to purr, as she rubbed against her. It was very still, and grandmother had not yet lighted a candle.

So the child went slowly in. She saw dimly the outlines of grandmother, in her accustomed seat, and ran towards her. Grandmother seemed to be asleep. She spoke to her, took her hand; it was very cold. Its chill seized the heart of poor little Anne.

Something was wrong.

Like a little woman, she lighted the candle and took a nearer look. There was something strange in the placid old face. The child shrank back in terror, put down the light, ran out of the house and up the road till she came to the doctor's shop.

She went in, and in her incoherent language explained that something was the matter with grandmother. Help was instantly summoned; they found the old lady in a fainting fit, which, but for the attention thus secured, would probably have ended in death. As it was, she was a long time ill.

I went up to stay with her, and the evidences of little Anne's affection were very touching.

Every morning she brought a little bouquet to the bedside, which she had picked and arranged herself. It was her supreme happiness to be left in charge of the dear old lady.

The rest of the family had not, as the saying is, "taken to" the child, but as she grew up she began to develop beauty of a rare type, the beauty of expression. This, with an astonishing aptitude for music, brought her into notice.

As grandmother took her journeys to and fro, from one son's house to another, Anne began to go with her. On one of these occasions Anne played before my teacher, a professor of music, who declared that the child possessed a rare genius, and begged to have the care of her education.

Five years passed away. Anne was the wonder of the family. About this time she was again instrumental in saving my grandmother's life. In the dead of night the little, quaint house took fire, and was so nearly destroyed that only its outer walls remained standing. Fighting her way through the smoke to the adjoining room where my grandmother slept, Anne took her up bodily and carried her almost literally through the flames to safety.

Now began the bitterness for grandmother—dependence. Her sons were well able to rebuild her home, but they wanted her with them, and had long thought it unwise for her to live alone. Anne saw her increasing dejection and pondered upon it. She was now studying under an eminent musician. Suddenly we were electrified with the news that Anne intended to sing in public. Her first trial was a success. A voice of such rare quality and wonderful compass, the crowds who followed her professed never to have heard. One entertainment followed another. Anne was counselled to go to Europe and study for a year. She smiled and said "By-and-by."

We knew that she was making money, and we were all proud of her wonderful celebrity. For a time she fairly coined gold. She had many advisers, but was reticent of her affairs.

One day she prevailed upon grandmother to ride out to the old home. It was some time before the old lady consented, but what was her astonishment to be driven up to the very door of the old house—the dear, precious homestead, Sunnyside, that she had thought lost forever.

"Get out, dear mother, and go through it; see if I have forgotten any thing."

Grandmother cried like a baby. Even the old servants were settled in their ancient places. Nothing was overlooked. Anne had taken a faithful inventory.

The dear old lady held this child of her adoption to her heart. What wonder that it seemed a signal providence that she should have rescued this orphan girl, the little foreign waif thrown on her love and charity!

Well, Anne went to Europe, and we used to go over to grandmother's, with whom a widowed daughter now lived, to get Anne's beautiful letters, which were read in all our homes.

To this day Anne is delighting the world with her rare gifts, and we have all reason to be proud of grandmother's choice.

TENT LIFE, BY A LADY.

Ten years ago I was in India, at a very hot station, called Bellary. The cantonment was embedded between great rocks, which rose up on either side like giants guarding the entrance. I grew to hate the great masses of stone, piled one upon the other, keeping off what fresh breezes might have been blown to us from the far-off sea.

It was a scorching place; no view to be seen from any part of the cantonment; even when you climbed one of the monster rocks and looked down and around, you saw only miles upon miles of sand. There was hardly any vegetation, and for nine months of the year, scarcely a blade of grass.

Yet some fifty miles from this parched-up, arid plain, there rose a hill, named Ramen Droog, whose summit was so green, so fresh, clothed with vegetation so rare, that it seemed like a little oasis in the desert. You may be sure we went there whenever our husbands could get a few days' leave.

Orders were sent for horses and bullocks to be posted; children were packed in bandies; and, at five o'clock in the morning, the household would be on the march. I remember I had borne the heat, and all its attendant evils, with exemplary patience that first hot season I spent in India; but I cannot say as much for my poor little baby-girl, who was not a year old, and resented all the disagreeables of an Indian summer in a pitiable manner.

Poor little thing! she had a narrow escape of being stung to death by scorpions; one day a number of these creatures were found comfortably installed behind the window blinds of her nursery.

At last the days grew more broiling, and the nights unbearable. At midnight the air was as close as at twelve at noon, and on getting into bed the sheets seemed to scorch you. I had been very reluctant to go up to my house on the hill alone; and it was impossible for my husband to leave the cantonment just then, as the general was away and he was in command. However, when I found my little child's health beginning to suffer, I determined to take her for a fortnight to Ramen Droog. We accordingly posted up, and my eyes were soon delighted at the sight of roses in baby's cheeks.

A lady whom I knew intimately was also spending a few days on the hill without her husband and we agreed to go back to Bellary together. Now, we had neither of us ever slept in a tent, and Mrs. W—— proposed that we should take this opportunity of seeing how we liked it. We could easily borrow tents, have every thing arranged comfortably, and sleep two nights on our way home.

I need not dwell upon our preparations. We were to perform our journey on horseback; we were both fond of riding, and accustomed to ride long distances. We settled to halt for the first night just outside a village called Cumlapoor, making a march of about twenty miles; our two other rides would be rather shorter. There were two bandies drawn by large white bullocks; a bandy is a carriage something like an omnibus, and arranged so that the space between the seats can be covered over with mattresses, when it makes a most comfortable bed. In one of these carriages went baby with the two ayahs, or nurses. The other bandy contained all sorts of things we required on our journey, and on it the native servants took it in turn to hang.

I must tell you that I brought out with me from home two water spaniels, the most faithful, affectionate creatures that ever lived. Wherever I went my dogs followed, and it was a great comfort to me that I had managed to keep them alive and well through the suffocating heat of the last few months. "Charlie" and "Bessie" were indeed to me familiar, trusty friends. Before leaving Bellary, I had determined I could not leave both my pets behind, so Bessie had been of the party to the Droog.

My friend Julia and I were horrid cowards, and dreadfully afraid of robbers, though she tried to make me think her very courageous. Just as we started from the Droog, she took out of her saddle-pocket a little pistol, which had been given to her at the time of the Indian mutiny, and which she displayed to me with much pride and confidence. I must say the sight of it increased rather than diminished my fears.

Thus our march began. Once at the foot of the hill we went off at a brisk trot, soon leaving the bandies, and the rest of the procession, behind us. It is the custom in India for each horse to have what is called in Madras a gorrawallah, which means a horsekeeper, whose office it is always to run by the side of the horse of which he has charge.

When we arrived at our halting-place, we found every thing ready and comfortable for us; our baths were prepared, and the principal tent furnished like a nice sitting-room, with carpet, table, books, arm-chairs, and a charpoy at each end for us to sleep in.

This large inner tent had double flies, and between the outer and inner walls of canvas were stored away crockery, and all the usual contents of a housekeeper's cupboard. We were soon installed with our books and work, as if this had been our home for weeks, instead of the whole apparatus—house, furniture and all—having arrived and been set up only a few hours before.

It was a beautiful, moonlight night. We went to bed very early, as we thought we should have to be stirring betimes. Before my friend retired to rest, she carefully examined her pistol, fitted on a cap, and, placing it at half-cock, laid it under her pillow. I went off to sleep, and I suppose two or three hours had passed, when I was awakened by hearing a noise behind the fly of the tent near my bed; it was evidently a noise caused by some one touching the crockery which was kept there.

I listened, and then I heard a stealthy movement. "Robbers," I thought; "we shall be murdered in our beds. O, would that I had never run this risk!" I sat up and listened again, but the noise had ceased; nor did I discern any dusky body, as I expected, creeping round the inner part of the tent; so I said, very softly,—

"Julia, dear, didn't you hear a noise?"

"Yes," she answered, "I did; robbers; and I have this ready;" holding up her pistol in a shaky hand, at the same time showing a very pallid countenance above the edge of the table; looking quite ghastly by the moonlight, which came in through the hole cut for a window in the tent.

We waited and listened, while I seized a pole which had not been used for one of the smaller tents, thinking I would be ready in case of emergency too. Presently the noise began again, this time much louder; then the thought struck me that it might be later than I fancied, and it was one of the natives getting the tea things for our *chota hasree* before we started on our journey; so I called out, in a voice which I vainly strove to render firm,—

"Boy, what are you about?"

"No answer; only the noise and disturbance amongst the crockery grew louder. Glancing at my watch, I saw it was too early for any such preparations. Julia crossed over, forgetting the pistol in her terror, and sought shelter in my bed.

Then I determined to be very brave; I struck a match, lighted a candle, and announced, in a severe tone, my teeth chattering the while, "I have pistols here, and if nobody speaks I must fire."

I knew how cowardly natives are. If it had been an English thief I should have hidden my head under the bed-clothes, and, I believe, died of fright. Still no answer; but the crockery seemed now to be suffering for my rashness; it was certainly being dashed and smashed about recklessly.

Julia and I were both partly dressed; I put on my dressing gown, seized my tent-pole in one hand, the candle in the other, and glided behind the inner wall of the tent. There, to my surprise, I found a large jungle-cat, who had got its head into a capacious jug of milk, and was drinking away, undoubtedly enjoying himself greatly; the noise I had heard was evidently caused by his hastily and greedily helping himself to any eatables that took his fancy.

I was so angry that I hit him on the back with my tent-pole; as I did so, he sprang into the air; and then I discovered he had pushed his head so far into the jug that he could not get it out, and he jumped about, looking very absurd, completely bonneted. At last he dashed his head so hard against the ground that the milk jug broke, and he sprang out of the tent with a rim of china round his neck, the remains of the unlucky jug.

All the servants by this time came rushing up to aid us; however, there was nothing for which we required them except to gather up the broken china, and repair, as much as they could, the damage our visitor had done.

But I have forgotten to tell you that Bessie had arrived in her basket on the coolie's head, safe and sound, and she had been our constant companion during the day; but at night my ayah, who was so passionately fond of Bessie, had asked me to allow the dog to sleep with her in a little tent I used as my bath-room. Now my old pet came running up to me, with an expression of reproach in her soft brown eyes, as much as to say, "How could you let me leave you? If I had been here, I should have barked, and frightened all the wild beasts away."

I determined that Bessie should not sleep away from me again, and I patted and stroked her, promising as much. She seemed to understand what I said, for she wagged her tail, put down her ears, and licked my hand; then stretched herself out at the foot of my bed, her eyes fixed upon me wherever I went.

The next morning, as we were partaking of our early breakfast, before we started on our second day's march, we agreed that we were not quite so satisfied with our wisdom in trying the experiment of a tent life.

At the end of our next day's journey, we halted on the top of a little hill, close to a lake, the name of which I now forget. To reach the top of the hill we had to go up a very steep ascent; but once at the summit, we felt we were well rewarded for our trouble, for it seemed almost another Droog on a much smaller scale.

As night came on, we had chairs brought out, and sat at some distance from our encampment, talking; and, though neither of us said so, I think each felt regret in her heart that we had made this expedition at all. I remember the moon was wonderfully beautiful and bright; so bright that I could read very small type.

At last the time arrived for us to retire. The two ayahs were with baby, and my old dog, Bessie, was helping to keep guard, until I went to my charpoy, and relieved them of their charge. In addition to the cocoanut oil lamp, which we intended to burn all night, I insisted upon keeping a candle on a chair by my bedside to read by, for I felt strangely wakeful.

Baby was very restless when I went to bed, so I sang a long lullaby to her to soothe and send her to sleep. The cocoa-nut oil lamp was burning dimly, and there was very little light in the tent, when I put out my candle. The moon was going down, and as I lay on my charpoy, quiet and silent in the stillness of the night, a feeling of indescribable dread fell upon me—a fear of I knew not what.

Not a sound came to me from those around; my friend Julia scarcely seemed to breathe, so profound was her slumber; Bessie was lying stretched at full length, under the table, which was in the centre of the tent. Tranquil sleep had fallen upon all the other lodgers of the little camp; I, only, could not rest; my eyes seemed strained open, staring at vacancy. Suddenly Bessie started up and barked, and then looked towards the outer fly, used as a door, which was partly raised. I sat up in my bed and looked out; the moon was sinking, but had not yet disappeared, and I could see outside the tent distinctly. There was nothing but the shadow of the half raised fly; I strained my ears, but could not catch a sound.

Then Bessie raised herself from under the table, and came up close to my charpoy, barking short, sharp, complaining barks. She came quite near to me, and put her paws upon the bed, and touched my cheek with her cold nose; then, uttering a whine of entreaty, she rubbed her head upon my shoulder, and made me understand that she was troubled. I caressed her, and looked again upon the moonlit scene with-

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out; then I told her to be quiet and lie down; I was afraid she would wake up the baby, and I spoke crossly to her, saying, "There is nothing there." Still she barked and whined. Julia awoke, and called out to her to be quiet. I said,

"I am sure Bessie would not be so restless, and disturb us in this way, without reason. I believe there are thieves, or wild-cats, or something of the kind, near us."

Julia listened, and answered, very crossly, "You always think that stupid old dog cannot do wrong. You know there are plenty of the servants near, and they were ordered to be on the watch to-night; so do go to sleep."

"Listen!" I pleaded. "I am so frightened."

"How can you be so childish?" cried Julia. "I declare, I am very glad that this is to be our last night in a tent; we won't try it again."

"O, no!" I sighed; "I wish we never had."

I tried to be still; I tried to think of other things; I spoke very sharply to my poor Bessie, for she would keep barking and snorting in a perfect fury, at some unknown, unseen danger. Again, in spite of my angry words, she came to me and scratched upon the bed-clothes. I looked out again; still there was nothing to be seen. I slapped her; she whined and went back to her bed under the table.

All this time my little child was sleeping peacefully by my side; I kissed her closed eyelids, and then determined to make a great effort to sleep myself. I turned my pillow, and laid my burning head upon the cool side; then I began the old children fashion of counting myself to sleep.

It would not do; that dread would not leave me. Poor Bessie, too, was evidently as uneasy as before; I heard her breathing hard, and snorting in a sort of suppressed way, now and then giving a whine of trouble and discontent.

I had just resolved to brave the danger, whatever it might be, by getting up and going to the opening of the tent to look out, when I was startled by a loud snarl, followed by a sharp bark from Bessie. I sat up and looked at her, and I saw she was staring at the ground by the side of my charpoy; the old dog's lips were curling with rage, her back all bristling, and her eyes starting almost from her head.

Leaning over the edge of my bed, I looked down at the spot on which her eyes were fixed, and I saw, in the dim light thrown by the little wick of the cocoanut oil lamp, something lying in coils between the chair on which the candlestick was placed, and my charpoy; I saw dusky folds moving and writhing on the grouud; and, almost touching my face as I stooped down, a flat head reared itself, swaying backwards and forwards, with outstretched hood and forked tongue.

It was a cobra! O, how terribly I suffered at that moment. The chill disgust, the deadly fear, the hatred I felt for the loathsome reptile, every instant drawing its vile body nearer and nearer to me and my little child, paralyzed me for an instant, and in a voice strangely calm, seeming to me, I remember, as if somebody else was speaking rather than myself, I said,—

"Julia, there is a cobra trying to get into my bed. Scream for them to come."

"Do be quiet," she murmured, in a sleepy tone, "and go to sleep; you are dreaming; how tiresome you are!"

The hooded head was rising, the forked tongue close upon me, the sickening smell from the snake was in my nostrils. With a loud, hoarse voice I shrieked, "O, do, Julia, leave the tent and send them to me." And I screamed one scream after the other.

Julia then sprang up, and rushed out of the tent; and I, reaching over the reptile's head, and seizing the candlestick, which was on the chair—a heavy plated one, with a tall glass shade—dashed it with all my force upon the cobra's writhing body. The head fell, and, wriggling and twisting in a hideous manner, it glided from me.

Butler, maty and ayahs, all rushed in, pell-mell, with tent poles and various other implements of destruction, and soon finished the work begun by the candlestick.

I was so terribly frightened that I felt I could not stay another hour in our encampment. My nerves were so shaken that I saw snakes everywhere; and Julia was almost as anxious as I was to be off. The moon was down, and darkness upon every thing. My butler, a very wise and trustworthy old man, advised me strongly to wait till daylight; he salaamed many times, and pleaded,—

"If missis wait one, two hour, no danger; me and other boys staying by missis, holding lights so as missis can see, and making plenty noise, so no cobra can come. Missis going down hill in dark; plenty more danger coming." But I was obstinate, and insisted upon continuing our march at once.

Accordingly the bandies were prepared for us to make our descent of the hill; our horses were to remain until daylight, and then to follow us, that we might afterwards proceed on horseback. One pair of our bullocks were steady, good-tempered, well-conditioned beasts, whose conduct we could be certain of; therefore, they, of course, were fastened to the bandy in which baby travelled. Julia was to go down the steep little hill with my darling in her bandy, while I settled to go in the smaller one, with the glass, crockery, etc., and the old dog Bessie. Julia, baby and her ayahs got into their carriage, and, accompanied by some of the natives carrying torches on either side, began their downward march. The road was very steep and winding; on the one side a high bank rose above our heads, and on the other was a sharp and sudden declivity, guarded by a low wall, about two feet high.

We reached home at last, thankful for our preservation, but Julia and I then made a vow that we would never try tent life again.

For the Companion.

AN AFTERNOON'S SPORT AT THE SAGAMORE POND.

It was about the middle of March. We were fishing up at the Sagamore Pond—Rod Nichols and myself; fishing through the ice for pickerel.

When the country in this part of Maine was first settled, the Sagamore, as well as all the other ponds and lakes, abounded with lake trout, or, as they were then called, *togue* trout—great, broad-backed fellows, weighing from twelve to twenty pounds. But it was foolishly supposed by the early settlers that it would be better to have pickerel instead of trout in these waters. So pickerel were put into nearly every pond and lake in this section. They are the most voracious of fish, very strong and savage, and soon destroyed the trout.

Those of the Sagamore are larger than the pickerel in most of the ponds. It takes a strong line to get them out of the water. Through a hole in the ice this is more easily done; but it is no small job to cut such a hole when the ice is two feet thick. Rod and I were an hour and a half hacking ours with a hatchet, that afternoon.

It was not far from the shore,—eight or ten rods, perhaps,—but between us and the bank, there was a wide, open place, worn away, or thawed, by a "springhole" along the shore. The afternoon sunbeams, falling on the glass-bright surface, were reflected under the ice, and lighted up the water as far out as where we had made our hole. We could thus see all that was going on under us, though the water was nearly twenty feet deep.

We had fished in this place before, and knew how to take advantage of this clear water; for it's always pleasant to see what one's about. It is fully half the sport to see the fish biting.

After skimming our hole, we dropped in a hook baited with a *shiner*,—we had a jug full of them—and waited for a bite; watched and waited patiently and confidently, but it didn't come. Not a fish could be seen in all the clear depths beneath. This was unusual, as well as vexatious, for the Sagamore was known to be well stocked with pickerel, and they generally took the hook readily. But an hour passed without so much as a nibble at our bait.

It was a fine, sunny afternoon. Every thing was still. There was not even the cawing of crows to be heard. Presently, looking across to the shore, we saw a large, black creature watching us from an old pine stump, that was some four or five rods from the water.

"Fisher-cat, isn't it?" said Rod.

It did look like one, certainly. It was black, and about the same size.

"Suppose he'd show fight if we should go round there?" continued Rod, looking leisurely for the hatchet.

Poor success fishing had made him a little pugnacious, I suppose; and a scrimmage with a fisher-cat, or carcajoe, when you can get one to face about, isn't bad fun for those who enjoy such sport, and are willing to run the risk of getting scratched and bitten.

In explanation, I should say that the "fisher-cat" is a member of the weasel family. Naturalists call it the *Mustela Canadensis*, or Canada weasel; a pretty big weasel, to be sure. Hunters and trappers hate it most heartily, for it will follow them all day, on their rounds, taking the bait out of their traps as fast as they can set them.

Well, if we could not catch any pickerel, perhaps a little fracas with Mr. Snarly-face, over there, would be the next best thing; and I was just drawing up my line, when there came a heavy tug at the bait, nearly jerking the line from my hands. There was not only one tug, but a series of tugs and rushes to and fro, making the water fairly boil in the hole.

I had hooked a big one, and he was testing the line to the utmost, and rasping it across the sharp edges of the ice. Holding it steadily, however, the struggle gradually ceased, and looking down into the water, we saw a noble fellow, slowly waving his fins on the sand, at the bottom of the pond.

"Isn't he a thumper!" exclaimed Rod. "Five or six pounds, certain! Fish enough for one day."

He had become pretty docile, and I had drawn him up within six or seven feet of the surface, when, with a sudden plunge, a long, dark animal darted through the water, and seizing the fish, passed out of sight under the ice, like a black streak. I pulled sharply at the line, once, twice—then it snapped.

Here was a surprise.

"What on earth was that?" cried Rod.

But there was nothing further to be seen. A few bubbles came struggling up through the water, but the creature had gone, and so had the fish.

"It couldn't have been that fisher-cat," said Rod.

"No, indeed! Who ever heard of a fisher-cat, or any other cat, swimming ten rods under water!"

"But he's gone from the stump."

"Well, let him go. That wasn't him."

"What was it, then?"

That was a question easier asked than answered. We were fairly "stuck," as Rod expressed it, and stood staring into the hole. Suddenly there was a wavy motion, deep down, below the surface, and we saw the creature shoot back, by the hole, with the fish in his mouth. We had just a dim, refractive glimpse, and he had passed, going towards the shore. We looked in that direction, and in a few seconds after, saw a flat, black head pop up a moment into sight from the open water, and then it disappeared. We watched for some minutes, but it did not come up again.

"Rather a strange performance, any how," muttered Rod.

"Bnt let's go round to the shore, and see if we can find the fisher."

Going to the shore, we saw that the bank shelved off abruptly into deep water; and in one place it was worn smooth, and was icy, as if some animal had been sliding from it down into the pond. Other than this there were no traces.

So, first cutting a couple of stout clubs, we went to the pine stump, where we had seen what we had taken for a fisher. He was gone; but we discovered a hole in the top of the stump, that went down under the ground, and looking into it, saw a broad, black muzzle, and a pair of wicked little eyes gleaming up at us.

"Hollo!" cried Rod, "here he is;" thrusting in his stick. The head vanished.

"But that's no fisher; their noses do not look like that. It was too big and *blunt*. I'll tell you what," exclaimed he, suddenly; "it's an otter! That was one out in the pond, too. Did you ever see one?"

"No."

"Nor I; but I've heard old Hughy Clives tell about them; and that's just what this is."

"What about them? Will they fight much?"

"Fight when cornered, Hughy says, like young tigers, too. Dogs are no match for them. But their fur's valuable."

"That's so. We must get this one if we can."

"There may be more than one. They live two and three together, sometimes, Hughy said, in burrows, opening under water. This couldn't be the one that stole our fish, either. It might have been, though; for this hole probably leads out into the water, under the bank. Let's see if it doesn't."

We ran to the edge and looked over. The water was six or seven feet deep.

"Stamp on the ground," said I.

Rod did so; and a moment after, I saw a long, slim animal glide out from under the bank and dart off beneath the ice—then another.

"Yes, here he is; two of them."

They didn't come up in the open water, but must have gone off under the ice. I suppose there were air-holes through it, where they came up to breathe.

They were otters; no doubt of it. But how to catch them; that was the next question.

"Hughy spoke of setting traps for them," said Rod.

"So we can! Your father's old bear-trap! Set it down under the bank here, where their burrow opens out into the water."

"Agreed."

And home we went after the trap. It was nearly three miles, but we were soon there, and took the trap from the garret, where it had been resting for a dozen years. It was heavy, and must have weighed sixty or seventy pounds. But we hung it on a pole, and resting the ends of the pole on our shoulders, started for the pond; and a fine sweat it gave us before we reached our destination.

The next thing was to set it. The springs were so rusty and stiff that we had to use a lever to bend them, and we came near getting caught in it once or twice; but it was set properly at last, and *sinking* it at the entrance of the burrow, we chained it to an old root.

This done, we filled in stones, and stopped the hole in the stump at the upper end of the den, to prevent the otters from getting out there. Then we went home, for it was considerably after sunset. We had our trap on their doorstep, as Rod said; they could neither go in nor out without climbing over it.

The next afternoon we went to see what success attended our efforts. There was nothing stirring about the stump, and creeping cautiously down the bank, we looked over. The trap had been sprung and drawn up into the burrow, partly out of sight. Pulling it out by the chain, sure enough, there was a long, sleek, black fellow in it fast by one of his chubby legs. But he was quite dead—drowned.

The great weight of the trap had prevented his coming to the surface. And although an otter can remain under water for nearly two minutes, yet at the end of that time, he must come to the surface, like any air-breathing animal, or be suffocated.

We were jubilant. Taking him out, we carefully replaced the trap in its old position, and went home with our game, where, calling in the assistance and advice of old Hughy, we proceeded to take off the skin according to standard rules.

The fur was of a light brown color, thickly interspersed with black hairs, which gives the animal at a little distance the appearance of being wholly black. The ears were small and far apart, and the feet short and webbed like a goose. The entire length of the animal, including its tail, was nearly five feet; but Hughy thought this one rather above the average size.

The next day we caught another otter—a smaller one; and about a fortnight after, a third met his fate in the jaws of the old trap.

We received twelve dollars apiece for these skins, and felt very well satisfied with our afternoon's sport at the Sagamore.

For the Companion.

TALKING SCANDAL.

I don't want to scold, but it is "borne in upon me," as the Friends say, that I must just write a few words about a very common evil. And that is, the love of fault-finding.

How quick we are to censure! How the least shadow is caught at to build a suspicion upon! The turn of a head, the change of a countenance, the moving of a finger, a smile, a nod, a word kindles the fire, and sets that little but mighty member, the tongue, running about to find faggots, and make the slender flame a great blaze, at which slander and scandal can spread their claw-like fingers, and crone long stories of evil.

Why is human nature so quick to censure, and so slow to praise? We love to be well thought of. A word of genuine praise will send the warm blood from the heart to the cheek, and set the windows of our eyes wide open with pleasure. A direct compliment is often received with delight, even when prompted by selfish motives. Why, then, can we not feel the same degree of pleasure in thinking well of others, that we do in having others think well of us?

I believe the real reason is, that we are taught to find fault from our very cradles. The grown-up members of a family seldom use the caution they should in talking about others to very little children.

"My mamma don't like to have your mamma come to our house," lisped a little three-year-old child; "she said so. She said your mamma was *disageeable*," with a strong accent.

The story went home, and the consequence was a feud between the two households.

When the matter was first talked about, little Nelly sat in the corner, so busy with her dolly, chatting, laughing, singing it to sleep, that she really seemed as safe as if she had been a deaf mute; yet the little, keen ears caught, and the little, curious mind retained it all.

Faults, it may be *real* faults, are discussed before children, and little personal defects, that but for such free comments, children would not mind.

"I dess I don't want to do with you any more," said another little youngster, to a child somewhat older than herself.

"Why not?" was the surprised query.

"O toz you've dot red hair, and mamma 'spises red hair, and so does I. 'Sides, it's dretful tempered."

The poor little child never could get over the imputation upon her red hair. One day she

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tried to dye it with ink. Unfortunately the ink was purple, and I dare not say what a fright she made. Then came the reason; that accusation was a torture to the girl through life.

"Mamma says oo'll take *all* the jelly, toz oo dot such a *awful* big mouth," cried one child to another, who was placidly enjoying the sweetmeat.

The sensitive child was so hurt that she threw down the jelly and ran sobbing home. To this day the impression of that speech is painfully vivid.

There is a sweet little song I have heard sung, (and I shall end my sermon soon) called,—.

"Look always on the sunny side."

If this were done more than it is, there would be fewer sleepless pillows. Suppose the thoughtless girl over the way does stand at the gate and chat with the gentleman who came home with her from church, a moment or so? Why infer wrong?

What if your next door neighbor stays out late at night? How do you know what detains him? and by what right do you infer wrong? What seems a flaw is blazoned abroad, while a thousand little channels swelled by good deeds flow on unnoticed.

The girl whose thoughtless tongue gives occasion for her prim sisters to scandalize her, may do unheard of good deeds in the sphere in which she lives. The man whose failings show on the surface, may be purer in heart than you who sit in judgment upon him.

The story is very short, but it is good and true. Once there lived a woman who was a school teacher. She overheard a scandal that was circulating about her, and immediately pounced, as she said, upon its utterer.

"Who told you this?"

"O, I can't tell."

"Very well; then I shall sue you for slander."

The girl turned white, and mentioned the person who told her.

Off posted the determined schoolma'am—finding the lady just going out. She, after some delay, referred her to another, and the other could give no reference.

"Then, of course, I shall sue you for slander."

The woman prayed and begged. She had taken her hands out of the dough, and stood frightened and trembling before her accuser.

"Only one thing will save you," said Miss ———. I nearly gave the well-known name—"that is, that you put on your bonnet, go to those you have told this story to, and before me confess that the story is *yours*, and that you *lied*."

It was very broad, but it was simply that, and nothing else, a lie, and a very mean one.

Covered with humiliation, the woman did go, and Miss ———, my friend, forgave her.

But suppose she had not overheard the scandal?

God help us all to keep in due subjection that unruly member, the tongue. ALMA.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Most of us are accustomed to regard artificial teeth as wholly a thing of the present day, but such is not the case.

Of the wisdom of the ancient Egyptians a knowledge of dentistry formed a part, and mummies have been found with wooden and ivory teeth; some of them even fixed, in modern fashion, on gold plates; and with hollow teeth stopped with gold—so true is it that there is nothing new under the sun.

The classic writers also speak of artificial teeth as being well known both in ancient Greece and Rome.

A century and a half ago, as appears from advertisements in old newspapers, goldsmiths did the work of dentists in making and cleaning artificial teeth.

But since dentistry has been recognized as a separate branch of surgery in modern times, the precious metals have not been used for the actual teeth. Ivory was one of the earliest substances employed; it was easily shaped, and when first put in, matched tolerably for a color with the natural teeth; but from its porous nature it was soon saturated with the fluids of the mouth, and underwent chemical changes, which rendered the breath offensive; its appearance became dark and disgusting, and it soon decayed.

Among the old materials, nothing was better than the crowns of human teeth, mounted on artificial bases. These, in a healthy mouth, would often wear for from eight to twelve years; but there was much difficulty in procuring a supply, which rendered them costly, and many persons had a horror of wearing dead men's teeth in their mouths.

A great stride was made in the art when mineral teeth were introduced. Porcelain teeth are a French invention; they were first made in Paris, about 1820, and have now superseded all others. Unlike those we have mentioned, they are cleanly, since, as they are not porous, they do not absorb secretions; they are not acted on by the chemical agents in the mouth; they never change color; and as they can be more nicely fitted, they can be worn with greater ease and convenience.

In the management of artificial teeth the great point of importance is to keep them clean, as it is, indeed, in that of natural teeth. To all who have sound teeth, and would avoid the necessity for artificial ones, the practice of some of the high caste Brahmins of India is commended for consideration, though scarcely, perhaps, for imitation. They spend an hour each morning cleaning the teeth with a twig, and recite certain prayers at intervals.

TWO PICTURES.

An old farm-house, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about.
"O! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"O! could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old, green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

PERUVIAN INDIANS.

Of all the Indian races, the Peruvian has perhaps the least energy or force of character. They are lazy and thoughtless, and as a people are fast dying out. A traveller who journeyed across the Andes, to the south-east of Lima, during the past year, says, "The mining and other villages that I visited were composed of mud cottages. They were thatched with grass. The floors were of hardened clay."

The dress of the Indians is simple enough. A coarse blanket robe, brown with dirt, and sometimes ornamented with beads, is all that is worn. They are not a handsome people. The hair is long and black, and hangs down about the shoulders. Their eyes are oblique, after Chinese fashion. The cheek bones are high, and the expression most decidedly sullen and repulsive. Here is the portrait of one of the beauties of the race,—the belle of a rustic village high up on one of the elevated plains of the Andes.

At a village where we halted for the night, says the same traveller, we were accommodated with the hut that belonged to two of the ladies of the Panos tribe. They were inclined to be sociable and to put themselves at our service, but their ugliness and 'fragrance' was altogether too obtrusive. So, after a trifle of hesitation, we told our guide to bundle them out of the hut. We had paid liberally for it, and concluded to use the right of proprietors. The dirty matrons were wonderfully disgusted at our want of taste, and showed it in ways more suggestive than polite.

The next morning we were astonished at the appearance of several people who had entered the village with a party of Indian travellers. Their complexion was livid and ghastly. Their forms were the merest shrunken skeletons. They looked like opium eaters in the last stage of that detestable vice.

I thought, at first, they were victims to some dreadful disease, but afterwards learned that they were earth eaters. Their looks did not recommend their diet. My curiosity was aroused, and I asked one of them to show me the peculiar delicacy that they so much esteemed. He handed me several balls of a pinkish-white clay. I put a piece in my mouth, and found that it had a fatty, disagreeable, earthy taste. It became quite soapy in the mouth, and could be rubbed into a froth. Some of these men declared that they ate nothing else, but drank large quantities of water. The practice when carried to excess always ends in death.

After we left the village we passed another travelling party. This was composed of two persons,—a Panos Indian and his wife.

The woman was loaded with a greater weight than a mule's burden. She carried two large, heavy paddles, and a lot of dead poultry. A huge basket hung on her back, from a strap that went round her forehead. In this were fish, fruit, utensils, gigantic vegetables, and the household gods of the family in general. The poor creature trudged wearily along after her husband, he strutting in front of her with his arms akimbo, looking as though he was doing something to be proud of.

I felt very much like knocking him down, but moderated my impulses and ordered him to halt. I then told Pasco, the guide, to tell him he was a brute, and order him to assist the woman.

The Indians of our party, upon this, squatted themselves upon the ground and burst into roars of laughter. The man himself joined them, and together they seemed to have a very good time at our expense. The idea that a woman could be any thing but a beast of burden was supremely ridiculous to them, and they chuckled among themselves over the joke, and ridiculed, most contemptuously, our uncivilized notions and absurd sentiments.

The dusky lady, at all events, sympathized with them, and indignantly refused to be relieved of any of her burden. She would, no doubt, have considered herself injured and insulted had I persisted in my command. So much for custom. She knew her rights, and, like some women of this country, would have them.

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL TRAVELLING.

Just at this time, there seems to be an unusual number of members of imperial and royal families travelling—we suppose for recreation and enjoyment, like common people. First, among these "high and well born" personages, as the Germans call them, is the Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro II., who is visiting Europe, accompanied by his wife.

Were it not for the facilities for travelling that steam affords, such a journey would not probably be undertaken. Empires require vigilant supervision—especially South American empires—and the months required by the old mode of conveyance, for a trip from Brazil to England and back, might be fruitful of complications and revolutions. This country, it is said, will next year be visited by the Emperor, who is one of the most cultivated and intelligent sovereigns of the day.

The Imperial Prince of Germany—better known as the Crown Prince of Prussia—has made two visits to England, accompanied by his wife, Victoria, who is the eldest daughter, and also the eldest child, of Queen Victoria. It is said he was not very cordially received, as the English and the Germans are not feeling, at this time, very kindly towards each other. But this may not be true.

The Russian Prince Vladimir has also made a visit to England. He is a son of the Czar; and his brother, the Prince Alexis, will visit the United States in September. This young gentleman is an officer in the Russian navy, and is said to be a very promising person,—or personage,—who will make a name for himself.

Three brothers of the Russian Czar—the Grand Dukes Constantine, Michael and Nicholas—have made visits to England. Just now, such visits hardly can be very pleasant to the English, who recollect how the Russian Czar recently broke the treaty he made with them in 1856.

The Russian Czar himself, accompanied by the Czarina, with two of their children, have made a visit to Germany, living for part of the time on the shore of the Lake of Constance.

The Emperor of Germany has had his little tour, but then he did not go out of his own dominions, which, thanks to Prince von Bismarck's energy, are getting to be rather extensive, and afford a tolerably large variety of country in which to make a choice for purposes of rustication. He went no further than Ems, the place where he had that famous quarrel with Count Benedetti, the French Minister, just before the war, last year,—and which had a great deal to do with bringing on the war.

Not only do imperial and royal personages travel more than formerly, but they travel now without any attempts at the *incognito*.

In the last century, when an emperor, or king, or heir-apparent, made a tour, it was often the case that he took a title that was much lower than his own, and it was a point of good breeding to treat him as if he were the person he pretended to be. Thus, the Grand Duke Paul, afterward Czar Paul of Russia, travelled as the Comte de Nord (Count North,) —and Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, took as his travelling title that of Graf von Falkenstein. Gustavus III., of Sweden, travelled as the Comte de Hasa, or some such title. Sovereigns are above or below such attempts at disguise in these times.

It is said that the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, will soon visit this country, in company with her husband, the Marquis of Lorne.

DEALINGS WITH MAD DOGS.

There are few subjects that possess a more terrible fascination than that of hydrophobia. Owing to the awful nature of the disease, and the capricious and uncertain manner it assails its victims, it is invested with horror and mystery beyond almost every other ill to which men are exposed.

It is difficult in the earlier stages of the disease to ascertain whether a dog is mad or not. In all cases of doubt, the animal should at once be killed. No risk should be run. The consequences of delay may be so dreadful, that the life of any dog should be sacrificed without hesitation, if he shows symptoms that lead to the inference that he may possibly be suffering from hydrophobia.

How this disease is contracted cannot always be ascertained. A dog may not have been bitten by another dog, and yet become rabid. An instance is given where a terrier had been confined for a long time in a garden into which it was impossible for any other dog to gain admittance. All at once he showed symptoms of madness, running up and down the garden with the saliva flying from his jaws, and his head twitching from side to side, as the heads of mad dogs always do.

His master was the first to notice this. His first care was to close the doors and to give orders that no person should go into the garden. He had no firearms, and was afraid to leave the house to procure poison while the animal was at large, lest some one should enter the enclosure.

At last he thought of a plan which is worthy of being known. He procured an old box without a lid—a tea-chest would do, or any such thing—and holding this before him, went into the garden.

The poor brute ran towards him, and had he come near enough the man would have covered him with the box. This he could have easily done, for mad dogs never dodge or twist about. But the dog turned and ran back to his kennel. As the end of the chain, which was still round his neck, hung out of the kennel, his master seized it and fastened it to his staple, then sent for some poison and so killed the dog; for he would try to eat, although he could not drink.

The most dangerous peculiarity of this disease is the capricious manner in which it makes its appearance. Sometimes the dog will show for several days that he is not well, by moping, and shunning those he has hitherto loved; while at other times, as in the case just mentioned, it comes on with a frightful suddenness.

Many instances might be given in which great presence of mind and courage have been shown by men who have encountered mad dogs. We have only room for the following:

Some years ago, a large dog, in a state of furious madness, was discovered running about the West End of London. Of course the alarm and excitement spread, and a crowd of shouting men and boys followed it. A butcher was standing at the door of his shop, directly in the track of the rabid beast. The crowd shouted to him to get out of the way; but instead of doing so, the butcher coolly detached his "steel" from his apron, and planted himself in the centre of the pathway.

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Snapping viciously, with whitened jaws, the dog came on, and when close to the butcher sprang at him. As he opened his mouth, the man stepped forward and drove the steel into the brute's throat, almost to the hilt. His fingers were, of course, close to the fatal fangs; but the dog fell dead at his feet, and he escaped harm.

There are many men who would rather have faced a line of bayonets than have done such a deed as this; and many a man has been praised to the skies and rewarded for a less courageous act.

Of all poisons known, that from the bite of a mad dog is the most uncertain and unaccountable in its action. For this reason the feeling of suspense and uncertainty by persons who have been bitten, becomes prolonged agony. The poison may prove fatal in a short time, or months may pass before its effects are seen. And yet sometimes no apparent injury comes from the bite of a rabid dog.

Some years since a child's arm was torn and bitten to the bone, by a dog in the paroxysms of hydrophobia. The child has become a man, and as yet has had no reason to suppose that he has contracted the fearful disease. There have been frequent instances where dogs have bitten a number of persons, and one or two have gone mad, while the rest escaped harm. At the same time it is a fact that a very slight puncture from the bite of a dog not suspected of being rabid, has resulted in the most deadly madness.

As a rule a mad dog will not go out of his way to bite a man. He is rarely very ferocious; but pursues a straight course, snapping at every living thing that he meets.

CRIMES THAT ARE NOT WICKED.

Dreaming seems to be the grand opportunity for the active mental powers to "cut up didos." It can hardly be called a *moral* state or exercise, but is certainly a highly mental and animal one —a sort of mind's play-hour, when it obeys only some curious instinct of *motion*, and frolics and rollicks in total freedom from the reins of reason, order, etiquette, or even of the Ten Commandments. A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* has some highly interesting speculations on the subject of crimes which a sleeper dreams he is committing. He says:

Two esteemed friends have assured me that their consciences are occasionally awake in sleep; on the other hand, a great many more tell me that their own experience entirely corroborates my own observations. For example, an admirable and most kind-hearted lady informs me that she palmed off a bad sixpence on a beggar, and chuckled at the notion of his disappointment.

A distinguished philanthropist, exercising for many years high judicial functions, continually commits forgery, and only regrets the act when he learns that he is to be hanged. A woman, whose life at the time of her dream was devoted to the instruction of pauper children, seeing one of them make a face at her, doubled him into the smallest compass, and thrust him through the bars into a lion's cage.

One of the most benevolent of men, who shared not at all in the military enthusiasm of his brothers, (the late Mr. Richard Napier) ran his friend through the body, and ever after recalled the extreme gratification he had experienced at seeing the point come out between the shoulders of his beloved companion.

Other crimes committed in dreams need not be here recorded, but I am persuaded that if we could but know all the improper things done by the most proper people in their sleep with the utmost *sang froid* and completely unblushing effrontery, the picture would present a diverting contrast to our knowledge of them in their conscious hours. If the moral sense be not wholly suppressed in sleep, there is certainly enough evidence to conclude that it is only exceptionally active, and (so far as I yet learn) only in the case of dreams assuming the character of nightmares, in which the consciousness is far less perfectly dormant than in others.

THE BONAPARTES.

Charles Bonaparte and Lætitia, his wife, respectable citizens of Ajaccico, in Corsica, were the parents of eight children, one of whom became an emperor and the greatest of modern conquerors, three became kings, one a queen, one a reigning sovereign, and one a princess.

This unexampled suddenness of fortune sprang, it is true, from the extraordinary genius of one brother alone. But it is not the less true, that the whole family were endowed with far more than the usual amount of energy and ability. Some of this, again, has been transmitted to their children. Of the twenty-six grandchildren to Charles and Lætitia, one has revived the splendors—and the misfortunes, too—of the first empire; eight or nine of them have become authors of repute—two being, each in his own line, of great distinction; while in none of them has there ever appeared any weakness.

It is only a hundred years since the first of them—Joseph—was born; and only ten years since the youngest of them—Jerome—died. Within the compass of a single life, they have governed France twice, each time with improvements in the material resources of the country, quite disproportioned to the length of the reign and the difficulties they have encountered. They have formed alliances with the noblest houses in Europe. They have been—for good and for evil—perpetually in the mouths of men. They have fallen hopelessly, and have risen unexpectedly. They have had disastrous reverses and splendid successes. They have been alternately the sport and the spoiled children of fortune.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

Men may be tigers in ferocity when roused by the excitement and carnage of battle, but when the fight is over, and reaction comes, the better and nobler nature will assert itself. A gray-headed Frenchman has been recalling some of the incidents of war under the first Napoleon, and among others tells the following. In the fury of the fight he had struck to the earth a Prussian soldier, a mere boy. When he saw him prostrate and bleeding, he says:

Then all my rage melted away as if it had never been, and the strangest feeling of pity for him came into my mind instead. "Mayhap," thought I to myself, as I knelt down beside him, "this brave lad has a mother up in the north, watching for his coming back just as Mere Madelor watches for me in the little cottage beside the Rance."

I raised his head upon my arm, and tore open the collar of his jacket to let him breathe freer; and in so doing my finger caught upon a locket that hung round his neck. That seemed to rouse him; he opened his eyes, and, seeing me, smiled and murmured something in German, as if thanking me.

I turned away my face, for it was pitiful to see his fair hair all dabbled with blood. (I was only sixteen, remember, and hadn't got used to it); but he took my hand and laid it on the locket, as though telling me to take care of it; and so he died, as quietly as a child in its mother's arms.

But, alas, I had a sore heart the next day, when I found in the locket a lock of gray hair, and some German words, which Charles Sprengger (who was from Alsace) told me meant "With thy mother's blessing." I couldn't remember that I had killed a Prussian; I could only think that I had taken a son from his mother.

There was silence for some minutes after old Pierre ended.

PUNCHING HIM OUT WITH AN UMBRELLA.

Judge Dowling, of New York, is quite as much a terror to evil doers in private life as when on the bench. For evidence of this we need only copy a paragraph from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of a recent date, giving an account of the judge's prowess in defeating four burglars at the house in London where he is making a visit:

The Hon. Judge Dowling, of New York, is a useful person to have staying in the house on certain occasions which are not so rare as they ought to be in the neighborhood of London. Hearing a noise the other night in the house of a friend to whom he is on a visit at Richmond-terrace, Westbourne-grove, and going down stairs to see what caused it, the American justice found himself in the presence of four black-faced burglars, whom—taking them, perhaps, for niggers and despising them accordingly—he attacked with an umbrella-stand, dispersing them and putting them to flight. Without undervaluing the strength and courage of the judge, we may be permitted to remark that his introduction of a new weapon gave him a decided advantage over his opponents. It is not stated whether or not the umbrella-stand was loaded with umbrellas; but, in any case, such an engine is to any ordinary household weapon—say, for instance, a parlor poker—much what the mitrailleuse is to the common musket. On the other hand, like the club of Hercules, it is not every one who can wield it; and we are afraid there are but few persons in this country by whom an umbrella-stand would be found, as it was by Mr. Justice Dowling, a convenient instrument for the punishment and expulsion of housebreakers.

HOW BISMARCK LOOKS.

Bismarck is an immensely large man. When he goes through one of the doors of the chamber he fills the whole space, and must stoop beside. He is tall, straight and well proportioned. His broad shoulders and full breast bespeak an immense force. He is not fat, (where a German ought to be fat) but his cheeks are so fat as to almost close his eyes, though since the war he seems to have grown a little thinner.

He has a large head, which is bald on the top, (the comic papers invariably represent him with three hairs) and on the sides has a little short, half-gray hair, which is in marked contrast with his full white moustache. His nose is rather short, and his eyes imbedded under a heavy brow. His face is almost as white as his moustache, and is full of vigorous expression.

When he sits he commonly leans forward, as if just ready to get up, and those portraits of him appear most natural which represent him in this position. His only joint would seem to be in his loins; for his back and neck are always kept straight. He is commonly in uniform, and his coat shines all over with bright buttons and brilliant badges. He is a man that any one would pick out of a crowd as a leading character.

When he enters the chamber, every eye is turned to him, and many show him special marks of honor; so that his first movements on entering are to politely return these signs of respect, both to the members of the Reichstag and to visitors. For, as often as he has already appeared in the Reichstag, the general curiosity to see him has never abated, so that everybody must look when Bismarck comes.

He always sits at the minister's desk, and seems to pay little attention to the debate, though he is always ready to speak. His speeches are generally short, and always go direct to the point. One need never wait long to know what he is going to talk about, or what view he is going to take on the matter. His speeches sparkle with strong, bold points, and he is always interesting. His voice is rather high and broken, and is not very strong. He half mumbles his words, and, from his fast speaking, is often a little indistinct. He gesticulates but little, and swings his body slightly backward and forward while speaking.

PARADING ONE'S LEARNING.

Mr. Spurgeon (who is not a learned man himself) does not like displays of learning in others —especially those of his own profession. There is good sense in much that he says about it:

Avoid all pedantry. As a general thing, it must be observed that those who know the least Greek are most sure to air their rags of learning in the pulpit; they miss no chance of saying, "The Greek is so and so." It makes a man an inch and a half nearer a fool if he everlastingly lets fall bits of Greek and Hebrew, and even tells the tense of the verb, and the case of the noun, as I have known some to do. Those who have no learning usually make a point of displaying the pegs on which learning ought to be hung. The whole process of interpretation is to be carried on in your study; you are not to show your congregation the process, but to give them the result; like a good cook, who would never think of bringing up dishes, and pans, and rolling pins, and spice box into the dining-hall, but without ostentation, sends up the feast. If necessity demands it, correct where correction must be, for truth's sake, but never for the vainglorious display of your critical ability.

SINCERE MOURNERS.

The most notable incident of Father Taylor's funeral was an old woman, with her poor, soiled dress, and her basket of oranges and apples on her arm, walking up the aisle in the midst of the services, looking into his face, and going out, paying no attention to the audience or the exercises.

This will remind some of the poor boy, with one suspender and a ragged shirt, who came into the church at Pittsfield and looked into Gov. Briggs' coffin. Nothing is more touching, or really honorable to the memory of the truly good and great, than the simple sorrow shown at their death by those who cannot wear the funeral livery for them.

A RARITY OF INDUSTRY.

"Boston notions" are famous, but we did not know that any of them were so choice and precious as the one mentioned below. It is asserted that

There is no city or town in the United States where the difficult and interesting process of diamond cutting is carried on but in Boston, and only one Boston house has ever attempted to improve imperfect diamonds, or cut the gems as they come from their native beds.

Aladdin, and Sinbad, and the oriental Afrits themselves will be in debt to Yankee mechanics yet.

HOW MUCH MONEY FRANCE WILL HAVE TO PAY.

Germany makes France pay a big price for indulging in war. Here is something that will show you about how much the sum *measures:*

Should the French indemnity to Germany be paid all at one time in gold, a train of freight cars one and three-fourths English miles long would be required to carry it home, and a train of twenty-six English miles, if paid in silver. If distributed in gold, each one of the German soldiers in France would receive five pounds, and sixty-one pounds if distributed in silver. If paid in five hundred franc notes, two freight cars, carrying 10,000 pounds each, would be required to carry the indemnity to Germany.

SCORNED THE FLOOR.

A man from one of the rural districts recently went to Washington to see the sights. A member of the House, whose constituent he was, said,

"Come up to-morrow, and I will give you a seat on the floor of the House."

"No, you don't!" replied Jonathan; "I always manage to have a cheer to set on at home, and I bet I haint come to Wash'n'ton to set on the floor! Injuns may do that when they come, if they like, but I, that am civilized, don't do it!"

POETRY HARD WORK.

Gray, the author of "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," used to spend a whole day on two lines; and now it is said that John G. Whittier never puts three lines of poetry together without bringing on an attack of neuralgia, a disease from which he has suffered a long time.

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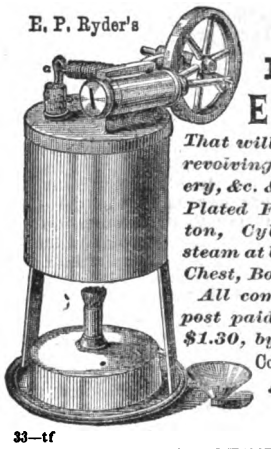

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TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A little boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst,
Then gracefully he touched his cap—
I thank you, Mr. Pump, he said,
For this nice drink you've given me!
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the pump, My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the water run.
O, then, the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be,)
Cold water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me.

Ah! said cold water, don't thank me;
Far up the hillside lives the spring
That sends me forth, with generous hand,
To gladden every living thing.
I'll thank the spring, then, said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
O, don't thank me, my little man,
The spring with silvery accents said.

O, don't thank me—for what am I
Without the dew and summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again.
O, well, then, said the little boy,
I'll gladly thank the rain and dew.
Pray don't thank us—without the sun
We could not fill one cup for you.

Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me.
Stop! said the sun, with blushing face,
My little fellow, don't thank me,
'Twas from the ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee.
O, ocean, thanks! then said the boy—
It echoed back, Not unto me.

Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply.
The boy took off his cap, and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued,
O, God, I thank thee for this gift,
Thou art the Giver of all good.

Christian Radical.

ADVENTURE OF TWO BOYS AT A WOLF-DEN.

The following almost incredible pioneer story gives us some new ideas as to the cowardice (or at least the queer behavior) of old wolves at a time when we supposed them to be fiercest, and shows what a couple of "Buckeye" lads can be equal to when spurred on by the prospect of bounty money. We clip this from the *Mute's Chronicle*, Columbus, O., and conclude it is trustworthy, for the Rev. George Brown, D. D., who writes it, would not tell a lie:

In the month of May, 1804, John Adrian, a boy of my age, but rather under my size, came to our house one Sunday to make my acquaintance. My parents had gone to meeting. I told John, who was just over from Maryland, and knew nothing yet of backwoods life, that I had heard old hunters say that wherever the wolves howled between daylight and sunrise in the mouth of May, there they had their young cubs, and that every morning, about due east from our house, somewhere about the top of the Piney Fork Ridge, two miles off, they could be heard howling. He and I talked the matter over, and became excited, so we determined on a wolf-hunt. That evening, Sunday as it was, with no fear of God before our eyes, we took the gun and dog, and to the top of the Piney Fork Ridge we went. There we lodged in an old hunter's camp, covered with bark, supposing ourselves to be near the den of wolves. Neither snakes nor wolves disturbed us, yet we did not sleep much, being deeply excited in contemplation of our enterprise.

In the morning, before any wolves had howled, we were on the alert, moving down the south side of a deep ravine. In about ten minutes from the time we left our camp the old she wolf started from the mouth of the den in full chase after our dog. He, being young and terribly scared, came running to us with the hair on his back all turned the other way, closely pursued by the wolf. On seeing us the wolf varied her course and went round us like a streak. Finding no chance to shoot with any hope of hitting her, my fire was reserved.

In a few moments she and her mate set up a fearful howling, just over the ridge beyond the den. Had John and I been experienced hunters, our first aim would have been to kill the old wolves, and thereby lessen the hazard of capturing the young ones. But we never thought of this. At all hazards, the young cubs we were determined to capture. So we crossed the deep ravine, and up to the mouth of the den we went. There we stood, took breath, listened to the cubs in the den playing, and to the old wolves over the ridge howling most furiously. Our plans were laid to take the cubs. John was stationed at the mouth of the den, with the gun in his hands. I charged him to fight hard for me if the old wolves came—to shoot one and kill the other with the but of the gun—not doubting but what he could do it—and to be sure not to let them into the den after me.

This done, I went into the den—it was about twelve feet in the hill—there I found the cubs playing. The den was of ample dimensions, warmly bedded with leaves and moss, and must have been comfortable to its inmates. I took two of the cubs by the hind legs and backed myself out, and gave John a hind leg of each, in his left hand, and told him to hold the gun in his right hand, and if the old wolves came to let all go and fight hard for me.

Then listening a while to the old wolves howling, I went in again and brought out two more cubs, and gave John a hind leg of each in his right hand; so he, coming down to his hunkers, took the gun between his knees and gave some signs of fear, as the old wolves howled furiously. Seeing John's trepidation I charged him to be brave, and went in again and brought out two more cubs, six in all; so then he took three hind legs in each hand, still giving indications of fear.

So once more I charged him to be valiant in his effort to capture the wolves, and went in again, searched the den thoroughly, and could find no more cubs. I then came out, and we left the den—left the old wolves howling. We got off unhurt, and reached home by eight o'clock with our six young wolves, very much to the surprise of all at home.

That day John and I took our young wolves to Squire Leech. In his presence I cut off all their heads and made oath that we had captured them in Wayne township, Jefferson county, O., and got an order on the Treasurer for the township bounty, and likewise an order on the County Treasurer for the State bounty. The next day John and I went to Steubenville and drew our bounty, I now forget how much. Any one interested in the matter might, by searching the records, find that John Ward, Treasurer, paid George Brown a certain sum of money—more than he ever had in his life before—for six wolf-scalps in May, 1804. In Steubenville, and in our own neighborhood, this was deemed quite an exploit for two boys only twelve years of age—a little ahead of Gen. Putnam.

BASE TRICK.

At the Royal Military School at Naumburg, the pupils had once the bad habit of escaping from their rooms at night to spend it in the town in drinking and gambling. One of the masters took much trouble by getting up in the night and watching to catch the offenders. He had succeeded in several cases, and the culprits had been severely punished.

One day he had been out rather late in his garden, and was coming back when it was quite dark, through the long passage which led to his bedroom. Fortunately for him, he had a stick in his hand, with which he struck upon a large fox-trap which was placed just before his door; it at once closed upon the stick and broke it, as if it had been a twig.

He suffered no further harm than the fright which the noise of the trap had caused him. As the intention with which the trap had been placed there could plainly be no other than to break his leg, and make it impossible for the good man to pursue the vicious scholars, the strictest investigations were set on foot to discover the guilty person, but in vain.

Several years after this the master received a letter from a man who had been at this school at the time when this wicked prank was played, and afterwards became a hussar; the contents were as follows:

"For a long time I rejoiced that I was able to conceal my disgraceful action of placing the fox-trap at your door, notwithstanding the inquiries made about it. I little thought that the Almighty, from whom nothing is hidden, would soon enough bring me to a reckoning for it. He has done so. Instead of breaking your legs, as I hoped to do, God preserved you, and prepared for me the very same fate which I had so wickedly planned for you. At the battle of Zorndorf both my legs were shattered by a cannon-ball. What I have since suffered cannot be described, but my conscience has tortured me more than the pain of my wounds. Near me in the hospital lay several of my comrades, who had far more dangerous wounds, but they were much calmer, for they could pray with cheerfulness to God. This I could not do, and shall not be able to do till I have confessed my wicked action to you, and entreated your pardon. Tell your present pupils my terrible history, that it may serve as a fresh example to them, that though God's justice may rest silent for a long time at man's wickedness, yet at last He will visit the offender more terribly if His long-suffering does not bring him to repentance. As soon as I can use my legs again, I will hasten to you, and beg on my knees for your forgiveness, on the very spot where I perpetrated the most disgraceful action of my life."

ORIGIN OF "KNICKERBOCKER."

It used to grieve Washington Irving, when a young student, to hear the contemptuous English remark, "Who reads an American book?" and he used to have ambitious dreams about what he would do to make the literature of his native land respected. Curiously enough, his ambition had its wish before he had fairly begun his design, and his comic history of New York, written in boyish sport, not only established his fame at home, but secured for him the admiration of men like Sir Walter Scott abroad.

This volume, begun by his brother, Dr. Peter Irving, and himself, was meant to be a laughable but pretty correct sort of burlesque history. It was entitled, "A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty," by Diedrich Knickerbocker. His brother soon left America for a tour in Europe, and nearly all of one of the richest books of humor ever written was the work of a young man not yet twenty-five years old.

Here will be seen the fruit of that knowledge of the early settlers of Manhattan Island, which the boy had gathered in his early rambles, when many times the town-crier was in search of him, or perhaps there was a "rod in soak" at home. It is true that Irving saw broad fun where others, often, would have seen only a sedate circumstance; but his version of the manners and customs, united with his whimsical account of such events as were noteworthy, met with instant appreciation. Every new invention or gay garment became dubbed with the name, Knickerbocker. There were Knickerbocker boats, hotels, swings, coaches, coats, boots, umbrellas, fish-hooks; in fact there was nothing, scarcely, that was new, which was not brought quicker into notice by the adoption of the fashionable name.—*Bright Side.*

DIOGENES AND THE SLAVE.

An old story of Diogenes, the cynic, says that he was seen one day at noon, groping through the streets of Athens, with a lighted lantern in his hand, and on being asked the reason of this absurd movement, replied that he was "trying to *find a man.*" The French have added a few details to the story of his curious search. Here is a translation of them:

Passing before the temple of Charity he saw at the door a pontiff, and cried to him,—

"My lord, in pity give me an alms, if it is only a penny, to comfort my old age and infirmity."

"Let my blessing suffice thee, O my son," returned the pontiff, and entered into the temple of Charity.

The philosopher passed a stall ornamented with bouquets, fans and perfumery. A fine lady was making some purchases.

"You spend money for pleasure, madam; will you not have compassion on a poor wretch tormented by hunger?"

"Your condition is indeed pitiable," replied the elegant woman; "take this, my friend, and buy yourself a barley loaf." She threw him a farthing, then gayly handed the merchant a dozen pieces of silver, the price of a collar for her dog.

The cynic withdrew, rubbing his ear.

The prince of Salamine drove past in a magnificent carriage. Diogenes ran, and catching hold of the carriage door, exclaimed,—

"Pray, my good lord, stop and listen to me."

"Get you gone, clown," cried the prince, "or I will knock you down."

A slave who saw him push the old man from the carriage door, threw two pennies in the beggar's hat.

"Ah!" cried the wise man, "I have then found at last a man, and that man is a slave."

He said this and extinguished his lantern.

MY FIRST AND LAST MINT JULEP.

"I was born in this city, and am now forty-five years old. When I was quite small my family removed to the country, where my parents died, leaving me an orphan, without means, to shift for myself. When about eighteen years of age, I returned to the city to seek my fortune. I had become a professor of religion, and was trying to do my duty. I knew not a single individual. I stopped at a boarding-house, and began to hunt up and down the streets and levees for something to do.

"One day, while thus walking along in my daily hunt for employment, I was accosted by a man who recognized me from a family resemblance. After some conversation he offered me employment at ten dollars a month. I told him I would work for that sum, which would just pay my board, if I could find some place to sleep. He showed me a place in a loft, and I extemporized a bed. He first set me to opening and putting into barrels a hogshead of sugar. This was the first work I ever did in this city. After some time he set me to making out bills, and seemed greatly astonished that I could write so well and make out the bills so correctly. In a short time I began to get acquainted with other business houses, and soon obtained a better situation.

"At my boarding-place I became quite intimate with a number of clerks who were in good positions, but who were spending in various ways a good deal more money than their salaries amounted to. They often invited me to join them in their amusements, to visit bar-rooms, gambling-houses, and other places still more disreputable. It was a difficult task to mingle socially with these pleasant young men, and refuse to go with them in their rounds of evening amusements. At length they persuaded me to accompany them to a bar-room and try a *mint julep.* I stifled my conscience, consented, and went with them, and took the exciting beverage. It was a crisis in my history. I went home to my room impressed with a feeling of horror at the sight of the abyss on which I stood. I threw myself on my knees, and asked God for strength to adhere to my resolution, and then made a solemn promise before God that I would never again enter a grog-shop to drink, not even to gratify my friends. *That was my first and last mint julep.*

"These young men that were then my associates have gone, I know not where. Some were swept away a few years later by the cholera. Some went to California, and are probably dead. Some have gone down to drunkards' graves. I look back on the danger I escaped with a shudder. I truly believe it was the unseen hand of God's protecting providence that held me back from the vortex which has swallowed up thousands of the noblest young men of this city."

The above narrative is almost word for word as it was given to the writer by the narrator himself. It may be added, that after this crisis in his history he became an accomplished business man, and by his diligence and fidelity to his employers, and strict business integrity, won a high place in the esteem of the commercial community. Entering finally upon a business career on his own account, he met with rapid and remarkable success. He is now at the head of a commercial house which, in the amount of its annual business, is second to but one other firm in the largest interior city of the United States. Of that city, the place of his birth, he is, by the suffrage of his fellow-citizens, the honored and worthy mayor. But more honorable than all that, he is a devoted and consistent Christian.

CINNAMON.

Cinnamon bark is well known to all our readers. Boys and girls, as well as many grown people, like to scent and eat it. It is an article of commerce, and great quantities are brought to the United States every year. It is in daily use, but not many take any thought about where and how it grows, and how it is prepared for the market. The Cinnamon plant is supposed to be a native of Ceylon, an island in the Indian Ocean, south of Asia, the people of which are called the Ceylonese. But this plant is cultivated chiefly by the people of China, not because a better quality or more abundant crop is produced there, but because the Chinese are more industrious and value commerce more highly than the Ceylonese. These countries have their Cinnamon harvest, when all hands are busily engaged, as are we in gathering the productions of this country. But this harvest commences in May and continues until October. The plants are not cut down and destroyed, but the twigs or shoot-limbs are carefully selected and cut off, ranging in size from a half-inch to two-inches, the smaller the better. After they are cut from the plant a knife, made for the purpose, is run several times lengthwise through the bark, so that it may be easily stripped off. After being stripped off, the bark is dried in the sun, and rolls up like quills. It is then bound into bundles of thirty pounds each, sewed up in mats, and sent to market.

The "cassia-buds" which are procured at the drug and confectionery stores, and chewed to sweeten the breath, are the dried flowers of the cinnamon tree, gathered for commerce just before they burst into bloom.

LIFE-LONG PLAYTHINGS.

The tastes and fancies of children in their sport are often found to be the bud or germ of their future choice of trades or professions. An English magazine writer goes so far as to say that all the implements of grown-up men's business are but bigger playthings. As a figure of rhetoric it does very well to say so:

Look at the rich man with his establishment; what is it but a bigger box of toys?—the tin coach grown up big; the horses become alive; the box of sheep and cows developed and better made, able to walk, and bleat, and low; the trees able to stand more firmly than those old avenues whose trees were all of that one peaked shape, with the green ringlets up them; the toy ship grown into a yacht; the box of dinner things with the varnished provisions, immovable upon them, exchanged for those grand dinner parties *a la Russe;* the doll passed into a wife; the baby-house into a nursery? Ah, sad if the command come to lay by these in a box and to put them on a shelf in earth's great cupboard for our broken toys! Well, I grant you it would be a poor way to consider things, to look at these things only as toys, only as ministers for amusement, and stays for the whim of the hour. But it is certain that they who look not beyond this brief life do thus consider of them, do thus employ them. The toy age continues all the life long, though the child's heart goes soon."

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

We do not know where this "batch" of blunt, sensible maxims came from, but the wisdom in them is worthy of "Poor Richard:"

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop, the water comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; there are many thieves down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool makes money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you have a chance to rest when you are old.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

The instinct of animals is sometimes really surprising. There was once in the possession of a farmer in Clonmel, a goose that by accident was left without mate or offspring, male or female. Now it chanced that the good wife had set a number of duck's eggs under a hen, which in due time were incubated, and of course the ducklings took to water, at which the motherly old hen was in a sad pucker—her maternity urged her to follow the brood, and her selfishness, to remain on dry land. In the meantime up sailed the goose with clack and clatter, which interpreted, meant, "Let me take care of them." She swam up and down with the youngsters, and when they wearied of their aquatic excursions, recommitted them to the guardianship of the hen. In the morning down came the ducks, there was the goose, and the hen in great flustration. On this occasion we do not know if the goose invited the hen for a friendly sail, but it is the fact that, being near the shore, the hen

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jumped upon her back, and in company they cruised up and down, as it were, convoying the feathered flotilla. Day by day the hen, on board the goose, might be seen in perfect content and good humor. Numbers of people came to visit this extraordinary occurrence, which happened day after day until the juvenile excursionists arrived at the days of discretion, and no longer needed the services of "goose and-hen pilots, instructors," etc.

PAIN A GOOD STIMULANT.

A certain amount of care, and even trouble, is often necessary to make people faithful, industrious and brave. Left in a condition of total ease they would grow idle and useless:

There is an old story in the Greek annals, of a soldier under Antigonus, who had a disease about him, an extremely painful one, likely to bring him soon to the grave. Always first in the charge was this soldier, rushing into the hottest part of the fray, as the bravest of the brave. His pain prompted him to fight, that he might forget it; and he feared not death, because he knew that in any case he had not long to live. Antigonus, who greatly admired the valor of this soldier, discovering his malady, had him cured by one of the most eminent physicians of the day; but, alas! from that moment the warrior was absent from the front of the battle. He now sought his ease; for, as he remarked to his companions, he had something worth living for—health, home, family, and other comforts, and he would not risk his life as aforetime.

A MIRACLE.

The following Hebrew story amusingly shows how dishonest persons "come out" when they commit their sly sin and count on the honesty of others to conceal it:

In an Israelite community there lived a rabbi, esteemed and beloved by all. To prove their gratitude for services rendered, the community decided, upon the suggestion of a rich merchant, to offer the rabbi a present of a tun of wine, and, that all might contribute to it, it was agreed that each should bring a bottle of wine and pour it into the receptacle. The rabbi received with gratitude the offering, and with much precaution deposited the precious liquor in his cellar. But, O grief! when he wished to taste it, a miracle had operated. Instead of wine, he found only water. His honest friends had all individually thought that a bottle of water would pass unperceived in the quantity of wine. Unhappily, each had the same idea.

NEWMAN HALL AND HIS MOTHER.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler gives this extract from Newman Hall's letter. It is an encouragement to mothers to pray. Such fruit that faith may yet bear to God and man:

I'm sitting in the sanctum of my sweet old mother, now over eighty. She is on the sofa reading; we are together alone. She says, "N., let us pray together." So I kneel where fifty years ago I knelt at her knee, and how beautifully and earnestly she prayeth! In the midst, brother A. comes and kneels beside us, while she goes on. We are the *fruits of that mother's prayers*. Beloved saint, her memory fails, and all interest in the outer world. But her love of Jesus remains, and her hope of heaven, and often she breaks out with an old hymn of early days. This evening she has repeated to me fifty lines of Thomson's hymn on the Seasons.

AN INCIDENT IN A DENTIST'S LIFE.

A Cincinnati dentist, who had become nervous by frequent burglaries in his vicinity, was somewhat startled recently by having a man come daily at the same hour each evening and sit on his doorstep. He finally suggested that if it would be all the same to him he would be pleased to have him divide his attentions and sit on some neighbor's doorstep for a while. "But it wouldn't be the same," shouted the visitor in return, "nor any thing like it. You are a dentist, and I have an infernal aching tooth that I haven't the courage to have pulled. I come here every afternoon trying to make up my mind to have it out, and as soon as I come in sight of your house it stops aching, and as long as I sit on your doorstep, where the confounded thing knows it can be pulled if it gives trouble, I have some rest. Now if you want me to go to another dentist I will." "O, no!" was the reply; "under those circumstances stay, by all means, my friend."

FAITH.

A young Portuguese convert being asked what she meant by faith, replied, "Me think this: God say to me, 'Maria, I promise you something very, very good.' Me not know what it is; me wait perhaps long, long time; but me sure God tell not story. Me quite happy. God say He give, and me quite sure God will give; that me think faith. God says, 'Maria, me do it;' me quite sure; no want to see. God says, and that enough for Maria. That's faith, is it not?"

A NEIGHBOR'S TELEGRAPH.

The Providence (R. I.) *Journal* says: "Two brothers in this city, living about five hundred feet apart, have established communication between themselves in a somewhat novel manner. An ordinary half-inch gas pipe has been laid under ground, terminating in the front halls of the houses, in each end of which is a whistle, such as is used in speaking-tubes.

THE LITTLE NEW BOOTS.

Tan you dess what my papa did brin me home to-night?
You might dess lots of thins, but you wouldn't dess wight.
O! I do not beyeive dat you ever tould dess.
Now if I was a dirl, you would say a new dress;
But as I am a boy, and am dust four years old,
Do you think you tould dess, if you never was told?

Dey are not velly lon, and not velly short,
But dey are de nicest dat ever was bought,
Dey are black as can be, have yittle red tops,
And de yed it bedins just where de black stops.
Dey have two yittle heels, and two funny ears,
And sometimes dey squeaks so all de folks hears.

Dey were de nicest my papa tould get me,
I would seep in 'em, if mamma would let me;
I s'pose she would say, 'twas a velly bad plan,
So I'll teep my eyes open 's long as I tan,
And of all my presents, 'tis dis one dat suits,
Dese dear yittle squeaky yittle yed top boots.

I'll help my dear mamma, and I'll wock de baby,
I'll be ever so dood, and den sometime, may be,
If he makes lots of money, my dear papa might
Det some squeakier boots dan he dot me to-night.
For of all of de music, 'tis dis kind dat suits,
De bid squeak dat comes out of de new Nilsson boots.

For the Companion.

PATTY'S REAL PARTY.

Patty Warren did not like to hear much said about parties after her first attempt in that way. She felt mortified every time she remembered it, and would have nothing more to do with Jenny and Angie.

Her mother was sorry for her little girl's trouble, but she knew it would be a good lesson for Patty. She said nothing more to her about it.

But Patty privately told her mother that she "thought parties were the very worst things that ever were made, and she hoped she should never see another for forty years."

Mrs. Warren smiled, and thought she would change her mind one of these days.

Patty's birthday was coming in about two months, and her mother decided to give her a little surprise by having a nice little party for her. She didn't want Patty to be punished too much for her foolish mistake.

Patty didn't know any thing about it. She never guessed about the tarts, and the cakes, and the pretty frosted birthday loaf with Patty's name and age on the top, that her mother and Aunt Myra worked so hard to make while she was away at school. They wanted Patty should be surprised and pleased, for this was to be her first party—her first real party, you know.

And then she was such a good little girl they were glad to give her a pleasure.

Patty opened her eyes on her birthday morning, feeling very happy indeed. It was a beautiful day, it was her birthday, and besides it was a half-holiday. She lay still a few minutes, wondering if she would have any presents, and what they would be if she did.

Then her hand chanced to touch something hard under her pillow. She sprang up quickly and drew out three packages. She opened them in great haste and found a pretty red book of fairy tales, a small workbox and a microscope.

While she was exclaiming with delight, her mother came in to give her a birthday kiss and tell her to make haste and dress, for breakfast was ready.

"Come home as soon as you can this noon," said her mother, as Patty danced off to school. "We shall have dinner early."

"Yes, ma'am," said Patty.

After dinner Mrs. Warren dressed Patty in a fresh white dress, with a blue sash, and tied up her long curls with a blue ribbon.

"Are we going away, mamma?" asked Patty.

"No, dear," said her mother, smiling. "I am only going to show you that parties are not 'the very worst things that ever were made,' if they come in the right time and way.

"So, Miss Patty, you are going to have a birthday party this afternoon, and I hope you will enjoy it."

Patty looked surprised. Then she threw her arms around her mother's neck and gave her a good kissing. "You're real good," said she.

"Very well. I've had kisses enough for once," said her mother, laughing. "I hear the door-bell."

Patty ran down stairs to meet her visitors. There were about a dozen little girls of Patty's age, and she was well acquainted with them all. But at first she felt a little bashful and puzzled to know what to do with so many.

That soon passed away, however, and they had a merry time. Patty showed them her presents, her kittens, her dolls and her swing, and they played with them all.

Aunt Myra taught them several new games, and the time passed so quickly they were all surprised when Mrs. Warren called them to supper.

It was a happy little company that gathered around the table, admiring the flowers, the birthday cake, and enjoying the good things provided for them.

After supper they played a few more games, and then the children went home early, quite satisfied with their good time.

And tired little Patty, as she went off to bed, was heard to declare that parties were "pretty nice, after all."

THE SWALLOWS' STRATAGEM.

One morning there was great commotion among the swallows under our shed. The old birds, having come to the conclusion that it was time for their little ones to leave the nest, were flying back and forth and uttering cries of encouragement to the birdlings, who were perched tremblingly on the edge of the nest, admiring the ease and freedom with which they flew about, and wishing to soar away, yet not daring to trust themselves on their untried wings, and, cuddling down into the nest, they peeped helplessly. Finally, the old birds called their neighbors from the barn, who came, three or four of them, and with their advice sought to entice the birdies forth.

Finding persuasion of no avail with the cowardly babies, they resorted to strategy. All day long they were busy flying back and forth, bringing bits of straw and mud in their mouths, and working away on the nest. What they were doing I could not imagine, and the young birds seemed as much puzzled as myself. But pretty soon I saw what they were up to. They were building a piazza around their nest.

The next forenoon, the structure being completed, they invited the children down there. O yes! they had as lief hop down there as not; but when once down they knew not how to get back to the nest, and felt they might as well fly as remain there, where they were in constant danger of falling; so, yielding to the entreaties of the old ones, who were circling about showing them how easy it was, they plucked up courage and fluttered down safely, alighting on the fence, wood-pile, and one on an axe-handle. And great was the rejoicing among the birds at the success of their manœuvre.—*S. S. Gazette.*

LITTLE ARTHUR loves to stay in the kitchen, especially when there is considerable going on.

He dabbles in the flour, tastes of the sugar, drops the eggs, and has a finger in every pie.

One day poor Katie quite lost her patience, and said, sharply, "Off wid ye, Misther Arthur! Shure, the kitchen's no place for ye!"

"Why, yes, Katie," said Arthur, positively; "the kitchen is *just* the place for me. 'Cause if I grow up and my wife should die, I ought to know how to cook."

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

WORD SQUARE.

1. An insect.
2. Not any.
3. A girl's name.
4. To lacerate.

MEDORA B.

2.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 42 letters.
My 1, 20, 41, 5, 31, 16, 2, 24 was miraculously saved from death.
My 8, 21, 33, 4, 5, 13, 22, 29 was an idol of the Babylonians.
My 14, 9, 18, 37, 30, 17, 22, 40 was a Roman officer.
My 20, 9, 37, 26, 6. 10, 39, 16 was a wicked woman.
My 23, 10, 28, 36, 38, 14, 26, 11 was an ancient tribe.
My 27, 34, 15, 21, 8, 38, 1, 29 was a ruler of the Jews.
My 32, 19, 8, 3, 17, 12, 35, 23 was miraculously destroyed.
My 40, 30, 5, 13, 25, 42, 7, 15 was a queen of Persia.
My whole is part of a verse of the Bible.

ISOLA.

3.

HIDDEN FRUITS.

1. The monkey, the baboon and ape are of the same species.
2. If I get the prize I will tell you.
3. You are a madcap; each one of you deserves punishment.
4. Mother looks glad at even the mention of her name.
5. Which is the most valuable grain, teacher? rye, oats or barley?
6. Plume your wings for a flight, sweet bird.
7. And they shall reap plenty hereafter.
8. Joe, put on your cap, run ever so fast, and bring the doctor.
9. I could not work out the problem on the board.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.

4.

REBUS.

HAUTBOY.

5.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in foot but not in leg.
My *second* is in box but not in keg;
My *third* is in joy but not in pain,
My *fourth* is in grass and also in grain;
My *fifth* is in couple but not in pair,
My *sixth* is in rent but not in tear,
My whole is constantly in the air.

LILLIAN WELLS.

6.

I am a preposition of 2 letters.
Prefix the letter B and I am used by millers.
Prefix the letter F and I am a part of a fish.
Prefix the letter G and I am drank.
Prefix the letter P and I am of great use.
Prefix the letter S and we all should prevent.
Prefix the letter T and I am used by cooks.

R. H. W.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a successful student of history and an Arab? One gets up the dates to carry off the palm, and the other gets up the palm to carry off the dates.

When is water most liable to escape? When it is only half-*tide*.

What dress is most durable? A habit.

Why is a flea like a long winter? It makes a backward spring.

What piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as finished? A-gate.

What kind of a man would you prefer for a guide on a dark night? A lantern-jawed man:

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Boot-string.
2. VIRGINIA, RICHMOND—(1) Void, (2) Iron, (3) Ratio, (4) Gem, (5) Impeach, (6) Nitric, (7) I, (8) Air.
3. "In a sinking vessel, for water a cry,
Calls for relief from a passer by."
4. Hermitage, heritage. Marmoset, marmot. Romantic, romanic. Drear, dear.
5. O. W. Holmes.
6. Sofa, Omen, Fern, Anna.

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THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

Most of the larger cities in Germany have rose gardens. They do not cover a large space of ground, but usually contain several hundred varieties. It is surprising that more court is not paid to the Queen of Flowers among us. Is it because we are such ardent Republicans that we cannot bring ourselves to do homage to queens of any kind?

It is said, that in the gardens of Paul, a nursery-man near London, there are fully one thousand varieties of the rose, including the black sort, as well as every variation in shade of white, yellow and red.

According to Anacreon, the Grecian poet, the rose sprang from the white sea-foam (not the kind of sea-foam [meerschaum] of which pipes are now made) at the same time as Venus, the goddess of beauty, and at sight of it the gods were so charmed that they dropped some nectar upon it, which gave it its sweet fragrance.

Others maintain more seriously, that the rose is the only flower which has come down to us from the garden of Eden, and that all the different kinds—the Abyssinian rose of Africa, as well as the *Rosa Blanda* of the Arctic regions, in 75° north latitude—descend from one original stock. Certain it is, that one of the finest kinds of roses, the *Centipolia*, has its home in North-western Asia, where the garden of Paradise is supposed to have been situated; and that the neighboring country of Persia surpasses all others in its rose-culture. One of the most renowned books in Persian literature, is also distinguished by the name Rose Garden—the *Gulistan of Saadi*.

GALLANT RESCUE.

Here is a remarkable instance of the sagacity and affection of a fine drake, which occurred, several winters ago, in Regent's Park:

On the breaking up of the ice on the lake, a duck got its foot fast in one of the ice-cracks. Immediately it set up a loud cry of distress. The people on the bank could render no help, as no one could venture on the ice. In a few moments, however, a fine drake came flying in haste to the rescue; and the beautiful bird seemed instantly to understand the difficult case. He commenced a violent attack with his bill on the edges of the ice around the imprisoned leg. He did not labor long before a loud chorus of "Quack, quack, quack!" with a wonderful wagging of tails and flapping of wings, announced the release of the prisoner. A large crowd of spectators joyfully united in their congratulations over Master Drake's gallant rescue.

PANAMA HATS.

The process of making Panama hats is as follows: The leaves of the Pandamus, or Seren pine, from which these hats are made, are gathered before they unfold, the ribs and coarser veins are removed, and the rest, without being separated from the base of the leaf, is reduced to shreds. After having been put in the sun for a day, and tied into a knot, the straw is immersed in boiling water until it becomes white. It is then hung up in a shady place, and subsequently bleached for two or three days, after which the straw is ready for use. The plaiting of the straw commences at the crown and finishes at the brim, and is a very troublesome operation. The hats are made on a block placed on the knees, and require to be constantly pressed with the breast The coarser hat may be finished in two or three days, but the finest may require as many months. —*Manufacturer and Builder.*

CLEANSING VARNISHED PAINT.

In cleansing paint that has been varnished, there is nothing better than weak tea. All the tea leaves from several drawings should be saved and boiled over early in the morning of the paint-cleansing day. If boiled in an old tin pail or pan, the tea can easily be strained off for use. Wet a flannel in it and wipe the oak-grained paint, and you will be surprised at its brightness. No soap is needed, no milk; the tea is the most capital detergent ever invented. Wipe the paint dry with a soft cloth; you will find that very little elbow-grease is needful. White varnished paint is cleansed as rapidly with it as the grained.

GREAT MEN.

Cardinal Woolsey was the son of a pork butcher.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer.

Whitefield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.

John Jacob Astor once sold apples in the streets of New York.

Bolivar was a druggist.

Mehemet Ali was a barber.

Virgil was the son of a potter.

Milton was the son of a scavenger.

Horace was the son of a shopkeeper.

Demosthenes was the son of a cutler.

Robert Burns was a ploughman of Ayreshire.

Shakespeare was the son of a wool stapler.

A ROYAL GLUTTON.

Louis XIV. was one of the most remarkable eaters of his time. The Duchess of Orleans, in her correspondence, affirms having seen him devour at one meal four plates of soup, a whole pheasant, two partridges, two woodcocks, two plates of salad, two slices of ham, mutton hashed with garlic, cakes and sweetmeats. (The duchess forgot the cheese, but it must be remembered she was of German origin.) Such an appetite would not be appreciated in a New York free-lunch saloon.

CHOICE OLD SCHOOL-BOOK.

Among Senator Sumner's autographic treasures is a little, old, worn school-book, with a school-boy's name written on the title-page in a school-boy's scrawl, with a school-boy's spiral flourish at the end. The name is "John Dryden," and this little old book, the one that he used when at Westminster school, in 1646, is full of his Greek exercises, interlined throughout with Latin translations of the Greek sentences, in the boy's own hand.

GUINEA HENS.

Many years ago an Irish lady lately arrived from the old country was stopping with a friend of the writer. One pleasant evening in spring, being out of doors, she heard, for the first time, the music of frogs in the neighboring swamp. She listened for a moment, and then rushed into the house with the exclamation, "O, Mrs. Perkins, the woods are full of guinea hens!"

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

"Tell that man to take off his hat in court," said a judge, the other morning, to an officer. The offender, who turned out to be a lady, wearing the fashionable sailor hat, indignantly exclaimed, "I am no man, sir!" "Then," said his honor, "I am no judge."

WHY is the sun like a good loaf? Because it is light when it rises.

What is that which is so brittle that if you named it you are sure to break it? Silence.

What is it that goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet never moves? The road.

What does a grocer do with all his things before he sells them? Gives them a weigh.

Why are young ladies so partial to sunset and twilight? Because they are daughters of Eve.

A WOMAN found nice-looking towels selling for ten cents apiece at a recent auction sale, and so took a lot at the same price. When she got home she washed them in order to get the sizing out, and succeeded admirably; but, unfortunately, the pulp of the paper of which they were made washed out too.

AS OLD VAN CHROOMPS was giving his youngest, who was inclined to be lazy, a good cowhiding, the boy cried out, "O, fadder, it makes me smart!" "Dat's shoost vat I vants," said the old man, as he whacked away with renewed vigor.

A GRAND ACQUIREMENT.—Gen. Von Moltke is a very taciturn man. He is also a great linguist. Hence some one made the *mot* upon him recently, that he knew how to hold his tongue in eight languages."

THE FOLLOWING remedies are said to be valuable and infallible: For corns, easy shoes; for bile, exercise; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for gout, toast and water; for the toothache, a dentist.

WHAT CREATURE may be said to live on its relations? The ant-eater.

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RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS, Gun Material. Write for Price List to GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents Wanted.* 32—6m

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LE CERCLE, the Popular Field Game, will largely supersede Croquet the coming season. Prices reduced. Send 10 cents for Descriptive Book, or stamp for Illustrated Circular. D. B. BROOKS & BRO., Boston, Mass. 22—tf

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The Elgin Illustrated Almanac for 1871, or the Illustrated Article on "Ancient and Modern Time-Keepers," by A. D. Richardson, sent free upon application to National (Elgin) Watch Company, 127 and 129 Lake Street, Chicago, or No. 1 Maiden Lane, New York. 31—tf

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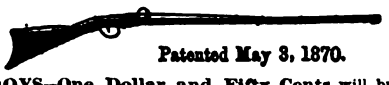

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JOHN D. KINGSBURY, Sec'y.
July 10, 1871. *31—eow2t Bradford.

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PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

RECLAIMED.

By the Author of "Master and Pupil."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

When the boy declared his unwillingness to tell the names of his accomplices, and generously plead that they might not be arrested, Mr. Kingsbury could not repress a feeling of admiration for the manly spirit he exhibited, and said,—

"What is your name?"

"Edward Lawson."

"Have you parents or friends?"

"Neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. My mother died two weeks ago. My father was lost at sea. He went down off St. George's, in his smack, and seven men with him, one of them, my brother. That was four years gone, and we've had hard luck ever since,—my mother and I. She worked herself to death, that's what she did, trying to pay for a sewing machine that she never got to own. And as for me,—well, you say I've sold myself to evil—if I have, it's because respectable folks wouldn't give me a living, any more than they would my mother. Send me to prison, if you like, but it isn't wholly my fault."

"Look here, Edward Lawson," said Mr. Kingsbury, "if you can have another chance to be a man among men, will you improve it to the best of your ability? Stop and think a moment, and then answer the question thoughtfully and solemnly. It lies in my hands, and, so far as I know, in mine only, to help you up the ladder, or to put you in prison. If you are prepared to give me your word of honor that you will in the future try to do right and to make yourself worthy the respect, of good men, I give you my word of honor that from this night I will be your friend."

Tears glistened in the boy's eyes. "Do you really mean it, sir?" he asked, eagerly,—"that you forgive me, and restore me my liberty, on condition that I try to be honest?"

"That is exactly what I mean."

"Then God bless you, sir, for the best man that ever lived! And if my life is spared, I'll prove myself worthy of your kindness. I'll be a man, and you shall never be ashamed that you have helped me. Here's my hand, sir. May I begin to-morrow?"

"You may begin to-night, if you like. Take the lantern to the barn, and remove those combustibles from the barrel. We must not tempt anybody else to commit arson. I will ask Kate to kindle the kitchen fire with them in the morning. Then you may bring in the coal. It will save Katie's back, and get you into her good graces immediately. After that come into the sitting-room, and I will give you some illustrated papers to look over, till my wife and daughter come. Then I'll introduce you, and you may go to your own room and sleep in your own bed; for this is to be your home just as long as you are worthy of it. How old are you?"

"Fifteen, sir," he replied.

"Just Theo's age when he died," mused Mr. Kingsbury. "He was my only son," he explained, "and a good boy. You'll find the bins on the right of the passage-way leading to the shed. Set the hods on the hearth, and then wash at the sink, and come in this way. I depend upon you."

"He depends upon me—he depends upon me," Edward Lawson kept saying to himself. I wish you could know how much that meant to him, how full to overflowing with gratitude was his large heart, for he had a large one, despite the wicked impulses which had crept into it, embittering his feelings and tempting him to crime.

He filled the hods and took them to the kitchen.

Mr. Kingsbury, who had opened his writing-desk, and was waiting for the lad's step, heard it presently, and then his knock at the door.

"Come in," he said, kindly; "come in without knocking. If this is to be your home, you will be always welcome. There are wheels. My wife, probably, and Louise."

RECLAIMED.

He met them in the vestibule, and, with a look and gesture, stopped all questioning. As they entered the sitting-room, he said, "Mary, I have a surprise for you. Let me introduce to you my new ward, Edward Lawson. This is my daughter Louise."

They bowed politely, despite their astonishment, and Mrs. Kingsbury said a few pleasant words; but the lad felt awkward, guilty and out of place. But Mr. Kingsbury's "I depend upon you," calmed him and strengthened his determination to prove himself worthy of his new friend's confidence, at whatever sacrifice of his feelings.

Sacrifice? you ask.

Yes, sacrifice. For the lad had a conscience, and remorse for his contemplated deed filled him with unhappiness, which every friendly attention, every gentle word enhanced, till it seemed as though he could hardly bear it.

Mrs. Kingsbury herself showed him to his room that night. It was small but very tastefully furnished, and before he had been alone in it five minutes, he felt sure that it was Theo's,—the dead son of whom Mr. Kingsbury had spoken so tenderly.

The snowy spread and fragrant, clean sheets inspired him with a fresh disgust of himself. There was water in the tall ewer,—plenty of it, and upon the rack hung three towels. He undressed and bathed himself thoroughly, for he could never have made up his mind to desecrate the spotlessness of that beautiful linen by sleeping upon it as he then was. It seemed to say to him, "Be clean in person, not less than pure in heart."

And even after he had taken his bath he dared not touch the bed until he had first knelt beside it. What he said I know not. Perhaps he did not himself know; but God, who sees the heart, reading from it even our unspoken prayers, treasured the undefined longings, the repentant sighs and broken aspirations of this poor, homeless lad. If some one could only have repeated to him, then and there, those inexpressibly comforting words, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up"!

As it was, he lay down oppressed with sadness, a great weight upon his soul, yet with so strong and clear a purpose to do right, that when, at length, peaceful slumbers came to him, an angel touched his dreams, and, awaking at daybreak, he thought he had been in paradise.

Unknown to the lad, the step of a gentle, loving woman had lingered for a few moments at his bedside, with infinite pity in her soft brown eyes, for her husband had told her his story, and her heart yearned toward the motherless boy.

Upon the back of the chair, where he had hung his torn and soiled clothes, lay a neat suit,—not new, but clean and in good order. His own shabby garments had vanished.

"Theo's," he said to himself as he examined [illegible] and my heart from thinking guile. I begin to-day to be a man."

And he did begin.

Little by little, as the months went on, he crept into Theo's place in the affections of this good man and woman.

And yet their love hurt him. He felt his own unworthiness, and was ill at ease in this happy home. If he could only do something for them! If he could only prove his gratitude by some noble and brave act!

But the opportunity did not come. Always the recipient of favors, he could give nothing but affection in return, and that seemed so poor!

Nor was this the only thing which troubled him. It was Mr. Kingsbury's wish that he should devote himself to some mercantile pursuit. But Edward had come of a long line of sailors. His father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather had all been seafaring men, and his mother was the daughter of a Gloucester fisherman. Within his own breast, too, swelled a longing for the sea, which he found it difficult to repress.

Once he had timidly spoken of his feelings, but Mr. Kingsbury had good-naturedly laughed at them as a boy's fancy, and out of gratitude and respect he crushed back his longings, and determined to give himself to his new pursuits. With zeal he applied himself to his books, and strove to conquer his disrelish for the figures and details of hypothetical mercantile transactions, while he made himself master of book-keeping by single and double entry, and thoroughly learned the theory of the business for which he was intended.

He was now eighteen years of age,—tall, handsome, self-possessed, yet modest in his demeanor,—courteous, obedient, manly; a lad whom any father might justly be proud of. And Mr. Kingsbury was proud of him and loved him as a son.

Knowing his love for the sea—for, do what he would, the lad could not wholly conceal it—and desiring to gratify it as far as practicable, Mr. Kingsbury had presented him on his seventeenth birthday with a handsome little sail boat, named for his daughter. In a short time he had learned to manage it with the skill of a born seaman. Many an excursion had they taken together down the bay,—Edward and his guardian.

One memorable morning—it was the seventeenth of June,—Edward went down to Camberwell Point, where his boat was anchored. Mrs. Kingsbury had provided him with a lunch basket of goodies, and having trimmed sail, he weighed anchor, and directed his course down the harbor for a day's cruise.

Every thing favored him. The air was bland and delightful, and the crisp waves sparkled in the June sunlight. The hours sped on. The *Louise*, too, seemed winged, and at four o'clock in the afternoon Edward was far out in the bay, in the track of the outward bound vessels.

Looking back, he saw a huge merchantman nearing him, which he recognized as the *Rajah*, bound for Bombay. The sky, which had been cloudless until within an hour, was now covered with little ominous flecks, rapidly coalescing and scudding across the sun. At intervals, the breeze died down, and there was scarcely a breath to ruffle the water; then a sharp flaw caught the sail, and turned the little boat upon its side.

The *Rajah* clove the water, throwing it to left and right of her black hull, and glided majestically nearer and nearer. Edward sat quietly, calculating how closely she would pass him, at the same time admiring her splendid proportions and wishing it was possible that he might some time be commander of such a noble craft.

He saw her for one instant bearing down towards him; the next, a furious squall struck his boat, and he found himself struggling in the water. A flaw had come and capsized his boat.

Concluded next week.

For the Companion.

A MISER.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

Mr. Rodman, whose Christian name was Philetus, cared for nothing in this world so much as saving money; saving it not for any good he might do with it, but from pure avarice—the meanest and lowest of all the passions, because entirely selfish. For this he was willing to forego the pleasures of society, the happiness which springs from benevolence, and even the ordinary comforts of life.

He never married, because that would have involved additional expenses, but hired a housekeeper, who seemed made for the place, as the place also seemed made for her; for the very fact that she was so cross and odd that no one else could endure her in the house, made her willing to submit to whims and caprices which would have been intolerable to a person more highly favored. So together this harmonious pair lived in one corner of the great mansion which had been for two generations the dwelling of the Rodman family, like two old rats in a deserted corn-barn.

The only charitable act of Mr. Rodman's life had been the bringing home of a young nephew, committed to his care by a dying sister; a bright, spirited little fellow, who was never chilled or checked by the gloom of his surroundings in the least degree, and who in time developed into a generous, open-hearted young man, as much loved and sought after, as his uncle was shunned and hated.

Yet unlike as the two were, there was no lack of affection between them, and no clashing of wills until one day Allen—Allen Burt was his name—with many blushes and tremors, announced that he was thinking of taking a wife.

"A wife!" exclaimed the uncle, as if the proposition were something quite unnatural and out of the common course. "A wife! And where do you propose to live with your wife?"

"Why, here, at home, uncle; I never thought of any thing else."

"O, in my house, hey? Well, it strikes me that's making pretty free with another man's property."

"Of course I intended to consult you about it first," said Allen.

"I should think it would be as well," observed Mr. Rodman, dryly. "And how did you intend to support your family?"

"By my labor," said Allen.

"Let's see. You're how old?"

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"Twenty-five."

"Twenty-five! And how much have you laid by?"

"You have always told me that you regarded me as a son," replied Allen, after a little hesitation, "and my labor has gone toward increasing the value of the estate. I have laid up nothing."

"Son? Well, so I do regard you as a son as long as you conform to my wishes, and I always meant to do well by you, but you can't bring any claim against me; you can't prove any thing; there never were any papers. I took you out of charity when you were a boy, and you chose to stay after you got to be a man. That makes us quits, and any lawyer will tell you so," said the old man, his face growing harder and keener with every word.

"No lawyer shall ever come between us," said Allen, sadly. "If you are not willing I should bring my wife home—*here*," he added, correcting himself, "I must seek my fortune elsewhere."

"And desert your uncle in his old age, ungrateful boy. But you're joking; you can't think seriously of taking such a burden upon yourself. It's all folly, Allen, folly. I never married, and do you expect to be better off than I am?"

Allen looked at the sharp face before him, on every line of which *miser* was written in unmistakable characters; at the dark and dingy room—it had never looked so dark and dingy before—at old Naomi mumbling in the corner, and thought that he did expect to be a great deal better off, even though he should never invest a dollar in the bank or own an acre of land, but he only said, "Uncle, I love Fanny, and Fanny loves me, and I cannot give her up."

This reply seemed to exasperate the old man more than any thing that had gone before, for people who substitute a money-bag for a heart are not apt to be romantic. He could scarcely find words to express his anger and contempt—or rather the words came so fast that they tripped each other up. He called his nephew "an idiot," "a blockhead," and bade him go live on love, for he should never touch one cent of his money.

"Then you and I must part, uncle," returned Allen; "but if ever you need me I will come to you."

"If, you I need you, I'll send for you," said his

Allen went, and managed so well that in less than a year he was able to rent a small house and be married. In another year he was able to purchase the house, and there we will leave him for a time, living in happiness and content with his wife, a prudent, industrious, cheerful little woman, whose wishes were bounded by her means.

The old Rodman house grew more gloomy than ever when Allen had gone out of it, and although Mr. Rodman would not acknowledge it, he missed his nephew in more ways than one. He missed his society; for Naomi, never an entertaining companion in her best days, now added deafness to her other infirmities; had she added dumbness, also, he would have deemed it a compensating circumstance, but on the contrary, because she had lost the use of her ears, she made her tongue do double duty, till his very soul was weary of its ceaseless din.

He missed his nephew's work, too, which with him was a much more serious consideration than the loss of his society. He began dimly to perceive that he had made a mistake in his calculations, and secretly resolved that if Allen came and begged his pardon very humbly indeed, he would relent, and take him home again.

But the slow years went by and Allen never came—at least not as a penitent. At first he made frequent calls, but as his uncle invariably reproached him with ingratitude, and forbade him to bring his wife to the house, he contented himself with saying, as he had said once before, "I will come if you need me—and so will Fanny," and then he departed, sorrowfully, to return no more.

Mr. Rodman could find no one to take his nephew's place, for of course no able-bodied man would work merely for his board, and he was unwilling to pay decent wages.

"I tell you there's such a leak in that ere chimbly that we shall be all afloat if you don't mend it soon," bawled old Naomi into the ears of Mr. Rodman, for she seemed to think that every one else was as deaf as herself, or may be she wished to make them so if they were not.

"Well, well, woman, haven't I told you I'd do it when haying was over? What's the use of making such a clatter about it?" he answered in the same key, adding, impatiently, "O, she's the plague of my life."

"Very well, then, bile your own pot, for I won't take care of it with the rain and soot spattering down into it at that rate," and she jerked it off of the crane and set it on the hearth.

Thus this amiable pair continued to exchange courtesies for the space of half an hour, when, instead of coming to blows, as might have been expected, Naomi set about getting dinner, and the rain being over, Mr. Rodman prepared to ascend the roof and inspect the chimney.

He was getting rather infirm for such work, but preferred to risk his neck rather than pay a mason. He prudently took with him a rope, however, which he fastened round his waist and tied to the chimney, so that if his foot should slip, he might remain suspended until he could receive assistance. The precaution might have proved unnecessary, and several things might not have happened which did happen, if he had been satisfied when his task was accomplished, but having fastened a piece of zinc, and replaced a brick or two, he got up on tiptoe and looked down the flue, from what motive I cannot tell, but the consequence was that he lost his balance, and slid down the roof the length of the rope.

A younger and more active man might easily have recovered himself, as the roof was not very sloping, but with his utmost efforts he could do nothing more than get into a sitting posture, and brace his feet against the water-trough—an absurd and uncomfortable, but not a dangerous position.

He shouted for help, but the sound did not penetrate the dull ears of Naomi. His nearest neighbor was Mr. Grow, the shoemaker, and he sat at his open window, singing a merry song to the rat-tat-tat of his hammer. Had he been making less noise himself, he could not have failed to hear Mr. Rodman, but the singing and the hammering continued until he had finished the shoe on which he was at work, when he glanced out the window and saw his neighbor sitting on the roof, and heard his cry for help simultaneously. He dropped his lap-stone and started up, but perceiving that there was no danger, he burst into a laugh, and summoned his wife to view the spectacle.

"Come," cried he, "and see old Philetus perched on the roof; he's gone to roost early."

"Mercy, husband, do go and get him down; run quick. I'm all of a tremble," said the kind-hearted little woman.

"Well, I don't know as I need hurry about it; laid up with a broken leg."

"O, well, we ought to return good for evil," said the wife.

"The loan of twenty dollars was all I asked, and that on good security, and he refused it. It vexes me now when I think of it."

"Ha, ha; the old miser's got the worst of the bargain for once," said Mr. Wayne, the wheelwright, coming out of his shop to see what his neighbors were gazing at. "I guess it's the first time. Hope it'll do him good."

"What do you say? Shall we go and help him?" asked Mr. Grow.

"Catch me helping him," answered Mr. Wayne. "I owe him a grudge for the way he treated my sister. She was left a widow with a family of little children, poor woman, and before she had a chance to look about and see what she would do next, he came down on her with a mortgage and turned her and her little brood into the streets."

Several other persons had now collected in front of Mr. Grow's door, one of whom remarked, "He's awful hard on widders. Didn't you never hear about the Widder Poor's cow?"

"No."

"Why, he took her for a debt, though she begged and prayed him to wait and give her a chance to pay it; and come to, the debt wasn't half the value of the cow, either."

"O!" groaned all present, in chorus, each one of whom had something to relate which had come to his knowledge.

"And then to think how he treated his nephew—as likely a young man as there is in town—got all the work he could out of him for ten or fifteen years, and then turned him off without a penny. Let him hang and meditate, say I."

"Ay, let him have a chance to repent of his sins."

I do not know how long he would have been permitted to occupy his exalted position, if fate had not sent his nephew riding by.

"What's up?" he asked, stopping and addressing the crowd indiscriminately.

"Old Philetus is up," was the reply, and several hands pointed to the roof of the opposite house.

"My uncle! And not one of you ready to aid him! O neighbors, what are your hearts made of?"

"We would have helped him if we'd thought *you'd* care," said Mr. Grow.

And now so great was the eagerness of the men to repair their mistake, that two or three reached the roof almost before young Allen himself. The old man was somewhat cramped from keeping one position so long, but was found to have sustained no other injury, and was able to walk down stairs without much assistance.

The neighbors, who were already ashamed of their part in the affair, were glad to go quietly away when they had seen him safely seated in his high-back chair. And in a few minutes Allen started to follow them. He had reached the door, when he heard his uncle call,—

"Allen."

"Yes, uncle," he said, stepping back.

"You'll come again, won't you?"

He was about to make his old reply, "I'll come whenever you need me," but something in the old man's face—an expression he had never seen there before—checked him, and he said, instead, "Indeed I will, as often as you wish."

"Thank you, Allen," answered his uncle, stretching toward him a trembling hand.

Allen grasped it cordially. "That's all, is it?" said he.

"Yes, all; only—Allen?"

"Yes, uncle."

"I—I should like to see Fanny."

Allen was so astounded at this announcement that he was unable to reply for a moment, and his uncle, misconstruing his silence, said, "I suppose she won't come—I suppose she hates me."

"Fanny doesn't hate anybody—least of all, you," said Allen. "There is no one she wants to see so much."

"Tell her to come soon, then; I'm an old man, Allen."

When his nephew, promising to bring his wife the next day, had bade him good-by, and shut the door behind him, he murmured, "Old and friendless, old and friendless."

The truth was, that every word spoken by his neighbors had been borne aloft to his ears as he sat tied to the chimney, and there is no human being, however obdurate, who can bear to be entirely shut out from the sympathies of his kind.

The next day, true to his word, Allen returned, bringing his wife with him.

For a moment Fanny paused on the threshold of the gloomy apartment, as if afraid to enter, but, catching her husband's reassuring smile, she recovered herself, and gliding up to the old [illegible] head and kissed him. Just so his mother had kissed him in his childhood, and he could not remember that any woman had ever done it since. If there were not tears in his eyes, his voice showed that they were not far off when he looked up and said,—

"And this is Fanny?"

"Yes, I'm Fanny; and O, uncle, I wanted to see you so much, and you're so good to let me come," said she, and then she sat down by him and told him about her house, and her children, and her flower-garden, and when it was time to go she kissed him again.

He did not speak for some time after his visitors had gone, but sat looking at the fire and meditating. He was recalled to himself by old Naomi.

"It's your money they wants; that's what makes 'em so dreadful lovin'. I aint a fool to be gulled by such doings, if you are."

She was standing by his chair, just where Fanny had stood when she bade him good-by, and perhaps the contrast caused her to look more than usually uninviting, for he aimed a blow at her with his cane, crying,—

"Get out, get out, you dragon."

She laughed and continued her jeers, but at the same time took good care to keep out of reach of the cane.

Characters are not changed in a day, and the old woman's words, "It's your money they wants," did not fail of their effect on the miser; but, on the other hand, his nephew's whole life gave the lie to such a suspicion, and as for Fanny, one might as well impute avarice or cunning to the robin that wakes him with its morning song; so, in the end, the good within the man triumphed, and he one day astonished his young relations by inviting them to come and live at his house.

At first Fanny said "No," laughingly telling her husband that she could not leave their pleasant little home for that "gloomy old dungeon;" but being persuaded by him that his uncle needed them, she consented.

Mr. Rodman would have turned old Naomi into the street, bag and baggage, but to Allen and his wife this seemed a poor return for years of service, so they fitted up a comfortable apartment for her special use, where she could pass her days in as much peace as the crookedness of her nature would allow.

They had not been long residents under their uncle's roof, before they effected an entire change in the old house and its customs. The front door was thrown open for visitors, sunshine was admitted to rooms which had hitherto been darkened, new paper and paint replaced that which had become dim with time and foul with smoke and dust, a honeysuckle was trained over the porch, flowers blossomed in the yard, the spring-guns and traps were removed from the orchard, for they were no longer necessary when kindness had made friends of enemies.

But the most striking change was in the old miser himself, whose hardness melted away before the warm smile of affection, like ice beneath the summer sun.

And all this was effected without violence and without opposition.

Such great things *love* can do!

For the Companion.

THE WHITE DAMSON PRESERVES.

By Mrs. C. W. Flanders.

I must tell you about our white damson preserves, and how we disposed of the fruit without canning!

If there was more than one white damson tree in our town, it was fortunate the village boys never discovered it; for, as it was, their good principles were put to the test, when the plums ripened on the side hill, known as Widow Gillipsee's farm.

Now the Widow Gillipsee, if the boys were to be believed, was the "stingiest woman in town." To her belonged the white damson tree, which bore, possibly, a bushel of fruit, which she would never sell—no, not for a mint of money.

Neither could the boys manage to steal it, as some of them would very gladly have done; for, when the widow did not keep sentinel over it, her son Job did, and between the two that fruit seemed to be guarded by dragons!

Mrs. Gillipsee had her weakness, and it was a fondness for quiltings. To any lady who would invite her to a fall quilting, she always presented two quarts of white damsons!

As the value of a thing is usually graduated by its scarcity or abundance, the price of those damsons was considered to be prodigious; since all the women disliked the widow, and on no account would have tolerated her acquaintance but for this little stratagem, by means of which she secured their favor.

Up to the time my story begins, our folks had held themselves aloof from this temptation—but quiltings had been brisk that season, and the bills of fare, which in a country village are often limited to cake, custards, doughnuts and warm biscuits, had been offered so frequently, that it was decided in order to secure a little variety, to be necessary to grace our more aristocratic gathering with some of the Widow Gillipsee's white damsons.

Mother wrote the invitation requesting the pleasure of the lady's presence at her quilting and having dressed me in my Sunday clothes for the occasion, bade my brother and myself set out upon our delightful errand.

"Be sure, now," said mother, as she gave me a parting caress at the door, "be very sure and not taste of the plums until you get home."

We found the Widow Gillipsee in the most amiable of moods.

We had been especially directed to make no allusion to the damsons. If they were offered we were to accept them gratefully; but if they were not offered, we were to ignore damsons as as if we had plenty at home!

The widow read the note with a smile behind each ear. Then she looked up in a patronizing way and asked,—

"I wonder, now, if yer ma'am wouldn't like a mess of my white damsings?"

I smoothed down my white apron and looked pleased. Ben coughed and gave me a little nudge of satisfaction.

"Has yer ma'am made sass this fall?"

"I guess not," said Ben, with his eyes fixed upon the mock oranges before the window.

"She'll want sunthin' to go with the warm biscuits, sartin; and to my mind there's nothin' like white damsings for quiltin's. You jest run out to the barn and call Job."

Ben did not wait for urging. Job soon made his appearance, with his blue trowsers held up by one suspender, his feet bare, and shirt sleeves rolled up to his arm-pits. His face was freckled from the chin to the invincible cowlick, that made his shock of red hair look as if it was ready to charge bayonet.

Ben was repressing his internal rapture with the utmost difficulty, for fruit was not so plentiful in those days as now; and then we neither of us had ever tasted white damsons! Poor Ben! his lips were almost moist with expectancy.

Job went up the tree like a monkey. The Widow Gillipsee stood below with her checkered apron spread out to catch the stray plums that might answer to the laws of gravitation. Even

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her wide, white cap border seemed conscious of ownership, as she peered up at the treacherous Job, who put every third plum into his capacious mouth.

"Job!"

"Yes'm."

"Don't you dar' eat a single damsing.'

Then a little silence.

"Job!"

"Yes'm."

"If you eat another damsing, you shall come down out of that tree at onest!"

At last Job announced that the two-quart pail was full, and he came down the tree with an increased rotundity of person, that did not escape his mother's vigilant eyes. Job understood the motion of his mother's thumb, as it was bent barnward, and vanished.

Mrs. Gillipsee selected a few large plums to adorn the top of the pail, and stuck a green twig in the centre, before entrusting it to our keeping. Then she looked over what remained in her apron, and selected two damsons, one of which she bestowed upon Ben, the other upon myself. Mine was a good deal withered; Ben's was still more so.

We thanked Mrs. Gillipsee very kindly, however, and after assuring her how very glad mother would be of the fruit, were starting eagerly for home, when the widow cried out,—

"Tell yer ma'am she'd better make that sass *to-night*. Job picked all the ripest ones, and white damsings won't keep. Tell her to make it pound for pound, and be sure and not skimp the sugar."

We both thanked her once more, and set out on the run, lest the fruit should become too soft before we got it safely home.

Mother and father had gone to ride, and Aunt Clara was to watch with a sick friend that night. Dear, old, blind grandmother sat in the window knitting, and how the wrinkled face lighted up when she heard our voices!

We told our story in a breath—all about the widow, and Job, and the wonderful tree, and then, for the first time, opened our brown, hot hands and looked at the solitary damsons the woman had given us.

It seemed a kind of profanation to eat the treasures, but Ben set the example, and I was not slow to follow; and O what a luscious sweetness was in that fruit!

Presently, we remembered Mrs. Gillipsee's parting message.

"O grandma, she said the damsons wouldn't keep a minute and you must preserve them this very night."

"But mamma's gone. We must wait."

"But we can't wait. The widow said so. She said they must be preserved."

Now our dear grandmother was so old, that she was really more of a child than either Ben or myself. She had been a famous housekeeper in her day, and little thought she was not a housekeeper still. It was easy to persuade her to attempt almost any kind deed, and she knew mother had set her heart upon damsons for her quilting.

After some discussion, and a good deal of urging, grandma gave her consent to let us get out the porcelain kettle, and make ready for preserving.

The fire that Ben made, in his zeal, was something wonderful. Every one of the covers of the stove was red hot, and still he kept stuffing in the wood.

We took the plums to the store, and found that they weighed five pounds. Grandma said a pint of sugar was about right for a pound of fruit, so we got out the sugar bucket, and put five heaping pint bowls full into the kettle, and put it on to the red-hot covers, being sure that unless we hurried to the utmost, the damsons would be *non est*.

Now that I recall the odor of the sugar, I think it must have scorched in the beginning, although Ben stirred it furiously with a long, wooden stirabout, until the perspiration stood in great beads over his forehead.

Just then grandma cried out that we had "forgotten to skin the damsons."

Ben stopped stirring, and we were made to understand that boiling water must be poured over the fruit, that the skin might be removed. She was not sure about white damsons, but she always prepared purple plums that way, and if we did not get the preserves right, "ma would be so sorry," she said.

This rather depressed our spirits, but we waited for water to boil, and after much difficulty and "mussing," she thought the fruit must be perfect.

By this time the sugar was quite black, and the syrup very stiff and thick. We put all the plums into the kettle, dumping them in as if they had been potatoes rolling into a bin.

At this point grandma grew restive and doubtful. She did not like the smell of the syrup, and something was wrong.

We got a teaspoon, and each of us tasted the syrup to ascertain what was the trouble. Ben was certain nothing was amiss. He smacked his lips appreciatively, and proceeded to taste again.

Grandma shook her head. Something *was* wrong, but she could not tell what it was, so she kept tasting and tasting again, a plum with each dip. My own experience in preserving fruit was limited, but my confidence in my own judgment was not to be surpassed; so I tasted as often as the rest.

Presently, Ben and I exchanged our teaspoons for desert spoons, thinking we could judge better with two plums at a time.

It must be remembered that grandmother was nearly blind, and by reason of this infirmity could not perceive how rapidly the damsons disappeared. Besides, she was a great lover of sweetmeats, and sweetmeats were rare.

At last she was surfeited, and went to her armchair to rest. The dear soul fell asleep before she had been two minutes at the window, and it was almost impossible to wake grandma when she fell into that kind of a doze after eating.

Ben and I now realized our responsibility more than ever. The fruit was all boiled off the stones, but we were not certain it was sufficiently cooked. We fell to tasting with renewed diligence, and our perplexity was increasing when three of the neighbors' children came in and undertook to decide the question for us.

After sipping one or two saucers full each, they pronounced it done, and Ben proceeded to lift off the kettle and pour it into an earthen dish, the largest I could find in the closet.

What with overboiling, and tasting, and other accompaniments, there was not a quart left; hardly more than enough to cover the surface of the dish!

I scraped the porcelain with all my might, and Ben lost his equilibrium in trying to tip the kettle higher, but it was of no use.

Mother came home in about half an hour, and perhaps you would like to know what happened then! To be sure you would; but Ben and I made a solemn promise the next morning, we never would tell anybody. "'Cause, you see," said Ben, "if we tell, we never shall hear the last of it!"

TALK ABOUT ALLIGATORS.

I was not exactly born *among* the alligators, said the major, but have probably seen nearly as many of them as you have of blackbirds. From the beginning to the end of life, and from the point of the snout to the tip of the tail, they are ugly-looking creatures; and I must confess, after long and intimate acquaintance, that their conduct is as bad as their looks.

I have never seen nor heard of any thing in them to awaken a pleasant interest, unless it may be the care which the female gives to her nest. In preparing it she will select a spot in the low ground near her den, where she will rake together a pile of leaves and dirt a foot high by four or five across, on which she will lay her first and largest litter of eggs, and cover it several inches deep.

After a few days she will deposit above them another litter, and cover as before; and thus continue, layer after layer, until she has ceased laying, and has raised a mound several feet high. Close in this neighborhood she may be seen, every day, for weeks, watching her treasure with the most zealous care, until the whole mound becomes instinct with life, the eggs, hundreds in number, being hatched by the heat of the sun, aided, perhaps, by a slow fermentation in the vegetable mass.

The eggs are blunt at both ends, and more cylindrical than oval, but about the size of a goose's, but rough to the touch, with a dark mass in the centre dimly showing through the tough shell. They give a clear, ringing sound, like the clink of a chain, when rubbed together. Any disturbance of the nest by man or brute brings the eggs together, and gives warning to the mother, whose scaly back, accompanied by all her neighbors in the pond, will immediately be seen rising from the water as she hastens fiercely to their defence.

No sooner have the young alligators crawled out of the shells than they make for the water, which is never far off. If interrupted on their way they immediately show fight, by snapping together their ugly little jaws, and trying to strike with their tails.

Up to this time they have been under the care of their mother, who has watched over them with ferocious jealousy. Now her care ceases, but the father begins to show an *uncommon* interest in them. As they leave the nest he takes his place by the waterside, watches with delight their first efforts at wriggling, and, as soon as they come near enough, he opens his mouth, and sends them down to lie as near as possible to his fatherly heart. So devoted is he in his attentions, that few of them ever reach the water, and of these few only a small proportion live long enough to catch their first frog.

This fondness of his for young alligators seems to last all through their tender age—that is, until they have become too tough to be chewed, or rather too nimble to be caught. I think so, for the reason that any old he-alligator, lying by the waterside, can be decoyed by a person uttering the sound "Eee! Eee!" the cry of a young alligator, in a note between the short whine of a puppy and the low squeal of a pig, and that the only interest he has been known to take in them is in craunching their young and tender bones.

So much for the moral character of alligators.

Aside, however, from the unhandsomeness of breakfasting upon one's children, there is nothing wonderful in the fact that the dish, in this case, should be esteemed a dainty one—young alligator is good eating for anybody. I do not mean the young just out of the shell, for of them I know nothing; but of those that are a year old, and three or four feet long, I can testify that a steak from the tail is as eatable and enjoyable as a steak from the tail of any other large fish of our waters. The only objection to them I have ever known is on the score of prejudice; for the musky odor which is oftentimes very strong in the old, is scarcely, if at all, perceptible in the young, and that little is wholly removed by a gentle parboiling, or by immersion for a few hours in salt and water.

The alligator leads a very lazy, lounging life. Every bright day, from March to October, the mudflats are striped with their ungainly forms lying heads to the water in the soft mud, luxuriating in the warm sunshine. There they will lie for hours without moving, unless impelled by hunger or some other imperative call; and, on the approach of evening, retire to their dens in the marsh.

As for food, they will take any thing that comes in their way—fish, flesh or fowl, from a tadpole to a man or a horse; and notwithstanding their awkwardness, they are so expert as to keep themselves, in general, comfortably fed.

Their favorite mode of catching prey—favorite, I suppose, because it suits their lazy habits—is by surprise. They will lay themselves like a black, rough log, beside a footpath, or a rice-dam, or a waterside where there is the scent of feet, and there remain in quiet until some unwary passenger, human or brute, comes within reach, when, slap! goes the tail with a long and terrible sweep, and down goes the victim into the creature's mouth.

Another favorite mode adopted when there is no great urgency, is to lie on a river bank, in sight of a ford, or of a boys' bathing-place, or of a drinking-place for stock. As soon as a boy, dog, calf or sheep gives promise of being catchable, in slides the alligator, as noiselessly as an otter, and swims rapidly forward, with its two eyes projecting above water like two black nuts, seizes its prey with its teeth, and drags it under water. At a ford frequented by wild cattle, they sometimes congregate in vast numbers, and gather round their prey like a pack of wolves.

A horse-drover, who was better acquainted with Western cattle than with Southern alligators, came to my neighborhood with the remains of his stock to sell. He was so anxious to save time that, instead of taking the safe road across a river, he resolved to ford a place known to be infested with these creatures. The neighbors endeavored to dissuade him, but he was "not afraid of alligators," and went on. Three men, fifteen horses and one dog entered the long, winding ford at one end; three frightened men and six horses came out at the other. The man said, in describing the scene the next day, that the screams of his poor horses, when they found themselves surrounded by alligators, and without hope of escape, was the most dreadful sound he ever heard. He had saved time with a vengeance.

The first recollection I have of an alligator was when I was about four years of age. Several little boys and myself were playing on a bluff that overlooked a salt-water river, when suddenly a negro man ran past us with a brickbat in his hand, exclaiming,—

"Dey big alligator, dey now trying to ketch the goose."

We hurried after him, and, standing on the bluff, saw what no one, at first sight, would have taken for any thing more dangerous than a knotty fence-rail, or a small log of wood with several knobs projecting from one end. But that log moved, and those knobs were the eyes and snout of an alligator. It slowly approached the geese, as if drifted towards them with the tide. They were in the edge of the water, plumming their feathers, and did not notice him, although he was not more than three feet distant.

The negro man, who was a capital thrower did not wait longer than to plant himself upon the brink of the perpendicular bluff, whence he sent his brickbat whizzing through the air with force enough to kill a half-grown calf. It did not kill the alligator, however, although it hit him plump in the forehead; it only hastened his movements. We saw a great splashing of the water, and heard a loud gabbling of the geese, as one of them rose several feet into the air and fell again. The alligator, disappointed in his intended snap at the goose, had endeavored to throw it into his jaws by a blow of his tail. The next moment we saw him quietly swimming towards the other side of the river.

Alligators are not very fast movers, either by land or water, though they can leap well. They can outswim a man, a dog or a deer, but they cannot keep ahead of a fast canoe. They possess the power of so regulating their bulk, that they can swim a great distance, or float for any length of time, with nothing visible but the eyes and nostrils.

On land they can run in a straight line much faster than they can swim, but they require nearly as much room for turning as a four-wheeled carriage or a small yacht. Any five-year-old child that knows how can easily dodge out of their way, and then worry them by keeping close to their tails (not too near, however), banging with a stick. Indeed, the river and pond alligators are so conscious of their impotence on land that, whenever attacked, they drop right in their tracks, and cannot be made to move except by the application of fire. Their trails can easily be distinguished, not only by the print left by the claws, but, like all others of the lizard tribe, by the dragging of the tail. When the trail is through marsh or soft mud the tail cuts a sharp, deep furrow, as if made by the edge of a heavy oar.

Each alligator has his own den, as each gentleman has his own room. To that he retires every night to enjoy his repose, and in that he spends his winter, with what dreams or with what meditations only an alligator knows. Of course, before turning in for a five months' nap, the stomach must be fortified with something more substantial than usual; and this is accomplished not only by eating as hearty a meal as can be obtained, but by gulping down a few *pine-knots*. This is not very nutritious diet, nor can it add much to the growth or strength, but the hard wood keeps the coats of the stomach from rubbing together, and thus prevents the disagreeable sensation of gnawing hunger. In the spring of the year, when the long sleep is over, and the stomach has no more need of lightwood knots, the alligator will eject from his mouth as many, sometimes, as half-a-dozen balls of lightwood, worn beautifully smooth by attrition in the stomach.

Sometimes a little pool swarms with alligators, and its bank is tunnelled in many places. One of these pools, or "alligator-holes," as we called them, I shall never forget. It was in the piney woods, when I was a boy at school. The day was hot, and we naturally felt a desire to go bathing. But where could we go, for there was no river or pond within reach? One of the boys said that he could show us an old alligator-hole, that he doubted not would be a capital place for bathing. So away we went. The hole, or rather pool, was not many yards across, but seemed to be quite deep.

We stripped off, quickly as possible, and jumped in, from a log that projected over the muddy margin. I was first, and making a low leap, feet foremost, I found myself astraddle of what I took at first to be a small log. In an instant, however, the log began to move, and to carry me along with it. I had jumped astraddle of an alligator, and had scared him so badly, that he was making with all speed for his den. Of course I did not ride him longer than was necessary for me to get off his back, for I suspect I was as badly scared as he was. Several other boys got in before I could give the alarm, but we all scrambled out in a hurry, and made no further use of the hole until we had cleared it of all dangerous company.

We have two kinds of alligator—one belonging to the rivers and large lagoons, the other inhabiting small pondy places in the piney woods. The piney woods' alligator is small, seldom exceeding ten feet in length, but it is very fierce, and though it seldom attacks a man, it will fight desperately when assailed, and will depend for its defence as much upon its musky odor as upon its strength.

The river alligator, with all its size and seeming ferocity, is a cowardly creature. We boys used to enjoy a great deal of sport at their expense. Our academy overlooked a salt-water river in which they abounded. Sometimes,

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while we were bathing, one of them would attempt to steal upon us. We would pretend not to notice him until he had come so far that we could form a circle round him, when it would be our turn to show fight.

The moment he found himself surrounded and assailed he would become alarmed, and try to escape; but a little water dashed in his face was sufficient to make him turn tail and try some other part of the circle, where he would be treated in the same way. Why they never attempted to dive under us and get away, I do not know; but they never did. Alligators are desperately afraid of any attack upon their eyes. They are said to be so sensitive to pain in that organ, that when *gouged* they will let go their hold upon any man or boy they have seized and hurry away. Perhaps the dashing of water in their faces so fully occupies what little minds they have with care for their eyes, that they can think of nothing else.

They are easily killed or captured by those who know how. Approached in front, their thick scales, shingling backwards, are proof against every missile from the hand of man, except a rifle ball in the forehead; and even that will do little harm unless, by chance, it strikes the brain, which is about the shape and size of a man's finger, and lying lengthwise with the head. Approached in the rear, a load of duck-shot directed to the back of the head at its junction with the neck, will penetrate, and prove instantly fatal. And so will a rifle-ball in the side, close behind the shoulder, though in this case the hunter will also be nearly killed by the horrible smell of the gases issuing from the ball-hole.

For the Companion.

A VISIT TO FRIENDS' MEETING.

"Thee has never been to Friends' meeting? Then thee must go over to Baltimore and go with me next first day. Perhaps Friend Mary Ames will speak, and then thee will have a treat.'

So said Friend Anne Bascome, as she took off her plain bonnet, and smoothed her plain handkerchief, and composed her plain but sweet countenance.

"But my dear friend," said I, "I should be obliged to go in the world's costume, ruffles, panniers and all. Shall I be allowed to enter the sanctuary in that profane style, or must I don some Quaker bonnet and gown of most immaculate gray?"

"Don't thee say Quaker, my friend," said Anne Bascome, settling herself in the depths of a luxuriant velvet easy-chair—and I notice Friends are partial to soft cushions—"it is a term of reproach among my people. Thee need have no fear if thee goes with me. And besides, many degenerate sons and daughters of Friends have adopted worldly fashions, though they still hold to their birthright."

"Then it is settled; I'll go with thee, Friend Anne, to Baltimore Friends' meeting, and I hope it will do me good."

"It is to be hoped it may do thee no harm," said Friend Anne, quietly.

Who does not like a Friend? Dear, sweet, gray birds, with their faultless, unruffled plumage, dealing so gently with the young, bearing their testimony among the world-hardened and unbelieving.

Saturday night saw me in Baltimore; Sunday morning, or first day, saw me on my way to the meeting-house in Lombard Street, dressed in a becoming drab walking suit made by the most fashionable dressmaker in Washington, and plain, in spite of its elaborate trimming in satin, ruffles and folds.

"Thee does not look very unlike a Friend thee-self," said Anne Bascome, just before I put my bonnet on. That, with its bunch of daisies and bright ribbons, dispelled the illusion.

Friends' meeting-house in Lombard Street, sets back from the curb some twenty feet or more. A high, primitive fence, from which three gates open, is the first intimation of the place. We were early, so we sent the carriage home and stood in the shade of some grand old trees, for awhile.

An evil genius soon presented itself in the shape of a fluttering, be-ribboned girl, a rainbow of color from head to heels. She seized me by the hand on the strength of a slight acquaintance at some watering-place, and shocked Friend Anne beyond measure, by darting at my veil and kissing me in the street.

"What are you standing here for?" she asked.

"I am going to Friends' meeting."

"O, the Quakers!" exclaimed Fly-a-way, in her loudest tones. "I dote on Quakers, and I'm dying to go to Quaker meeting. Do take me in with you."

"I am here by the courtesy of my friend Anne," I said, very much ashamed; "and"—

"Thee friend is very welcome," said Anne; and I knew that her speech was a mortification of the flesh, for any thing more worldly, more gorgeous in its get up, from the three-storied feather-fluttering hat, to the great rosettes on her small feet, I am bound to say the good Friend never saw, inside or outside of a meeting-house.

"Thanks! how kind you are!" said the Butterfly, and then went on to entertain me with a description of the last ball she had attended, for which I could have boxed her ears with a right good will, for she varied it with queries of "Had I seen Tom, lately; or Harry, or the old colonel, and when was I going to be Mrs. ——? and wouldn't I invite her to the wedding?"

Now I am only seventeen, and have had but few serious thoughts of marriage in all my busy life. There's a six-years bridge, at present, between me and that important state, and I must confess I winced under Miss Anne's astonished stare; while, it being Sunday, and the creature utterly unimpressible, and standing in the peaceful shadow of Friends' meeting-house, I did not utter the sharp words that were fighting for an outlet under my placid boddice.

"Mercy on us!" cried Butterfly, "the gates are opened." How I longed to ask her if she thought she could behave herself. I doubted her capacity for silence. I knew she would twirl her parasol, play with her ring, dangle her watch-chain and make her boots creak, but trusting to a friendly Providence, I followed Anne up the aisle, where, to my distress, she took a seat under the ministers' gallery and facing the whole audience.

"I like this," whispered Butterfly, setting all her dangles to fluttering. Of course she did. To be seen was her chief end of life; to be admired her only aim.

It being some time before service, I felt at liberty to use my eyes, and did so when I could without being annoyed by Butterfly.

What a strange, quiet, unchurchly place it seemed! A large, cheerful, but rather bare interior, divided down what we should call the middle aisle by a partition which could be raised or lowered at pleasure. A gallery ran all around the house, but there was no organ loft, no choir, no pulpit. Four plebeian-looking black stoves stood in different places, so that Friend's meeting-house must be abundantly comfortable in winter.

Friend Anne explained that the women Friends sat on one side and the men Friends on the other; that on occasion of business sessions by either sex, the partition was pulled down to the tops of the pews, and they were effectually separated; that the seats on a raised platform behind us were for Friend ministers, and she supposed there would be several present that morning.

"Isn't it comical?" queried Butterfly, already beginning to flutter her wings.

"I don't see any thing funny," I replied, with an expression of countenance that I flatter myself frightened her into silence, for she was quiet full thirty seconds afterward.

By my side sat my comfortable friend; opposite a very slim, thin, delicate Quaker, rigid and pale, and on Butterfly's left an ample, motherly dame. Presently, more Friends began to drop in, sweet and cool, and all so fair and modest under their capacious silk bonnets! I cannot tell how many Rachels, and Nancys, and Marys I was introduced to. One by one they entered, one by one came the world's people, or modified Friends with pretty, gray walking-suits, and neat but not showy bonnets. One by one came in the men on the other side, and dropped into their seats, with their broad brims on, and there they sat under the shadow of their hats.

It was all so strange, as gradually meeting filled up! Several little folks sat round in pretty, white dresses and one fold of ribbon over their plain straw hats, and they were quite as demure as their elders.

The bells stopped tolling without; the summer sunbeams flickered through branches and were sifted on the floor and over the congregation; the sweet west wind came in and toyed gently with spotless kerchiefs and pretty ribbons.

One face, pure and beautiful as a rosebud, under quillings of blue ribbon and white lace, quite fascinated me. Evidently she used the plain language, and I afterwards learned that she was the daughter of Friend Mary Ames, one of the lights of that order.

Gradually the silence grew oppressive. Twenty minutes passed, twenty-five, thirty, and as yet the Spirit had not given token. The myriad faces blended into one, queerly, under a monstrous Quaker bonnet. A little child dropped a fan; it made me jump. Somebody sneezed. I never heard any thing quite so terrific as that sneeze. I was getting light-headed. Astonished at Butterfly's silence, I looked at her; she was asleep; her three stories of hat toppled alarmingly. It was a relief to pinch her.

Five minutes more; that silence must be broken. The more I tried to think good thoughts, the more I couldn't. Grotesque images alarmed me. I saw all the comical illustrations I had looked at for months, and almost determined never to look at another. First, I studied noses—it was very wicked of me—and then I wondered what everybody could be thinking of. Could they banish all worldly thoughts? I wished I could. The silence seemed like an avalanche about to smother me, when lo, a soft voice fell on my ear:

"Perfect love casteth out fear;" and the spell was broken.

Sweet Mary Ames, with thy saintly thoughts, dispelling silence and sadness, how refreshing were thy words! After that three Friends spoke, two brothers and one sister; then suddenly there was a rushing sound. The whole congregation roused itself and got up, and "Quaker meeting" was over.

"Did you ever see any thing so stupid?" asked Butterfly, as we gained the street. "I lost some splendid singing; don't want any thing to do with Quaker meeting again. Come and see me—good-by."

I hope I shall never meet her again. As to the Friends, though their worship is peculiar, God bless them. ALICE.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
  Give me the man who'll say,
Whene'er a good deed's to be done,
  "Let's do the deed to-day."
We may all command the present,
  If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
  Of the past that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
  There is much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplished
  If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty;
  Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow
  What to-day can do as well?

A FRAY WITH INDIANS.

The following letter from a subscriber to the *Companion*, in Kansas, gives a hint of the way the Indians are sometimes provoked by the whites to deeds of blood. We have no doubt that the assaults of the red men on white settlements have very often, like this recorded below, been directly invited by the bloody acts of hot-headed, brutal men, or by unwillingness to treat the Indians with ordinary justice. EDITOR.

DEAR COMPANION,—My home here is but a short distance from an Indian camp, and I am going to tell you what a "brush" we had with the Indians not long since. These Indians are friendly, but they will sometimes steal, and when a theft occurs they are sure to be suspected and accused of it, whether guilty or not.

A man in our neighborhood lost a horse, and concluded at once that the Indians had stolen him. On the 13th of May he induced some of his neighbors—sixteen or seventeen in all—to start with him for the Indian camp, to hunt for the animal. When about a mile from the camp they met a nearly equal number of unarmed Indians going to the town of Peru to trade. The man who had lost the horse stopped them and demanded his property; but the Indians declared that they neither had the horse or knew any thing about the animal, but offered to go back to the camp to search for him.

The man refused this and insisted that some of their ponies should be left in his possession until his horse was returned. This the Indians, of course, would not do. They then turned to go back to their camp when a young man of the party of whites rode in front of them with a revolver in his hand, and ordered them to halt. At this the Indians gathered about him and one of them raised a tomahawk in a threatening manner, when he fired, killing him instantly.

The Indians then ran for their camp, and several of the white men followed, firing at them as they fled, so that some of them were probably wounded. No sooner did they get within hearing of the camp than they gave the war-whoop. At once the men of the tribe rushed out armed and mounted. Upon this the whites turned and fled, hotly pursued by the Indians, who fired on them and killed one man. The rest of the party flew to their homes and gave the alarm, and immediately there was great terror and confusion.

We had just finished our dinner and were resting for a while, when a man rushed into our door, saying, "The Indians are coming, and the settlers are flying before them in every direction." In a short time frightened women and children began to flock in upon us until the house and yard literally swarmed with fugitives.

As there was danger that the savages would destroy property, and perhaps, in their fury, kill other victims, it seemed necessary to meet, and if possible, prevent this. Accordingly every man and boy who could get a gun or a revolver started for the scene of action. I shouldered an old Spencer rifle, and in company with several others, marched about three miles, and had nearly reached the scene of hostilities when we came to the house of a man whom the Indians had taken prisoner. They had beaten and bruised him somewhat, but had afterwards let him go, and also another captive.

These men said the Indians had returned to their camp, and evidently were satisfied with the revenge they had taken, and would not probably molest other settlers. They had taken life, man for man, and we concluded that it was better not to pursue the matter further, but to return home. And thus ended the 13th of May. There is, perhaps, but little doubt that if the whites had met the Indians civilly and treated their offer in a fair spirit, the horse could in a little time have been found, and returned, if it had been stolen by these Indians. Thus bitter and deadly feelings would have been avoided, and the lives of two human beings saved.

CHARLES M. RICORDS.

DYNASTIC RESTORATIONS.

The efforts that have lately been made to restore the old Bourbon line to the throne of France have revived interest in the general subject of dynastic restorations.

It is often said, that, as the Bourbons have been out of France forty-one years,—they were driven away in the summer of 1830,—it is idle to suppose that they can be restored. But there is a great deal of tenacity in persons who lay claim to crowns and sceptres. Such baubles are too fascinating to be easily given up.

Take the case of the House of Stuart. That very foolish man, James II., of England, was deprived of all his crowns at the beginning of 1689,—and it was not till almost a century had elapsed that his descendants ceased to hope for a restoration.

He had a son, also named James, who was born in 1688, and died at the beginning of 1766—and who was first known as the Pretender, and then as the Old Pretender. This gentleman made several open attempts to recover the throne of his ancestors, but all were failures.

He married a Polish princess, of the great family of Sobieski, and became the father of two sons. The elder of these sons was the person known in history as Prince Charles Edward, a man of no common powers, and from whom his party expected much.

Charles Edward, in his father's lifetime, engaged in several attempts to restore his family to the British throne. The most wonderful of these attempts was that made in 1745, which led to a short but fierce civil war.

With only a few friends he went to Scotland, and was there joined by many Highlanders, and by a few of the Lowland Scotch. He outgeneralled the British commander, and took possession of Edinburgh, and then defeated him in the pitched battle of Gladsmuir.

Having formed a considerable army, he marched into England, going as far south as Derby. It is the opinion of competent military and political critics that, had he persevered, and gone on to London, he would have been entirely successful, and that the Stuart dynasty would have been restored, forty-eight years after it had been driven out of Great Britain.

But his Scotch adherents had become alarmed, because very few of his English friends joined him,—and of those few only a very few were men above the lowest classes. Consequently, they resolved to retreat, and made Charles Edward obey them, much against his wish and will.

On the way back to Scotland they defeated the English at Clifton; and after their arrival there they defeated them in the battle of Falkirk. But they were destroyed at Culloden, in April, 1746,—the last dynastic battle ever fought on British ground.

But the Stuarts did not give up their hopes, even then, and Charles Edward maintained them to the day of his death, which took place in 1788—so that a restoration was thought of for about a century. It is a well known fact that a Stuart party existed in Great Britain even down to the early years of the present century.

Charles Edward had a brother, Henry Benedict, but that brother seems to have indulged in no illusions. He was created Cardinal of York, and died so recently as 1807, having received a large pension from George III. for several years.

The French Bourbons were overthrown in 1792, for the first time, and their first restoration took place in 1814. They had been kept out of power not quite twenty-two years.

The Sicilian Bourbons lost their continental dominions in 1806, and were restored in 1815.

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The Spanish Bourbons were dethroned in 1808, and regained their place in 1814.

The Vasas lost the Swedish throne early in the present century, and they never have been restored, though they entertained strong hopes of a restoration for some time. Their throne is held by the House of Bernadotte, the sole surviving dynasty of those that were made out of French marshals and princes in the time of Napoleon I.

The House of Orleans lost the French throne only twenty-three years ago, (February, 1848,) and they can reasonably look forward to a restoration, whatever may be said of the hopes of the old Bourbons.

YACHTS AND YACHTING.

Yachting is now a popular summer recreation in both England and America, by those who can afford its pleasures. It is a costly indulgence. To engage in it as many Englishmen and Americans do, requires the possession of wealth, and the command of much time. A well-built, well-furnished and well-fitted yacht costs many thousand dollars; and the expense of keeping it, with its officers, and men, and servants, and appropriate entertainment of guests, is something enormous.

Yacht—pronounced yot—is from the Dutch, like so many of our maritime terms. Down to the middle of the seventeenth century, or thereabout, the Dutch were the first of maritime peoples, and they have furnished much of our sea language.

Yachts are old things. "Cleopatra's barge," of which we have heard so much, was a yacht, and the river Cydnus had the pleasure of bearing that immortal vessel on its limpid bosom, when the "serpent of old Nile" went to try her powers on Mark Antony. Perhaps she was a sea-serpent.

Many of the ancient monarchs, or other great men, had yachts,—a yacht meaning a pleasure vessel, and being thus distinguished from a vessel of business. They are frequently mentioned in history long before the age of yachting began.

When William III. used to go from England to Holland, or from Holland to England, he sometimes used a yacht. So did George I. and George II. in making those visits to Germany that gave so great offence to their unloving subjects.

Yachting, therefore, is nothing new on the sea, or under the sun; but the scale on which it is now indulged in is something new, and belongs to this century. As becomes her position as the first of maritime, commercial and naval countries, England takes the lead in yachting; and next to her is the United States, which is the second of maritime, commercial and naval countries.

Yacht clubs are numerous in the British Islands, and the Royal Yacht Club is the greatest institution of the kind in the world,—nor is it likely ever to be excelled. The number of British yachts is told in thousands, most of which are craft of good dimensions, very few indeed being small.

American yachting has about completed the first generation. The New York Yacht Club, which is the first institution of the kind in the Western world, dates from 1844. It consisted, originally, of nine yachts, but it numbers a great fleet, and is on the increase.

Some of the finest yachts in the world are owned by Americans, and are distinguished everywhere for their high sailing qualities. There is an honorable rivalry between the yachtsmen of America and those of England, which has led to races, and to improvement in the construction and sailing of vessels. There are yacht clubs in Russia and France, and in Holland and Belgium, and in some of the British colonies.

THE MUSIC OF BIRDS.

Who does not long to hear the song of the nightingale, after reading the following zigzag description of it by a Geneva musician, named Bechstein?

Zo-zo-zo-zo-zo-zo-zo-zo-zo-zo-zo-zo-zo zirrhdding
Hez-ez-ez-ez-ez-ez-ez-ez-ez-ez cowar ho dze hoi
Hai-gai-gai-gai-gai-gai-gai-gai-gai gual a gai coricor dzio dzio pi.

From these syllables we should judge that the cuckoo has done more for music than the nightingale, for the minor scale, the origin of which has puzzled many, is said to be due to this bird, the cuckoo's couplet being a minor third sung downwards.

The canary bird is the most cherished songster of our homes, but there is an account of two canaries which talked instead of singing. The first of these was raised by hand and kept away from other birds. It soon astonished its mistress by repeating words which it had heard, especially its own name—Titchie. It would for hours ring the changes on such words, as "Dear, sweet Titchie. Kiss Minnie. Sweet, pretty little Titchie. Kissie, kissie, kissie. Dear Titchie, wee, gee, gee. Titchie—Titchie, pretty little Titchie."

AN EASTERN SCAVENGER.

A Calcutta correspondent sends us an anecdote of that singular bird, the adjutant, or gigantic crane, which may be a novelty to some of our readers. He says that his attention was attracted one morning by an unusual turmoil in the "compound," or out-door premises of the house in which he lived:

Looking out of the window, he saw an adjutant, evidently unable to remount on his wings, standing helplessly amid a company of at least a hundred crows, whose loud vociferation seemed to express any thing but delight at the presence of their gigantic fellow-biped. The adjutant, from his usefulness as a scavenger of all work, is a gentleman very much humored about Indian homesteads; and this one in particular, as was his wont, had been lingering outside the cook's room for any unconsidered trifles which the servants might think fit to throw out.

A few crows, however, getting wind of the affair, with the sagacious notion that they might pick up a few chance scraps on their own account, were soon on the scene of action. Hunger has no compunctions, and at last, one of them, more venturesome than the rest, approaching more closely than actual prudence would have dictated, ventured to dispute the possession of a bone with the adjutant.

The question was not long in abeyance; for, in a few moments, the adjutant—leaving the bone for subsequent discussion—seized the crow hip and thigh, and swallowed him at one gulp.

This summary act seems to have aroused the indignation of the other crows, who by their cries soon brought together numbers of others from every quarter, and for a good two hours they never ceased—some from the ground, others from a neighboring wall—to badger their voracious foe, scolding him at the top of their lungs, and tantalizing him by approaching as close as they dared, extending a claw or a wing to almost within his reach, and suddenly withdrawing it as he attempted to seize them. And this unequal vengeance they continued for two or three mornings.

The adjutant is one of the most voracious and carnivorous birds known; and the enormous quantity which it can devour may be judged of from its size. From tip to tip of his wings, when stretched out, it measures about fourteen or fifteen feet, and it is five feet high when standing erect. Well-founded stories of its voracity, however, are by no means uncommon. With the adjutant, all is fish that comes to net. Every thing is swallowed whole. In the stomach of one a land tortoise ten inches long, and a large male black cat, have been found entire. A shin of beef, broken asunder, serves an adjutant for but two morsels; and a leg of mutton, five or six pounds weight, if he can purloin it—for he is a terrible thief—is no more than a fair ordinary mouthful.

Fortunately, the courage of the adjutant is not equal to its greediness; for a child, eight or ten years old, can scare it with a common switch.—*Once a Week.*

STUFFING LITTLE STOMACHS.

"Hearty suppers make heavy dreams," and none suffer more from over-eating at the last meal of the day than children, "booked," as they are, for early bed-time, and exposed to pain by their sensitive nerves.

Perhaps, says the *Advocate and Guardian*, the parents and guardians of children are not aware how often they prepare the way for the physician's call to their houses.

Many cases of indiscreet crowding the tender stomach, or of an improper choice of food, have come under my observation; but none have so impressed me as the one at this moment in my mind.

A little child of three years old, delicate from recent indisposition, caring not much whether she eats or not. Fancy a luncheon of this kind—two boiled eggs, three bits of cheese an inch square; part of a small pickled onion, and some raw cabbage. A piece of mince pie would have been given but for the good fortune that there was none in the house.

About three hours after, there was a dose of physic administered. Then piece of an orange followed. What was the subsequent treatment before the child's bed-time, I cannot tell, but it did not surprise me that the result of this strange mixture was violent convulsions nearly all the night, partial paralysis as a consequence, and the prospect of death for the little victim, or it may be of imperfect faculties throughout the child's life.

SOME STRANGE CURIOSITIES.

The "Museum of the College of Surgeons" in London contains some of the most remarkable *real* natural curiosities, which, ghastly as many of them are, repay inspection better than a whole house full of codfish Feejee mermaids and cowskin gorillas. From "Haunted London" we take this description of some of these wonders:

This museum was built by Barry, in 1835, and contains the incomparable anatomical collection of the eminent John Hunter, bought by the government for £15,000, and given to the College of Surgeons, on condition of its being opened to the public. The museum is divided into two rooms, the normal and abnormal. The total number of specimens is upwards of 23,000. The collection is unequalled in many respects; every thing is in perfect preservation and of authentic pedigree.

The largest human skeleton is that of Charles O'Brian, the Irish giant, who died in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, 1783, aged twenty-two. It measures eight feet four inches. By its side, in ghastly contrast, is the bony sketch of Caroline Crachami, a Sicilian dwarf, who died in 1824, aged ten years. There is also a cast of the hand of Patrick Cotter, another Irish giant, who measured eight feet seven and a half inches.

Nor must we overlook the vast framework of Chunee, the elephant that went mad with toothache at Exeter Change, and was shot by a company of riflemen in 1826. The sawn base of the inflamed tusk shows a spicule of ivory, pressing into the nervous pulp. Toothache is always terrible, but only imagine a *square foot* of it!

Very curious, too, is the jaw of the extinct sabre-toothed tiger, and the skeleton of a gigantic extinct Irish deer, found under a bed of shell-marl in a peat-bog near Limerick. The anthers are seven feet long, eight feet across, and weigh seventy-six pounds. The height of the animal (measured from his skull) was seven feet six inches

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF FORCE OF HABIT.

The forms of activity during sleep are many and curious. Somnambulism shows how the body will often obey the dreaming brain, but the following instance is much more remarkable. Henry Crabb Robinson relates an example of the strong power of habit upon the human mind to which he was a witness, in Jena:

The house in which he lived was let out in chambers to students, and was in the care of an old woman whom the lodgers called *Aufwerterinn*, (the mistress,) and a young one, called *Burschen* (broom), both very modest and reputable persons. It had been their business so long to rise constantly at all hours of the night, to let the students in, that they contracted a habit of rising and opening the door, and of securing it, and then retiring again, without breaking in upon their sleep.

This activity of mind during sleep had grown upon them, so that they would answer any question put to them, and even keep up a connected conversation with each other without waking.

Robinson considered this something like the mesmeric sleep, and tried several experiments on these two fine subjects. Entering the kitchen one night for a candle, he found that Waitress and Broom had both fallen asleep in their chairs, and listened to a conversation between them on the merits of the different lodgers.

One asked the other, "What think vou of the Englishman?" (himselt).

"O," replied she, "he is *guter kerl*, (a good fellow,) and is very fond of talking."

Some of the students tried experiments to ascertain the nature of this sleep. One asked the old woman if she had any more rooms to let; when she replied, in an unnatural voice, "O, yes," and praised the rooms and fixed the price of them.

But at length a rude fellow put an insolent question to her, when she awoke at once, and seeming to remember it, was justly angry with him.

A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

A chap named Joseph Ford sent $230 to Richard Roe, of New York, to buy counterfeit money. Roe pocketed the cash and sent sawdust, and Ford had him arrested. Ford deserves no sympathy, for he knew he was taking steps to impose upon the community, and he ought to have known that John Doe and Richard Roe are purely legal fictions, and that therefore he could get no satisfaction out of such a name.

John Doe and Richard Roe are the two *supposed* names always used in England in the wording of specimen law cases and "moot" courts.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

Appears to have been a better husband than grammarian—if the following refers to him:

The will of John Anderson, recently filed for probate in San Francisco, provides that "all and any of my property I leave to my wife Mary, and likewise my two daughters, Mary and Jennie." The young ladies earnestly desire to know whether they are legatees or legacies, and the court is in a quandary.

HOW IT WAS MADE.

A chemist has been experimenting on fashionable liquors out West. In a barrel of what is known as the best Cincinnati whiskey, he found the residuum to consist of five pounds of strychnine, fourteen pounds of rotten tobacco, and dishwater enough to hold them in solution.

LYNCH LAW.

Two Missourians caught a horse thief and hanged him. His friends caught and hanged them. The citizens hanged his friends, and now who's going to hang the citizens?

This is an example of the way things work when men "take the law into their own hands."

A LADY placed the following letters in the bottom of her flour barrel and asked her husband to read them: O I C U R M T.

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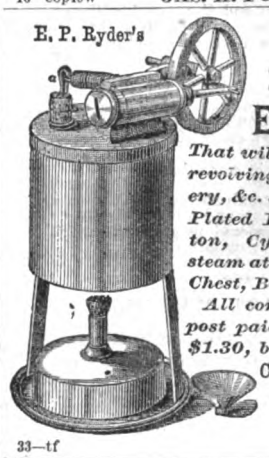

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THE FOX AND THE CAT.

The fox and the cat, as they travelled, one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way;
"'Tis good," said the fox, "to make justice our guide!"
How God-like is mercy!" grimalkin replied.

As thus they proceeded, a wolf from the wood,
Impatient for hunger and thirsting for blood,
Rushed forth as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seized for his breakfast an innocent sheep.

"'Tis in vain," cried the wolf, "Mistress Sheep, that you bleat,
When mutton's at hand you know well I must eat."
The cat was astounded—the fox stood aghast,
To see the fierce beast at his cruel repast.

"What a wretch!" said the cat; "what a blood-thirsty brute!"
To seize a poor sheep when there's herbage and fruit!"
Cried the fox, "With the acorns so sweet and so good,
What a tyrant this is to spill innocent blood!"

Then onward they went and discoursed by the way,
And with still more wise maxims enlivened the day;
And on as they travelled they moralized still,
Till they came where some poultry pecked chaff by a mill.

Then the fox, without ceasing his sayings so wise,
Now snapped up a chicken by way of a prize;
And a mouse which then chanced from her covert to stray,
The thoughtful grimalkin secured as her prey.

A spider that sat in her web on the wall,
Perceived the poor victims and pitied their fall;
She cried, "Of such murders how guiltless am I!"
Then ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

THE LAST MATCH.

Our readers may remember the thrilling story of the steamer *Gen. Grant*, wrecked on one of the Auckland Islands, several years ago, whose cast-away sailors had but a *single match*, to warm them in that world of ice and snow. Fortunately they "made it go," and so kindled a fire and kept themselves alive for months, until taken off by a passing vessel. John B. Gough tells this similar story of narrow chance in a crisis of danger:

I remember—and I don't know whether it was a legend or not—that a missionary party were passing over the prairie, when one of them exclaimed,—

"See, see that red glare! What is it?"

They looked and watched, and one old trapper, shading his eye with his right hand, cried out,—

"The prairie is on fire, and it is spreading at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It will destroy us, and nothing will be left but a few charred bones to tell of the party passing over the prairie."

"What shall be done?"

The trapper cried,—

"We must fight fire with fire. Work! work! Pull up the grass! make the circle larger, larger, larger! Quick, quick, I feel the heat upon my brow! Quick, for your lives! pull up the grass! pull up the grass! Now for the matches!

They searched, and found two. Hastily they struck one, and it failed, utterly failed! One match! and the fire coming in the distance, leaping with its forked tongues through the dry grass at twenty miles an hour! Only one match!

The missionary, baring his brow, said,—

"God, help us; for thy great name's sake, help us in our extremity."

Every heart prompted the words, and the lips uttered "Amen."

They struck the match; it caught fire, and the grass was ignited: and as the fire formed them in circle they were saved.

Often we are in circumstances where our means are feeble and few and chances of success or safety exceedingly critical. But there is nothing for us then but to ask God's help and strike our "last match."

AN INCIDENT IN DICK'S LIFE.

Fortunately it happened when all the children were in the nursery. It was such a stormy day, that even Harry could not go out-doors. So like a good elder brother, he devoted himself to playing with his sisters, Lotty and Mabel. Little Dick, the canary bird, was taking his usual recess outside of his cage, flying from one curly head to the other, or perching on the toilet-bottle to gratify his vanity in the looking-glass! when, unseen by Norah, who was busily darning the knees of Harry's second-best trousers, or by the children, intent on the erection of the seventh story of Harry's grand block-tower, in stole Kitty! Now Kitty was regarded with affection by the warm-hearted little folks, but the tenderest affection could not induce these small people to repose the slightest confidence in the good intentions of Kitty, as far as Dick was concerned.

Poor Dick had flown down from the toilet-bottle, having twisted and turned his vain little head as much to his satisfaction as if he had been the most beautifully curled and mustached young dandy. His bright eyes had spied some stray seeds scattered under his cage, and he had set himself to work to save Norah the trouble of sweeping them into the dust-pan.

Kitty, meanwhile, crouched low, made herself as much like a snake as possible, and came creeping along very stealthily and quietly. Norah was in the midst of an ingenious rent, and was lost to every thing but the catching together of the frayed threads; the tower was trembling under Harry's nervous fingers, as he was placing a spool with a flag in it on the tip-top, higher than his own head; and sympathetic Lotty and Mabel were holding their breath, when a strange sound caused Harry to start, and down came the work of art!

But the children did not stop to mourn over *that*, for the sight that met the three pairs of horror-stricken eyes made them forget everything. There was little Dick fluttering in naughty pussy's mouth! Norah exclaimed,—

"Murther! he's kilt intirely!" and Lotty and Mabel screamed with fright and grief; but Harry, being a man of seven years, lost neither presence of mind nor time, but sprang to his pet's assistance.

Kitty, half fierce and half frightened, jumped on the table, then down and across the floor under the big bed, followed by wrathful Harry. For a moment Harry thought it was all over for poor little Dick, for the bed was too low for him to creep under, and Puss would not stir for all the pokings of the pop-gun that was Harry's weapon. But, quick as thought, he squeezed himself as flat as a plump boy could, and by dint of scraping and bruising his arm and shoulder, managed to reach Kitty's tail; and O! how he pulled when he *did* get hold!

Now, Kitty felt terribly hurt and grieved when she felt the pain; for a moment she tried to keep her position by sticking her claws into the carpet, but Harry pulled with the force of love and justice, and had nearly dragged her forth, when a wild desire for revenge took possession of her. She opened her jaws in order to bite Harry's hand, and out dropped Dick, his feathers wet and broken, his strength exhausted. Kitty drove her sharp white teeth into Harry's little fat hand, and then, mad with pain and the overthrow of all her plans for a choice bird-dinner, rushed out of the nursery.

Harry had borne the sharp bite without a murmur, though his blue eyes filled with tears that he could not keep back; but when he took up little Dick and saw his condition, thinking his pet was dying, he burst into tears. Lotty and Mabel joined the sad chorus, and Norah was in vain trying to comfort them, when mamma, having heard the commotion, came in.

Mrs. West soon heard the whole story, broken as it was with tears and ejaculations, and took the bird on her left palm to see how far he was injured. Little Dick was very sensible, and he had also unlimited faith in his kind mistress, for it was she who had taught him his pretty tricks, and brought him sugar, and apple, and the earliest spring chickweed. So he lay quite patiently, his little heart beating very fast from his fright and suffering, while she examined his wings, claws and body, to see what could be done for him.

Pretty soon, to the children's unbounded joy, she pronounced him all right, and told them that she would put him back in his cage, and when he had forgotten his adventure she thought he would be as lively and gay as ever. Sure enough, after several hours of dejected hopping from one perch to another, and long, sad meditations at the bottom of the cage, Dick cleared his voice with a chirp or so, and then timidly essayed a feeble song; and the next morning he woke them all as early as usual with his cheery thrill.

A SERMON ON "PUSH."

The best preaching on any text is to *do it*, and certainly there are few better opportunities to act out *this* text of four letters than when you see some one suffering from want of help.

When Cousin Will was at home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel nuts.

As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart.

The cart was standing full of apples before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house.

The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push, *push*," was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you jest wait a minute;" and hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; "but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!'—it is just the word for a grand, clear morning like this; it is just the word for strong arms and young hearts; it is just the word for a world that's full of work as this is.

"If anybody is in any trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; *push!*

"If there's any thing good doing in any place where you happen to be, *push!*

"If there's any work going on in the Sunday school, *push!* Don't drag back, I beg of you. You'll do one or the other.

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it's your own or not, whether it's at home or in the town, at church or at school, just help with all your might; *push!*"

At that minute the farmer came out again with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

WIRT AND WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster was once engaged in the trial of a case in one of the Virginia courts, and the opposing counsel was William Wirt, author of the "Life of Patrick Henry," which has been criticised as a brilliant romance. In the progress of the case Mr. Webster produced a highly respectable witness, whose testimony (unless disproved or impeached) settled the case and annihilated Mr. Wirt's client. After getting through the testimony, he informed Mr. Wirt, with a significant expression, that he was through with the witness, and that he was at his service. Mr. Wirt rose to commence the cross-examination, but seemed for a moment quite perplexed how to proceed, but quickly assumed a manner expressive of his incredulity as to the facts elicited, and coolly eyeing the witness a moment, he said,—

"Mr. K., allow me to ask you if you have ever read a work called the 'Baron Munchausen?'"

Before the witness had time to reply, Mr. Webster quickly rose to his feet, and said,—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wirt, for the interruption; but there was one question I forgot to ask the witness, and if you will allow me that favor, I promise not to interrupt you again.

Mr. Wirt, in the blandest manner, replied,—

"Yes, most certainly."

When Mr. Webster, in the most deliberate and solemn manner, said,—

"Sir, have you ever read Wirt's "Patrick Henry?"

The effect was irresistible, and even the judge could not control his rigid features. Mr. Wirt himself joined in the momentary laugh, and turning to Mr. Webster, said,—

"Suppose we submit this case to the jury without summing up?" which was assented to, and Mr. Webster's client won the suit.

FORGOT HIS NAME.

A conceited fellow, by the name of Head, in making New Year's calls in a certain city, made the acquaintance of a young lady upon whom he flattered himself he had effected a very decided impression. He felt that he was irresistible to the sex, any how, but in this particular instance he was confident that he had accomplished a complete conquest. Not to be too cruel to the damsel, whom he imagined to be languishing over his absence, he called upon her again after the new year was a week or so old. That he might feast upon the surprise and joy she would feel upon discovering who her caller was, he refrained from giving his name to the servant who answered his ring, but instructed her to tell Miss ——— that a very particular friend desired an interview. He was ushered into the parlor, and after a brief delay the young lady whom he supposed to be rapidly approaching dissolution on his account, entered.

She paused on the threshold and looked embarrassed. He expected, but contrary to his expetations, no blush of emotion, or recognition, even, lighted her countenance.

"Don't you remember me?" said he, putting on the smile which he imagined had melted her young and susceptible heart upon their first meeting. "You know I called here last New Year's, with a party in a four-horse sleigh."

"O yes," said the young lady, who didn't appear in the least crushed by the recollection; "I remember, your face did look familiar, but your name"——

"Don't you remember my name?" inquired the heart-pulverizer, with an air of deep chagrin.

"I have almost got it," said the lady, with a puzzled smile. "It isn't Brown?"

"No, indeed. But really, madam, this is not very flatter ng to me, you forgetting my name. I imagined that I had made a decided impression."

"So you did, so you did," the lady hastened to say. "Strange that your name should have escaped me, though. I was thinking of it just before you rang. Don't tell me what it is. I shall think of it in a minute. Really, this is quite mortifying. What has become of my memory?" and she trotted her pretty little foot impatiently on the carpet.

"But let me give you a hint," said Mr. Head, whose mortification was rapidly increasing.

"Well, just a little hint. I should think of your name in a minute, anyhow—just the least hint will do."

"Now, then, what do I carry on my shoulders?" queried Head.

A moment's puzzled reflection, then her face brightened up, and she advanced toward him with outstretched hand, cordially exclaiming,—

"*Why, Mr. Head, how do you do?*"

A BIRD THAT STEALS NESTS.

The old proverb says, "A wild goose never laid a tame egg," but here is an account of a bird that never laid an *honest* one. It is by Prof. Hamlin, of Colby University:

The birds of all America, to their credit be it said, with but a single known exception, mate and rear their young in honest wedlock; and, setting a good example to unfeathered bipeds, never resort to *bills* of divorce. The one exception to the rule of pairing is afforded by a bird that is very common among us, known as the cow-blackbird, cow-bunting or cow-bird.

It is about as large as the bobolink, and the male is in color black, with brown head and neck, while the female is sooty-brown, paler beneath. These birds are never known to mate or build nests. A general concubinage prevails among them, and, as a natural consequence, they shirk wholly the care and labor of hatching their eggs and rearing their young. When the breeding season comes, the female stealthily deposits her eggs in the nests of birds smaller than herself, in the absence of their owners, dropping one egg, only, in a nest.

This egg is always hatched earlier than those of the nurse-bird, and on this singular circumstance the whole success of the imposture depends. Why this takes place is not certainly known, but the most probable explanation seems to be that given by Nuttall, who says that the "larger egg, brought nearer to the body (of the sitting bird), is better warmed and sooner hatched." Indeed, the eggs of the owner of the nest are seldom or never hatched.

Bereft of her own offspring, the foster-mother adopts the "squatter," and nurses it with the same fond care that she would have lavished upon her rightful progeny. But, as she has to feed a big and greedy glutton, her task is a hard one.

The bird oftenest doomed to rear these "children of iniquity," is the gentle and affectionate red-eyed vireo, which habitually keeps to the woods, though it occasionally appears about the outskirts of villages.

The bluebird is the largest bird that is known to perform this office of nurse, but the smallest one that I have known to act in this capacity is the tiny Nashville warbler.

Prof. Hamlin says that the cuckoo, which has gained such dishonest repute by forcing its eggs upon other birds, is the English cuckoo, and not the American one.

TRAPPING AN AUDIENCE.

Some years ago an eccentric genius, the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, used to give temperance lectures. One night he announced that he would lecture in Easton. Now temperance was not in favor among the male portion of that town. The women, however, were all in favor of the "pledge," and, consequently, on Hunt's first night not a man showed himself.

The benches were pretty well filled with women, though, and Hunt commenced; but instead of temperance, he talked to them on the vanities of dress, etc. They wore great stuffed feather sleeves then. They—the sleeves—caught it, then tight lacing, and so on through the whole catalogue of female follies; not a word about temperance. And the ladies went home excited and angry, and told their husbands about it, and voted old Hunt a brute.

He had announced that he would lecture at the same place the next night. Long before the time appointed the audience commenced to come, and when Hunt hobbled down the aisle, for he was lame, the building was comfortably well filled with men. The old fellow looked about, chuckled, and muttered,—

"Hogs, I've got you now!"

The audience stared. "Aha, hogs, I've got you now!"

After the crowd had got quiet a little, the lecturer said,—

"Friends, you wanted to know what I meant by saying, 'Hogs, I've got you now,' and I'll tell you. Out West the hogs run wild; and when folks get out of meat they catch a young pig, put a strap under his body, and hitch him to a young sapling that will just swing him from the ground nicely. Of course he squeals and raises a rumpus, when all the old hogs gather round to see what's the matter, and then they shoot them at their leisure. Last night I hung a pig up; I hurt it a little, and it squealed. The old hogs have turned out to-night to see the fun, and I'll roast you," and so he did, pitching into their favorite vice with a relish and a gusto.

ANIMAL TEACHING.

It is said that no one person of modern times achieved so much success in animal teaching as S. Bissett. This man was an humble shoemaker. He was born in Scotland, in 1721; but he afterward removed to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property. Then, turning a broker, he accumulated money until the year 1759, when his attention was turned to the training and teaching of animals, birds and fishes. He was led to this new study on reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at a fair at St. Germains.

Bissett bought a horse and dog, and succeeded beyond his expectations in teaching them to perform various feats. He next purchased two monkeys, which he taught to dance and tumble on a rope; and one would hold a candle in one paw, and turn the barrel-organ with the other, while his companion danced. He next taught three cats to do many wonderful things, to sit before music-books, and to squall notes pitched to different keys. He advertised a "Cat's Opera" in the Haymarket, and successfully carried out his programme, the cats accurately fulfilling all their parts. He pocketed some thousands by these performances. He next taught a leveret, and then several species of birds, to spell the name of any person in the company, and to distinguish the hour of the day or night. Six turkey-cocks were next rendered amenable to a contra dance; and, after six months' teaching, he trained a turtle to fetch and carry like a dog, and, having chalked the floor and blackened his claws, he made it trace out the name of any given person in the company!

WANTED THE ONE IN THE KITCHEN.

The following is a lesson for girls—a Cinderella story without the fairy nonsense. Many a slighted "cinder-wench," of sensible head and busy hands, has suddenly sprung into a great lady—independent of any glass slippers or wonderful god-mother:

An intelligent gentleman of fortune visiting a country village in Maine, not far from Bangor, was hospitably entertained and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters. Two of them, in rich dresses, entertained the distinguished stranger in the parlor, while one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper, in doing the work till it was finally completed, when she also joined her sisters in the parlor for the remainder of the evening. The next morning the same daughter was again early in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlor. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind—was a close observer of the habits of the young ladies—watched an opportunity and whispered something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time, but revisited the same family, and in about

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one year the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston, the wife of the same gentleman visitor, where she now presides in an elegant mansion. The gentleman whose fortune she shares, she won by a womanly deportment and well-directed industry. Few such now-a-days, while parlor-praters superabound.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Among the many pathetic incidents connected with the late Staten Island steamboat explosion in New York, the following is one of the most pitiful:

A handsome young woman, with beautiful golden hair, the side of her head cut badly, and her arms bruised, was taken to a hospital. This was Mrs. Mary McCall, aged twenty-two, the wife of a respectable tradesman, residing at 537 West Thirty-fifth Street. She had gone for a trip to Staten Island with her little daughter Mary, a beautiful child, two years and four months old. She was blown into the air, and fell between some timbers. Her child was found by the police terribly scalded in the wreck and ruin of the main deck. The child lay in a bed near its mother in the hospital ward. It was so fearfully burnt and scalded that it could not live. The skin was parched completely off the poor little face, and through her blackened lips, she lisped,—

"Mammy, mammy, won't you come and kiss little Mary? she's so sick."

The poor mother crawled to the bed, and bending down her lips, met those of her poor child, and almost instantaneously the burnt arms of the little girl were raised in the vain endeavor to clasp them around her mother's neck. Many a man of nerve turned away unstrung at the scene of simple pathos.

LOOKING AHEAD.

Sambo was a thoughtful old negro. There had been several sickly seasons in that particular Virginian district, and the number of deaths had been large; and in the distribution of funeral cards his master was never forgotten. On a sudden, all these cards disappeared. The master summoned Sambo and asked where they had gone. Sambo trembled.

"Praise de Lord, massa, I won't tell a lie; I's got um."

"What! got all of them?"

"Yes, yes—but don't wollup me; I'll go an' fotch um."

And with this he hurried away, and soon returned with a score or more of the missing cards.

"Here dey is, massa, all safe and sound—eb'ry one ob um."

"In the name of wonder, Sambo, what did you want of such a batch of mourning cards?"

"As true's de Bible, massa, I didn't mean no harm. I's bery old, an' I 'specs I'll die 'fore long; an' so I t'o't I'd lay dese up to send to de ole darkies on de odder plantations to come to my funeral."

THE GOLDEN PENNIES.

A little boy, who had plenty of pennies, dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen, or the missionary. His was a *tin* penny. It was light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put a penny in, and as he did so looked around with a self-applauding gaze, as if he had done some great thing. His was a *brass* penny. It was not the gift of a "lowly heart," but of a proud heart.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because all others do." That was an *iron* penny. It was the gift of a cold, hard heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny in the box, his heart said, "Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so poor, so ignorant and so miserable." That was a *silver* penny. It was the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his penny with a throbbing heart, saying to himself, "For thy sake, O loving Jesus, I give this penny." That was a *golden* penny, because it was the gift of love.—*Spirit of Missions.*

A CURIOUS SEED.

Every one knows how wonderfully the thistle-seed, with its many hundred wings, is contrived to spread its species over the earth. A plant in Ceylon has a singular provision for the distribution of its seeds. These are contained in a circular head, which is composed of spine-like divisions that radiate in all directions, making a diameter of eight or nine inches. When the seeds are ripe for distribution, these spherical heads, with their elastic spines, are blown away by the winds and roll swiftly over the level shore for miles, dropping seeds as they go. If they come to water they float easily, and their spines serve as sails, so that they can cross estuaries. A plant valuable for taking root in the sand and protecting the shores from erosion is thus widely distributed, as it could not be in any other way in a barren, birdless region.

KILLED.

One of the saddest casualties of the New York riot was the shooting of a young lad, Thomas J. Spring, a native American, who was taking a walk from the Free Academy, of which he was one of the brightest pupils.

The house, and not the street, is the place for either boys or men when a riot is expected.

For the Companion.

THE LITTLE COOK.

"There, Aggie Morton! See what you've done!" cried Cousin Mattie. "Just look, auntie."

Aggie's mother took her hands quickly out of the flour she was sifting, and said, "Why, Aggie! Keep still now, till I can wipe my hands and come to you."

Aggie had been playing with the eggs. She didn't know they would break so easily, and she only rapped two of them together, as baby did his blocks.

She sat perfectly still, waiting for her mother, while the yellow yolks ran down the front of her clean pink apron and trickled into her sleeves.

Her mother could not help smiling at the distressed looking little face.

"Never mind, dear," said she, as she took off the soiled apron; "you didn't mean to do it, and you'll know better next time. Now go with Cousin Mattie and let her wash you and put on a clean apron. Then you may come back again and see me make the cake."

Aggie was very careful not to touch the eggs when she came back. But she looked very wishful as she watched her mother at her work.

"Mamma," said she, presently, "I do wish you'd let me cook."

"But you don't know how," said mamma, smiling.

"O yes, I do," said Aggie, earnestly. "When I go up to grandma's I always make things. She gives me some dough and I roll it out on the door stone, and make cakes, and pies, and buns. If you could only see 'em! And grandma lets me bake 'em on the top of the stove."

"Then do you eat them?" asked mamma, very much amused.

"Well, some," said Aggie. "And grandpa always tastes of 'em. But grandma don't. She says she's afraid they're gritty. What's gritty, mamma?"

"Dirt or sand from the door-step would make them gritty," said mamma. "But I think I will make a trade with you. If you will learn to dress yourself neatly without help and will keep your little room in order, I will get you some small baking dishes and give you some dough every Saturday morning when I bake."

Aggie thought it would be pretty hard to button up her own dress and apron, but she said she would try. Her mother told her she must not expect to learn in a minute, for it would take time and patience.

Aggie began the very next morning, and she found her mother's words were true. She had much trouble and several hearty cries before she conquered those dreadful buttons and hooks. It took quite a month for her to learn to manage them all. It was easier to take care of her room. She dusted it every day and kept her clothes and playthings in order.

Her mother was very much pleased, for Aggie used to be so careless.

One Saturday morning, after Aggie had learned to dress herself nicely without help, her mother said, "Well, Aggie, I think you have done exceedingly well for such a little girl. I'm quite proud of you. Now come and see what I have ready for you."

Aggie followed her mother to the kitchen, and saw, in one corner, a small, new table, with a box on it. Mrs. Morton opened the box and let Aggie take out the things.

There was a little moulding-board and rolling-pin, a tiny seive, some small tin pans, baking dishes and plates, two mixing spoons, a knife and two little fancy cake cutters.

"Why, I shall be just like you, mamma!" exclaimed Aggie, delighted.

She wanted to begin her baking that very minute, but was obliged to wait till her mother had some dough ready. Then she was as busy as any hotel cook.

She made two tiny loaves of bread, and a pan full of biscuits cut out with a thimble, some apple pies, one custard pie, which mamma filled from her large one, and ginger cakes in as many shapes as she could imagine.

Mamma baked them in the oven, but Aggie almost sighed for the top of grandma's stove; for there she could see them, and mamma wouldn't let her look into the oven twice a minute, as she wanted to. They all looked nicely when they were done. And to Aggie's great delight, grandpa and grandma came to spend the day, and she could show them her dishes and her baking. And grandma actually ate a whole pie, herself, and said it was good. MIRIAM.

FIDO.

"How came this dog here, Frank?" asked Mrs. Cameron, when she came down, a winter's morning, and found a little dog in the kitchen, thin, dirty and forlorn as possible.

"O, mamma, do let him stay!" said Frank, in eager tones. "I'll take care of him, and not let him trouble you any."

"But you have not answered my question, my boy," said Mrs. Cameron, gently.

"O, I hurried down because I wanted to fix my sled before breakfast; and I found this poor little thing curled, shivering and whining, close to the wood-house door. He was afraid of me at first, and trembled when I patted him; but he soon found out I was not going to hurt him, and O, mamma! he was so glad when I let him come in here by the fire. I guess somebody's abused him. He is very hungry, too; may I give him something to eat?"

"Yes, dear; but I'll not promise to let you keep him. We'll see what father says."

Father said, "Yes, if mother's willing;" and so it was settled that doggie should stay, though, as Mrs. Cameron said, "Not for beauty's sake." It was not long, though, before care and kindness made a great difference in Fido, as Frank called his new pet. When plump, and clean, and happy, he was quite a pretty little dog, and very active and playful. He would bring Mr. Cameron's slippers from the closet when wanted, never hiding or tearing one, as dogs have been known to do. He would shut the door by pushing it with his nose; and, if told to do so, would put pussy down stairs, a step at a time, in the same way. Frank taught him to stand up and beg for his dinner, toss up a biscuit and catch it, and other similar feats. He tried to please, and was neither mischievous nor quarrelsome.

"Isn't he pretty, grandpa?" asked Frank, when the old gentleman came to make a visit.

"Pretty enough," was replied. "But *what use is he?* If you had a great, handsome watch-dog, now, that would be something."

Frank thought of this, and so did grandpa, two years afterwards. One night the boy was awakened by Fido's loud barking. It was the first time the little dog had ever disturbed the family at night, and Frank, though he thought it rather strange, tried to go to sleep again. But Fido kept barking with all his might, and Frank concluded to get up and see if he was hurt. When he reached the stairs, the smell of smoke startled him, and he awoke his father. Mr. Cameron came quickly, and the instant Fido saw them, he stopped his frantic barking, and running before, showed them where the fire was. It had been so soon discovered that it was easily checked.

"Good dog!" said Mr. Cameron, patting Fido's head. "You have saved our house."

And Fido seemed as happy as if he understood it all.

WE are glad to receive contributions to this department from all who take an interest therein. None but original puzzles are desired. Novel and humorous ones are particularly welcome.

We aim to give a variety each week. In order to do so, we can use only *brief* communications.

Puzzles sent without an answer are thrown aside.

We cannot return unavailable contributions.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

BIBLICAL SQUARE WORD.

1. A wicked king of Judah.
2. Deep mud.
3. A prince of Midian.
4. A mountain which overlooked the promised land. ISOLA.

2.

BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with words pronounced the same but spelled differently.

Jessie came —— to —— the lecture.
Yesterday the —— tolled for the —— of the city.
I —— the ——.
—— have an ——.
The well —— lady would eat no ——.

LIZZIE.

3

REBUS.

JACK.

4.

CHARADE.

When journeying once in a lumbering old coach,
Where my *first* I was hugely enjoying,
And I thought if any one should then encroach
On my time, 'twould be truly annoying.

Just then the door opened, a head was thrust in,
Which said, "Sir, your first *I'll* be taking,"
When my *second* I said, "Glad you happened just in,
For I've taken so much I am aching."

My *first* then he took and then closed the door,
And fast away then we went driving.
From my *second* I wished for one draught and no more,
For I felt it would be so reviving.

When I left my dear home this journey to make,
From kind friends their good-bys was receiving,
And received from each hand a hearty good shake,
Left my *whole* to them while I was leaving.

E. B. CLEMENT.

5.

CONCEALED TOOLS.

He sold Mac his elephant.
Plan every thing you do.
Ho, every one that thirsteth!
If I leave, you may tell him the reason.
She was looked upon as a witch.

ALLEN ISON.

6.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in tire but not in tear.
My *second* is in corn but not in clear;
My *third* is in oak but not in tree,
My *fourth* is in seven but not in three;
My *fifth* is in boat but not in oar,
My *sixth* is in strand but not in shore;
My *seventh* is in coin but not in cool,
My *eighth* is in paid but not in pool;
My whole is useful in any school. E. C. H.

Conundrums.

When may a man consider a woman poetical? When she is a verse to him.

Why is a boot-black like a bee? He improves every shining hour.

What did the potter say to the clay? Beware.

Why is an artist stronger than a horse? He can draw a church, which a horse cannot do.

When is water most liable to escape? When it is only half *tied*.

What dress is hardest to put off? A habit.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Gnat, None, Anna, Tear.
2. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."
3. Pear, Fig, Peach, Date, Cherry, Plum, Apple, Prune, Lemon.
4. Bear all crosses with fortitude, and each esteem a light burden.
5. Oxygen.
6. In, Bin, Fin, &c.

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CORAL.

What is coral? If it is neither an animal, a plant, nor a mineral, as we are told, what is it? As it feels like a stone, looks like a plant, and is made by an animal, it is perhaps best to consider it a compound of all three. Naturalists class it among *zoophytes*, or animal plants, but as it grows beneath the sea and in the dark, they are naturally very much in the dark as to how it grows. When first fished up, the coral shows a sort of bark, in which are little cells or warts, and it is covered with a thick, sticky substance. The cells are the residences of the polyps, arranged in rows like the houses in a city, and the sticky substance is that which forms the bark and in time hardens into the stony coral, such as we see it. What becomes of the little creatures imprisoned in the cells? They must be petrified, also, and hence some have supposed that the coral consists chiefly of these animals dried and hardened by death. In this case a necklace of coral beads is a string of minute stone coffins, with the dead bodies inside!

In general appearance the coral is a branching plant without leaves, and of a red or rosy color. The deeper the red, the better the coral. The best comes from the deepest water. As the branches harden from the outside inwards, the little ones are not very solid, and of small value; while the larger, being older, are more confirmed in their character and more to be depended on. The small pieces obtained on the coast of Sardinia fetch only fourpence a pound in the market, while the largest specimens bring forty or fifty shillings a pound. That of a delicate rose or flesh color is so rare, that specimens have been sold for ten guineas an ounce. Some pieces are found with the polyps growing on them, which then look like little flowers on the coral branches.

The bed of the Mediterranean Sea is that in which most of our coral grows—not, however, exactly the sea bottom, but the sloping sides of rocks, where, like huckleberries on the side of a mountain, it forms a sort of shrubbery, seldom more than half a yard high. The hook with which it is caught is made of two pieces of wood crossed at the centre, and having a net fastened to the under side. This is sunk by the weight of a stone, and the fisherman in his boat guides it to the proper place, and then entangling the net in the branches of the coral, jerks them up.

The fisherman sells the coral in its rough state, the working of it into beads and ornaments being quite a separate business. The beads are made principally in Leghorn and the neighborhood of Genoa. The people of the different villages make each their own size of beads, some families doing the cutting, and others the piercing and rounding. The finer kind of work is done in the city. From the factories the beads are sent to Marseilles, and from thence are shipped to India, Germany and Russia. In the last place they are used for funeral ornaments. In India the natives are often buried with their ornaments on them, and thus the coral, or sepulchres of animalculæ, are at last committed to the earth.

Coral has been prized as an ornament from the most ancient times. The ancient Greeks valued it besides as an amulet, as a charm to protect infants from disease, and as a medicine for fever, opthalmia and other maladies. For a time, in the Middle Ages, it was little used, but afterwards again became popular. At the present ttime there is no little imitation, or dyed coral sold, chiefly, perhaps, to the colored people, who are especially fond of it.

CARE OF THE FEET.

Concerning this subject, the *Scientific American* says:

Many are careless in the keeping of the feet. If they wash them once a week they think they are doing well. They do not consider that the largest pores of the system are located in the bottom of the foot, and that the most offensive matter is discharged through the pores. They wear stockings from the beginning to the end of the week without change, which become completely saturated with offensive matter. Ill health is generated by such treatment of the feet. The pores are not repellants, but absorbents, and this fetid matter, to a greater or less extent, is taken back into the system. The feet should be washed every day with pure water, and stockings should not be worn more than a day or two at a time.

INCIDENT.

A poor little newsboy, while attempting to jump from a city car, fell under the car-wheels, and was fearfully mangled. As soon as the child could speak, he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent at once to bring her to him.

When the bereaved mother arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief.

"Mother," he whispered, with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers—and—the money is in my pocket."

With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

THE CHANGEABLE ROSE.

Take a common full-blown rose, and having thrown flour of sulphur into a dish of hot coals, hold the rose over the fumes, and it will change to nearly white. If the rose has been a long time plucked, the white will be perfectly so. Afterwards dip it in water a short time, lay it aside for a few hours, and its color will return as the effects of the sulphur are decomposed. If you wish to make the flower beautifully mottled or spotted with white, hold it over the fumes of a burning match, so that the smoke of the sulphur will touch it only in spots, and the effect will be very curious.

A CLEVER ANSWER.

During an examination of the children of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Ragged and Industrial Schools, the word *scold* occurred in a lesson, upon which the inspector asked the question,—

"What is the difference between *scold* and *scald?*"

After a short pause, during which the inspector's eye glanced round the class, a little girl replied, with eagerness,—

"Please, sir, the one hurts with the *tongue*, and the other with *hot water*."

A DRY RAIN.

A clergyman, meeting a little boy, said,—

"This is quite a stormy day, my son."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "this is quite a wet rain."

The clergyman asked if he "ever heard of other than a wet rain?"

"I never knew personally of any other," said the boy, "but I have read in a certain book of a time when it rained fire and brimstone, and I guess that was not a wet rain."

A FELLOW was told that three yards of cloth, by getting wet, would shrink a quarter of a yard. "Well, then," he inquired, if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"

A CARPENTER being asked for a riddle, propounded the following: "I picked it up; I couldn't find it; I put it down and went along with it." No one could guess it. It was a splinter in his foot.

AN OLD LADY gave this as her idea of a great man: "One who is keerful of his clothes, don't drink sperit, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on a wash day without grumbling."

THE WEAK CONFOUNDING THE FOOLISH.—It was once remarked in the hearing of a little girl of thirteen, that all things came by chance, and that the world, like a mushroom, sprang up in a night. "I should like to know, sir," asked the child, "where the *seed* came from."

DURING a steam voyage, on a sudden stoppage of the machinery, considerable alarm took place, especially among the female passengers.

"What is the matter? What is the matter? For Heaven's sake tell me the worst!" exclaimed one more anxious than the rest.

After a short pause a hoarse voice replied, "Nothing, madam, nothing. Only the bottom of the vessel and the top of the earth are stuck together."

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, at Boston, has a high reputation in this country and in Europe for its advanced methods, its eminent instructors, and the collateral advantages it affords to music students. Its founder and director, Dr. Eben Tourjee, is already favorably known to most of the readers of this journal, and his connection with it is an ample guarantee of its excellence. We commend its announcement, in another column, to those desirous of a musical education.

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—It is not often that we take greater pleasure in recommending any medical preparation to the use of the public than in speaking of WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA, which is an excellent panacea for that most disagreeable disease. It is not a new preparation, but has stood the test of years, and its workings have received the unqualified praise of many eminent physicians. It is not claimed that it will cure everything, but it does claim to be the best cure for Dyspepsia yet discovered, and this claim is substantiated by the testimony of those who have been benefitted by its use and whose testimony cannot be gainsaid. Relief is always obtained from the first use, and a permanent cure is effected when properly continued.

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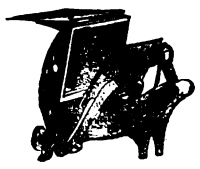

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 36. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPT. 7, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

CONSEQUENCES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP I.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

"Ten cents to do just what I please with," exclaimed little May Perkins, her cheeks glowing, her bright eyes beaming joyfully.

You know it is not so much what one *has*, as what one *wishes*, that makes him rich or poor, satisfied or unsatisfied; and May's wishes were very humble, so ten cents seemed quite a fortune, to spend on herself, and she began to name over the articles it would buy.

"But mother," she said, stopping suddenly, while a faint shadow clouded the sunshine of her countenance.

"Well?" said her mother.

"Cousin Delia—but never mind—she shall have half of whatever I get."

"I am going to give *her* ten cents, too," said her mother, smiling.

"O how splendid! Does she know it? I'll run and tell her."

May's search for Delia was not a long one, and in a few minutes the two children were on their way to Mr. Snug's grocery, having decided, after some consultation, to invest their money in oranges.

May's home was a mile or two from the village, but she usually shortened the distance by crossing "Bent's Woods," whose broad cart-path made it quite as accessible as the highway, while it was also much more pleasant. This was the route she now took.

The only person besides themselves the little girls saw in the woods, was a boy, apparently about their own age, with a tin pail in his hand. He did not stop, as they did, to pick wild flowers, or to answer the birds with a note almost as musical as their own, but trudged soberly along, as if this were a very matter-of-fact world indeed, and he had neither time nor heart for any thing but business.

Whatever may have been the subject of his meditations, they were suddenly interrupted, for as he was climbing the bars at the end of the path, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, upsetting the tin pail at the same time.

He glanced at the pail, and then, without making any effort to rise, began to cry pitifully.

The girls, perhaps warned by his example, did not attempt to climb the bars, but judiciously crawled under, and May, seeing the poor boy's distress, lingered, as if to speak to him.

"Come, come along," said Delia, pulling at her skirt.

May took a few steps, hesitated, and finally ran back to the bars where the boy still lay sobbing.

"Did it hurt you much?" asked she, sweetly.

He looked up, surprised.

"No—yes; I don't care for that," said he; "but I've spilt the blackberries."

"I'm sorry," said May; "but that isn't any thing to cry about, is it? You can get some more to-morrow."

"O, but she'll scold me awful, and beat me, too, like enough," and his sobs burst out afresh.

"Who'll do this? Not your mother?" said May.

"No. I haven't no mother. Granny will."

"Does your grandma care so very much about a few blackberries?"

"Not to eat; but I was going to sell 'em, and buy some things for her with the money."

"But you didn't fall on purpose," said May; "she can't blame you for what you couldn't help."

"O, you *don't* know granny. I'm *always* to blame. 'Tother day, when I spilt the milk because she opened the door on me all of a sudden, she shut me in the dark hole down cellar. There's *ghosts* down cellar!"

Here the boy stopped crying for a moment, and dropped his voice almost to a whisper, as if he feared that one of those mysterious personages might be eavesdropping somewhere near.

CONSEQUENCES.

"There are no such things as ghosts," said May. "My mother says so. It was too bad to shut you in the cellar, though; but look here, boy, what's your name?"

"Sandy, miss."

"Look here, then, Sandy, you haven't spilt more than half your berries, the rest are all clean and nice," said May, picking up the pail. "Now how much money did you expect to get for them all?"

"There was two quarts, and they are ten cents a quart," said Sandy.

"Then you needn't cry any more, for I have got ten cents in my pocket all my own, my very own, to do just what I please with, and you shall have it to pay for the berries you've spilt, so you'll be just as well off as if you hadn't tumbled over the fence."

The boy put out his hand to take the money and then drew it back. "Won't your mother maul you if you give it away?" asked he.

"Do *what?*" said May.

"*Maul* you—beat you, you know, or send you to bed without your supper, or somethin'?"

"No, indeed, she never does, if I'm ever so naughty. She only talks to me and makes me sorry; but she'd rather I'd give you the money, I'm sure she would; so take it, and don't cry any more."

As Sandy held out his hand a second time, May saw that his wrist was cut and bleeding.

"O, you *are* hurt," cried she; "give me your handkerchief, to bind it up with."

"Don' know's I've got any," said Sandy, diving into his pockets; "but that's nothing. I cut it a little on the sharp rock, that's all."

"Let me tie mine round it," said May.

"No; it'll stop bleeding in a minute, but I wonder"— here he broke off abruptly and looked at May with a mixture of curiosity and admiration.

"Well, what?" said May.

"I wonder what makes you so good!"

"Me, good?" said May, laughing. "Why, I didn't know I was."

"Then I guess nobody aint," said Sandy; by which he meant something very complimentary, and if he failed to express it, his grammar was at fault and not his heart. And this May understood perfectly, and was just as much pleased as though he had thanked her in the most elegant manner possible.

Delia, meanwhile, might have been likened to "Patience on a monument," inasmuch as she was sitting on a rock, waiting. But there the similitude ended, for, at short intervals, she had been all the time tugging at her cousin's dress, and ejaculating, "May, come, do come along!" and now, as the boy disappeared round the corner, she broke out with,—

"Ar'n't you ashamed to stand talking to a strange boy, and such a bad boy, too!"

"How do you know he's bad?" asked May.

"Why, didn't you see how dirty and ragged he was? I thought I should have a fit when you offered to tie up his arm with your handkerchief. And then to hear him talk about his granny!"

"I wonder who his grandma is," said May, placidly. "I didn't find out his last name, after all."

"No. I'll warrant he had good reasons for not telling it. And to think of your being such a goose as to give him your money. I suppose you thought I'd give you half my oranges, but I sha'n't. I dare say his whole story was a lie, and he wanted the money himself."

"Perhaps it was, but I don't think so. He looked as though he was telling the truth. Anyhow, it's true that he fell over the bars and hurt his arm, because we saw that with our own eyes. As to the oranges, it won't make any difference to-morrow morning, whether I've had them or not," said philosophic May, and then she darted from her cousin's side to look at a huge yellow butterfly which had lighted on a wild rose by the wayside.

There *was* a little pang at her heart, however, when they reached the grocery, and she saw the two fine oranges Delia received in return for her ten cents, but the recollection of Sandy's happy and grateful look, and the thought that perhaps she had saved him from severe punishment, was sufficient consolation.

Delia was as good (or as bad) as her word, with regard to sharing her purchase with May, for she dropped one of the oranges into her pocket, and coolly began eating the other.

"What do you think your mother'll say when she finds out how much you valued her present?" she asked. "You needn't think you can cover up any thing, for I shall tell her just what a good-for-nothing little beggar you gave it to."

And so she did, without giving May a chance to tell her story.

But what answer do you think Mrs. Perkins made? She took a Bible from the table and read aloud the parable of the good Samaritan.

"It does not appear that he knew any thing about the character of the wounded man, does it?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," said Delia, blushing.

"All he knew was that the man needed help, and that he had the power to give it. We can have no better guide than Christ's own words."

It is plain that Delia understood her aunt's meaning, for she stole round to May and whispered, "I would give you one of my oranges if I hadn't eaten them both."

May went to bed a very happy little girl that night,—happy in her mother's approbation and that of her own conscience.

She thought the affair ended there, but the truth is we never see the end of any thing in this world. Even material things, although they change and decay, are not lost, and every action is seed sown, sure to bear fruit for the future.

It was one fine day in autumn, and some months after our first acquaintance with May, that her mother called her in from her play and said, "I want to send a basket of delicacies to the Widow Carmichael's sick son; do you know of any little girl who would be willing to take it for me?"

"Yes, mother, I know of one who would be glad to," said May, laughing. So she put on her scarlet cloak, drew the hood over her dancing yellow curls, kissed her mother, and went tripping away, basket in hand, for all the world just like Little Red Riding Hood going to carry a pot of honey and a pound of butter to her grandmother.

The first creature she met was very unlike the wolf, however, being only a dismal old cow, which, for want of better nourishment, was stretching her neck over the fence, trying to get a mullein-stalk which grew just out of her reach. "You shall have it, so you shall," said May, and climbing to the top of the wall, broke it off for her.

She did not wait to be thanked, but went on, quite happy in the consciousness of having done a kind action, though only to a cow. She encountered nothing else excepting two or three stray sheep and a striped squirrel, until she was half across Bent's Woods, when she met Dea. Granger. He was walking along at his usual brisk pace, but stopped when he saw May.

"How'd ye do, my dear?" said he, kindly. "Going to the village this fine afternoon?"

"No, sir, not to the village, but to the mill. My mother sent me with something nice to the Widow Carmichael's sick boy."

"O, yes, I heard about poor Jemmy. Got hurt in the mill, I believe. I must call and see him myself, but I can't to-day, very well, and to-morrow I have got to go away on business. Will you take a message for me?"

"With pleasure, sir."

"Well, tell Mrs. Carmichael I'll be round that way in a few days, and, meanwhile, she must be wanting money now her son is laid up. So ask her if she will accept this, with my good wishes," and the deacon took a bill from his pocket-book and put it in May's hands.

"I will do just as you tell me," said May.

"No doubt of that, my little girl. Now good-by, and a pleasant walk to you." So saying, the deacon went rapidly down the path through which May had come.

Scarcely had the sound of his footsteps died away, when a figure appeared which so startled May that she nearly dropped the basket from her hand. It was that of an old woman, "a wrinkled hag with age grown double." She was wrapped in a tattered cloak, while the remnant of a shawl covered her head, through the rents of which, locks of gray hair hung round her face and neck.

"Where are you going, my dear?" said she, with a smile, which made her look even more horrible than before.

"To the Widow Carmichael's, to carry something nice to her sick son," answered May.

"Ah, that's good. We should always remember the sick. Who was that fine gentleman that spoke to you just now? The minister, wasn't it?"

"No, ma'am, it was Deacon Granger," said May.

"He had on a gold chain, hadn't he?" asked the old woman.

"I didn't notice," said May.

"O, yes, he had a beautiful gold chain, and a gold watch at the end on't, no doubt. It's a fine thing to be rich—*rich*. He gave you something pretty, didn't he?"

L M Hosford Oct70

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"No, ma'am."

"Tut, tut; it mustn't tell lies. Didn't I see him put something in your hand?"

"It was not for me; it was money for Mrs. Carmichael."

"And you'll give it to her, of course," said the woman, with a strange laugh. "It 'ud buy lots of pretty things, but then you wouldn't think of keeping it yourself. O no."

"Indeed, I would not, for any thing in the world," said May.

"Just think of what it would buy, and nobody the wiser, for Grandma Hatch aint the one to betray a friend. Didn't you never hear of Grandma Hatch?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, now, that's queer. I thought every body knowed Grandma Hatch. Well, I'm her. And I won't tell the deacon. I'll die, first, Come, now, let's divide. You take half and I'll take half."

"No, indeed, I will not," cried May, "and you must be a very wicked woman to think of such a thing." And May hurried on, but her companion kept pace with her, and laying her bony hand on her shoulder, said,—

"I never meant it. I was only joking. The truth is, I want to send something to the sick boy myself, but I haven't strength to hobble round there, and I thought I'd get you to take it; but of course I wanted to find out whether I could trust you first. I'm sure such a honest little girl won't refuse to do a favor for a poor old woman?"

But May hastened on without speaking.

"O dear, she despises me because I'm old and ragged, and may be not so fair as I once was. It's the way of the world, but it's hard, hard," and the old woman covered her face with her hands, and groaned woefully.

Still May said nothing, though she looked distressed. "I feels for the sick," continued the woman; "we've all got to be sick and die some time, and I should like to send the boy a little present, but she won't take it; she despises me because I'm old."

"Indeed, Mrs. Hatch, I do not," said May, now quite overcome with the old woman's grief. "My mother says I must respect the aged, and I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings, and I'll take your little present with pleasure."

"Will you, now? That's a good little girl. Come with [illegible] steps out of your way." Saying which, Grandma Hatch struck into a narrow footpath and May followed. She could not help thinking, as they went on and on till her little feet were weary, that the old woman must entertain very extraordinary ideas of "a few steps." And she also began to fear that she should not get home before dark.

"Is it much further?" she ventured to ask. "Do you see that clump of oaks on top of the hill? That's where I lives, deary. We'll be there in a jiffy."

So little Red Riding Hood followed the crafty wolf to her den.

Concluded next week.

A SCENE OF GRANDEUR.

The pleasure of sight-seeing among nature's wonders becomes absolute pain beyond the point where our faculties lose the power to appreciate. Many awful solitudes exist where the scale of forms and sizes in the scenery is godlike, and immensely out of reach of human comparison or description. A writer in *Scribner's Monthly* thus speaks of the great canon of the Yellowstone:

"All access to its margin is denied, and the dark gray rocks hold it in dismal shadow. Even the voice of its waters in their convulsive agony cannot be heard. Uncheered by plant or shrub, obstructed with massive boulders and by jutting points, it rushes madly on its solitary course, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the rocky firmament. The solemn grandeur of the scene surpasses description. It must be seen to be felt. The sense of danger with which it impresses you is harrowing in the extreme. You feel the absence of sound, the oppression of absolute silence. If you could only hear that gurgling river, if you could see a living tree in the depths beneath you, if a bird would fly past, if the wind would move any object in the awful chasm, to break for a moment the solemn silence that reigns there, it would relieve that tension of the nerves which the scene has excited, and you would rise from your prostrate condition and thank God that He had permitted you to gaze, unharmed, upon this majestic display of natural architecture. As it is, sympathizing in spirit with the deep gloom of the scene, you crawl from the dreadful verge, scared lest the firm rock give way beneath and precipitate you into the horrid gulf."

PET'S EARLY MORNING CALL.

Two little feet I hear,
Pattering on the floor
Softly;
Two little eyes there are,
Peeping through the door
Slyly;
Birds are piping morning song—
Cautiously he moves along,
Lest he wake me.

Two little hands I feel,
Resting on the spread
Slightly;
Two little steps he takes,
O'er me—on the bed—
Lightly;
In his snow-white nightgown—
Carefully he lays him down,
Lest he wake me.

Two little lips are soon
Pressing my lips down,
Sweetly;
Two little arms are there,
Twining my neck round
Gently;
Roguishly his eyes meet mine—
Laughingly he says 'tis time
I should wake me.

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

CHAPTER I.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

The opening of the spring term of Mossville Academy was as propitious as sunshine, youth and gay spirits could make it. Many of us were returned pupils, who had been spending happy vacations with dear friends at home; so that when we met in the morning we had only to rush into each other's arms and kiss each other in school-girl fashion—after which bit of sentimental effervescence we divided into little groups, either sauntering into corners and recesses for private chatting, or, as was the case with Nellie and myself, retiring to the open portico to make observations upon the strangers who were coming up the narrow walks.

Perhaps it may as well be explained here as elsewhere, that Mossville was a plain country academy, where both sexes congregated. The gentlemen occupied the first floor, and the ladies the one above. Although we had a lady principal and assistant teachers, the discipline, and devotions, and recitations were in common, so that we were not unlike a large family, contributing to each others' pleasures and improvement in social as well as literary aspects.

Of course we had our school-favorites, and it was to look some of them up, that a dozen or more of us had scampered for the portico, and secured the best sites for observation.

But I must not neglect to introduce Nellie May to you; first, because she was one of the dearest and best of girls; secondly, because you will meet her so often in this story, and it is pleasant to know just how our acquaintances look.

Perhaps if Nellie stood before you, it would puzzle you, as it sometimes did the rest of us, to make out in what her rare powers of fascination consisted. She was not handsome, according to the rules of beauty, although every feature was attractive in its way.

Her forehead was a trifle too low, and her cheeks too thin for perfect outline; but they only foreshadowed the yielding softness of her whole nature. If ever eyes were formed out of bits of heaven's own blue, those of Nellie must have been. And how loving, and liquid, and tender they were, with a smile lurking under the long, silken lashes! Then, again, the nose was in fault. There was just the least inclination in the tip of it to turn up. The boys all said it added piquancy to her expression. But the mouth was Nellie's chief charm to many of us. The sensitive lips, almost as expressive as her eyes, and always suggestive of kissing, closed over small, pearly teeth, and rested, the one above the other, like two twin rosebuds.

There are some mouths that look so inviting, so wholesome, if we may be allowed that old-time expression, that one is certain no unkind words, no stinging sarcasm, nor any thing that could indicate a tainted heart, ever found egress through them,—lips that know no guile. Such was Nellie's—a sweet, pure, scriptural mouth, such as almost every young person may possess.

Nor was her complexion less perfect. Indeed, the tinting was too delicate for any thing but the canvas, for it made wise heads hint of early decay. A wealth of rippling, fair hair shaded this charming face, and upon this particular morning was slightly confined by a vine of the trailing arbutus.

Nellie was taller than most girls of her age, and she moved with a graceful ease seldom met with in one so young.

The big boys and young men often looked admiringly at Nellie. But she was such a prude, they said, there was no pleasure in flirting with her. She had the advantage of always having a gallant ready to order, whenever, as was sometimes the case, we were allowed an excursion into the country, or a half day's picnicking.

Upon such occasions Nellie took along some less fortunate classmate, like myself; but when we left the carriages the *extra* was introduced to some forlorn fellow who had no lady with him, and Nellie was monopolized until the order came to return.

Nellie and I stood on the portico, with arms twined, school-girl like, and whispering our secrets into each other's ears, although we might as well have spoken them aloud, for aught of value that might attach to them. Who can tell why school-girls so enjoy privacy?

The portico was getting crowded, and still they came—now a group of familiar faces, then a solitary, scared-face girl, whose heart was evidently at home with her sisters and mother. But take it all in all, such a twittering, fluttering, giggling mass of humanity can never be found outside a school-room enclosure.

"There's Ned Tryst back again!" cried a voice. "Why, I thought he was expelled last term."

"No; only reprimanded, and sent home to eat sweet potatoes and cream."

"Hasn't he grown, though? O my! what a lovely suit! I've always noticed that whenever a boy does any thing worse than usual, the first thing his father does is to dress him up."

"Reckon Ned will never be out of suits, then. He'll manage to keep us in trouble all this term, see if he doesn't."

"Of course he will. But hush, here comes Horace Arlington! Isn't he superb?"

"Wonder where he got that moustache?"

"Somebody's gosling has lost its down!"

"Hem!"

Horace looked up, smiled, and lifted his hat.

"You'll catch it for hemming. There's Miss Kite coming."

Nellie gave me a little pinch, and nodded toward a new comer, who was making his way to the school-room with a green baize bag in his hand.

"That's a peculiar face, is it not? How sad it looks, and how proudly he bears himself!"

"Nonsense, Nell! You mustn't mistake jaundice for the 'pale cast of thought.' If you ever have a fancy it will be for some miserable dyspeptic."

Nellie did not even smile at my sally, but leaned over the railing to catch another look at the stranger, then drew in her breath with a little sigh.

Just then there was a general flutter toward us, for we commanded the best view of the grounds.

Another stranger was coming along the walks, more marked in his appearance than the others.

"Who is he? Who is he?" asked the girls, under their breath.

"That must be young Mr. Scranton," murmured Nell, "that is to board with us. Have you forgotten about his coming?"

"Senator Scranton's son?"

"Yes."

"And to board at our boarding-house?"

"Yes. Don't you recollect hearing Mr. Wayne say that the best room was engaged to Mr. Scranton?"

"Then I am sorry—that is all."

"But why? He is evidently a gentleman."

"Yes. But we shall never be at ease with him. All our good times will be gone now."

Just then a plump figure came spinning into our midst. Nellie put out her arms to arrest its fall.

"O dear! I beg your pardon, miss, but they do push so!"

Such a frowsy affair as the apology came from! The short, crisp auburn curls were piled so thickly that the mass looked like nothing more than my great-grandfather's full-bottomed wig.

The dumpy little creature gathered herself up and looked so pretty in her distress, that she was freely forgiven. In spite of the shock of reddish hair, the girl was very pretty, with her large hazel eyes and dark complexion, looking like the figures seen in the paintings of the old Italian masters.

Nellie held out her hand in the coaxing way so peculiar to her.

"If you are a stranger here, let me introduce you to my friend."

"O I am so glad to have somebody speak to me! Such a rough set as they are, too!" cried the girl, merrily, extending both hands at once.

"I will introduce you. What name, please?" asked Nellie, giving me a sly nudge.

"Winnie Winter."

"What an odd name!" suggested Nell, as she let go my arm and moved away with the young girl.

"You look as if you belonged to autumn rather than winter."

"That's just what my brother says." And then the words were drowned in the mingling voices.

"Young ladies, it is time to assemble. Fall into line, two and two. Miss Kite, please strike the bell."

We all knew whose voice that was. It might have come from a gong, for aught of music there was in it. But it was a voice to be obeyed without hesitation.

Miss Mondram, the Principal, supported by Miss Kite upon the left, headed the procession, and we took up our line of march, filing down the stairs and along the lower hall and into the assembling room, with the pert, semi-comical seriousness that inspires the movements of school-girls on such occasions.

After a good deal of fluttering we subsided into something like decorum, and it was then the good, gray-haired Professor welcomed us all back as if we had been prodigal sons.

You know how touching these reunions are, when, after weeks of absence and of final separation from classmates, we come back to the old school-room again, thankful to be alive, to be loved, to be welcomed back by the teachers we were so tired of when tasks dragged heavily. Then, too, there is just homesickness enough in our hearts, and just enough tender regret for the absent, to tone down some of our youthful exuberance, and make the tears gush, when the familiar voice, that last term fell on callous ears, invokes its first warm benediction on our bowed heads.

The Professor prayed that in this reunion we might perceive that God had something for each of us to accomplish—some life-task which it would be sinful for us to neglect. He asked that we might all grow earnest in seeking guidance from Him who said "*They that seek me early shall find me*"; and the tears fell fast upon the open Bible before him, when he pleaded that we might become good men and women, and that in the great hereafter he might be able to say, "Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost."

The first day of the term is always a busy and exciting one. Names were entered, seats selected, examinations made, classes formed, lessons given, and then we were allowed to go to our rooms, having been requested to appear promptly the following morning, and especially to deport ourselves in a manner that would be creditable to the teachers of Mossville Academy.

Why that request was made will be explained in the following chapter.

For the Companion.

LOST AND FOUND.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

You will remember that I told you, four or five weeks since, about Simple Simon and the Christmas presents given him by Dea. Stebbs. You may be assured that the presents brightened the rest of the winter for Widow Mammoth and her simple-hearted son, but as time wore on, the clothes wore out. The provisions were eaten, and matters were very nearly as bad in the widow's home as before.

Spring had come, however, so it troubled Simon very little if his trousers were thin or his coat flapped with the wind. His mother was able to work a little every day now, and Simon hung around her, helping her lift the tubs or running for water.

She was so glad and comfortable at heart, when she had him close to her, that she used to tell him stories or sing songs in her thin, cracked voice, in order to please and keep him with her. The stories that Simon liked the best were about his brother John.

John was a great boy when Simon was born, and had gone as a sailor on the ship *Fantelle*, long before his beard was grown. When he came home after his long voyages from Africa, or China, or the Mediterranean, he used to bring all his spare money and odd presents beside, to his mother, and tell her tales of his adventures, which would freeze the very blood in your veins.

The money was gone long ago. But there were the presents—the curious shells rough-barked and crimson-hearted, and the strange mats woven by negro women with rings in their noses, every one a princess in her own right, no doubt. And the bits of ivory, and tangled sponge, and tubes of snowy coral, were they not from the Guinea coast, or the Giant's Causeway, or the Mountains of the Moon?

All the world outside of the village was a dim fairy land to the widow or to Simon. She confounded palms and icebergs, reindeer and Brazilian rivers into the oddest jumble. But of one thing she had a clear idea; the dreadful, vindictive sea, with its eternal moan and murderous jaw. For John had gone down into it once too often, and had never returned.

"The ship *Fantelle* went on a voyage to the

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Irish coast, and never reached it, nor was heard of again," she used to tell Simon. "It is seven years since your brother was lost."

Now all the village knew this story, but Mrs. Matmoth never spoke of her dead son, except to his half-idiot brother Simon, and strangely enough, this story of John was the only one which Simon would not chatter over to any listener.

The widow had a dread of water in any shape, since John was drowned. She used to watch Simon with terror, as he sat fishing for minnows on the bank, though she knew he had promised her never to wade into the stream. But this, of all things, was the one which Simon desired most anxiously to do.

One day Bill Ruth came up to the hut. He had a revengeful feeling to Simon, for some trifling injury or other, and would have liked to play him a trick, if he had seen any opening for one. It was a cold day early in March; the half-melted snow was lying in muddy puddles along the road, and the ice covered in the thinnest crust the creek and ponds.

The widow was gone to do a day's work for the doctor's wife, and Simon, left alone, was amusing himself as best he could by see-sawing on a broken rail of the fence and whistling.

Bill came up, and began to see-saw and whistle.

"I say, Simon."

"Hi?"

"I hearn the boys singing a new verse about you:

"'Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale,
And all the water he had got,
Was in his mother's pail.'

Is that true?"

"No, it isn't," said Simon, angrily. "Fish for minnows, in the creek. I wish the boys 'ud let me alone. I let them alone."

"Fish for minnows, eh?" said Bill. "Let's go fishing now, Simon."

"I'll grub for your bait. Can't go on the water."

"Look there, now. You're afraid of your mother. That's the reason the fellows laugh at you. Come along and go fishing like other fellers, for whales over in the middle of the creek. The ice 'll bear."

Simon stared at Bill, doubtfully, with his big, owlish eyes, but Bill met him with a face as solemn as before.

"I didn't know as there was any whales there," hesitated Simon.

"No, I s'pose you didn't. There's a lot of things you don't know, Simon," said Bill, coolly. "Well, you can do as you please. Only it would be a very nice surprise for her to have a whale lying on the kitchen floor when she comes home."

"So it would," said Simon, nursing one foot. "So it would."

The poor simple lad had a dim remembrance that John had gone to the end of the world once on a whaling voyage. And if he could catch one right here, at the very door!

"I wouldn't like to drown," he said, slowly.

"Stuff! Drown! Didn't I tell you the ice would bear? But you can do as you please, as I said," getting up to walk away.

"I say, Bill, stop. Don't go yet. What do you fish with? I haven't any rod or line."

"The stick you use for minnows 'll do. But no matter. You'd better not try it."

For now, when he found his trick was likely to succeed, and Simon was going on the ice, he grew frightened. "He might drown," he thought, "and then I'll be a murderer and be hung—who knows?"

"I reckon we'll let it wait till another day," he said, getting up.

"But I would like to catch the whale, or any thing."

"Plague on the fellow; he will have it," he muttered, as he stood thinking. "It's not my fault."

And then he chuckled to think how comical Simon would look, splashing like a great dog in the water.

"He'll not drown. 'A fool for luck,' the old saying goes. All right, Simon. Where's your stick and line?"

Simon ran into the house and came out, his face shining and red, and his rod in hand. Bill led the way down to the creek, slouching out of sight when anybody came by.

"Shall I grub for bait?"

"Fish for whales with worms!" shouted Bill. "No. Step right along there on the ice, and when you find an open place, fling in your line. That's all you've got to do."

"All right."

But Simon stood hesitating. He remembered his mother's orders, never to leave the shore. But then she did not know there were whales to be caught. And Bill was near by, and was sure it was the thing to do, and—of course it was all right.

So Simon stepped out on the crust of ice. But even in his foolish heart he felt it was all wrong.

Bill watched him with a keen delight that was half terror. He *might* drown; but then the river was not deep, and it was likely he would struggle to shore. Anyhow, he must see the splash. It would be such jolly fun!

"Go on! There's the open place; where the blue water shows. And as I'm alive, there's a whale!"

Simon sprang forward—threw out his line, and fell with a heavy s-sush, in the water.

Bill shouted, though it was not so jolly as he expected, especially as Simon did not come up to sputter and scream. The swift, strong current sucked him under, and down, and without a word or a cry, he disappeared.

Bill shouted now with another tone. He ran shrieking down the bank, for the creek ran through the village, "Help! help! Simon is under the ice. He will be in the mill-dam."

It seemed but a moment until the whole village had poured itself out, terrified and shouting, on to the bank. It would have been an easy matter to rescue the boy at the shoal waters, where he first sank, but every furlong's distance increased the depth, and to venture on the ice was almost certain death even for the best swimmer.

There was not a man or woman in all that anxious crowd, who did not feel, for the first time, how dear the poor silly, affectionate Simon was to them.

The creek broadened, a sheet of glittering ice—in the centre a deep, wide hole of dark blue water. They saw rise out of it a white face and arm which sank again without motion.

"He's gone!" said Dea. Stebbs.

"What is it?" said a stranger, who that moment had left the stage coach.

"A boy drowned," said one. "The only son of his mother, and she a widow," said the deacon, turning away.

The white face glimmered again near the surface. In a moment the stranger, a tall, powerfully built man, had thrown off his overcoat and leaped into the water.

They ran to tell the widow, and found her at the wash-tub.

"He has brought the body out," they said. "But whether it be alive or dead, we do not know."

She went home, blind and dumb, as it were, a sorrowful crowd following her. All the people in the village, it seemed, were about the door. The doctor had allowed no one to enter but the man carrying the boy. They made way for her to pass, and she went in. The inner door was closed; she heard the doctor's voice. She stood, her knees bending under her. He came out.

"Is he—is Simon?"——

"Prepare yourself," he said. "Remember it is the Lord who takes away and the Lord who gives," pushing open the door.

On the bed lay a still figure, stretched, as if in death, but the eyes were open with their old owlish look, and Simon called out,—

"Hi, mammy!" and held out his arms toward her.

After she had kissed, and sobbed, and cried over him awhile, "I did not need to prepare myself, doctor, for the shock of seeing my boy alive," she said.

The doctor said nothing. He was looking at the man who stood in his wet clothes by the fire, and now he pointed to him.

"Who is this, widow?" he said.

She staggered to her feet, and came closer to him, holding her breath.

"Yes, mother," he said, gently.

"John! John! *John!*" she almost shrieked, and fell as one dead into his arms.

"I think," said Simon, winking vigorously at the doctor, "I caught a pretty big whale;" and as that was Simon's first joke, they thought it not a bad one.

John Matmoth had come back well-to-do in the world, anxious and able to make life comfortable and happy for his mother. All the village rejoiced with her, and there was many a wet eye in the little church the next Sunday, when thanksgiving was made in behalf of the poor widow, for that these, her sons, were dead and are alive again, were lost and are found.

RISE HIGHER.

When birds are flying over, and the fowler lies in wait for them, if they fly low, at every discharge of the fowler's gun some are wounded and some are swerving sideways, plunge into the thicket and hide themselves. But you will find that immediately after the first discharge of the gun the flock rise and fly higher. And not many times has the plunging shot thinned their number, before they take so high a level that it is in vain that the fowler aims at them, because they are above the reach of the shot. When troubles come upon you, fly higher. And if they still strike you, fly still higher. And by-and-by you will rise so high in the spiritual life, that your affections will be set on things so entirely above, that these troubles will not be able to touch you. So long as the shot strike you, so long hear the Word of God saying to you, "Rise higher."

FOLLOWED BY A SHARK.

In 1833 I sailed as a marine in a government transport ship. We were bound for Guiana, with garrison troops. When we were about twenty leagues from Marseilles, a long fish, of a blackish color, which we were told was a shark, suddenly made his appearance in the track of the ship, and then across her bows. At first, we only saw him at intervals and a good distance off, as if he were studying our build before making up his mind to follow us. He would come in sight sometimes at one side of the vessel, and sometimes the other, at unequal depths, and all his movements were rapid and capricious.

But after manœuvring in this fashion for about an hour, he finally settled himself beside us, keeping close to the starboard, a few feet only below the surface of the water. His presence there naturally enough attracted the attention of the sailors and soldiers on board, and, till night drew on, we did little else but watch him. We could see him almost as well as if he had been on deck, and his swimming kept pace so well with our sailing, that one would actually have thought he had been fastened to the ship by an iron bar.

Next morning I was up and on deck before daylight, to see if the monster was still following. There he was, in the same place; and in all probability he had kept all night beside us. The chief mate looked uneasy at this obstinate pursuit, and gave orders to prepare a bait to try to catch him. This bait was a lump of salt pork hung on an enormous hook, which was fastened to a long chain and suddenly pitched into the water, right under the shark's nose.

The shark saw the bait, and, making a sudden movement, swam forward a few feet below. But either he caught sight of the hook too, or thought such prey beneath his notice; for he at once resumed his old position. The sailor who had flung out the bait tried to tempt him by moving it about in the water, and lifting it up and down; but it was in vain.

The commander next had his gun brought, and fired five or six shots in succession at the monster. Two of our officers followed his example; and in less than an hour at least forty bullets were aimed at him. But either the water destroyed the effect, or the balls glided off the brute's wet skin, for not one touched him; and he apparently cared no more for leaden bullets than a statue would care for pebbles thrown by a child. He continued his noiseless swimming, calm and impassive as before, and equally despising the tempting bait and the shower of shot that rained down on him.

The commander grew tired of wasting his powder, and was just giving up the useless attempt to kill him, when one of my comrades who had relieved the sailor in charge of the bait leaned over the bulwarks to lift the chain and move about the pork more easily. Just then the ship gave a lurch, and he lost his balance and fell overboard, right in front of the shark. A cry of horror rang through the ship. One stroke of the fin brought the shark alongside of the man; and in an instant the monster had darted below his prey, and came up above him. Meantime, the vessel was always sailing on; and already we had gone from the bows to the stern, to see the result of the terrible drama. Nothing could be done; we could just catch a glimpse of a human form disappearing below the waves, as if suddenly seized by enormous pincers.

His legs and arms seemed moving convulsively for a brief second in the shark's jaws, and then we saw no more; shark and man had both gone down beneath the white foam the ship left in her track.

Our captain begged the commander to lower a boat, and see if at least any remains of the body could be recovered. But the commander assured him it would be a useless search; though, in deference to his wishes, he gave orders to put about ship and go back as near as possible to the scene of accident.

A buoy was made fast to a cable, and thrown out to make sure of the spot; and in less than a quarter of an hour afterwards we had got up to it. Lying half out of the water was a straw hat that we recognized as poor Matthew's, and close by we saw the tricolored ribbons which had decorated it, floating slowly along. This was all that remained of our poor comrade.

The death of Matthew seemed to cover the ship with gloom. Our captain was furious. His grief had turned to rage, and vented itself on every body he came across. My comrades looked half scared; and as for me, I felt, like the captain, in a frenzy of indignation, and at that moment I would gladly have risked my life to kill the shark. Matthew had come from Paris, like myself, and his father had once been our gardener. I had known him when he was quite a boy; and after losing sight of him for a long time, we had met again as soldiers, and had become friends.

The same evening, just as we were sitting down to our soup, one of our messmates rushed in, exclaiming,—

"The shark! the shark!"

Instantly every spoon was dropped, and we hurried to the side of the ship. Sure enough, there, in the same place, just as if nothing had happened, was the shark, escorted by two little fish,—his pilots. Our own officers and those belonging to the ship immediately loaded their guns and took aim at him, but with no better result than before; they could neither kill the monster nor frighten him away. Yet he was evidently touched this time, or at least tickled, for he buried himself deeper in the water—so deep that he only looked like a black ribbon floating alongside the ship. It was quite clear he meant to follow us still, and really this fixed, persistent escort began to make me feel nervous.

All at once I conceived a plan that I felt impelled to go to the captain and ask leave to act upon.

"Captain," I said, "Mathew was my 'chum;' may I be his avenger?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"I have a plan in my head, captain—may I carry it out in my own way?"

"By all means—O, by all means. Only don't you be throwing yourself to the shark, too—your mother thinks too much of you for that; besides, one man lost is enough."

"Thanks, captain," I said; and, without further conversation, I went down to my hammock between decks. I opened my chest and took out a pair of trousers, a waistcoat, a pair of old boots and a cap. Then I went to the calker, and asked him to give me some tow. My messmates lent a helping hand, and I soon managed to make a life-sized figure, to which we fastened an iron, to make it sink lower in the water, as a weight is tied to the bait on a fishing-line.

Our one common desire was to avenge poor Matthew. Each man on board was ready to help. The chief mate, who was on watch, undertook to slacken sail for a minute; and I felt certain of our success this time. We had to be quick over it, for we had barely an hour's daylight left. My stuffed man was speedily completed. To make him smell as tempting as he looked, we smeared him with soup, and the cook contrived a most artistic head out of a quarter of mutton which had turned bad, and furnished a most alluring bait to a shark.

This was the finishing touch to my performance. Then I went for my gun, a fine, double-barrelled one, that my grandmother had given me, and that I cherished as the apple of my eye. I had brought it with me, intending to do great things in hunting, for I could always count on it with mathematical certainty.

All preparations completed, I went on deck to lower my stuffed man into the water, after fastening him to a hook concealed in a lump of bacon. But the captain interfered, and consigned the figure to a sailor, who managed much better than I would have done, and after several attempts, succeeded in letting it down right in front of the shark's nose. I shouldered my gun and took my stand at the bulwarks, ready to fire. The captain and the officers, and all the men in the regiment, known as good shots, did the same, and then we waited.

At first the shark seemed inclined to pay no attention to my man. A quarter of an hour passed and night was rapidly coming on. The officers, tired of watching, had gone away to their dinner, and only three of us were left to act as sentinels over the enemy.

At last the shark began to move as if he had suddenly made a discovery. He rose to the surface with the swiftness of an arrow, coming up close under the figure. Then, as he did to poor Matthew, he went below a little, and came up again belly uppermost, almost out of the water, to seize his prey. That same instant we all simultaneously fired, and the shark fell back. We could see his whitish belly on the blue surface of the water, and, as far as we had time and light enough to judge, all our balls had taken effect. Great gushes of blood spouted up and deluged one side of the figure, and the sea was quite red.

It was evident we had given him his death wound, even if he was not already dead, for he lay half out of the water like a floating wreck,

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apparently without the strength to dive under. His huge black body made a dark spot on the white foam for three or four minutes; but we soon lost sight of him as the ship speeded on her course, and could only discover the place where he was floating by the flock of birds which hovered above it.

From the time we left Marseilles these birds had been constantly flying about our ship, either behind us, or high up above our rigging. Now they had all suddenly left us to go to the shark, and presently we had the satisfaction of seeing them fly down right to the surface of the water, as if reposing securely on their future prey. When the first one flew down on the shark like this the sailor who had charge of the bait was employed in pulling up the chain, and he quietly said,—

"Father Eat-'em-up swallowed a soldier. Another soldier has made him swallow his hook. That isn't bad for the *shakos*."

As for my captain, he was beside himself with joy. In the evening I was invited to dine at the commander's table, and from that day forward I was a favorite not only with my superior officers, but with my comrades. I had wiped out the insult, so to speak, that had been done by the shark to the whole regiment. There was a sort of feeling that a duty had been fulfilled.

For the Companion.

HOW TO MEET NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

By Rev. E. E. Hale.

There is a good deal of the life of boys and girls which passes when they are with other boys and girls, and involves some difficulties, with a great many pleasures all its own.

It is generally taken for granted that if the young people are by themselves, all will go well. And if you boys and girls did but know it, many very complimentary things are said about you in this very matter. "Children do understand each other so well." "Children get along so well with each other." "I feel quite relieved when the children find some companions." This sort of thing is said behind the children's backs, at the very moment when the same children, quite strangers to each other, are wishing that they were at home themselves, or, at least, that these sudden new companions were.

There is a well studied picture of this mixed up life of boys and girls with other boys and girls who are quite strangers to them, in the end of Miss Edgeworth's "Sequel to Frank," a book which I cannot get the young people to read as much as I wish they would.

Of course, in the first place, you are to do as you would be done by. But when you have said this, a question is still involved. For a minute you do not know how you would be done by; or if you do know, you know simply that you should like to be let off from the company of these new-found friends.

"If I did as I would be done by," said Clara, "I should turn round and walk to the other end of the piazza, and I should leave the whole party of these strange girls alone. I was having a very good time without them, and I dare say they would have a better time without me. But papa brought me to them, and said that their father was in college with him, and that he wanted that we should know each other. So I could not do in that case exactly as I would be done by, without displeasing papa,—and that would not be doing to him at all as I would be done by."

The English of all that is, my dear Clara, that in that particular exigency on the piazza, at Newbury, you had a nice book, and you would have been glad to be left alone; nay, at the bottom of your heart would be glad to be left alone a good deal of your life. But you do not want to be left alone all your life. And if your father had taken you to Old Point Comfort for a month, instead of Newbury, and you were as much a stranger to the ways there as this shy Lucy Percival is to our Northern ways at Newbury, you would be very much obliged to any nice Virginian girl who swallowed down her dislike of Yankees in general, and came and welcomed you as prettily as you did the Percivals when your father brought you to them. The doing as you would be done by requires a study of all the conditions,—not of the mere outside accident of the moment.

The direction familiarly given is, that we should meet strangers half way. But I do not find that this wholly answers. These strangers may be represented by globules of quicksilver, or, indeed, of water, on a marble table.

Suppose you pour out two little globules of quicksilver at each of two points, . . like these two. Suppose you make the globules just so large that they meet half way, thus, OO. At the points where they touch they only touch. It even seems as if there were a little repulsion. so that they shrink away from each other.

But if you will enlarge one of the drops never so little, so that it shall meet the other a very little beyond half way, why, the two will gladly run together into one, and will even forget that they ever had been parted.

That is the true rule for meeting strangers. Meet them a little bit more than half way. You will find in life that the people who do this are the cheerful people and happy, who get the most out of society, and, indeed, are everywhere praised and loved.

"But I am sure I do not know what to say to them," says Robert, who, with a good deal of difficulty, has been made to read this paper thus far.

My dear Bob, have I said that you must talk to them? I knew you pretended you could not talk to people, though yesterday, when I was trying to get my nap in the hammock, I certainly heard a good deal of rattle from somebody who was fixing his boat with Clem Waters in the wood-house. But I have never supposed that you were to sit in agreeable conversation about the weather or the opera with these strange boys and girls. Nobody but prigs would do that, and I am glad to say you are not a prig. But if you were turned in on two or three boys as Clara was on the Percival girls, a good thing to say would be,—

"Would you like to go in swimming?" or, "How would you like to see us clean our fish?" or, "I am going up to set snares for rabbits; how would you like to go?"

Give them a piece of yourself. That is what I mean by meeting them more than half way. Frankly, honorably, without unfair reserve,—which is to say, like a gentleman, share with these strangers some part of your own life, which makes you happy.

Clara, there, will do the same thing. She will take those girls to ride, or she will teach them how to play "copack," or she will tell them about her play of the Sleeping Beauty, and enlist some of them to take parts. This is what I mean by meeting people more than half way.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

From a Correspondent.

The United States Treasury.

"*We* are called the redeemers," said a pleasant little man, as he took down a great key to open the currency safe, in another room of the Treasury building.

This safe took up one end of ths apartment, and was panelled in bronze. Three immense doors led into the vault. These doors are each fitted with double locks, for which two separate keys are used. One key, however, acts upon both locks, but there are two key-holes, so that in case of one key being lost, the safe can be opened by the other.

"It takes two men to get in here," said the officer who has charge of the safe; "unless my companion," nodding to an elderly man, "is with me, *I* can't get in."

"Don't you have a curious feeling of being watched?" asked Clara, nervously. "I have."

Meantime, the clerk had opened several doors. He took out a small envelope, as heavy, say, as a quire of note paper, and about as large.

"That's a nice little bundle," said Clara; "how many hundreds in that?"

"One hundred thousand dollars," was the reply.

"O," said Clara, with a queer look.

"One hundred one thousand dollar notes," he rejoined.

"I wouldn't ask for any more," said Clara, resignedly. "Only look how he tosses them about!"

"And here," said the clerk, lifting a parcel, "are four million five hundred thousand in one thousand dollar notes."

"About how many millions are there, then, in this curious little place?" asked Clara.

"Somewhere about three hundred millions."

"O," gasped Clara, again. "Aint you never afraid of burglars?"

He smiled.

"Burglars would find it hard work, I think, to get even *to* the safe; but these doors and these walls, also, are filled in with chilled steel bullets; it would be impossible for any instrument to penetrate them. You must see the bond vault, under this."

"It's so queer," sighed Clara, "to think of all these millions being tied up in brown paper. Is the gas always burning?"

"Always, dimly. We only light it up for visitors or business."

"So there's no danger of fire."

"None, whatever."

"When I was in London," said Clara, "and went over the Bank of England, I found every thing guarded by soldiers."

"We don't need that kind of watching here," said the clerk, laughing. "The ballot here, not the bayonet. By the way, did you ever see a gold note?"

"No; we had neither of us ever seen a gold note."

He went to another compartment, and took out a small package, then handed us the contents.

"Now that is something like it!" said Clara. "The paper is like fine parchment—a thousand and a five hundred dollar note on the same sheet. And this is just as good as gold, and the paper is like gold."

"This is the first one ever printed in this country," said the clerk. "There are but two gold banks in the United States, one in San Francisco, the other in Boston. There are not many of these gold bills issued."

"And those banks deal exclusively in gold?"

"Yes, miss, only in gold."

He then requested us to look at the back of the gold note, in the centre of which was what looked like a pile of gold, from the fifty dollar piece to the little gold dollar, so wonderfully executed that it seemed as if one had only to touch and take them up, one by one.

With many thanks for the kindness of our agreeable safe-keeper, we went out into the redemption-room. The windows were all open, and a delightful breeze swept through the apartment, which was as beautiful as a parlor, but permeating the whole atmosphere was a smell.

"Like old sinks," suggested Clara.

This was soon accounted for; for on every table, before men clerks and lady clerks, were heaps upon heaps of black, greasy, dirty, beggarly-looking bills. Packages of tens, and fifties, and hundreds—hundreds, thousands, and for aught I know, millions, sent there to be redeemed.

When the bills become badly defaced and ragged, then the banks collect them in great quantities, and send them to the Treasury here. They are then distributed in square tin boxes over the department. These boxes contain strips of paper and elastic bands. The money is divided into packages of so many tens or hundreds of every denomination. Each package is counted. If a lady should put up a package of fifty dollars in one dollar notes, and on another counting there should be proved to be but forty-nine, she must make good the dollar. If in counting packages of ten or twenty dollar notes, she does not detect a counterfeit, no matter what denomination the note may be, five or fifty, she must make up that amount. So you see that treasury work, even for the ladies, is not child's play.

"I wouldn't touch those greasy bills," said Clara, "they make me sick to look at them. Faugh!"

"Perhaps a good many of these ladies were once of your opinion," responded Mr. B.; "but they must work for their living."

"What becomes of all this wretched money?" I asked.

"You notice," said Mr. B., "that in the first place, the signatures are cut out by machinery."

"Yes."

"Next they are placed in paper strips, with a mark through the centre. This is after they have passed several countings."

"Yes."

"They are then carried to a counter, where a sharp instrument, like a very large razor, is worked. In front of it sits a man with piles of currency on every side. He takes a bundle, the bills are adjusted with that mark in the centre, under the great razor, and are deftly and neatly cut in two. All these halves are separately counted and matched, afterward, to see that there is no mistake."

"Well, of what use are they then?"

"None. The amounts are noted down, the fragments, to the value of a hundred thousand dollars a day, are burned down stairs. You shall see that process. Then the money is issued to the same amount in good, new bills, and returned to the banks."

"And suppose a bill is clipped at the corner?" asked Clara.

"We charge them from five cents to fifty. Some bills are sent us nearly half gone, others pasted in several places."

He then showed us some counterfeit bills that had been passed even after they were torn and mended. These the banks lose, unless they know from whom they were taken.

"Well, I never saw such system in my life!" exclaimed Clara.

"Without system and order, miss, the country would go to ruin," said the clerk.

"Well, I never shall think of this place again but as a great, busy heart, pouring gold through all its arteries," said Clara, "to the farthest end of the world. Dear me, who would imagine, seeing its stateliness and quiet outside, that such wonder-works were going on inside?"

"Now we will go to the bond vault," said Mr. B.

"And can I see some coupons?" asked Clara. "I confess I don't know what a coupon is like, and I've read so much about them."

"Yes, you shall see coupons," was the reply. But I must defer further description till my next letter. ALICE.

THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

This form of pestilence, which is supposed by some persons to be a peculiarity of our age,—first appearing more than half a century since,—is once more on its travels, having recently passed from Asia into Europe, where it is now quite active.

Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it has passed from the extreme limit of Eastern Europe into Germany, and some other European countries; for it has been raging in Russia for a year or two past. It may be said, however, that Russia hardly ranks as a European country,—at least as an entirety,—though it is one of the greatest of European Powers.

Persia is credited with having been the source of the cholera, and with sending it forth to alarm the Christian world,—a present from Mahometanism with which Christendom could well dispense. The newspapers say that it is one of the results of the Persian famine, and the statement would be probable enough, were it not for another statement, that it has been operating in Russia from a time anterior to that when pestilence began to follow the famine in Persia

The truth is, cholera is a fixture in Asia, where, probably, it has existed time out of mind,—and where, possibly, it will exist till time shall be no more, unless the Asiatics should abandon the filthy habits in which they live, and also the superstitious ideas that make them incapable of understanding sanitary laws, and of undertaking sanitary reforms.

The oldest inhabitant, it is likely, cannot recollect the time when some form of the many-formed *Plague* was not raging in some part of the East,—in China, in Hindostan, in Syria, or in the Levant.

But, some one may ask, do you think that the common account, which makes it originate in the year 1817, is a mere fiction?

Yes, that is exactly our thought on the subject. We by no means deny that the cholera which was brought to this country in 1832, for the first time, started from the fens of the Ganges in 1817, but we do deny that it was a new thing there at that time. It is a fixture there, but sometimes it is more formidable than it is at others, and then, aided by circumstances, occasionally it sweeps over the world.

Such was the case in 1817, when it went to Calcutta, where it was known for many months. Thence it spread to the north, the south, the east and the west, Calcutta being a great commercial port, and having daily communication, by both sea and land, with all parts of the world. Finally it reached Europe, in 1829, and visited many countries,—England in 1831, and also France.

In 1832 it appeared in America, and was widely known, and had many victims. Nearly one-half those attacked died. But this mortality was in a large measure the effect of ignorance and fright. The disease was new to our physicians, and they did not know how to treat it, or the people how to avoid it.

But now we know its character, and know, too, it is not the dangerous disease it was first supposed to be. Let all persons observe a few rules of health, and ninety-nine out of every hundred of them will not be attacked by the cholera.

Live cleanly, is the first rule. Be clean in person, clean in the household, and clean in all the habits of life. Cholera abhors cleanliness, and stays only where there is dirt and dirtiness.

Live temperately. Do not starve yourself, but eat only wholesome food, and avoid all exciting drinks. Cholera delights in bad stomachs, and the stomach is bad or good, according to your treatment of that important part of the body, the seat of physical life.

Finally, do not get frightened. Think as little as possible of the apparent danger. Trust in God, who can as surely protect you against the attacks of cholera as against those of consumption, which is by far the more dangerous disease of the two, only not so rapid in its operations.

MORE BEER THAN HE WANTED.

Drunkards are no class to be laughed at, but some of the situations into which their habits bring them are ridiculous in the extreme. The following Boston incident is both amusing and instructive from the sort of poetic justice with which it disposes of a "soaker:"

One evening a man was dozing in a doorway at the North End, under the influence of beer.

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Near the place of his repose stood sundry barrels of beer, one of which having probably worked industriously all day, "went on a burst," throwing the barrel into the street, and drenching the poor doorway lounger with the torrent of its frothy wrath. Suddenly startled from pleasant dreams by a disagreeable reality, he jumped to his feet, but no sooner had he done so than the slimy state of the sidewalk caused his feet to go from under him, and down he went again. His next effort was more successful, and he moved off into obscurity in good order, although carrying more beer with him than he had ever been able to do before. The beer having achieved its freedom from restraint made its way quickly to the gutter, to which it always naturally tends.

THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

The old Latin adage, "Nature, not study, must make the poet," seems to be illustrated in the composition of the "Star-spangled Banner." The author, like the inspired singer of "Home, Sweet Home," seems to have been a bard of a single strain. A writer in *Harper's Magazine* makes an old man relate the following story:

You know all about the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, Sept. 13, 1814. I have gone over it again, in fancy, hundreds of times, and I'll tell you Frank Key, patriotic as he was to his heart's core, could not help composing that poem. It was *forced* out of him.

Just think. He was a prisoner on the fleet, which was anchored two miles from Fort M'Henry, Baltimore's main defence. He could watch all the enemy's preparations, and he knew the danger they foreboded.

Through the terrific cannonading of that midnight fight, while the sky was lit up with the fiery courses of the flying bombs, do you think he could sleep? As the struggle ceased upon the coming morning, and he looked through the dim twilight for the flag of his country, his heart sick with fear and doubt, could he help the grand outburst of that first verse?

And then, as through "the mists of the deep" the banner loomed dimly in the morning sun's first rays, and he exclaimed,—

"'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

it was prayer and praise all in one; and there has never been any thing like it since."

"Have you heard Francis Key's poem?" said one of our mess, coming in one evening, as we lay scattered over the green hill near the captain's marquee. It was a rude copy, and written in a scrawl which Horace Greeley might have mistaken for his own. He read it aloud, once, twice, three times, until the entire division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence.

An idea seized Ferd Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music, which was in somebody's tent, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune, just as they caught his quick eye. One, called "Anacreon in Heaven," (I have played it often, for it was in my book that he found it), struck his fancy and riveted his attention.

Note after note fell from his puckered lips until, with a leap and shout, he exclaimed, "Boys, I've hit it!" and fitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the first time the song of the "Star-spangled Banner." How the men shouted and clapped, for never was there a wedding of poetry to music made under such inspiring influences! Getting a brief furlough, the brothers sang it in public soon after. It was caught up in the camps, and sang around our bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets, and, when peace was declared, and we scattered to our homes, carried to thousands of firesides as the most precious relic of the war of 1812.

Ferdinand Durang died—I do not know where—and Frank Key's bones lie in the cemetery at Fredericktown; but I guess that song will live as long as there is an American boy to sing it.

GIRARD AND HIS CLERK.

It is stated that, out of fourteen thousand prisoners confined in the penitentiaries of thirty States, over ten thousand had never learned a trade. A boy, by learning a trade, has one safeguard against a vicious habit. Besides this, it offers an honorable support, should the more ambitious schemes of life fail. Old Stephen Girard had a long head, and he well knew the rugged paths that make rugged men, as the following shows:

Stephen Girard had a favorite clerk, and he always said he "intended to do well by Ben Lippincott." So when Ben got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear the "governor" say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage:

"I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are," said the millionaire; "and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

The young man was astonished, but recovering his equilibrium, he said that if Mr. Girard was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest." And Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best.

He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and forthwith ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to his counting-room. Mr. Girard pronounced them first-rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said Ben, "is as cheap as I can live by."

"Cheap enough! Make out your bill."

The bill was made out, and old Stephen settled it with a check for twenty thousand dollars, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story:

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible manner; if you are unfortunate, and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."—*Sabbath School Recorder.*

WEATHER RHYMES.

The early settlers of New England brought over many weather proverbs in rhyme, and others have since been added. Some of them have no merit either in poetry or truth, but others are good authority among weather-wise people:

When the glow-worm lights her lamp,
Then the air is always damp.

If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He's sure to rise with a wet head.

When black snails do cross your path,
Then black clouds much moisture hath.

When ye see the gossamer flying,
Then be sure the air is drying.

A rosy sunset presages good weather; a ruddy sunrise bad weather.

A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow sky in the evening indicates wet.

A neutral gray color at evening is a favorable sign; in the morning an unfavorable one.

The clouds, if soft and feathery, betoken fine weather.

Deep, unusual hues in the sky indicate wind or storm. More delicate tints bespeak fair weather.

A rainbow in the morning
Gives the shepherd a warning;

that is, if the wind be easterly; because it shows that the rain-cloud is approaching the observer.

If at sunrising or setting the clouds appear of a lurid red color, extending nearly to the zenith, it is a sure sign of storms and gales of wind.

A rainbow at night is a sailor's delight.

This adage must also be a good sign, provided the wind be westerly, as it shows that the rain-clouds are passing away.

When rooks fly sporting high in air
It shows that windy storms are near.

The evening red and the morning gray
Are certain signs of a beautiful day.

CRUELTY TO A RAT.

Infliction of needless suffering is as wicked when loathsome and mischievous creatures happen to be the victims as it is in the case of harmless creatures; and a human being who could be guilty of the first, should be set down as cruel enough to be guilty of the last. Not long since the following case came before the Recorder's Court in Montreal:

Two young men, brothers, John and Robert Bow, were arrested and brought to trial.

Mr. James Ridley stated that, hearing sounds of great merriment in the yard adjoining his house, he went out and saw the defendant John with a wire rat-trap in his hand containing a live rat which was all of a blaze, as were also the bottom wires of the cage. The poor wretch must have suffered agonies as it leaped and tumbled about, and the prisoner Robert danced around in great glee. The trap became too hot to hold, and it was dropped upon the ground. He remonstrated with the prisoners, and was met with foul abuse. One of them said, "You cannot prove we put coal oil on the rat." Subsequently the cage and rat were put into water.

A gentleman testified to seeing the rat in flames.

His Honor, in giving judgment, said he only knew of one case as having occurred in this city which could compare with the present, and that was of a brute in human form who had drowned a rat in boiling water!

He alluded to the inhumanity of the conduct of the prisoners in terms of withering contempt, and, but for the rigid rules of the court, there would have been thunders of applause when he pronounced sentence on each of the defendants, ten dollars and costs and two months.

DRIVEN FROM CHURCH.

The pastor of a church in Jamaica Plain, Mass., recently drove out his congregation, and lost the opportunity of preaching, by a curious blunder, which neither he nor any one else suspected.

A few Sundays ago, just as the pastor of the Methodist church was commencing his sermon, quite a number of ladies and several gentlemen turned suddenly pale. One gentleman who sat near the pulpit, and who never before fainted, was of the number. He could not imagine the cause, but was persuaded that he must leave the house.

Turning round to see if the "coast was clear," he saw several ladies in the act of fainting, and a whole pewful left for the door. Soon another lady, unable to support herself, was borne out.

The clergyman remarked that the air was evidently close, and requested the sexton to open the windows. The gentleman alluded to, with some difficulty reached the open air, and turning round saw, apparently, the whole congregation coming out, nearly all pale and sick. Not a few commenced immediately to vomit, and the scene was exciting and ludicrous.

It seems that the clergyman had, early in the service, unconsciously disturbed a gas fixture near his feet, and the gas rapidly escaping, filled the house. Two doors being open, one on each side of the desk, the air probably blew the gas from the pulpit, but made it worse for the congregation. None seemed to know the cause of the trouble until the congregation had left the church.

AMERICAN CITIES.

The census of 1880 will probably put the United States ahead of all countries except China, in the number of large cities. The following paragraph cannot be quite correct, as Newport, R. I., has over 10,000 inhabitants:

The census office reports show that there are 134 cities in the United States having a population each of 10,000 or over. Massachusetts has eleven of these cities. Boston stands fifth in rank for the whole country, Worcester thirtieth, and Lowell thirty-first. Maine has four, Portland being forty-first. Connecticut has five, New Haven holding the twenty-fifth place. New Hampshire has three, Manchester being fifty-fifth. Rhode Island has but one city of over ten thousand inhabitants, and that is Providence, which is twenty-first on the list, and the second city in New England. Vermont has only Burlington, and that stands well towards the bottom of the list and is numbered the ninety-fourth. The New England States together have twenty-five of the 134 cities, or almost one-sixth, and New York alone has eighteen, and with New England forty-three, or almost one-third. Washington is the twelfth city in the Union. There are only twenty-five cities numbering over 50,000 inhabitants each.

DETECTED BY SPELLING.

The claimant of the Tichborne estates, in the famous trial now going on in England, has shown such gross ignorance in many studies with which the lost son was familiar, that intelligent people are convinced he must be an impostor. Bad spelling detected an attempt at official fraud in the late uprising of the Commune in Paris:

Every child should learn to spell. This great and neglected truth is given new force by an incident in the recent attempt of the reds to assume the government in Paris. The revolutionists, it will be remembered, held Favre and Trochu in custody for several hours; and during that time they sent a number of decrees to the official printer of the republic for publication. But the wary printer detected the "unofficial character" of the documents by their bad spelling. Thus the fate of a nation might depend upon an erroneous dipthong. When we remember that Napoleon III. distinguished himself by inelegant French, and that the discovered letters of the Empress are extremely faulty in orthography, we must infer that the rise of the republic indicates an improved literary standard as well as an advance in political morals, says a contemporary.

PAT'S DEFENCE OF WHISKEY.

There is more truth than poetry in the Irishman's testimony to the all-sufficiency of whiskey as a killing agent:

Patrick O'Reardon puts in an appearance before the Recorder on the charge of habitual drunkenness.

"You will persist in drinking, Pat," said the magistrate.

"Faith, you may well say that; I'd get thirsty if I didn't."

"Then you don't drink because you are thirsty, but only in fear that you may become so!"

"Yes, sir."

"And you think whiskey is better than water?"

"It's stronger, sir."

"But do you think it's as good?"

"O, yes, sir; because you can mix them, and the whiskey *kills the impurities in the water.*"

"But what kills the impurities in the whiskey?" asked the court.

"Nothin' at all—*it does the killin' itself,*" he replied, triumphantly, and looked very much as if he had established a proposition that admitted of no denial.

AN HONEST DRUGGIST.

True honesty proves itself where an ill-gotten dollar is *returned* from one's hand as promptly as a temptation to get it is resisted:

Dr. S., at a shop not more than a round thousand miles from the goodly village of Winthrop, Me., bought a pound of herbs; he asked the price. The reply was, "A shilling."

"A shilling!" said the doctor.

"Yes; and if that is too much, give me a ninepence."

"Why," said the doctor, "I paid your partner one dollar for a pound the other day."

The store-keeper stepped to his money drawer, and passed the doctor a dollar, saying, "There is your dollar back, and you are welcome to this pound. I allow no such tricks of trade in this shop."

ICE.

Those who live where ice does not grow in summer, and who laid up no store of it last winter, may find useful a simple method of rendering water cold which is practised in India and other tropical climes where ice cannot be procured. Let the jar, pitcher or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly kept wet. The evaporating of the water will carry off the heat from the inside and reduce it to the freezing-point.

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A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Pretty, and pale, and tired,
  She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
  Shines in on her soft brown hair.
And the little brook without,
  That she hears through the open door,
Mocks with its murmur cool
  Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems such an endless round,—
  Grammar and A, B, C;
The blackboard and the sums;
  The stupid geography;
When from teacher to little Jem
  Not one of them cares a straw,
Whether "John" is in any "case,"
  Or Kansas in Omaha.

For Jemmy's bare brown feet
  Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring bait
  Shall leap with a quick, bright gleam;
And his teacher's blue eyes stray
  To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
  With a half-unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock,
  As she smells their faint, sweet scent;
But when have time and heart
  Their measure in unison blent?
For time will haste or lag,
  Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind,
  Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jem,
  The stream and the fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes,—
  Down the winding road by the gate,
Under the willow shade,
  Stands some one with fresher flowers:
So turn to your books again,
  And keep love for the after hours.

Every Saturday.

WEALTH NOT HAPPINESS.

Those who make wealth the supreme object of pursuit, usually find themselves at last dissatisfied and disappointed, and "quite unfurnished" for happiness in another world. Voltaire, who possessed great estates, and lived like a prince, told his doctor that he would give him half of what he was worth if he could prolong his life, and Queen Elizabeth is said to have declared, when dying, that she would give all her possessions for a moment of time. We find in an English paper the following notice of several rich men, with the lessons of their lives:

"The great Duke of Marlborough accumulated a million of money, and died in wretchedness of mind, while his property went to enrich a family who were looked upon by him in his lifetime as his greatest enemies. A Scottish nobleman took a friend to the summit of a hill on his property, and told him that all he could look on was his own. 'Surely your lordship must be a happy man,' said this friend, to which he replied, 'I do not believe that there is in all this vast circuit a more unhappy man than myself.'

"The wealthy Col. Charteris, when dying, said he would give thirty thousand pounds to any one who could prove to his satisfaction that there was no such place as hell.

"But of all men who have sought for enjoyment in riches, perhaps the case of the late William Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, in England, is the most remarkable. Inheriting a large fortune, he at first resided in Portugal, where he lived in a monastery, 'the ceiling of which was gilded and painted, the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture, the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver.'

"'A stream of water flowed through his kitchen, from which were formed reservoirs containing every kind of river fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison, on the other side were vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of the finest wheaten flour, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in various abundance.'

"The magnificent saloon in which he dined was covered with pictures and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in services of silver, and the banquet usually consisted of rarities and delicacies of every season from distant countries.

"When in England, he pulled down a splendid mansion, erected by his father at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million of money, to build an abbey, whose towers, like the tower of Babel, might reach to heaven. A wall nearly twenty miles in circumference enclosed his mansion and grounds, and so costly were the furnishings of the place that its glories transcended those of oriental splendor. One who saw the abbey and grounds says,—

"'Gold and silver vases and cups are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye, and when one looks round on the cabinets, candelabra and ornaments which decorate the rooms, we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vessels of gold and silver enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond.'

"Such was Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, with his princely mansion and an income of one hundred thousand pounds a year. But was he happy? No. He was wretched, and a reverse of fortune having unexpectedly come upon him, he was driven from his mansion, spent the last of his days in misery, and died, another painful example of the folly of setting the heart on earthly enjoyments, and proving again the truth of the wise man's words, 'Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'"

THE NONDESCRIPT AND THE BEAR.

In that broken, precipitous, romantic section of Idaho Territory which is drained by the three Salmon Rivers, partially covered with mighty forests of giant yellow pines and red firs, and inhabited with many kinds of wild animals, a hunter, in 1865, while in search of game, was a witness to an exciting and interesting encounter between two wild beasts, which terminated fatally to one of them. His description of the scene is as follows:

"I had gone up pretty high on the divide when I was startled by hearing several sharp, angry barks, which I thought must be bears, fighting. I moved as quietly as I could till I got above them, and looking down on a little bench or flat off one side the divide, I there saw a large she grizzly bear engaged in a fight with a nondescript, while a few rods distant stood the grizzly's frightened cub, looking on.

"The old bear was frothing at the mouth, gnashing her teeth, and, with an occasional angry snort or bark, trying to seize the nondescript. The nondescript was quietly walking around her, back and forth, keeping out of her way a few feet. In a few minutes both stood quite still, eyeing each other, when the cub became frightened and ran off.

"Then the nondescript walked away a few feet and lay down. With a snort, the old bear rushed for him. He waited until she was quite on him, and then went round her in circles, barely keeping out of her way as before.

"Suddenly, with a spring, he jumped on her back. The instant he did so the bear rolled over, and threw him off, when he lay down as before. Three times this was repeated; and, at the third time, before the bear could roll over, the nondescript seized her and plunged his powerful jaws into her neck just behind the ears.

"The bear gave a squall, the blood spouted out, and with a few struggles she was dead. Even before she fell, the nondescript ran off like a flash, and bounded directly after the cub."

In giving a description of the animal commonly called nondescript by the hunters in Idaho Territory, I would say it is supposed by some to be a hybrid between a lynx and a glutton. Its weight is about one hundred pounds; has a large head and ears, very large feet and claws in proportion to the rest of its body; long, strong legs; light, short body, short tail, and is of a grayish color. It is very shy of men, but greatly annoys the trappers, sometimes by following in the tracks made by their snow-shoes, on their rounds to the traps, taking the martens out of the traps, tearing them in pieces, and scattering them about. The only recourse then left the trappers is to bait a piece of a bird with strychnia, which the nondescript don't hesitate to gobble. This is the only animal that has yet been known to attack and kill grizzly bears in Idaho Territory.

LYING WITHOUT WORDS.

It is always cowardly to lie, and Ralph was as mean as if he had told a deliberate falsehood.

Ralph Royster ventured one day to toss his ball in the parlor. He knew it was wrong, but he wanted to do it, and he did. Presently the ball fell upon the table, and smashed a delicate glass which covered a beautiful collection of skeleton leaves.

"O," cried Ralph, "what shall I do now!"

After looking at the fragments with a rueful face for a few moments, he left the room, feeling as if his heart were sinking down to his heels with the heavy load of guilt and fear with which his disobedient act had loaded it. As he passed into the hall, the cat rubbed against his leg. A bad thought arose in his breast, and putting the cat into the parlor, he shut her in, and said,—

"Stay there, Tabby! Mamma will think you broke that glass, and I shall escape a scolding. Hurrah for you, old Tabby? You are good for getting a fellow out of a scrape if for nothing else."

At the tea-table that afternoon, Mrs. Royster said to her husband,—

"Pa, you *must* send Tabby away. I found her in the parlor to-day, and she had been on the table, and broken the glass which covered those skeleton leaves."

Ralph blushed from his chin to the roots of his hair. His heart beat very quickly. The voice within whispered, "Be manly. Be true. Confess that you broke it."

But Ralph was stubbornly silent. The poor cat was drowned for his misdeed, and he escaped a scolding by *acting a lie*. I hardly need to tell you that he grew up a false man, whom no one would trust.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

The following anecdote—like the one that Mrs. Partington confounded with antidote—is worth remembering. It may be found serviceable some day:

A very old story is told of a young man who went into the pulpit with an old minister, and undertook to preach for him. The young man was full of airs and pretentiousness. He began his sermon with the pompous style of a Johnson. In a little time he lost the thread of his discourse, and came to a close in great confusion. On coming down from the pulpit, the young man had an air of humiliation that was really distressing. But the old preacher had no cordial to administer.

"Young man," said he, "if you had gone into the pulpit as you came out of it, you might have come out of it as you went into it."

This was a terrible rebuke, but who shall say it was unmerited?

A CARGO OF ELEPHANTS.

A week or two since we referred to the fact that a cargo of ten elephants had recently been landed at the city of New York from Ceylon. The captain of the vessel gives the following statements in respect to the animals and their conduct on shipboard:

We sailed on the 20th of March, and experienced the best kind of weather until we reached the Cape of Good Hope. We had some little trouble and anxiety about the elephants. Most of them were seasick, which was manifested in their refusing either to eat or drink any thing for several days; but they soon got over their qualmishness, and were able to eat as hearty as when on dry land.

In rough weather we used to tie their hind legs to the ring bolts, and the beasts would themselves wrap their trunks around the wooden bar before them and hold fast, and in this position the waves might toss the vessel as much as they pleased, but they couldn't throw the elephants off their feet.

Sometimes, to be sure, an extraordinary lurch to one side or the other of the craft would throw the elephants' backs up against the deck overhead, but this didn't happen often enough to give them much annoyance.

Every person on board would occasionally give them a sea-biscuit, which were esteemed by the elephants to be a great luxury. The elephant that died on the passage had every thing done to save him that was possible, but nothing would avail.

His keeper said his disease was dropsy. The other elephants, I really believe, were conscious and felt sorrow at his death. When we were hauling him on deck to throw him overboard, Mandoy, another elephant, threw his trunk around the hind legs of the dead beast in the same caressing way that I had observed them to do when they wished to show friendship.

AN ODD STUDY.

The following table of letters is given by an exchange, by which it is said that the name of any person can be ascertained:

A	B	D	H	P
C	C	E	I	Q
E	F	F	J	R
G	G	G	K	S
I	J	L	L	T
K	K	M	M	U
M	N	N	N	V
O	O	O	O	W
Q	R	T	X	X
S	S	U	U	Y
U	V	T	Z	R
W	W	W		
Y	S			

Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is contained. If it be found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns, and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time, in this way the whole can be ascertained. For example, take the word Jane; J is found in two columns, commencing with B and A, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, and stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed B, D and H; these are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet, which, added, give the fourteenth, or N, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanation.

RURAL LIFE IN GERMANY.

The Germans at home don't live in farm-houses in the country; but wholly in villages. They live so uncomfortably, that they must think it a privilege to emigrate to this country.

In travelling through the rural districts of Germany one sees many interesting sights. The first thing that strikes an American is, that they have no farms or isolated farm-houses, as in the United States. For here the country people all live in villages, from which they go out in all directions to cultivate their different tracts of land.

These villages spot the whole country. As far as the eye can reach one can see them in all directions. They lie at no great distance from each other, there being one in about every two square miles. One of these contains ordinarily about fifty houses, which, however, with the barns, stables, etc., do not occupy more space than the out-buildings of an ordinary farm in the United States.

The people seem to be huddled up in close quarters. The houses are very small and low. They are built mostly of brick and covered with red tiles (of baked clay), though not unfrequently they are covered with straw. On the top of the straw the grass is often seen to sprout, so that the roofs of the houses look as green as the ground.

The public buildings of every village are a windmill and a beer-house, for all the grain in Germany is ground with windmills, the wind being more regular here than in the United States, and so furnishes a cheap and convenient driving-power. One accordingly sees a windmill turning on nearly every hill.

The beer-house is a place of general resort in the evenings, for here both the men and the women of the village get together to chat and drink in social unreserve. To every five or six villages there is a church, and generally a tavern.

In looking over the land one sees no fences, but the land of one man is separated from that of another by a sward of grass about twelve inches wide. Those who pasture flocks must always keep somebody to watch them, though all kinds of stock are mostly fed in the stables. They cultivate the land too closely to allow of fences.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

Most people like to be handsome. Nobody denies the greater power which any person may have who has a good face, and who attracts you by good looks, even before a word has been spoken. And we see all sorts of devices in men and women to improve their good looks—paints and washes, and all kinds of cosmetics, including a plentiful anointing with dirty hair oil.

Now, not every one can have good features. They are as God made them; but almost any one can look well, especially with good health. It is hard to give rules in a very short space, but in brief these will do.

Keep clean—wash freely and universally with cool water. All the skin wants is leave to act freely, and it will take care of itself. Its thousands of air holes must not be plugged up.

Eat regularly and simply. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day, than a horse; it must have regular work and regular rest.

Good teeth are a help to good looks. Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with the teeth clean. Of course, to have white teeth it is needful to let tobacco alone. Every woman knows that. And any powder or wash for the teeth should be very simple. Acids may whiten the teeth, but they take off the enamel or injure it.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a clear skin who breathes bad air. But, more than all, in order to look well, wake up the mind and soul. When the mind is awake, the dull, sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands, but it seems to. Think, read—not trashy novels, but books that have something in them. Talk with people who know something; hear lectures and learn by them.

This is one good of preaching. A man thinks, and works, and tells us the result. And, if we listen, and hear, and understand, the mind and soul are waked up.

If the spiritual nature is aroused, so much the better.

We have seen a plain face really glorified by the love of God and man which shone through it.

Let us grow handsome.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Mr. James Russell Lowell does not believe in the total depravity of the human race, but strangely enough, he does seem to believe in the total depravity of the robins. He says they stole all his grapes, and then hear him go on to tell the rest:

When they come after cherries to the tree, near my window, they muffle their voices, and their faint pip, pip, pop! sounds far away at the bottom of the garden, where they know I shall not suspect them of robbing the great black walnut of its bitter-rinded store. They are feathered Pecksniffs, to be sure, but then how brightly their breasts, that look rather shabby in the sunlight, shine in a rainy day against the dark green of the fringe-tree! After they have pinched and shaken all the life out of an earthworm, as Italian cooks pound all the spirit out of a steak, and then gulped him, they stand up in honest self-confidence, expand their red waistcoats with the virtuous air of a lobby member, and outface with an eye that calmly challenges inquiry. "Do I look like a bird that knows the quality of raw vermin? I throw myself upon a jury of my peers. Ask any robin if he ever ate any thing less ascetic than the frugal berry of juniper? and he will answer that his vow forbids him."

Can such an open bosom cover such depravity? Alas, yes! I have no doubt his breast was redder at that very moment with the blood of my raspberries. On the whole, he is a doubtful friend in the garden. He makes his dessert of all kinds of berries, and is not averse to early pears. But when we remember how omnivorous he is, eating his own weight in an incredibly short time, and that nature seems exhaustless in her invention of new insects hostile to vegetation, perhaps we may reckon that he does more good than harm. For my own part, I would rather have his cheerfulness and kind neighborhood than many berries.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Nearly every body has sung, or heard sung, the beautiful ballad of "Annie Laurie." Annie Laurie was no myth. Nearly two hundred years ago Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelton, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, quaintly wrote in his family register these words: "At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born on the 16th day of December, 1682 years,

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about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. Geo. Hunter, of Glencairne."

Annie's mother was named Jean Riddle, to whom Sir Robert was married "upon the 27th day of July, 1674, in the Tron Kirk of Edinburgh, by Mr. Annane," as was also recorded by her father himself. Posterity owes to Mr. William Douglas, of Fingland, in Kirkcudbrightshire, (who wooed but did not win the capricious Annie), the song of "Bonnie Annie Laurie," wherein he celebrated the beauty and transcendent perfection of the maid of Maxwelton. Poetic justice would have required that Annie should have rewarded with her hand the poet lover, who was determined to make her name immortal; but, as it transpired, she preferred another and a richer suitor, a Mr. Alexander Ferguson, of Craigdarroch, and him she married. The William Douglas here mentioned is supposed to be the original of the song, "Willie was a Wanton Wag," and it is related of him that, after having been refused by Annie Laurie, he married a Miss Elizabeth Clerk, of Glenboig, in Galloway, by whom he had a family of four sons and two daughters. Thus is it that while the song of "Annie Laurie" lives from age to age, the names of all concerned with the original of it survive in the recital of the romantic incidents connected with its composition.—*Washington Patriot.*

TELEGRAPHIC MISTAKES.

Singular and amusing mistakes sometimes occur in connection with telegraphing, in consequence of the misreading of a word or letter, the signal for various words being very similar; that is, the movement of the needles to indicate one word being very like those which indicate another meaning. A household in the country were rather surprised at receiving a message from the lord and master, to the effect that he wanted his wig to be at the station by four o'clock, P. M. As the gentleman had a very excellent crop of natural hair, of course the family were somewhat perplexed. For "wig" read "wife," and the message was intelligible.

A gentleman telegraphed to his friend to the following effect: "I want you to get me this evening, at any place you may appoint." For "get" read "meet."

A cautious spouse sent a message to his wife, who received the following: "I am going to bring some hog home to dinner to-night—be ready." The wife, probably expecting a large piece of pork, did not prepare much for dinner, and was consequently greatly surprised when her husband returned and brought with him an old friend, who was very unlike a "hog." The words *hog* and *one* were unluckily very much alike, and were mistaken one for the other. "Bring some one home to dinner" was very intelligible.

Occasionally, when the wires are very close together, the rain will bring them into contact; then the messages which ought to go in one direction will run away with words and deliver them in quite another place. Thus, a short time ago, some large tea agents were much puzzled by receiving perpetual inquiries about a cargo of beef. "How about the beef?" was the oft-repeated question. Some shipping agents, whose private wires ran down the same line, were equally puzzled by having repeated demands for another chest of unmixed tea. It was very shortly found that the wires had been brought into contact by wind and rain, and thus the message for one firm had flown off at a tangent, and had made its way in a wrong direction.

SPOTTED BOYS AND GIRLS.

San Domingo seems to be a bad place for children,—or a place for bad children—probably both. A traveller, writing of the curiosities and sad sights of the capital of the Dominican Republic, says:

But the most singular of all are the spotted children; that is, white children turning black, or black children turning white. You may believe either, according to your politics. Whether this is a freak of nature to show that the black and white races can live in harmony together on this island, or whether it is the beginning of a system to introduce white labor here and exterminate the black race, I leave for Democrats and Republicans to discuss in Congress.

The spotted children are certainly curious specimens of Santo Domingo productions. There are not many of them, but enough for variety. There are children also here that have learned much of our coinage system, which is astonishing in creatures so young. They stand on street-corners all over the city, and continually say to Americans who pass them, "Five cents?" or "Ten cents?" according to the extent of their English or the knowledge of our coins.

They also plead for cigar stumps, for I believe that unfortunate children of tender age here are "brought up" on nicotine instead of lacteal fluids. They all smoke from the time they walk, without regard to sex, race, color or previous condition.

NEW KIND OF PLOUGH.

The lady in the following incident must have belonged to that family who moved into the country from the city, and objected to the milk because of the yellow scum upon the top:

A city miss, newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was called upon one day by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plough for a short time.

"I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home; I do not know, though, where he keeps his plough, but," she added, evidently zealous to serve, "there is the cart in the yard; couldn't you plough with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

KIND HEARTED GEORGE.

A poor old man sat down to eat
A little bit of bread and meat,
As Georgy Wright came up the street.

His clothes were torn, his head was bare,
The wind it blew his long white hair,
As cold and friendless he sat there.

"Poor man," said Georgy, with a sigh,
"I feel that I could almost cry.
You look so thin; I fear you'll die."

The old man raised his head to hear
Kind words that thrilled his heart and ear,
But down his cheek there rolled a tear.

"Alas!" he said, "if I could see
The gentle boy that speaks to me,
How very happy I should be!

"For dark the world to me has been,
And I have never, never seen
A tree, or flower, or meadow green.

"How often have I wished to view
My mother's face! the skies of blue!
And now I long to look on you."

"Poor man," said Georgy Wright, "don't cry,
But pray to God that when you die,
Your soul may go to Him on high.

"There you will see, without a tear,
Far better things than we do here,
And O, perhaps, your mother dear."

The winning words of this dear child
Such comfort gave, the old man smiled,
And felt his heavy grief beguiled.

Josephine's Jottings.

For the Companion.

JACK IN THE SUGAR ORCHARD.

I went into Uncle Asa's sugar orchard, last spring. I had a splendid time. I had never been there before, and I like to go to places that I have not known before.

Uncle Asa has a lot of boys; they are my cousins. Their names are Wilson, Judson, Ezbon and Nelson.

He's got one girl, but she lives in the house most all the time. Her name is Ella, and she's got a funny rag baby with red flannel clothes on her.

Up in the woods they bore into the trees, and put a piece of wood into them. They call it a spile. They hang buckets on the trees, and that catches the sap. It tastes sweet. It's something like water with sugar in it, only it's better.

When the buckets are full, the boys go around and empty them into pails. Then they empty the pails into a tub. The tub is tied on a sled, and Wilson and Judson pull the sled with all their might.

I sat on the sled, so I could help them. They seemed glad to have me. They hauled it up to the boiling place.

Some people have a sugar-house, but Uncle Asa don't. I guess he does well enough without one. At the boiling place it looks ever so good. They have a sort of a big barrel they call a sap-holder. It's big enough to drown me. I sha'n't try it to see. It is most always full of sap. Sometimes it is empty, and then they sit in it to rest themselves.

The boiling place looks odd. They have two big posts, pounded down into the ground. Then they put a big thing they call a beam across them. It isn't a sunbeam. They hang the iron kettles on to the hooks they fasten to the beam.

Then Uncle Asa rolls up two big logs, one on each side of the kettles. Then he has to build a big fire between the logs.

The boys fill up the kettles with sap, and it boils until it is ever so sweet. Then they take it off and cool it, and strain it to get the dirt out of it, if there is any.

When the sap has been boiled so long, they call it syrup. They clean the syrup and boil it again, and keep tasting of it till it is sugar.

I don't know as it makes it come to sugar any sooner, by tasting it, but they always do so. It is a habit they have. It is hard to break people of their habits.

It is very pleasant to take the hot sugar out of the kettle, and pour some of it on the snow till it cools. They call it wax. It is almost sticky enough to be unpleasant when you hold it in your hands. It makes people's teeth ache if they have any place for the ache to get in.

It takes lots of sap to make a kettle of sugar. When the sugar gets a little cool, they pour it into real pretty iron and tin dishes. After it is all right, they take them out, and maple sugar is all ready.

Uncle Asa knows how to make nice sugar. My cousins know how to help him. I guess I know how to eat it. Uncle Asa never burns his sugar. Some people do.

My Cousin Wilson is a funny fellow, and he says he's going to like me ever so much when I grow bigger. He says I am so little there isn't much of me to like now.

Well, he and I sat in the sap-holder, and he told me lots of stories. He had to stay out in the woods all night once, to boil sap, and he wasn't afraid. I guess he's made of courage. Trees look like bears at night. I should not think bears were very agreeable company.

Sometimes men hear growlings in the night, when they boil sap, but I never heard of any one that got bitten.

Wilson got out of the sap-holder, and I thought I would do just as he did. I felt something moving. It was the sap-holder rolling down the hill. I was inside of it. I did not like to roll over so many times. I stopped at last. The holder had got loose.

The boys were very sorry. They looked as if they had been laughing. If I had been outside I might have felt the same. Judson hoped I wasn't hurt. I hoped so too. Ezbon and Nelson had their mouths full of sugar, so they couldn't ask me if I was hurt.

Uncle Asa is a real good man. I wish I could introduce him to you. He would not mind it. He has so many children of his own, that he has got used to them. I guess I will tell you all about his farm, some day. If you like stories that are true, I hope you will be pleased with this one. JACK STONE.

HOW TOMMY LOST HIS GINGERBREAD.

"Hurry back, Tommy, with the molasses, for the oven is good and hot, and I can bake a batch of gingerbread before it cools down."

"Let me go too," said Dolly, seizing her sunbonnet.

"You may if you'll walk right fast, and not keep Tommy back."

"I'll walk fast, just this way;" and Dolly trotted over the floor to show her mother how quickly she could walk.

They walked along until they had turned the corner near which was the grocery, when, in a field near by, they saw a large tent. Tommy had never seen any thing of the kind; and when he saw Joe Marks and Billy Dodd standing by it, looking at some painted pictures, he went across to them with Dolly.

"What is it?" asked Tommy.

"A show, of course," said Billy; "a real, regular circus. Just look there! See that man riding on one foot, and that fellow's the clown. My, but he's jolly! keeps the folks near splitting themselves laughing nearly all the time. Stay around awhile, and you'll see more of the horses. There's two white ponies no bigger than young colts, and there's a little boy to ride one and turn somersets on his back, and he's no bigger than we are."

Tommy stayed an hour, and then went home to find the stove cold, and that there could be no gingerbread for supper. He thought it was too hard that his mother would not let him go to the circus; but she told him that it was not a fit place for boys, for the men who performed in such shows were generally very wicked, and that for people to make their living by turning somersets, and standing on one leg, she thought was poor business. "For any goose," she said, "can stand on one leg."—*Young Folks' News.*

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Across.
2. A valley.
3. A girl's name.
4. To gather. L. S. S.

2.

BIBLICAL SQUARE WORD.

1. A city built on hills.
2. A Jewish prophet.
3. A word signifying "he is numbered."
4. A beautiful country. ISOLA.

3.

CONCEALED TREES.

O, a kite *may* fly now.
Hop! each one of you.
This is father's map. Leave it alone.
He cried out, Leap, Lum!

ALLEN ISON.

4.

REBUS.

PIQUOD.

5.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 7, 21, 22, 23, 24, 14 is a girl's name.
My 1, 6, 2, 11 is a wild animal.
My 23, 25, 20 is a conjunction.
My 3, 17, 16, 4 is not hard.
My 10, 23, 5, 18, 15, 19 is a planet.
My 20, 2, 13, 12 is a bird.
My 9, 8 signifies, that is.
My whole is one of Dr. Franklin's maxims.

HARRY BARLER.

6.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in deer but not in stag,
My *second* is in sleigh but not in drag;
My *third* is in collar but not in cuff,
My *fourth* is in black but not in buff;
My *fifth* is in bee but not in fly,
My *sixth* is in moan but not in cry;
My *seventh* is in quicksilver but not in lead,
My whole is the name of a writer now dead.

ALLIE E. CLARK.

7.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Punishment.
2. A prophetess.
3. Summer pests.
4. A river.

The *initials* name a foe to happiness; the *finals* give the reverse of it. N.

Conundrums.

What have you to expect at a hotel? Inn attention.

Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because it is light when it rises.

What is that which is so brittle that if you name it you are sure to break it? Silence.

What is it that goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet never moves? The road.

What does a grocer do with all his things before he sells them? Gives them a weigh.

What drink should sailors be fond of? Port.

Why should the Speaker of the House wear spectacles? Because so many attempts are made to "catch his eye."

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Oleander.
2. Vial, Iddo, Adar, Lord.
3. "O solitary rider, call and not in vain,
   For thy cry may be heard."
4. PEARL; WATER. Paw, Etna, Ararat, Race, Liquor.
5. Paris, Troy, Glasgow, Lima, Denver, Caracas, Venice, Kelat.
6. Union Pacific Railroad.

FOOLISH.

Josh Billings is a wise man. He talks something like a veritable philosopher:

Most enny man will conceed that it looks foolish to see a boy drag a heavy sled up a hill for the fleetin' plesher of ridin' down again; but it appears to me that the boy is a sage by the side of the young man who works hard all the week, and drinks up his wages on a Saturday night.

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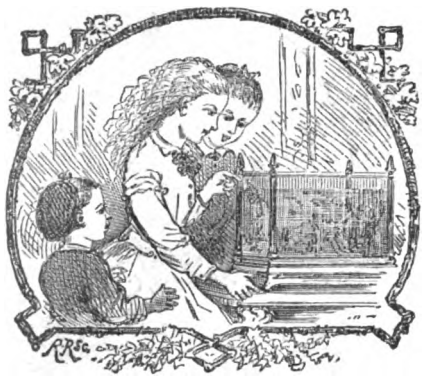

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For the Companion.

THE LEAF.

This world is a vast museum, and science is our guide to conduct us through it, pointing out to us innumerable beautiful and curious things, which otherwise we might not notice, and also opening unexpected doors, which prove that the various galleries or departments of this vast collection are all connected, so as together to form one united whole.

One of these doors, the existence of which was long unsuspected, has been thrown open in modern times. It is a door of a single leaf. Leaves, of course, existed in a green old age, long before man was formed of the dust of the ground, but it is only a recent discovery that the leaf is the pattern, according to which all plants are made, and not only the entire plants, but their individual parts. The bud, the stem, the branches, the flower, the seed, are all leaves in different stages of progress. Some persons think they can perceive the same pattern everywhere,—in the frost-work on our windows, the feathers of birds, the wings of insects, the scales of fishes, the veins in the palms of our hands, and the human ear. To them this globe itself appears to be only a huge leaf, ribbed with mountains and veined with streams. To the mind of a tobacconist it may seem a tobacco-leaf, rolled up into a cigar, burning at one part but moist at another.

This is, perhaps, too fanciful. But it is a fact, guessed first by Linnæus, the great botanist, and set forth by Goethe, that plants consist of modified leaves. The seed from which they spring is a leaf, or bundle of leaves, rolled tightly together, which turns into new leaves, when the plant begins to grow, as may be seen in the two lobes produced from the folds of a bean.

The bud, which contains the whole plant in itself, as the egg does the chicken, is formed of leaves folded over each other, and with tough, leathery scales to protect it from the winter's cold. The stem is a confederation of leaves, compressed together, like a number of small States, in order to resist their enemies, the earth, wind, snow, &c. This is plain in grasses and some bulbous plants, where the stalks after a while are separated into leaves. Some plants, like the cactus, are all leaf; in others, which are soon stripped of their foliage, the stems act instead, and in many cases produce buds and flowers themselves, virtually saying, "Just as leaf!"

The beauteous flowers are leaves, covering the delicate parts of the plant, on which depend its fertilization, colored so as to receive the light and heat of the sun, which are needed to ripen the seed, and so as to attract insects to scatter its pollen. Stamens and pistils may be converted into petals, and form double flowers, which must consequently be always barren. Thus the wild rose, when it is cultivated in a rich soil, changes its yellow stamens into red leaves. Sometimes the rose produces *green* leaves in the centre of the flower, and then the plant goes on sending out its buds and leaves, as though it had forgotten the flower it began to make altogether. In the water-lily the petals change gradually from green to white, then growing smaller, begin to bear anthers on the top, till at last they turn into their thread-like stamens, ending in bags of golden pollen.

In the fruit the core or kernel is the upper surface of the leaf hardened so as to protect the seed, (just as the colonel of a corps of soldiers protects a camp,) the flesh is the soft part of the leaf, and the divisions are formed by the leaf-veins and fibres.

Thus in all parts of the plant the leaf is the type or pattern, according to which they have been constructed, but so modified as to afford the greatest variety of beauty and use.

Each leaf also contains in itself a picture of the whole plant on which it grows. Tall, pointed trees have narrow leaves, as for instance the pine-needles. Wide-spreading trees on the other hand have broad leaves, like the maples. The veins of the leaves branch off from the central vein at precisely the same angle as that at which the branches leave the trunk of the tree. In the case of the beech, where the stems make a turn, wherever they send off a branch, the midrib of the leaf presents the same zigzag appearance. The leaves of trees, the branches of which come very near the ground, have short footstalks, while those of trees with long, smooth trunks, have lengthened stems. Thus by closely examining a leaf we may form a correct idea of the appearance of the tree to which it belongs.

Thus we may read from the leaves of trees as we do from the leaves of books. In both we perceive the unity of the author's design. Especially does the beautiful foliage show us how great must be the mind of the Creator, who, while forming the greatest variety of objects, has prevented the least appearance of confusion or accident.

HAD HIS LAUGH.

It often happens that one's only opportunity for laughing is in anticipation of a funny event. The reality puts a different face on the matter. Still it is sometimes better to have laughed and been disappointed, than not to have laughed at all:

Patrick saw a bull pawing in a field, and thought what fun it would be to jump over, catch him by the horns, and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so funny that he lay down and laughed to think of it. The more he thought of it the funnier it seemed, and he determined to do it. Taurus quickly tossed him over the fence again, somewhat bruised. Pat leisurely picked himself up with the consolatory remark,—

"Well, it's a moighty foine thing I had my laugh foorst."

HOW HE MEASURED IT.

The following reminds us of the poor man who valued his pew in church (which was not very near the pulpit) by the free space there was between it and heaven:

A certain philosopher was always talking very much to his friends about the garden in which he was in the habit of walking, and where he carried on his studies. At length, one of them came to see him; and he found his garden was a patch of ground about twice the size of the floor to his own room.

"What!" said he, "is this your garden? It's not very broad."

"No," said the philosopher, "it's not very broad, but it's wondrous high."

Sunday school teachers! your work in your class is not a very large one, but it's wondrous high. It goes up to heaven; to conceive of it aright, it goes right out to eternity.

TALKING AT TABLE.

"Is it proper to talk at table?" By all means. We are aware that some few consider it proper to observe perfect silence while at table. We do not know how such a horrible custom originated, yet we have a few times been a guest at such tables, but hope never to be again. The table is the very place to talk, and the meal hours should be amongst the pleasantest of the day. Don't talk business and discuss what work shall be done after dinner, but give the time to social chat. This should not prolong the meal inconveniently, but there should be enough of it to prevent the common custom of rapid eating.

THE JAINS.

Some of the queerest people that I ever saw live in India, and are called Jains. They build asylums for cows, horses, donkeys, cats and dogs, just as we build them for sick folks, for orphan children and for old people. If you ever visit Bombay you will find one of their establishments there, consisting of sheds built around a large square, containing several acres of ground. At first sight you might think it was a cattle-show—the sheds being arranged like the cattle-pens, horse-stalls and poultry-coops, at our State and county fairs.—*Carleton.*

BE WISE IN TIME.

Those who are unfortunately afflicted with Dyspepsia, in any of the various forms this dreadful disease assumes, need not to be reminded that it is one of the worst and most disheartening of all the physical ills to which the human family is subjected in this life. To meet with a remedy or even a palliative for this distressing malady is not a common thing, and when any one on whose word reliance can be placed presents to the public a preparation which sufferers with Dyspepsia have tried and found to be a specific therefor, it is very desirable that others who are afflicted should know how and where to obtain the same relief.

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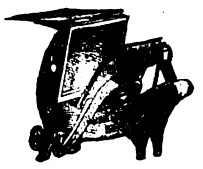

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NUMBER 37. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

CONSEQUENCES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP II.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

"Here we are. Nice, aint it," said the old woman, chuckling, as she observed that May shrank from entering, when she flung open the door. "But it won't hurt you to see how poor folks live. We shouldn't be proud, you know. Don't your ma tell you that?"

"Yes'm," replied May, stepping over the threshold very reluctantly, though really in the aspect of the apartment there was nothing either very striking or very alarming. It was dark, smoke begrimed, scantily furnished, and, as might have been expected from the appearance of its owner, far from tidy, but that was the worst that could be said of it.

The only occupant was a boy, who sat with his feet on the hearth of the rusty old stove, and his head on his hands. He raised his head as May entered, but dropped it again with an air of indifference.

"Now we'll see what's in the basket," said the old woman, taking it from May's hand, and raising the napkin. "Jelly—currant, I guess," she said, holding the tumbler up to the light, and then depositing it in her own closet, instead of putting it back in the basket. "Sponge cake," putting it on the shelf with the jelly, "and—O, my stars, here's wine."

"Don't open it," cried May; "give me back my things. I must go—indeed I must go."

But the old woman had already drawn the cork, and was smelling at the bottle, and as May spoke, she drank the contents to the last drop, without so much as stopping to take breath.

"Ah, that's refreshing! Grandma Hatch don't often get wine to drink! Now for the fine gentleman's present. A bill—a two-dollar bill. I wish it was bigger, but two dollars aint to be despised," and she thrust the bill in her pocket.

"Give it back to me. You've no right to it, and you're a bad woman to plague me so. Give me the bill, and you may have all the rest."

"I've got 'em now," said the old woman, laughing.

"Give it to me," said May; "it's Dea. Granger's, and he'll think I stole it."

"To be sure he will. They'll all think so—stole the bill and ate the goodies; that's what they'll think."

"O how can you be so cruel!" said May, nearly beside herself.

"Look here, now. I don't want to be cruel. I'm disposed to let you off easy. What'll you gi'e me for it?"

"Any thing, any thing," said May.

"Gi' me that pretty gold thing on your neck and you may have it."

May thought that the boy, who had hitherto seemed to take no notice of what was going on, now shook his head, but she was not sure, and if he did, it was a thousand times better to part with the locket, which was her own, than to be thought a thief; so she unclasped the slender gold chain, and put it in the old woman's hands, who immediately dropped it in her pocket and said, "Now you may go, and welcome."

"Give me the bill; you said you would," said May, imploringly.

"Did you really think I would, you little fool? Well, I won't, and the sooner you're gone the better."

"Then I'll tell every body how you've treated me, and they'll send the sheriff and put you in jail," said May, sobbing.

Seizing May by the arm, the old woman drew her across the room, and opening a door, pointed down cellar.

"What do you see?" she asked.

"It's dark," said May, fearfully.

"Yes, but it's daylight to what it is in the ash-hole, where I put naughty children. Are you afeared of ghosts?"

"No. I don't believe in any such thing," said May, stoutly.

CONSEQUENCES.

"Do you believe in *rats?*" whispered the old woman.

May shuddered.

"You do, I see. Well, if you don't promise never to tell any body what's happened, you shall go down there and stay till you've had enough of it."

May looked round, hoping that the boy, whose face seemed strangely familiar, might help her, but he had slipped out.

"Well?" said the old woman, making a motion to put her down stairs.

"I promise," said the child, terrified and desperate.

"Go, then," said the woman, throwing open the house door, and without waiting for a second bidding, May ran out into the now darkening woods.

May ran on and on, filled with the one desire to escape from the old woman as fast as possible, but when, from sheer exhaustion, she was compelled to stop, other thoughts came crowding upon her mind.

She was alone, in a strange part of the woods, so far from home that darkness was sure to overtake her long before she reached it, even if she could find the right path, of which she was doubtful, and she felt the nameless terror natural to a child of her age under such circumstances.

But, worse than all the rest, was that terrible promise never to tell what had befallen her, and the good deacon would think she had stolen his money, and all the little boys and girls would point at her as a thief, and perhaps refuse ever to play with her any more. And how should she account to her mother for the loss of her chain and locket, and the basket, and for the fact that she had not been to Mrs. Carmichael's at all?

"O, why did I promise?" cried the miserable child; "it would have been better to go down in the dark hole with the rats—they would have found me some time, and then they would know I was honest."

That she could by any possibility break her promise never once occurred to the simple-hearted child, which may seem strange to some, though it should not seem so, for a lie is a lie, and truth is truth always. To me it is more remarkable that wicked old Mrs. Hatch should have trusted her as she did; she who scouted every thing good, who railed at religion and its professors, and called virtue, hypocrisy—she to believe in the kingdom of heaven which dwells in the heart of a little child.

As May leaned against a tree, forlorn, weary and wretched, she was startled by a rustling among the underbrush. She would have fled again, but was immediately confronted by a boy—the same she had noticed at the old woman's hut.

"You needn't be scaret," said he. "I come down here o' purpose to help you. Didn't you never see me afore?"

"I saw you up there, to-night," said May.

"Afore that?" said the boy.

"You look as though I'd seen you somewhere," said May, "but I can't tell where."

"Don't you remember Sandy—the boy that tumbled over the bars and spilt his blackberries?"

"Yes, indeed," said May. "I wonder I didn't know you."

"'Tis queer," said the boy, "I knowed *you* the minute you came in the door. I see what granny's game was well enough, but it wouldn't ha' done no good for me to speak out. She'd ha' jest chucked me down cellar, and that would ha' been the end on't. Didn't you see me shake my head at you?"

"Yes, I thought so, but I wasn't sure what it meant."

"It meant that it was all a sell, her offering to give you the money for the thing on your neck. But never you mind; you shall have 'em all back again—all but the victuals and drink."

"Will she give 'em to you?" asked May.

"I guess not," answered the boy, laughing; "but there's more ways than one o' doing things, and I'm glad of a chance to do you a good turn. I haint forgot how kind you spoke to me that day, and how you give me the money, and wanted to tie up my wrist with your little handkercher. Now you'd better be going, because it'll be dark soon."

"If you'll just tell me how to find the right path," said May

"Why, I'm going with you all the way. Did you think I'd leave you out here alone?"

The children walked on, but May was so silent that her young protector wondered what was the matter.

"I guess you're tired," said he, at length.

"Not very," said May. "At least, I don't care for that; but I was thinking"—— here she stopped, and Sandy had not courage to ask her to finish the sentence.

"Sandy," she said, after a while.

"Yes," said the boy.

"I wish I hadn't promised."

"Promised what?"

"O, I remember; it was after you went out. I promised your grandma not to tell any thing; and what will they think of me?"

"If that's all, you needn't worry," said Sandy, "for I'll tell your folks all about it myself. I didn't make no promise."

"Dear Sandy, how good you are!" cried May.

"Do you really think so? Granny says I am the worst boy that ever lived. She hates the sight of me, 'most; I s'pose she'd kill me if it wasn't for the money I earn. There, now we're out of the woods. Can you see your house?"

"Yes, that low house with a piazza in front is ours."

They reached it in a few minutes, and found Mrs. Perkins at the door, watching for her daughter.

"Why, May, what made you so late?" she asked.

"O, mother!" was all the reply May could make, and springing to her arms, she burst into tears, quite overcome with the remembrance of all she had passed through.

Then Sandy stepped forward, and in a very straightforward manner told her story so far as he knew it, and when he had finished, May had recovered herself sufficiently to be able to relate the remainder.

"Now come in and eat your supper, and let's think no more of our troubles to-night," said Mrs. Perkins, wisely judging that her little girl had had as much excitement as was good for her.

"Mother, mustn't Sandy come too?" said May, seeing that her young friend hung back.

"Certainly; I meant to include him in the invitation," said her mother, and gently drew him into the parlor.

Hungry as Sandy was, he could hardly eat, he was so abashed by his novel surroundings; observing which, Mrs. Perkins insisted that he should fill his pockets with eatables before he started home, and I rather think the owls and bats which saw him at his supper in the woods, observed no difficulty in disposing of what she had given him.

Sandy rather expected to receive a flogging when he reached home, but was only ordered to bed without his supper, which, under the circumstances, was not a severe punishment.

He did not go to sleep, however, but lay pondering how he should get possession of May's property. Through a broken panel he could see all that took place in the next room, and by-and-by he saw Mrs. Hatch go to the cupboard, take down an old coffee-pot, and pour the contents, which seemed to be small pieces of money, on the table. For some time she busied herself counting these over, and then drew from her pocket the locket and the bill. Wrapping them in a piece of newspaper, she put them, with the rest of her treasures, into the coffee-pot, set it again in the cupboard, and soon after, went to bed.

Still Sandy lay awake, and when he knew by her breathing that she was asleep, he crept cautiously out, with the intention of possessing himself of the stolen articles; but at the first creaking of the door, Mrs. Hatch was wide awake again.

"What's that? Who's there?" she cried. "Is it you, Sandy?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, don't disturb me again, or you'll wish you'd never been born."

Poor Sandy had wished that so many times, that it did not seem to him a very terrific threat, and did not hinder him from repeating his attempt twice or three times during the night, but with no better success, and concluding that Mrs. Hatch must sleep with one eye open, he finally gave it up, and fell asleep himself.

His first thought, when he awoke in the morning, was the same which had been his last the night before, but the day was stormy, and Mrs. Hatch was afflicted with what she called a "spell of the rheumatiz," and never once left the house. No, not for that day or a week afterwards, but at length Sandy was rejoiced to see her wrap herself in her tattered cloak, and take a basket on her arm, and her staff in her hand, for he knew that this signified a begging excursion. He took good care to conceal his joy, however, maintaining his usual appearance of sullen indifference.

"Mind you get the wood sawed and housed

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afore I come back; if you don't it'll be the wuss for ye," said Mrs. Hatch, shaking her staff at him by way of emphasis.

Sandy made no reply, as indeed none was expected, but no sooner had she shut the door, than he executed a most extraordinary caper, thus showing that although the vivacity of youth had been repressed by cruelty and hardship, it had not been extinguished.

His next proceeding was to lock the door and take the coffee-pot from its hiding place in the cupboard.

"O, what a heap of money!" he said to himself, as he lifted the cover, and a wild temptation beset him to seize the whole, run away with it, and leave the old hut, his grandmother and this dismal life behind him forever.

Why not?

Verily the benighted boy could not have answered that question in words, but all at once the innocent face of May Perkins rose up before him, and he felt that somehow she would not approve of it. He knew nothing of conscience, at least by that name—little of the distinctions between right and wrong, and a few months ago would have yielded to the temptation without any compunctions, but a new influence had come into his life, powerful, though undefined, and taking only the locket and the bill, still wrapped in the piece of newspaper, he replaced the old coffee-pot, with the rest of its contents untouched.

As speedily as a pair of very nimble feet could carry him, he was at the house of Mrs. Perkins, where he found May on the piazza, romping with a Newfoundland dog.

Putting the little package in her hand, he said,—

"I was afeared you'd think I didn't mean to come, I've been so long."

"O, I knew you'd come," said May; "and I thank you a thousand times. Mother, here's that nice little boy with the things."

Mrs. Perkins came to the door, and speaking a kind word to Sandy, told May she would herself take the bill to Dea. Granger, as she wished to have a little talk with him.

The result of the interview was that the deacon, who was a very benevolent man, immediately interested himself in Sandy's case, and called on Mrs. Hatch for the sake of making inquiries concerning him.

From her he learned that he was not her grandson, or in any way related to her, but an orphan whom she took, as she said, from charity, but in reality, as you and I know, for a drudge. A sufficient inducement being offered, she gave him up to the deacon, who took him to his heart and home, thus not only turning the whole current of Sandy's life from evil to good, bnt indirectly influencing all with whom he came in contact.

Who would have thought that consequences such as these would flow from the kind act of one little child to another, on a summer afternoon? But as I said before, we never see the end of any thing in this world.

DROLL RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

The Scotch and the Spaniards have hitherto divided the credit of possessing the largest store of proverbial wisdom; but were the literature of Russia more widely known she might prove a formidable rival either to the land of oatmeal or to that of oranges. We give a few specimens, which, on account of their pointed terseness, their quaint, homely vigor, and dry, Sancho Panza satire, scarcely need the aid of rhyme to recommend them. They are, indeed, more fully than words can express, the faithful mirror of the shrewd, simple, dogged, humorous Russian mind, ever veiling its natural keenness under a mask of habitual and impenetrable stolidity:

"Every fox praises his own tail."

"Go after two wolves and you will not even catch one."

"A good beginning is half the work."

"Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself."

"With God, even across the sea; without Him, not even to the threshold."

"Without cheating, no trading."

"Money is not God, but shows great mercy."

"The deeper you hide any thing, the sooner you find it."

"If God don't forsake us, the pigs will not take us."

"A debt is adorned by payment."

"Roguery is the last of trades."

"Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one."

"Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor."

"Send a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table."

"Disease comes in by hundred weights and goes out by ounces."

"Every little frog is great in his own bog."

"Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues."

NOT READY.

An aged man, with heavy load,
Had travelled far upon the road;
His form was bent, his limbs were sore;
A bundle huge of sticks he bore,
Lamenting loudly, he at last
His load upon the ground did cast.
He called for Death, though Death he feared,
And stood appalled when Death appeared.
"What do you want?" grim Death inquired;
He answered, "All that I desired;
To raise my load I try in vain;
Pray help me take it up again."

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

CHAPTER II.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

The second morning of our term was no less propitious than the first had been.

When the school was called to order, every chair was occupied, and a more intelligent looking, blithesome collection of young people could not be found.

Even our grave Professor rubbed his thin hands gleefully together, and prophesied good results for the future, as well as good times coming.

You may believe we had no doubts on the latter point ourselves. We had picnicked among the wild flowers, and been upon excursions, and boated too often to be in doubt as to what *was* to be, now that the birds, and buds, and summer days were so close upon us.

But there was some one beside the Professor upon the platform—an elderly man, with a head jutting out into all manner of angles, and with a bald spot upon the crown. Evidently he was sorely perplexed what disposition to make of his large hands and feet. He crossed them one way and another, until the morning hymn was announced, when he seemed to forget himself and his limbs; once or twice a queer, grum, sawing sound came from his lips, as if he would like to sing bass, but it made Ned Tryst snicker so, that he gave it up, and contented himself with beating out the time with one foot and the forefinger of his right hand.

The Professor invited the stranger to lead the devotional exercises, but he shook his head and remained with his long fingers spread over his face, until the prayer was concluded.

Then he was introduced to us in an elaborate way, and we were given to understand that he was not only a gentleman, but a Christian, and a learned man, whose visit was a great satisfaction to the Professor and an honor to us. The gentleman, he said, was Mr. Moss, and it was to his beneficence that we were indebted for Mossville Academy, which was named after its generous patron.

Somebody on the boy's side gave a signal for applauding, and three cheers were given with a will, all the school rising, and the girls fluttering their handkerchiefs, and smiling at him with all their might.

For a moment it was an open question whether Mr. Moss would cry or laugh. His features grew almost irresistibly comical in his effort to look dignified. Finally, he did both, and wiped away a tear, while he smiled with his lips, and, after a little, found breath to say that that moment was one of the happiest of his life.

The Professor's daughter tripped forward to present a bouquet in behalf of the pupils of Mossville Academy; and after some more compliments Mr. Moss regained his composure, and talked to us in a pleasant, social way, telling us how he had been a poor boy, and had learned to read by spelling out the words before the fire when he was fourteen years old.

The struggles of his poverty-stricken youth had inspired him with a desire to give an academy to his native place; and, as he had no family or near relatives, he had adopted all boys and all girls who intended to be earnest men and virtuous women.

Then we applauded again, and Miss Mondram clapped her hands, and such a spatting as we made!

By this time we were all delighted with our visitor, as he evidently perceived, for he spoke quite fluently and pleasantly, and told us how proud he was of us, and of the report our kind teachers had given him of our proficiency in lessons.

He had travelled almost all over the world, he said, and that was why his legs were so long and his feet were so large. He was more at home in the open air, with a knapsack on his back, than in school-rooms. He had returned from his travels after five years of absence, and as he should spend the summer in town, it had occurred to him that it would be a favorable opportunity to establish a select library and museum, such as would be beneficial as well as interesting to the young.

Again Mr. Moss was applauded, for when was there ever a school-boy or girl who could get enough of books?

The library could be arranged with a little assistance, he went on to say; but it would be otherwise with the minerals. He had consulted with the Professor, and it had been decided that the whole school should be invited to unite once a week in exploring the hills and fields for such varieties of minerals and plants as could be found in that vicinity. Upon these occasions, he said, he would talk to us of what he had seen in his travels, and the Professor would examine us in botany.

He had some very rare specimens of coins, lava, minerals and petrifactions, which he should take pleasure in depositing in the care of the Professor at once. He had also some unusually large nuggets of gold and silver, taken from the gold diggings in California, which he would allow the students to examine, being satisfied that every one present would be as careful of them as he was himself. Some of them were of great value—one, especially, could not be replaced for five hundred dollars.

By this time things began to look very interesting, and we were all on the *qui vive* when Mr. Moss asked if there was any student present who thought he could spare the time from his studies to assist him in making out an order for the books.

Horace Arlington, the one with the moustache, you remember, immediately arose and stepped toward the platform. Ned Tryst followed, the latter looking askance at the girls, with plenty of grimaces and shrugs.

"They would all be willing, I am sure, but they are bashful," the Professor said, with a smile. "Come forward promptly, boys."

Upon this all sprang to their feet, and a voice was heard,—

"Full measure, Mr. Moss, but unassorted."

"It is no time for fun now, boys," cried Mr. Moss. "If you promise, you must not fail to fulfil."

"No, sir." Cries of "no!" "no!" "no!"

"Do you have Wednesday afternoon for recreation? Are the students at liberty then?" asked Mr. Moss, of the Professor.

"No; but they have all day Saturday."

Here there was a groan from the boys, Ned Tryst's voice being quite audible.

The Professor frowned and called the school to order.

"Then I will meet you at one o'clock at this school-room, on Saturday, and we will arrange our summer's programme.

"And now I have only a word more to say, and that is worth listening to. I have a reward of merit which I propose to place in the hands of your Principal, to be bestowed upon the scholar that shall prove most worthy of it; and I shall myself be present at the examination to see you receive it from him.

"Please understand me. When I speak of excellence I mean something more than lessons. You must excel in moral and social qualities, you must be actuated by right motives, and be polite and kind in your deportment.

"I have known young people who were models at school, who were yet rough and uncouth at home. They were respectful to strangers, but among their friends and classmates, ruffians! Now, if you are boors anywhere, let it not be among your friends.

"Give me your attention, boys! Here is a star. It is of solid gold. It has been in the hands of Napoleon I. It was fastened to the neck of a soldier by his own fingers, during that awful passage of the Alps. I found that soldier's son sick unto death, and ministered to him. In an humble chalet under the shadow of Mont Blanc, he gave me this star with his dying blessing. I will keep the blessing, which I value more than the gold, and I will give you the star."

"Such a clapping and stamping as there was then no pen could describe. The Professor tried his utmost to stop it, but he was obliged to give it up.

"That sounds good, boys," Mr. Moss said, when he could be heard. "It sounds as if you had some life in you, and that you meant to try for the prize."

"Are not the young ladies to have a chance?" asked a female voice, that did not seem to be Miss Mondram's, at all, it was so soft and low.

"Most certainly. But I am afraid if we let the girls in on equal terms, the boys will stand a poor chance, for it is more natural for ladies to be well-behaved, moral and kind than for boys," answered Mr. Moss, gallantly.

"But they are supposed to be inferior in intellect, which will make it even," returned Miss Mondram, slyly.

"How is that, Professor?" asked Mr. Moss, with a confused smile. "You ought to understand that subject better than I."

"We make no distinctions in the tasks we require of girls or boys. As a general thing they carry along more studies at a time than our boys do."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Moss, with another glance at Miss Mondram, "would that indicate that girls had less active intellects than the boys?"

"Never mind comparisons, just now, Mr. Moss. We will give them a chance to decide the matter for themselves next examination day," answered the Professor, smiling.

It was astonishing how lively and young Mr. Moss was getting. He looked fifteen years younger than when we first saw him. He said he could almost fancy he was a boy again.

It always makes people look charming to do a good action. There isn't a *rouge* in the world so becoming as the glow of pleasure that comes from the performance of a worthy act.

We were all allowed to examine the golden star, which was more valuable than we thought it to be. Upon one side was the profile of Napoleon, which the soldier had assured his son was an excellent likeness of the Emperor. On the reverse was his monogram.

We were quite awe-stricken, to hold in our hands any thing that had ever belonged to that wonderful man; and I am sure we all mentally resolved at least to *try* to be worthy of it.

To be continued.

For the Companion.

WHISTLING JIMMY.

A little flag-house, having been removed from its old place, was set up in the street of a New England town, with the idea that some boy or old woman might like to sell apples or newspapers in its shelter. But the people were not a little surprised, one morning, to see a stove pipe issuing out of the little window, and belching forth its dense smoke as independently as if it were one of the fancy chimneys on the best house in town.

In the course of the morning the new householder was seen bustling in and out of his mansion. He was whistling merrily, with his hat on one side of his head, and was clothed in a sort of blue jean, much the worse for wear and washing. New patches, dark as the ocean's blue, covered old rents, and contrasted strongly with the faded garments, and showed very prominent stitches, which looked as if made with a sail needle and twine.

What he was about, even the boys who usually knew every thing couldn't tell, nor yet where he stowed away the things he carried into that box of a house, from a hand-cart in which he had brought them.

They asked him many questions, and he replied very pleasantly to them all; and yet they had not learned at dinner time where he had come from, nor what he was doing. But when the afternoon school was out they solved the mystery, for a board over the door of "the box" bore these rude words:

MENS sHoEs & BoYs
REPARED HERE
BY
J. HERRICK

A new shoemaker, or rather a cobbler, had appeared. And, aside from the charm which always attaches to the "new broom," there was a burning curiosity among the boys to see the establishment within. So, all of a sudden, half the boys' shoes in town gave out. One wanted a heel, another a tap, and a third must, "for economy's sake," undergo half-soleing.

Old Jimmy was charmed and encouraged in his new location, before sundown, by having more work on hand than he could possibly do in a week!

Some of the boys had tried to enter the shop; but Jimmy was firm in refusing admittance.

"The box," he said, "air not 'alf big enough for me and my affects, and once I begins to hentertain company, I'll 'ave to sit out in the rain myself. Hi'll always 'ave a box or two outside for friends, but you can't get more than one cat in a skin! Hi can hinterest boys, although I wears a wig and has but three teeth left, for hi've been to the Heast in my day, with the King's men; but not likin' the climate, I came off peaceable, lettin' no one know it, and the ship I came in was so crowded I couldn't get a passage save in the old, (hold) packed in behind 'emp and 'ides!"

"I guess you deserted!" exclaimed one of old Jimmy's patrons.

"Deserted? O dear no! I just came off without taking the trouble to desert, say nothing of the meanness, for a loyal son of Briton!" he replied, with a knowing wink. "I tell ye, I've seen tigers, and helephants, and lions, and cannibals

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in my day, and hi've seen the Rajah, and the Grand Mogul, and Mahomet, and"——

"Whew!" cried one of the boys, "you're going a little too far now. Mahomet's been dead hundreds of years."

"Stop a bit, lad!" cried Jimmy, settling his wig straight on his head. "It's good manners in my country, never to hinterrupt a body as is telling a thing. I was just going to say that hi'd seen Mahomet's church, the mosque of Homar, when ye clipped me off afore I got the words hout of my mouth! I tells fine tales of the seas and of hother lands, and I can whistle two tunes at once, and himitate all kinds of fureign birds and beasts, and sing in 'Indoo and 'Ottentot, and gypsy tongues. Ye'll get a treat of this sort for every shoe ye bring to be mended, lads. I must live, ye know, either by cobbling or whistling!"

Whoever else after that complained of scarcity of work or hard times in Berkley, Jimmy Herrick didn't; but he whistled, and worked, and ate the picnic feasts with which the admiring boys supplied him from their unconscious mothers' pantries; this by day! By night he curled upon his bench with a pillow and two blankets, and slept free from a care of the morrow.

The boys were soon fully impressed with the feeling that Jimmy Herrick was a great hero. But they were puzzled to know how a man who said he had stood by Lord Nelson at Trafalgar, and heard his words, "England expects every man this day to do his duty;" who declared that he had faced the cannon in nine fierce battles, and had fled from an Eastern prison by cutting his way through the savage guard—how such a hero could settle down quietly in a country town as a cobbler!

They had asked Jimmy many times, the first year he was in Berkley, to tell them of his home in England; but he seemed very shy of that part of his history, and always changed the subject to the "Heast," and his warlike career there. But the second winter he was with them being a very severe one, Jimmy took a heavy cold, ceased to whistle, and "took to his bench," curled up with rheumatism.

He had about fifty dollars, and that was all that stood between him and the poor-house. Poor Jimmy! his pleasant mirth was all gone now; and when the boys went in to make his fire and to carry him food, he always cried like a baby.

But at last he had a call which made him laugh, and even whistle, while his poor shoulders were racked with pain. Will Saunders came to say that the boys had raised one hundred dollars, by contributions from the village people, and had engaged a good warm room with board for him in Widow Marsh's cottage; and that that, with his own fifty dollars, would carry him through the winter!

And the boys came and moved him, wrapping him in quilts and blankets, in Mr. Saunders' sleigh.

A bright wood fire nad been built on the hearth of his new room, which shed its red glow over the bright rag carpet, and lighted up the gay frames from which uncouth caricatures of Father and Mother Marsh stared wildly out. But Jimmy's heart glowed brighter than the fire, and his face shone more than the portrait frames or the andirons. He laughed, and then he cried; he sung, and then he whistled; and but for the rheumatism, he would have danced!

"Hoh, lads," he said, "but for ye I'd be in the work-'ouse this winter, and hi'd sooner be in the grave!"

Jimmy's idea of poor-houses was founded on the English work-house system; and he could not imagine public charity without cruelty, or at least harshness.

"There's but two things I fears in this world, lads—for I'm a brave man—and *one of them's* a work'us."

"What's the other? Lions?" asked a boy.

"No, no; lions is but flesh and blood! Hi don't fear them! Hi'm a brave man, I tell ye," cried Jimmy.

"It's a ghost!" cried Will Saunders. "That isn't flesh and blood."

"I despise 'em and all their descendants!" cried Jimmy. "They're sham, and smoke, and vapor, that one of the King's men would scorn to believe in!"

"What is it, then?" cried two or three at once.

"Hi'm afeard to tell ye, lest ye'll think hi'm a coward! If ye thought that, it would a'most kill me," laughed Jimmy.

"Of course you're brave, or you'd never have taken up with the flag-house, and fought poverty and the rheumatism as you have," said one of his friends. "Come, tell us who's your other enemy, Jimmy, and we'll choke him if we can."

"Hah, lads, it's not a *'im!*" replied Jimmy. "If it 'ad a been, hi'd a settled 'im years ago, instead of running hoff from my hown lovely Hengland, where hi'd 'oped to hend my last days in peace, in Exam church'ard, side of my old mother.

"Hit's a *she*, lads," he whispered; "a *she*, that I'm afeared of. A body can't strike at them, ye know, for public opinion's agin it; so one's naught left but to run; and that's 'ard for one of the King's men to turn the back to a foe and run! The fact o' the matter is, lads, I did *desart* from the army, but it was from conscience agin bloodshed, and not from cowardice; an' ye'll believe it, for I'm a brave man! Well, lads, I scarce knew where to 'ide, but a woman who was cook in a hinn where I was, she suspected me, and 'aving a bit of money of her hown, she said if hi'd marry 'er she'd 'ide me! I did it; and we set up a greengrocer's shop on Duckwells Roads. But the life she led me! Hall the harmies of nations, hall the hofficers of justice, and hall the wild beasts of the Heast was small terror to be compared to 'er! She'd scold me, she'd insult me, and finally, lads, she beat me! She were twice bigger than me; and when she'd be high in drink and in the temper, I took it hall. She soon wouldn't let me sing nor whistle, and that was the cruelest of hall. So one night she were hoff on a visit, and I crept hout and ran to the docks and 'id, just as I did before, in a ship's 'old, and landed in Boston. Would a coward dare do such a deed as that, do you think?"

The boys couldn't seem to find an answer, so Jimmy went on:

"I worked there awhile at shoemaking, being reared at that, and then come here and set up for myself. Now ye know what I'm afeard of—the poor-house and a woman. And I'm not the man, boys, to be called a coward, if I am 'fraid of such treatment as that." J. D. C.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once it's won,
Your crown is worth the wearing;
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind:
"'Tis better late than never!"

For the Companion.

DOWN BY THE SWAMP.

Nick Hardy did not visit his old home at Fenwick Falls, very often. The man who had taken him as "chore boy," lived four miles from the town, and neither Nick's father nor mother seemed to be pleased to see him.

He, however, made one of these rare visits one Saturday when he was nearly thirteen years old. Mr. and Mrs. Jances, the persons with whom he lived, told him he might stop over Sunday if he chose to do so, and could walk back from the Falls Sunday evening.

The day was a beautiful one. On his way to the factory village he had to pass the house where his school-mistress lived with her mother and an unmarried brother. When he came opposite this he paused and looked as if he would like to go in. Some one seemed to anticipate his wishes, for immediately the door opened and the pleasant voice of the schoolma'am herself (for she always spent Saturday and Sunday at home) bade him good-morning and invited him to "stop and rest."

Nick knew that the kind lady had several special attractions at her home, in the shape of choice flowers, fruit, pictures, foreign curiosities and pet animals, for she had told him about them and promised to show them to him. The last was what he wanted most of all to see—the collection of pets.

The schoolma'am's older brother, with whom she lived, and who was the owner of the place, had been a merchant once. Failing health drove him into retirement. Among many good-natured expedients for diverting his mind and spending his money were fancy farming and fancy stock-raising.

He bought and bred curious varieties of domestic animals, studying their nature and habits, trying experiments with them at all seasons of the year.

The young of these choice animals were of course the great attraction for Nick, and they could be found on the place not only in the spring, but in the summer, and even in the fall. He gazed at the little calves and lambs, and thought he had never in all his life seen any thing half so pretty. There was a fine South Down ewe with twins two days old, one of which she, by some caprice, refused to own, and as the schoolma'am stood with her young guest, looking at the handsome cosset and her cunning white baby, she said to herself,—

"What a pleasing present this little one's mate would be for Nick!"

She had always liked Nick, and had often thought of making some little gift to him. Besides, she knew the boy's circumstances perfectly well, and was always glad to encourage him.

Acting now upon the kind suggestion of the moment, she led her pupil to the small enclosure where she kept the little disowned yeanling, to be nursed by hand.

"Baa," said lammie, as soon as she caught sight of the mistress, (she cried a good deal, for she was hardly reconciled yet to being dismissed so roughly by the old sheep.)

Nick fed his eyes on the little creature, admired her short, snowy wool, loved her pretty oval face and pink ears, and wondered at the queer pair of "wattles" that hung like two tiny egg pearls under her throat. But when the schoolma'am told him that he should have the lamb for his "birth-day present," his delight was so great that he could hardly stammer out his thanks.

His teacher was evidently as much delighted as himself, and knowing how impatient he would be, she arranged to let him take the lamb home with him when he returned from his visit to the village.

Nick could not think of staying over Sunday, now, at the Falls. He hastened thither, made his visit, and at five o'clock started on his return. He had called and received his present from the schoolma'am, and was just leaving the house, carrying the lamb in a light, handled basket on his arm, when he saw Milo Granger going by, towards home. Glad of his company, and still gladder to show him his new piece of property, Nick hailed his schoolfellow, and the two trudged on together.

Nick and Milo both decided that it would be pleasanter for them, as well as nearer, to strike through the woods and cross the road called the "blind road," near the grave-yard. The way was rough, and wild, and they made rather slow progress. The lamb, too, required attention, for every now and then it would bleat in the basket, and its young master would stop and feed it a little from the bottle of milk which the careful schoolma'am had put in his charge for that very purpose. The feeding process was as much fun for Milo as it was for Nick.

Twilight began to deepen, and they were in sight of the graveyard. As they came nearer Nick suddenly spied some smoke curling up from the farthest shadows of a forest clearing on their left, and in some surprise, he asked Milo what it meant.

Milo looked. "O, I know," said he, "that is Major Hank's coalpits—and I'll bet a dollar that Jake and Jeff Newport are there, tending 'em. Let's go and see."

Nick demurred at first, but just then the lamb bleated, and the sound seemed to excite the spirit of fun that was instinct in him, and suggest opportunity for a prank.

He gave Milo the basket and a hint at the same time, and taking the lamb carefully in his arms, held its little mouth together gently with his hand, and stole through the shadows with his companion, towards the coalpits.

As they approached the place the sound of Jake's fiddle from the old bark sentry-cabin left them in no doubt as to who was there. Nick crept behind the cabin and slipped his hand off the lamb's mouth.

"Ba—aa!" cried the little creature, very loud and shrill.

The fiddling stopped. There was a mumbling as of somebody trying to talk and listen all at once.

"Ba—aa!" this time farther off, but very clear.

The straw rustled in the cabin, and two woolly heads made their appearance at the door.

"Ba—aa!" from a stump on the side next to the graveyard.

"Golly!" (it was Jake's voice) "dar ain' no lambs roun' *dis* time o' year."

A sly crackling of sticks in the distance made the woolly heads turn round.

"Ba—aa!" from a wood-pile on the side next to the forest.

Silence at the cabin, while the two woolly heads stared at the wood-pile.

"'Tain' no lamb," (Jeff's voice this time,) "'tain' no lamb. Dat's *somefin' else.*"

Milo's risibles were now in a condition to be controlled no longer. A loud laugh from behind the wood-pile put a sudden stop to further sport.

The boys now came forward, both laughing loudly in chorus, and their merriment was soon joined by the boisterous yaw-haw and tee-hee of the negroes.

Nick exhibited his lamb, and then there was a new burst of mirth. He took out his bottle and fed the pet, the sight of which nursery movements so tickled poor Jeff that he undertook to dance.

"Aren't you afraid, here, nights?" asked Nick, as he put the lamb in the basket.

"No," said Jake. "I's done heaps o' dis kin' o' work an' nebber was 'fraid. Don' nuffin wan' to hurt me an' Jeff."

"But how about the ghosts, over there?" said Milo, pointing towards the burying-ground.

"Goses. Dey 'fraid ole major!"

Here the dialogue was interrupted by the appearance of a strange light on the "blind road," near by.

"Man with a lantern," said Nick. But he soon saw, as all did, that there could be no man there.

The light moved as fast as a horse on the gallop. It went up the road and then went down the road. It glided through the grave-yard, shot off and careered awhile round the distant fens, crossed the "blind road," and disappeared in the woods.

The boys were silent—so was the lamb—for a wonder.

"Wha's 'at?" was all Jeff could say.

"Um's noffin," said Jake, sagely. "On'y big lightnin' bug. Dat's all."

Immediately, as if the weird wanderer of the night had heard Jakes contemptuous opinion, it re-appeared in the graveyard, and after zigzagging a few times over the road, came directly upon the clearing, towards the coal-pit cabin, a ball of fire as big as a small musk-melon!

In a second more there would have been a lively scattering of feet, but suddenly the ball veered off to the south, stood still, moved slow, circled round the edges of the swamp-land, and vanished again.

It was no lightning-bug.

Before any one could say a word the strange spectre was seen playing to and fro over the graveyard, the third time! Its motions were more moderate now, and it kept wandering this way and that, looking so exactly like a candle in the hands of a bewildered person searching for something, that Nick, in a desperate impulse of plucky curiosity, declared he was "going to see what that was, anyhow."

He and Milo, accordingly, started on an easy trot towards the graveyard, leaving Jeff to stare as long as he felt like it, and Jake (perhaps) to go to fiddling again, spectre or no spectre.

And now the roving thing moved off slowly to the north-east, in the direction of the boys' homes, as if beckoning them to follow! They crossed the "blind road," and ran on, almost catching up with it.

It turned and led them to the right, through an acre or two of cranberry meadow, and then turned and led them to the left through a half-dug mud-hole.

The lamb had now set up its bleat, and, all the way, made plaintive music for the ghostly march of its young master.

But Nick and Milo tramped on and on, after the flying light, as if a fatal fascination held them. Twice they overtook it, and a cold thrill went through them as they clutched for it and saw the deluding phantom dancing in the air many yards away from their empty fingers.

The excitement they felt while chasing that strange vagrant of the darkness was like nothing they had ever known before. They forgot that they were wading in mud and water to the knees. They forgot that it was time for them to be at home and in bed. They forgot, for the while, even the bleating of the lamb.

Suddenly the "formless form" disappeared entirely, and they found themselves on hard ground, surrounded by scattered white birches and clumps of huckleberry bushes. And now the lamb's shrill complaints began to be heeded by the boys, and they at once turned towards home.

Uncle Ben and his wife had been paring apples, and were just getting ready for bed when Nick came in with his lamb. They were not expecting him, and his advent with his funny present, and the story of his adventures, kept them awake half an hour longer than usual.

"Pooh!" said Uncle Ben, when he heard about the spectre light, and the foolish chase of the boys. "Next time you'll know better'n to follow a Jack-o'-lantern."

The schoolma'am was much amused when she was told, the next Monday, of Nick's and Milo's encounter with the goblin of the fen, and took the opportunity to explain the appearance they had seen.

"The true name of this queer rover," she said, "is '*phosphorus*,'" though it is known as 'fen-fire,' 'Jack-o'-lantern,' 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' and '*ignis fatuus*.'

"Phosphorus is found in all animal substances, especially in fish, and in some forms of vegetation. When these substances decompose or decay, (as in burial grounds, swamps or ancient wood yards,) some of the phosphorus is released, or let out of them, to float in the air. If enough phosphorus is released to kindle when united with the hydrogen of the air, (and perhaps with other gases peculiar to foul and stag-

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nant regions,) it becomes visible, and appears as a luminous meteor, or wandering fire. That which does not rise in the air is what we sometimes see shining in the dark, or rotten wood, or decaying fish.

This phosphoric fire is different from St. Elmo's fire, the curious light caused by electricity, which is sometimes seen to play from the points of soldiers' bayonets, and of which we have many instances in stories of ancient spearmen during their night marches.

For the Companion.

HOW WE CAUGHT THE "ROBBER" BEES.

Those of the boys who have a "sweet tooth," will very likely relish the following story of bees and honey—unless honey sets their teeth "on edge" as it used to mine; but I loved it, nevertheless. I remember that when a hive was "taken up," the older boys used to get me a saucerful, and then roar with laughter to see my grimaces while eating it. They took advantage of my two weaknesses, you see—my love for honey and my tender teeth.

Who will tell me why bees thrive best in a new country,—by which I mean a country recently cleared of the forest? And why, after a region has been cleared a good many years, the bees gradually die out? Such are the facts.

Up at my old home in Norway, we had a long row of beehives under the butternut trees, below the garden wall. In "swarming time,"—May, June and July—when the old hives sent out young swarms, we always kept careful watch to prevent the new swarms from flying off to the woods. Swarms that came out earliest were most valuable, since these would be most likely to lay up honey enough to last them through the winter. Here's the rhyme my grandmother used to say about the bees:

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;"

"A swarm in June,
A silver spoon;"

but

"In July,
Not a fly."

July swarms are very generally winter-killed. Whenever there were signs of swarming, Jennie, or Jess, or Cad, was set to watch; and if the bees came out, the horn was blown to call the men folks in from the field to "hive" them.

Generally, on issuing from the hive, the swarm would alight on a limb of some tree near by—a great black mass, as big as your coat sleeve, clinging together with a loud, buzzing sound. To hive them, it was necessary to saw off the limb, lay it on the ground, with the bees still clinging to it, and set the hive over them. Or, if the limb was a very large one, we used to put on vails, draw on gloves, and scrape them into the hive,—rather a critical undertaking.

Sometimes, in spite of all our haste, the bees would rise into the air from the limb and fly off. Then there was a scrambling to stop them, if possible. Tin pans were beaten, horns blown, everybody made all the uproar they could to drown the "hum" of the "queen" (the leader bee). And we used to throw up sods and hay when the bees were not too high from the ground.

Sometimes we could so confuse them that they would return to the limb. But often they would fly off, despite all our pow-wow, and were seen no more.

One summer we had very bad luck with our bees. Three swarms in succession alighted on the topmost branch of the great butternut, where it was impossible to get near them; and after stopping there a short time, flew off in long black columns, straight over the pond. We watched them until they went from sight, going swiftly on over the ridges to the westward.

All the old ladies in the neighborhood shook their heads. It was a bad sign to lose bees—sign of a death in the family. But, thanks to good air and plenty of work to do, we all continued hale and healthy.

September came. One afternoon—it was election Monday, the men had all gone to town meeting—our attention was attracted to the beehives by a great and unusual humming. The air in front of the hives was full of bees darting and diving. Instead of the ordinary quiet sounds, an angry tumult was going on. Clouds and gusts of them went driving by together. Looking more closely, we could see large numbers of the bees dropping to the ground like rain. The board upon which one of the hives set was covered with a struggling mass.

The roar increased and the air grew blacker.

"They're fighting!" cried Tom. "See them fall!"

It looked like war, certainly. Suddenly the battle stopped. The remaining bees all went into one of the hives, and presently began to go and come harmoniously, as usual. But the ground was strewn with the dead and dying that had fallen in the battle. There had been a serious misunderstanding, evidently.

Old Cluey Glinds, one of the first settlers of the town, came home with grandfather that night.

"Ah!" said he, when we told them about it, "there's been a band of 'robbers' along. They've made an attack on one of your swarms."

"But they made peace after a few minutes," said Tom.

"Yes," said Cluey, "that's the way they always do. One party or the other conquers, and then the conquered swarm joins the victors. If the robbers conquer the 'home swarm,' both of them will carry off the honey from the hive to the nest of the robbers, in some tree, perhaps, in the woods."

The next day we watched the bees. They seemed to be carrying *out* of the hive instead of *into* it. The robbers were the victors.

"Can't we stop them?" asked Tom.

"It will be useless to attempt it," said Cluey. "Besides, they've taken away a good deal of it already. They work fast at such times. I've known them to clear out a hive in two days. Folks sometimes try to stop them by plugging up the hole into the hive, and scalding them with hot water. Better let them work. After they get about through I'll show you how to get your honey back, and more with it, perhaps."

All that day the bees were busy enough. But going out on the third morning after the battle, we found there were only three bees on the board before the hive.

"Empty," said Cluey, gently lifting it.

One thing seemed strange to us. None of the other swarms had paid the slightest attention to the robbery. They had gone on with their business, wholly neutral.

"Now, boys," said Cluey, "we will try to find where they've carried the honey. Go in and get a dish of honey and some white earthen plates, and bring out a bowl of flour."

We did so.

Cluey then smeared one of the plates with the honey, and set it on the board before the abandoned hive. A bee soon settled upon it, and ere long a dozen more had come and were busy stealing the honey. Quietly, then, as they crawled about the plate, Cluey sprinkled over them a little of the flour; just enough to give them a white coat.

"Now look sharp!" said he. "Watch! See in which direction they fly."

They seemed to go south-west.

"Straight toward that white rock, over on the ridge beyond the pond," said Tom.

"Very well," said Cluey. "Take the plates, and the honey, and flour, and let's go over there."

Making a circuit of the pond, we went up to the rock. It was fully a mile from the house.

Preparing another plate of honey, Cluey set it on the rock. We heard several bees go humming over. Presently one came buzzing down to the plate, and in a few minutes another—one of the *floured* ones. In the course of half an hour the plate was covered with bees, five or six of which were white. We knew they were the ones we had fed at the hives, and that we were on the route to their nest.

Giving this new gathering a sprinkling of flour, and noticing in which direction they flew, we followed them across the valley to the crest of a second ridge, a mile and a half farther on in the same course. There we set a third plate, and soon had a white-coated crowd upon it.

"The nest is somewhere in those woods," remarked Cluey, looking across toward the broad forest lands that began about half a mile farther on, and stretched away as far as the eye could see to the westward. "We'll take the course," continued he, getting out his pocket compass. "South-west by west it is," looking back to the ridge where we had left our last plate.

Borrowing an axe at a house near, we entered the woods, stopping to listen every few rods, to see if we could hear the hum from the nest. Every tree that looked as if it might be hollow, we struck with the axe, to jar the bees, if they were within it.

In this manner we went on for an hour or two, "south-west by west" always, when, coming to the foot of a hillock, a low buzzing began to be heard, and looking up, we could see the bees going and coming high up among the branches.

"It's in that great birch!" cried Tom.

Climbing up the side of the hillock he gave the birch a smart stroke with the axe. In an instant the air above was darkened with the bees, and an angry hum arose.

"There they are!" exclaimed Cluey. "Now mark the tree with our initials, to prevent any one else from claiming it. We shall have to wait till evening before taking the nest. Must have torches, and brimstone, and buckets to carry the honey in."

So, after marking the tree, we went home to dinner, and that evening, just after dusk, we started out again, taking two of the hired men with us, carrying axes, birch bark for torches, four large pails, and a roll of brimstone.

Arriving at the tree, the torches were lighted.

"Now cut through into the hollow inside of it," said Cluey.

The tree was a mere shell. It took Holmes (one of the men) but a few moments to scarf through the outside. Cluey then lighted the brimstone and thrust it into the hollow trunk. The poisonous smoke soon found its way up to the very top of the tree. The bees began to drop, whole bunches of them at a time.

"Now cut down the tree!" cried Cluey, after about fifteen minutes of smoking. "They're past stinging by this time!"

Holmes and Murch were not long felling it. It swung over with a great crash.

Near the top of the trunk there was a large, round hole, made by a woodpecker, where the bees had entered. Cutting away the wood about this, the entire nest was soon found—a huge mass of comb, dripping with honey. The four pails would not hold it all. We had to come again after it the next day.

In all, we took one hundred and thirty-seven pounds of honey from the tree. It had a little of the odor of brimstone at first; but after being exposed to the air for a few days, it grew sweet and pure. C. A. STEPHENS.

HOUSES ON STILTS.

The well-known Republic of Venezuela, in South America, is favored, as sportsmen who love fishing might say, with rather more than its share of rivers, lakes or lagoons. A large number of the lakes, however, are shallow, are, in fact, only marshes, covered more or less permanently with water.

The principal lake—Maracaibo—I visited in 1868, and explored the country in its vicinity, making the little city of Maracaibo my headquarters. While there I became interested in a tribe of Indians, who are known as the Guajiros. A few families of them were settled in the neighborhood. Some of the young Indians were employed as servants, the boys carrying water and the girls working in the kitchens of families in the city.

These Indians, in their natural state, are a half-civilized race. They live in a wild district of their own, independent of the Venezuelan government, and only obey their own chiefs. It is not quite safe to travel in their territory, owing to the jealousy with which they regard attempts at settlement on their lands. The way they communicate with the whites, and do the little trade their necessities require, is to meet traders at stated times at a spot near the city of Maracaibo.

These Indians are a singular people, and live in a unique style. Having learned something of their habits, my curiosity was excited, and I determined to attempt a visit to one of their villages, knowing that the probabilities were that I should have "my labor for my pains."

With two friends I started on horseback, one bright morning, and rode ten miles along the shores of the lake. A dense fringe of mangrove bushes skirted the swampy shores, from which the smooth stems of coco-nut palms, here and there, shot up. After a ride of two hours through this monotonous scenery, we reached a place where the coco-nut and other trees grew more densely, and formed a pleasant grove.

Here we obtained a glimpse of the village we sought. It was some distance from the shore. There were seven or more huts, each of them perched upon poles above the water. The wary Indians soon caught sight of us, and two of them at once put off in a rude "dugout," made from the trunk of a tree. These boats are called cajucos.

On landing, the dusky boatmen asked why we were there, and what we wanted. We gave them a few presents, and very mildly replied that we came to see their village, if they would allow us to do so. As we were neither Spaniards nor Venezuelans, they seemed to accept what we said, and entered into a friendly conversation, which ended in their assenting to our request.

The water shallowed near the shore, so that the canoes could not be brought to land, but the Indians overcame this difficulty by taking us, one by one, on their shoulders and carrying us to the boat. Crouching in the bottom of the cajuco, we were told to keep quiet, or we should capsize the crazy vessel. The Indians pushed the canoe by long poles. Occasionally it grounded, when the half naked boatmen jumped into the water and pulled the boat over the obstruction.

In this way we reached the Guajiro village. Here a lively scene presented itself. The houses, with low, sloping roofs, were like so many little cocklofts perched on high over the shallow waters. They were connected with each other by means of bridges made of the split stems of palm trees. As we climbed up a notched pole to one of the huts, a crowd of women and children scampered over these bridges, so as to get to their own houses and peep at the strange visitors. The moment, however, we entered a hut, the whole population—young and old—rushed for the opening, and stared to their hearts' content.

Each house, or cockloft, had two apartments. The front room served as a kitchen, that in the rear was where the family slept and received visitors—and very clean the houses looked. The floors were made of split stems of trees, set close together and covered with mats. Weapons and utensils were placed in order in the corners, and a quantity of feminine clothing, such as calico skirts, &c., hung on cords stretched across the chamber.

We sat on the floor. About us squatted about thirty women and children. The men stood up in the rear. They were muscular-looking fellows, of a darker and ruddier color than other South American Indians that I had seen.

Our conversation was as free and easy as possible, under the circumstances. The old women did most of the talking. The men were quiet, and the girls coy. Even a flattering remark, such as will usually win appreciation from the sex, failed to draw them out. But a good-looking maiden, who sat near me, could not resist the fascinations of a silver dollar. She was not above mercenary considerations, and so I secured her portrait, which I give below. She is in her Sunday suit. My unfortunate liberality, however, secured me afterwards more attention than I coveted.

The older women have dresses of similar fashion to those worn by their daughters, but having a proper sense of the fitness of things, use more sober colors. As to the men, they go almost naked, when at home, which illustrates the coarser nature of the male animal, not only in Maracaibo, but as some courageous females assert, among all peoples.

These Indians speak the Spanish language, are manly and self-confident, show great skill in fishing, and in many respects are a noteworthy race.

The pile-dwellings of which the villages are composed, are numerous along the shores of the lake. Generally they are placed near the mouths of rivers in shallow waters. The piles are driven deep into the oozy bottom, so that they are held firmly. There is no shakiness to the suspended dwellings, even when crowded with people. Singular as such a way of building may seem, it has its advantages, that are somewhat inviting. The climate is hot. From whatever quarter the wind blows, it must first be cooled and purified, by passing over water before it reaches the dusky people in their stilted homes. There is

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always an attractive prospect in the blue surface of the water, fringed in the distance by green foliage, woods of palm trees, and bright or misty skies.

These pile-dwellings are found in other parts of South America. They are not the invention of mere savages, but of tribes in an early stage of culture, such as were probably the people who lived in the pre-historic lake-dwellings of Switzerland.

With such expressions of courtesy as politeness, and a slight sense of obligation required, we left our entertainers. The curiosity and interest had been mutual, and we have no doubt, while we were amused at their primitive simplicity, they had their amusement over our peculiarities of dress and of language.

THE RUSSIAN PRINCE ALEXIS.

Prince Alexis, or Grand Duke Alexis, a son of the Czar of Russia, sailed from Cronstadt, the great naval station of his father's empire, on the 20th of August, for the United States. The vessel in which he embarked is accompanied by a fleet or squadron, which is larger than that by which the Prince of Wales was accompanied, when he visited this country, in 1860.

This young Grand Duke is a naval officer, having gone through the various grades in the Russian navy; and it is said that he really is an accomplished commander, having thoroughly mastered his very difficult profession.

He will have a very friendly reception here, not only on general principles, but because between Russia and the United States good feelings have existed for about sixty years. Time was when matters were different. In the Revolutionary days Russia was not among our friends. She would not receive a minister from this country, though one (Mr. Dana, of Massachusetts,) was sent to St. Petersburg, where he remained for a long time, striving to get an interview with the Czarina Catherine II., great grandmother of the present Czar. That eminent sovereign spoke with scorn of the course of George III., in acknowledging American independence. Sooner than have done so, she said, she would have blown her brains out;—an emphatic remark, but not particularly refined.

It was not till more than a quarter of a century after the English had admitted our nationality that diplomatic relations between the United States and Russia were established. Czar Alexander II. was a sensible man, and it was early in his reign that this was done. He saw that America was a growing nation, and believed that she would help sustain the balance of power, particularly on the seas, against both England and France. So he became our friend; and the relations thus inaugurated have been tolerably well maintained ever since.

About fifty years since, however, they came very near being seriously interrupted. Russia put forth pretensions to dominion over the North Pacific Ocean. Our government would not admit them, and there was some bad feeling created. Matters, however, were smoothed over, and the dispute never was revived. Our purchase of Alaska has made its revival impossible hereafter.

Czar Nicholas was made angry by the sympathy which this country manifested for the Poles, forty years ago, and he complained warmly of the attacks made on him by American newspapers; but nothing came from that, and in his latter days he was a strong admirer of the United States.

The present Czar, Alexander II., has ever been on the best terms with us. He abolished serfdom about the same time that we began to wage war on slavery; and during the secession contest the Russian government was the only one in Europe that uniformly behaved toward us in a kind manner. Its influence was always placed on the side of the American Union.

For this reason, mainly, the Grand Duke Alexis will find our people disposed to be somewhat demonstrative in their reception of him, and he will be very hospitably entertained. Government has prepared to show him the utmost attentions.

Very few members of reigning European houses have visited America. William IV. was here when he was an officer in the British navy, almost a hundred years ago. His brother, the Duke of Kent,—father of Queen Victoria,—came some years later. Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I., was here in the early years of the century, and married an American lady, whom he afterward abandoned. The Prince of Wales came in 1860, and Prince Napoleon in 1861. Prince Arthur was here in 1869—70. Louis Philippe was in the United States at the close of the last century, but as an exile; and Joseph Bonaparte, who had been King of Naples, and then King of Spain, resided in New Jersey for many years. Napoleon III. was for a short time here, some years before his return to France in 1848.

THE SIZE OF LONDON.

We have no city, so big as London, in the United States. But it may soothe our national pride to remember that it is not one city, but many cities and boroughs united. A writer in the Boston *Journal* says:

An article relating to the "wonderful city of London" has been going the usual round of the press for some time, in which it is stated that the population of that city, by the census of 1871, exceeds by some 50,000 the population of the eleven largest cities of the United States, namely, New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Francisco and Buffalo. The population of London is given at 3,883,092; that of the above-named American cities, in the aggregate, 3,828,575.

Now this is rather a poor show, comparatively, for our cities, enormous as has been their growth; but the disparity is not so great as it has been made to appear.

It has been customary to include in the population of London every thing ranking as "suburbs"—every thing, as some one expresses it, that you "can shake a stick at" from the dome of St. Paul's.

The original London of one hundred years ago—that is, the present parish of London, over which the Lord Mayor presides—contained a larger population then than it does now. In most of its streets, as is the case with some of our Boston streets, dwelling-houses have given place to warehouses and stores for the various purposes of commerce, and the present population but little exceeds 100,000.

For parliamentary purposes, London embraces a circuit of about three miles from the general post-office; for parochial purposes it embraces the city of London, the city and liberty of Westminster, and the boroughs of Finsbury, Lambeth, Marylebone, Southwark and Tower Hamlets. The most densely populated of these is Southwark, on the Surry side, which contains 228 inhabitants to the acre. But for the purposes of the census London includes, besides those already named, the parish of Chelsea and the villages of Greenwich, Deptford, Dulwich, Brixton, Clapham, Battersea, Kensington, Hammersmith, Hampstead, Highgate, Stoke, Newington and several others, embracing an area of about 80,000 acres, or nearly the area of the city and county of Philadelphia. It takes in a large portion of the county of Middlesex on the north side of the Thames, and smaller portions of Surry and Kent on the south side.

Were the American cities enumerated in the same elastic way, Boston would be credited with more than half a million, and New York with more than a million and a half. Great as London is acknowledged to be, it is well that the world should know in what form her census is made up.

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.

Lightning has done great damage this summer and destroyed many lives. But sometimes it seems bent on having a good frolic, throwing people into a terrible fright, but doing no harm. The Albany *Argus* tells of an instance:

On the 28th of July, about half-past eight o'clock in the evening, the family of John Sanderson, of Schodack Landing, were thrown into a terrible state of excitement by a thunderbolt or shock of electricity which passed down the stovepipe, bursting out at each side, severing the iron, exploding within two feet of Mr. Sanderson, thence passing between himself and wife, who was sitting nursing her youngest child, throwing her forward some distance, she still embracing the infant.

The electricity struck on each side of a closed door, passed over the family, consisting of eight children, in that room, splitting a three by four-inch joist, ploughing up the ground four feet at the extremity, leaving a hole in the ground.

The light was extinguished, total darkness succeeding the brilliant and many-colored flashes, leaving a strong and sulphurous smell and smoke behind. Upon a light being procured, Mr. Sanderson naturally expected to see some of his family dead. The three eldest daughters, who were in the room above, immediately rushed down, when it was perceived that one of them shook as under the effects of a strong galvanic shock, trembling from head to foot. Upon Mrs. Sanderson taking hold of her, the electricity seemed to pass to the mother, leaving her paralyzed down the left side, from the effects of which she has not yet entirely recovered.

PERSPIRATION.

It is not always agreeable to have perspiration oozing from every pore of the body in a hot summer's day, but one may console himself by thinking it is healthy. If it stops altogether, death is certain. The process goes on even in cold weather to an extent few are aware of:

The amount of liquid matter which passes through the microscopical tubes of the skin in twenty-four hours, in an adult person of sound health, is about sixteen fluid ounces, or one pint. One ounce of the sixteen is solid matter, made up of organic and inorganic substances, which, if allowed to remain in the system for a brief space of time, would cause death. The rest is water. Beside the water and solid matter, a large amount of carbonic acid, a gaseous body, passes through the tubes; so we cannot fail to understand that they are active workers, and also we cannot fail to see the importance of keeping them in perfect working order, removing obstructions by frequent application of water, or by some other means. Suppose we obstruct the functions of the skin perfectly by varnishing a person completely with a compound impervious to moisture. How long will he live? Not over six hours. The experiment was once tried on a child in Florence. Pope Leo X., on the occasion of his accession to the papal chair, wished to have a living figure to represent the Golden Age, and so he gilded a poor child all over with varnish and gold leaf. The child died in a few hours. If the fur of a rabbit or the skin of a pig be covered with a solution of India rubber in naptha, the animal ceases to breathe in two hours.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

DANGEROUS FUN.

We had almost said funny danger, though really it was no laughing matter,—but the negro's unique way of getting out of a fearful fix almost provokes a smile. The incident occurred in a New York menagerie:

Last Sunday morning, the attendant entered the room, at the usual hour, for the purpose of feeding the animals; while engaged in preparing the food, the animals were, as usual, much excited, expecting their breakfast.

Suddenly an extra roar, in which all the beasts joined, caused the man to turn his head, when, to his consternation, he saw that a large African lion confined in a cage with a lioness had escaped through a trap in the floor of the cage and was circulating around in a lively and rather interesting manner.

The man, being unarmed and powerless, faced the brute and called for help. Another keeper soon appeared, closely followed by a stout negro, both of whom took in their position at a glance; so did the lion, who sprang at a high window, smashing the glass, and putting his head through, concluded the height from the sidewalk rather too great to justify a leap.

The darkey exclaimed, "Now is our chance!" sprang at the creature, and seized his tail close to the rump, to which he hung like death. One of the keepers seized a club, and by one or two powerful blows on the head so stupefied or stunned the lion that they were enabled to drag him to his cage and thrust him in, after forcing the excited lioness to the rear of it.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

An African Fire-king in Maryland is performing feats more wonderful than any legerdemain of Signor Blitz. An exchange tells what a visitor saw with his own eyes:

He gave an exhibition of his "powers," recently, in a physician's office, in the presence of about twenty persons, and one of them describes the results thus:

He first heated a shovel red-hot and applied it to the bottom of one of his feet. It made no impression on him whatever. He next heated a shovel red-hot and licked it repeatedly with his tongue. It did not even dry the saliva in his mouth. He then put his hand in a hot stove and took therefrom a red-hot anthracite coal, and offered it to the spectators, who declined to accept the present. His hand was not even scorched.

He then called out to know if there were any "unbelievers" present. To his astonishment we announced ourselves still an "unbeliever."

He then put a shovel in the stove and partially filled it with shot. When the shot had got pretty hot he stirred them around with his naked fingers until the lead had melted. He then took the shovel in his right hand and poured the hot melted lead in his left hand, and then poured the burning solution into his mouth, kept it there till it cooled and spit it out in a lump.

We then expressed ourselves entirely satisfied. He said "that was only a twenty dollar performance; if they would make him up fifty dollars, he would show something worth seeing."

DANGER IN EMPTY CANS.

One needs to know what has been put up in tin cans, before using them in sport or for service. Two boys got into trouble from neglecting this.

The Hartford *Post* mentions a singular accident that occurred in Haddam. Nathaniel Tyler found a tin can in the road. Giving it to his boys, he told them that they had better unsolder the cap. This they proceeded to do. Everett aged fifteen years, took the can between his legs as he sat upon the floor, and applied a hot iron to it, (Walter, aged twelve, looking on,) when a terrible explosion followed.

The poor boy had the flesh torn off the lower part of his body and limbs, and a severe scalp wound; his arms were also badly mangled and one of his eyes was torn out. He cannot probably survive. Walter was badly injured. The explosion blew the windows out of the house and lifted the floor over the room where the explosion took place.

The can was one that had contained nitroglycerine, but was empty, and had been thrown away by some one of the contractors on the Valley Railroad. Of course there was but a very minute quantity left in it, but enough to cause a great deal of damage and a probable loss of life.

During the War, Dr. —— entering the hospital surgery, met Paddy Doyle, the orderly, and asked him which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Paddy, as with an indicative jerk of the thumb, he pointed to where, on the table, lay a case of surgical instruments.

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32—tf

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BABY'S DAY.

Open your eyes, mamma!
Day will soon begin,
Open your eyes, mamma!
I want to look in.
Yesterday, dear mamma,
Out of your eyes,
There peeped two little boys,
Just of my size.
Are they there now, mamma?
Whose can they be?
And do you love those boys
As you love me?

Don't feed me any longer—
Not another minute!
Does my mouth look pretty, think,
With a great spoon in it?
If you people speak the truth,
I am sweet enough;
There's no need of choking me
With your sugary stuff.

Mamma, where are you?
You are the sweet!
Nicer than all
They can give me to eat.
Here I come to you—
Toes, fingers and feet!
Have you a kiss or two
Growing for me?
Where do you hide them?
Please let me see!
Now I shall steal them—
One, two and three.

What is the next thing
For baby to do?
Duckie, I think
I'll go swimming with you.
Doggie, look sharp!
And if we get drowned,
Fish us both out,
You comical hound.

Dick, we'll on our travels go,
I've two feet, don't hold me so!
O, my shoes won't walk a bit!
Down upon the floor I'll sit.
If you think I've had a fall,
You're mistaken, that is all!
But why will this old house shake,
Every single step I take?

Now get out my pony, Dick!
Whoa! Gee up there! where's my stick?
Over the world and away to the moon,
Clover old Dick, we must get there soon.
Or the barley-candy will all be sold,
And we can't buy a gingerbread horse for gold!

LUCY LARCOM.

SAVED BY A LITTLE KINDNESS.

A correspondent of a Western paper describes the following scene at one of the Tremont Temple meetings of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association:

The time of the meeting was up, when a rough looking man arose. He was plainly clad, and on his features were the evidences of long dissipation. He spoke under great embarrassment.

"My friends," he said, "for I may call you my friends, or I will if you will allow me to, you see in me a man who has been a burden to himself and a nuisance to others for years. I have been a drunkard for twenty years. I don't feel that I am worthy to stand here among these good people.

"But I want to tell you that although I have been drunk every day for twenty years, God has spared my life, has had mercy on me, and I believe He is going to save me, as bad as I have been. I will tell you how He has begun to do it.

"Last Sunday night God sent an angel to me in the form of a man. There he is—pointing to one of the young men of the Association—and he, by the help of God, saved me. But for him I should to-day be dead."

The man, overcome by his emotions, paused and wept like a child. He proceeded:

"I'll tell you how it was. I found myself after dark at the door of one of the depots of the horse cars. I was cold and wet, for it was a rainy night, and I went to the car-shed and laid down. A man came along and kicked me on the shoulder and said, 'Get up and get out of this.' I got up and went out into the storm, and came along up as far as Scollay's Building, a building that has open stairways running down to the pavement.

"I went in there to lie down; a police officer tapped me on the head with his mall. 'Out of this,' he said; 'you can't stay here.'

"I went out into the storm again, and came up along by this building, where the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association are. The door was open, the light was shining on the floor, and I thought that it looked warm, so I ventured in and laid down there.

"I fell asleep, but was awakened by that man (pointing to the young man again) who came to me, as he was going round to close up the building, and spoke kindly to me, and said, 'Get up and come up stairs, and I will give you a better place to sleep.'

"Such a kind word I had not heard for a year. It broke my heart." Again the poor man wept, and others wept with him.

"He took me into a warm room, and let me sleep on the carpet by the stove—the best bed that I have had for a year. I was all rags. In the morning he took off all my rags, and gave me these clothes I have on. I have not had any thing like this for years.

"He took me to a coffee-house and gave me breakfast, and brought me back here, and locked the door, and took up his Bible, and asked me if I would like to hear him read in that book and pray. I said I would, and I did. I wanted to pray myself. I wanted to thank God that He had sent an angel to save my life and snatch me from eternal death.

"I wanted to hear him pray. He did pray. He prayed for me, that God would forgive me, and help me to leave off drunkenness. This was too much. After doing so much for me, to go to God and ask Him to forgive me—that was too much. It broke me down. I prayed too. I said, Lord, forgive me, and I will never drink any more. And the Lord did forgive me. Right there. I felt it. I felt in my soul an utter hatred to every thing under the name of liquor. I could not drink now if it was offered me. The thought of it sickens me.

"This man has found me a place to work, and I am a happy man, for I feel that I am saved from a drunkard's death. I feel that I may live now a few years, and do some good somehow, and every day bears testimony to the power of God in man—every day tells the world that *a drunkard can be reclaimed.*

"But it was all the Lord's doings through this society. But for this society I should not now be here. While I live I shall pray for them. And while I live I shall pray for the poor drunkard. For I know now that he can be reclaimed.

"Christian friends, when you pray, do not forget the poor wanderers that are kicked from shed to shed—the poor drunkard that the world don't care any thing for."

The meeting closed, and many a friendly hand was reached out to greet the poor reformed man, who seemed to be already in the vestibule of heaven.

WHAT A POST-OFFICE CLERK SEES.

Few individuals have more chances to study human nature in its amusing phases than the clerks in our large city post-offices. The *Postal Record* contains an interesting account of an interview with the New York general delivery clerk, who described the different characters who visited his little "window," and among others the "old timers," one of whom (probably insane) had come, asking for a letter, twenty times a day for six months. He also spoke of other classes of disappointed applicants, and gave instances of odd superscriptions:

"In delivering letters," said he, "we make mistakes sometimes, but are generally very careful. It is for our interest to be so. We would much rather people would get their letters the first time they call. It saves us trouble. A mistake occurred a few weeks since that gave me much pain. It was more an accident than a mistake, as you will see.

"A young lady called to inquire for a letter for Miss O. Sullivan,—O'Sullivan, with the apostrophe, as I supposed. I looked in the O'Sullivan box, but found no letter for her. She called many days, when, one day, she fell fainting at the window, and I found out, by seeing a report of the case in the morning papers, that her name was Olive Sullivan. There were letters for her from her brother, who was in the army. The letters contained money, for the want of which, being a stranger in the city, she had nearly starved to death.

"Here are some impromptu lines that probably reached their destination, in fact, odd or badly written addresses seldom fail, as more careful attention is given them:

"'Heavens and earth, who knows but what
This letter may not reach her!
If it should fail, I may bewail
My love for that fair creature.
Dear clerk, I know that this will go,
If I am at all lucky,
To Mary Sheen, of Bowling Green,
In the State of old Kentucky.'

"Here is a note written in pencil on an envelope:

"'TO THE WORTHY POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK: SIR—If you have clustering in your mind any happy memories of youth, you cannot fail to recollect the delight the receipt your first letter gave you. This is to a maiden who, I have every reason to believe, if she gets it, will enjoy the sensation of receiving her first epistle. Please appreciate the circumstance and see that it is delivered.'

"Some of the poetical addresses are a little blind; still, they can usually be understood. Here is one on a newspaper which was sent to Philadelphia:

"'Speed to Johnnie Hill,
In the Quaker city Phil.;
Such is the writer's will.
Kind sir, his trust fulfil.'

"Here is an address written for the information of clerks:

"'Do not stop this. 'Tis to my brother.
He lives in Portland, State of Maine.
His name is John, his surname Marther.
No money does this note contain.'

"This note, over the address of a letter, was evidently penned by some wicked young lady:

"'Will the clerk look the man who inquires for this square in the face, and see if he don't blush? It is an answer to a matrimonial advertisement.'

"But odd addresses are nothing compared with the odd things that are sent through the mails. Not long ago we received a box containing a live rattlesnake, caught somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. The reptile was forwarded through our office to Boston. Last winter, a cat, that had journeyed all the way from Nevada, stopped a few hours with us, and was finally sent on to Buffalo. Naturalists think nothing of sending lizards, juvenile alligators and other specimens by post. All live animals are treated well by the clerks, out of sympathy for their friendless condition.

"The office is never closed, except to the public. There are night and day tours, so that the work of receiving and assorting the mails is going on at all times. During the day about eighty tons of mail matter are sent out, and about thirty tons received. We deliver between seventy-five and eighty thousand letters daily, and receive in the same time, for mailing to all parts of the world, about two hundred thousand. Our paper distribution, it would be hard to estimate, except by weight."

A DANGEROUS PLAYFELLOW.

Young children and snakes sometimes make good playfellows; the children having no fear, and the snakes doing no harm. But the sport is broken up when any third party comes in as spectator. A Virginia paper tells the following story, as well known to the inhabitants of Bedford, in that State:

A few years ago a farmer, whose cabin stood in one of the wildest localities about the mountains, on coming into the house one day, discovered his little daughter, two years old, sitting up in bed, where she had been placed when asleep by her mother. The child was laughing immoderately, and showing by its every action and expression of countenance that it was greatly pleased. The father approached, when to his horror he discovered that an enormous yellow rattlesnake, the largest he had ever seen, was in bed with his child, and actually coiled around her body. His presence instantly wrought a change in the conduct of the snake, which dexterously uncoiled itself from around the child and assumed an attitude of battle. The mountaineer's rifle hung upon a rack over the door; he grasped it in his hand with feelings which cannot be described, and awaited an opportunity to shoot.

He had no sooner done so than the snake commenced caressing the child by rubbing his head fondly against her cheek, and darting his forked tongue almost in her eyes. Then he would raise his tail and rattle so rapidly as to make one continued sound, at which the child was greatly delighted. But upon the least movement on the part of the almost distracted parent, the snake would entirely change the tone of his rattling, and swell to almost twice his natural size. During all this time the child tightly grasped the snake with its chubby little hands, and jerked and twisted him about in a very rude and unceremonious manner, laughing and talking to her horrid plaything in a perfect ecstasy of delight. This state of things was finally ended by a movement of the parent, which so enraged the snake that he drew himself up into a tight coil, leaped out of bed, and would have buried his fangs in the farmer's face had he not quickly dodged to one side. As it was, the serpent went over his shoulder and out at the door, where he renewed the signal for battle, but was quickly stretched out stiff in death by a shot from the rifle. The child cried immoderately for her pretty plaything, and if set down in any part of the yard would immediately toddle towards the dead reptile.

A BIRD'S BATH.

Did you ever see a bird wash itself? Of course a bird in the bath is not to be compared with a child bathing. Few sights in this world are more beautiful than a one-year old sporting in his tub, with a fond young mother, radiant with delight, standing by, and inwardly protesting that never before, no, never, was there so beautiful a child!

But then it is to be remembered that birds never take their clothes off, to reveal their hidden beauty. Indeed, when a bird bathes he washes all his household stuff. It is for him as if a man should go in swimming with all his towels, sheets, tablecloths, shirts and handkerchiefs upon him, and perform the duties of a general washing-day. First, you see, glancing through the air, the vigorous little fellow, and alighting on the edge of the lower tank, whose bottom, fortunately, slopes at such an angle as to give very shallow water near the edges.

First he takes a drink. He likes it so well that he takes another. Hops a few steps, turns round, flies to the other side of the rim, and sips again. Then he wades in half an inch deep; cocks his eye to see if man or cat is prowling near, or hideous boys with wicked sticks. No; all is safe. He drops his head, and by a jerking motion he catches up upon his head and neck a spoonful of water, which he throws over on his back. The touch exhilarates him. He stoops, and opening his breast-feathers, he flirts the water all through them. He ducks quite under, and emerges in such a way as to let the water flow down his back. He hops up the rim, but has not quite satisfied himself, and turns back for another good splash. Who can describe that shiver which runs through his feathers, as now he sits upon the edge of the fountain and whirls off the petty drops of moisture from his whole body!

But it is too public to make his toilet here. He flies toward the trees in the street, but is tempted by the iron fence, as a half-way house. He turns around once or twice, straightens out one or two feathers, and then springs off into the air and betakes himself to a hiding of leaves in the tree, and then plumes himself with the comb which every bird carries in his mouth.

It pays one a hundred-fold to prepare a little fountain for the birds. If one has an eye for such things, he may sit for hours at the window, especially if the day be sultry, or himself an invalid, and find charming pastime in the bath of birds.

A BLUNDER IN THE DARK.

It is very easy in a large hotel to mistake one's room; but it doesn't often happen that one makes such a ludicrous blunder as is told by a Newport correspondent. He was knowing to the fact:

I heard such an excellent story, and knowing it to be a fact I must relate it. A gentleman and wife, on a travelling tour, stopped at a hotel. The gentleman was an invalid, jaunting for health, and was subject to severe attacks of spasms in his chest, which nothing would relieve but a blister, or, in the absence of that, a hot mustard plaster. They reached the strange hotel late in the day, and in the night Mr. —— was taken very ill. His wife was unable to find any remedies at hand among her traps, but remembering to have seen the castor containing mustard on the sideboard of the dining hall, and being reluctant to arouse the servants, she flew down with a light, and made a plaster as quick as possible. Now the room she occupied was at the head of the stairs, on the right hand coming up, but there was one precisely similar to it on the left hand side. Just as she reached the head of the staircase her light went out, but wishing to bring relief to the sufferer as quickly as possible, she went into her room on the right, as she supposed, and flying up to the occupant of the bed—her husband, of course—raised the clothing and clapped the plaster on his chest. Just as it touched the individual in question, what was her fright and horror at being assailed with a strong expletive, and at discovering she had turned to the left instead of the right, and entered the wrong apartment. The hurry with which she entered was not quite equal to that with which she retreated, and finding her own man and telling him the story, he laughed so outrageously as to get cured without any plaster at all. So mortified was the lady, however, that she insisted on leaving the hotel the next morning, at an hour sufficiently early to avoid meeting the victim of her mistake.

A SPIDER AS ENGINEER.

Some of the smaller insects are stronger in comparison than men, and others are quite as ingenious in mastering difficulties. A spider may do as hard work as the most skilful engineer.

In 1830, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, a gentleman boasted to a friend that he could introduce to him an engineer of more wonderful skill than Robert Stephenson, who had just made himself famous by perfecting the railway locomotive.

In fulfilment of the boast he brought out a glass tumbler containing a little scarlet-colored spider, whose beauty, with its bright yellow nest on a sprig of laurustinus, had induced a young lady to pluck it from the bush where it was growing. When brought into the house, it was placed on the mantel-piece and secured by placing a glass over it.

In a very short time, this wonderful little engineer contrived to accomplish the herculean task of raising the sprig of laurustinus, a weight several hundred times greater than itself, to the upper part of the glass, and attaching it there so firmly that, after forty years, it is still suspended where it was hung by the spider.

In the Bible we read, "The spider layeth hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces"; but in its glass prison there was nothing for it to lay hold of—no peg, or nail, or beam on which to fasten its threads. Yet, in a short time the little insect had accomplished its task.

It is believed that this kind of spider always deposits its nest upon trees, and never upon the ground; and this may account for its wonderful effort to raise the branch to the upper part of the glass.

It may still be seen, dead and dry, hanging by one of its threads from the top of its prison-house, with its little nest upon a leaf of the laurustinus.

THE INFIDEL KING ANSWERED.

Prince Charles of Hesse was dining one day with the infidel king of Prussia, who made no secret of his contempt for the Christian religion. The prince could not join in his conversation, but looked down, and preserved a complete silence, until the king turned to him with vivacity, and said, "Tell me, my dear prince, do you believe in these things?"

"Sire," said the prince, in a firm tone, "I am not more sure of having the honor to see you, than I am that Jesus Christ suffered and died for us, as our Saviour, on the cross."

The king remained a moment buried in thought, and grasping the prince suddenly by the right arm, and pressing it strongly, he said,

"Well, my dear prince, you are the first man of spirit that I have found to believe in it."

The prince tried, in few words, to reiterate the certainty of his faith; and passing through the adjoining chamber the same afternoon, he says, "I found Gen. Tenenzien, who had heard what had passed;—the greatest and strongest-minded man I ever knew; he put his hands on my shoulders, and covered me with a torrent of tears, saying,—

"'Now, God be praised, I have lived to see an honest man acknowledge Christ to the king's face.'

"The good old man overwhelmed me with caresses. I cannot retrace those happy moments of my life without the greatest gratitude to God

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for having vouchsafed to me the opportunity of confessing before the king my faith in Him and in his Son."

STRAWBERRIES IN MINNESOTA.

California does not exhaust all the wonders of the West. Minnesota is jealous of her Pacific neighbor, and raises strawberries to compare with the big trees and vegetables that have become so famous. It would be hard to beat the following story:

"The writer of this has seen scores of miles of country, a degree of latitude north of Fort Totten, which was an almost continuous plantation of wild strawberries, growing, in many of the richer spaces, not on horizontal vines, but on bushes, many of them three and four feet high, on which the clusters of this delicious fruit attained a size rarely reached by the most assiduous cultivation. So profuse was this native production of strawberries on what is called the Pembina Mountain, that the cart-wheels, crushing the strawberries as they revolved, were fairly red with this wild vintage of the plains, and left long crimson trails, as of blood, behind them. Wild strawberries are abundant in every part of the Red River Valley; but on the fertile plateau known as the Pembina Mountain, remote from every human settlement, they grow with a luxuriance which is simply astonishing, and, so far as we know, unrivalled. It is the only region where we ever met with the bush strawberry, and the plant seems there to take the upright form in the very pride of its exuberant fruitfulness, as if it disdained to creep along the earth with its scarlet crown of glory."

CURIOUS CASE.

Among the little miracles scattered always among the great happenings of history, the following is one to stick a pin through:

The following story is told of the siege of Paris: A professor of music, who was obliged to abandon his house, in the hurry of departure left the unfinished score of a musical composition behind. The war over, he returned with intense anxiety for the fate of the precious manuscript, to find his house destroyed. Only one wall remained standing, but luckily, high up on its side could be seen the cupboard, with its key still projecting from the lock, in which were deposited the valuable papers. A ladder was procured, the impatient composer ascended and took out his treasure safe and sound. What was his astonishment to find it not only complete but completed, the composition brought to a happy close, with a brief note of explanation signed "Koennemann, musician-in-chief of the Twenty-second Line Regiment."

The wonder of it, after all, is that a bandmaster should have found the time and felt the composure amid the turmoil of that terrible war to sit down and write music,—and on another's score, too. Romance (even Dumas') contains nothing superior to this neat piece of courteous pleasantry from an enemy.

KICKED TO DEATH BY AN OSTRICH.

Foreign missionaries are exposed to a good many fatalities, but few so singular as that described below:

One of the most faithful and able of the colored assistant missionaries in our south African Mission, Michael Baalie, died recently from the effects of a blow from the foot of a tame ostrich. He was stationed at Twistwyk, near Gnadenthal. The manner of his death was curious.

At a store in the neighborhood an ostrich was running about, which had conceived a dislike to Baalie, because he had refused to give it some bread which it had smelled in his pocket. As soon as it saw him, a few days after this occurrence, it at once ran towards him, and chased him into the house of a store-keeper. The store-keeper, who enjoyed the sport, told Baalie he was too timid, and that the ostrich would retreat, if he marched boldly up to it, and in case it did not, that he could easily master it by seizing it by the neck.

Baalie took a stick and went towards the bird, which at once attacked him, and kicked him in the abdomen. He died a few days afterwards, very peacefully. Before he died he gathered his family about his bedside, and prayed earnestly in their behalf, for the congregation, and then for himself.

DON'T BEGIN.

If tobacco chewers could only know before starting what they are coming to, they might be frightened out of the bad habit. The following calculation might startle the boldest lover of the weed:

Some arithmetician calculates that if a tobacco chewer consumes two inches of a plug a day for fifty years, he will chew in that period sixty-four hundred and seventy-five feet, or nearly half a mile, an inch thick and two inches broad, costing two thousand dollars. And ejecting one pint of saliva per day for fifty years, the total would swell into nearly twenty-three hundred gallons—a respectable lake, almost enough to float the *Great Eastern* in!

TAKE a stick of phosphorus, and put it in a large dry phial, not corked, and it will afford a light sufficient to discern any object in a room when held near. The phial should be kept in a cool place where there is no great current of air, and it will continue its luminous appearance for more than twelve months.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

For the Companion.

DAISY IN THE COUNTRY.

Daisy was a fortunate little girl,—her birthday came in June, just when the roses, buttercups and other daisies have theirs, and they were sure to come and rejoice with her on that day.

Besides, she had a Grandmother Lawton, who lived on the tip-top peak of a range of hills, and being the best grandmother that ever was, she had let Daisy be born there, right among the buttercups and clover-blossoms.

Every summer Daisy left the city and came to spend a few weeks with Grandma Lawton, and very happy weeks they were.

This year she was three years old on the 12th of June, and she arrived with her father on the 9th—as tired a little Daisy as ever shut up her eyes at night-fall.

Her father was with her, and he lifted her out of the stage which had brought them from the railroad station and set her down on Grandma Lawton's door-steps just as the sun was setting.

How glad Grandma Lawton was to see her! how she kissed her on her tired little eyes, that almost shut up before she could eat a bowl of bread and milk and two pieces of molasses gingerbread!

But the next morning no two eyes in all Hillbury were wider open than little Daisy's, and just as the sun climbed over East-Ridge, she sat down to breakfast in a high chair.

There may be just as nice milk-toast at other people's grandma's, but Daisy had never eaten it, nor seen such maple-sugar, nor such doughnuts, nor such creamy milk, nor such a pretty cup to drink it from, as she had that morning.

And you wouldn't make her believe there ever was such another grandma as she'd got; and I should like to see any body try to make Grandma Lawton believe there ever was such a little girl as Daisy! Yes, indeed, I should!

Daisy liked her father well enough in Boston, but now there were three moolly cows to look at, and five families of chickens to feed, and two kitties to play with, and she had just as soon he'd go back to Boston and leave her as not. She never thought of crying when he kissed her good-by and said,—

"Now be the best little girl in all the town," and got on top of the stage and rode away. She just pulled Grandma Lawton's apron and said,

"Now we'll do and feed the shickens; they's dedful hungry, danma."

"Danma" gave her a basin full of pudding, and she sat down by the coops and fed the downy darlings till she was tired of it, dirtying her hands, and dress, and apron very much.

"Danma, they don't want no more—they doesn't say 'peep, peep,' now."

But the kitties came to see her; one was a little gray and white one, and her name was Jump; the other was a Maltese, and her name was Beauty. Grandma put them both in her lap and told her to stroke them softly and hear them purr. But she choked their necks, and pulled their tails, and they put out the little claws that were shut up in their soft, velvety feet and scratched her.

"*Do* way! *do* way! naughty, scratchy, bad old kitties! do way, I tell you!" and she threw them down, and they were as glad to scamper away as she was to have them. But she gave a great scream, that brought good Grandma Lawton to see what was the matter. And it took a large piece of sponge-cake to comfort her little darling—but that did comfort her.

Grandpa Lawton took her to walk that morning. He had a large, brown hand, but it took Daisy's little white one into it very gently.

They did not walk on pavements, or gravelled walks, but down in the lot where the soft grass was like a green velvet carpet under her feet. She liked to feel it, she liked to see the buttercups and daisies nod their heads at her; and then a pretty yellow-bird flew up into an apple tree and looked right down at her with his round black eyes, which made her laugh.

They went down to the brook and saw spearmint and blue flags growing, and a frog jumped into the brook.

"What for did he do there, ganpa?"

"For a bath; frogs are uncommonly fond of bathing."

"Does they dit cool in there? Does they dink the water? Does he wash hisself?" These and a host of similar questions were on her tongue.

Grandpa had come to see if any of the little speckled trout that lived in the brook under the alder bushes wished to take a ride, and he let down a long string tied to a pole, for their express accommodation. But the little trout all said, "No, I thank you, sir."

So they walked back again, and grandpa picked a basketful of ripe, red strawberries that were hidden among the grass.

"We must put up with strawberry short-cake for dinner," he said. "I guess my little girl's talking frightened away the trout."

"What made 'em?" said Daisy.

"What made them afraid of you? O, they are not used to city folks; they have just plain country manners themselves, and are very bashful, and don't like to be stared at and have so many questions asked."

"Next time I'll teep just as still, danpa."

"Just as still as you can, darling, so you will; but I don't know as you'll be much help trout-fishing."

"What makes the dass all run away so?" she said, as the wind swept over the tall grass, bowing it low.

"It's the wind."

"What for does the wind make it run away and then come back again?"

"Because it likes a good frolic with the grass."

"Does he?"

"Sartain; he's a funny chap, the wind is; sometimes he keeps as still as a mouse; then he scampers about the world as if he were crazy, shaking all the trees, and the flowers, and the windows and doors, as hard as ever he can; he runs out on to the ocean and kicks up big waves, and tosses the great ships up and down, doing all kinds of mischief."

"Do he? What for, ganpa?"

"Because he likes the fun."

Then he said, more soberly,—

"The good Father in heaven made the wind, and taught him just what to do."

"Aint he naughty old wind, danpa?"

"No, he's the good wind, that brings us health, and does more good in the world—on the earth and on the water—than you or I can understand."

"*I* doesn't tink so; *I* tink he's naughty wind."

Leaving this an open question, Grandpa Lawton said,—

"Did you ever see a bossy-calf?"

"No, never, danpa."

"So I thought; come with me and I'll show you the handsomest one in all Hillbury."

And leading her into another lot, where a little pasture was fenced off, they saw a pretty red and white calf lying under a tree.

Grandpa stroked and petted him, but Daisy was afraid of him. He had great black eyes, and when he got up, his legs were very long, and he cried very loud in an unknown tongue, which Grandpa Lawton called, "blarting."

After much coaxing, Daisy was persuaded to give bossy some grass; but she stood a good ways off, and ran away and hid behind grandpa as soon as he had taken it in his big mouth.

When it was dinner time the strawberry short cake was "the bestest cake" Daisy had ever tasted; and she ate so much Grandma Lawton was afraid she would be sick, but she wasn't. After dinner, Rosa Lee and Emma Gray came to play with her, and a beautiful time they had out on the soft green grass under the cool maple trees.

M. U.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in can but not in try.
My *second* is in pan but not in fry.
My *third* is in knot but not in twist.
My *fourth* is in hand but not in fist.
My *fifth* is in day but not in night.
My *sixth* is in way but not in right.
My *whole* is a country not very near.
But now you will guess it I very much fear.

CLARA.

2.

WORD SQUARE.

To partake.
Consumed.
A number.

W. H. C.

3.

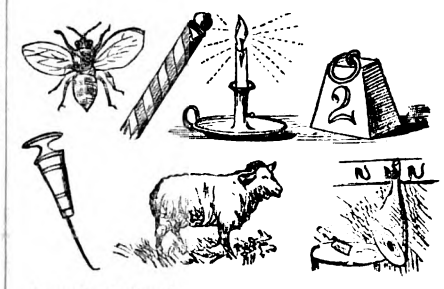
ENIGMA.

I am composed of eleven letters.
My 1, 2, 10, 6 is used by farmers in summer.
My 5, 9, 10, 11 is a body of water.
My 8, 6, 3 is used in catching fish.
My 7, 2, 4 is a verb.
My whole is a dangerous reptile.

H. A. W.

4.

REBUS.



A good rule for all.

E. L. C.

5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A throng.
2. Emblem of peace.
3. God of war.
4. The dunce's reward.
5. An ill-fated steamer.
6. An English poetess.
7. Caused by joy and sorrow.

The *finals* give the extremity of grief, the *initials* give its balm.

N.

6.

CHARADE.

To gain admittance to my *first*
Men use the midnight flame;
For only those who persevere
Can hope to e'er reach fame.

Of my *second* there's enough
Upon this earthly sphere,
That all might live in peacefulness,
And not be crowded here.

My *whole* is oft the scene of strife,
To miseries great gives birth;
If you would lead a peaceful life,
Then shun its joyless mirth.

C.

7.

BLANKS.

(Fill the blanks with the same word transposed.) Among other —— —— we were told of a schoolboy who tried to —— some ——, but lost his hat and —— instead. The —— he could have expected.

LULU D.

Conundrums.

Why do you suppose the letter E to be a glutton? Because he changes fasts into feasts, is invariably the first to commence eating, and is always last at the table.

Why is the camel the most irascible animal in the world? Because he always has his back up.

When is a man over head and ears in debt? When he has not paid for his wig.

Which is the most appropriate drink for fops? Spruce.

When is a theatrical manager like an astronomer? When he discovers a new "star."

Why are young ladies so partial to sunset and twilight? Because they are daughters of Eve.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Over, Vale, Ella, Reap.
2. Rome, Oded, Mene, Eden.
3. Oak, Peach, Maple, Plum.
4. "Barking dogs seldom bite."
5. "Lost time is never found again.'
6. DICKENS.
7. Penance, Anna, Insects, Nile.

A DOG is counted mad when he won't take something to drink, and a man when he takes too much.

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ARNOTTO, OR CHEESE-YELLOW.

Probably our young city readers have never seen, and we do not know if many of our boys and girls in the country have ever seen, the queer lumps of "orange-colored chalk" kept in a cloth, which old dairy-women use (or *once* used) to yellow their cheese and butter with, when not quite rich-looking enough for market. The name of this substance is "arnotto" or "anotta,"—we have heard ignorant grandams pronounce it "anter"—and it is called in botany *"Bixa Orellana"*—Alarming stories have been told about its poisoning qualities, and what it is made of, &c.; but these are all bugbears. It is a harmless vegetable, and seems to grow somewhat like the castor-oil bean, in oval pods, or burrs.

Coloring cheese with arnotto is a very old practice among English as well as our own dairymen. The addition of some foreign substance to cheese or butter, for the sole purpose of producing a particular color, may be objectionable, but not half so much so as the want of it, without the application. The looks of a thing have much to do with its popularity, as well as affecting the taste of the consumer, although no one will pretend to say there is any flavor in mere color. It is true that arnotto possesses a flavor, but scarcely strong enough to be perceptible when used in such small quantities as it is in coloring cheese.

The appearance of a dish certainly has something to do in creating, or preserving, a relish therefor, and we think no one should find fault with its attractive color, provided no injurious substance has been introduced to produce it. Of course, we prefer good yellow cheese and butter without the addition of foreign substances, provided we can always get it. And, while we are not advocating the use or disuse of coloring material, we believe that if they are to be, the least objectionable should be selected for the purpose. Pure arnotto is, without doubt, the most harmless of all that have been tried, although we must admit that adulteration of this article is extensively practised. This most serious objection to its use is about being removed, as certain parties, among which Mr. G. De Cordova, of New York, is probably the most prominent, are importing the Bixa seed and preparing arnotto directly therefrom.

WHAT IS ARNOTTO?

The *Bixa Orellana* is a small, evergreen tree growing ten to fifteen feet high. It is a native of the West Indies and other parts of tropical America. The leaves are heart-shaped, smooth and shining. Flowers in a tapering panicle, pale pink. Capsule two valved, prickly on the outside, seeds small, angular, covered with an orange waxen pulp or pellicle. The latter is the substance to which the name of anotta or arnotto has been given. The arnotto is separated from the seed by different processes, such as washing, steaming, fermentation, &c., &c. A cluster of the seed pods (*capsules*) and seed is shown of natural size in the accompanying illustration.

WHO CAN DOUBT IT?

Mother Babbit told me that she heard Harper's wife say, that John Harris' wife told her, that Granny Bates heard the widow Bashman say, that Capt. Webb's wife thought Col. Holman's wife believed, that old Mrs. Lamb reckoned that Samuel Durham's wife had told Spaulding's wife, that she heard John Orvis' wife say that her mother told her, old Miss Jenks heard Aunt Fanny Cook say that *it* was a matter of fact. Now who can doubt it?

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A mother's love makes her not only bold to face danger, but also ingenious in contriving ways to save her children in great peril. Here is a good illustration from the Knoxville *Herald:*

Mrs. Moore, wife of Col. W. A. Moore, living near Leadvale, Jefferson county, was at home alone last Friday, when a negro woman came running into the house with the information that Mrs. Moore's little son, three years old, had fallen down the well. Mrs. Moore ran to the well and looked down into it just in time to see her child disappear under the water. Not a man was about the house, her husband being off about a quarter of a mile, but, without a moment's hesitation, the brave lady grasped the well-rope and went down twenty-four feet to the surface of the water, and grappled in its depths, with her feet, for the child. She found him, and drew him, with her feet, to the top of the water, then, holding on to the rope with one hand, and placing her feet in crevices of rock wall, she worked and labored with her babe till he revived and her husband came to her rescue.

WHY BIRDS ARE FOUND DEAD UNDER TELEGRAPH WIRES.

Prof. Listing, of Gottingen, in an article on certain optical phenomena, explains why birds are so often found dead under telegraph wires. It is not, as is popularly believed, that they were killed by a passing current while perched on the wires, but because their eyes, being in the same horizontal plane, they cannot calculate their distance from the wires, and are consequently killed by flying against them. It is to this same fact—the horizontal plane—that the difficulty of distinguishing the edges of the steps occurs while going down stairs, and of clearly calculating the distance from one to another.

"PRITHEE" AND "MARRY."

The origin of some old-fashioned words is sometimes curious. Take, for instance, such words as "prithee" and "marry," both terms of asseveration. "Prithee" is plainly a corruption of "I pray thee." "Marry" was originally, in Popish times, a mode of swearing by the Virgin Mary. So, also, "marrow-bones" for the knees. "I'll bring him down upon his 'marrow-bones'"—that is, "I'll make him bend his knee as he does to the Virgin Mary."

PLAY A PASTIME--NOT A BUSINESS.

Let amusements fill up the chinks of your existence, not the great spaces thereof. Let your pleasures be taken as Daniel took his prayer, with his windows open—pleasures which need not cause a single blush on an ingenuous cheek.

"That which must be concealed is near allied to sin." Heed the quality of your joy. A single rose is a fairer ornament than a whole stack of straw.—*Theodore Parker.*

HOW TO TALK TO THE POOR.

Dr. Deems, in his address at the funeral of Alice Cary, told how she spent some of the intervals of her terrible sufferings in making a cap, to please a poor old woman. One of the most touching tributes to the deceased poet fell from the lips of the same old woman, who, as she looked up from a tearful contemplation of her friend's remains, exclaimed, with a sigh, "Ah! she knew how to talk to the poor!"

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The steamer *Escort* has made several excursions from this city to Plymouth, with large numbers of people who wished to enjoy views of our harbor, an ocean sail, and a visit to localities honored by association with the Pilgrims. These trips are to be continued once a fortnight through the warm season. The price is very reasonable, (only one dollar,) and taking into account the hearty endeavors of the managers to make the trips socially pleasant, we know of no way that a day for recreation can be spent more agreeably, and in many respects more profitably.

"JOHN, I saw your cousin Isaac a few weeks ago, and he had just received a terrible fall which cut a most horrible gash in his arm."

"Ah, poor fellow; what did he fall on?"

"Well, really, I forget now, but it rather strikes me he fell on Tuesday morning."

OVERPAID.—An Irishman having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving a quarter from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the money and then at him, and at last exclaimed, "I'm overpaid for the job."

A BARRISTER blind of one eye, pleading with his spectacles on, said, "Gentlemen, in my argument I will use nothing but what is necessary." "Then take one of the glasses out of your spectacles," whispered a wag to him.

"WELL, JOHN, I am going East; what shall I tell your folks?" "O, nothing; only if they say any thing about whiskers, just tell them I've got some."

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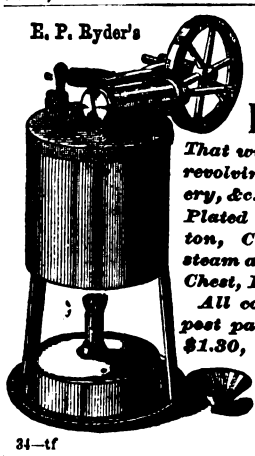

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 38. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

WHAT THE STORM BROUGHT.

It was an evening in May, but it was a New England May, and there was very little of that "ethereal mildness" sometimes associated with "gentle spring." On the contrary, there was a right nipping air abroad, and threatenings of a storm, and people were glad to gather round their firesides for comfort.

There had been a few warm, bright days, enough to induce the Crenshaws to put aside their sitting-room stove; but now that they had gone by with their delusive promise, Miss Crenshaw had brought the lion-headed andirons from the garret, and kindled a fire on the hearth.

"Ah," said her venerable father, holding his trembling hands toward the blaze, "this is a deal better than your great black stoves,—this is like old times, now. Don't you see how much more cheery it makes the room? Look, Catherine!"

"That I do, father, but then I don't relish the idea of being carried up chimney by the draught," said Miss Crenshaw, laughing.

"Now that's all nonsense, Catherine; we never had any thing but open fires in my day, and nobody was ever carried up chimney that I know of. But young folks like new-fashioned things; I suppose you will be for laying *me* aside, before long."

"Never while we can help it, dear father," answered Miss Catherine; "and you shall have open fires all winter long, if they will only keep you warm."

Miss Catherine was not what most of us would call young, though in the eyes of her father she was a child still. If any one had been impolite or curious enough to ask her her age, she would have said, "Fifty-five, at your service, and I thank the Lord that He has spared me so long."

And yet her face scarcely told the same story, for a simple life, a quiet conscience and a merry heart had, in a measure, bidden defiance to time, and she was still a fresh and attractive, if not a handsome woman.

"No, things are not as they used to be," continued the old man. "Even the seasons have changed. Why, when I was a lad we always turned the cows out to pasture the twentieth, and now it's the—let's see, what day of the month is it?"

"The eighteenth, father."

"The eighteenth, and the grass has hardly begun to turn green. Ugh! what a blast! At t is rate the blossoms 'll all be killed, to begin with."

"Never fear, father. We have the promise that seed time and harvest shall never fail, and it will all come right, by-and-by. I'll throw another pine stick on the fire. There, isn't that almost as good as sunshine?" said Miss Catherine.

"Mildred," she continued, addressing a young girl who just then entered the room, "has Austin got home? I thought I heard the hall door open."

"I opened it, aunty," said Mildred, "to look at the sky, but I was glad to shut it again. There wasn't any sky there, nor any thing else but a great black hole."

"I don't suppose there is any danger that Austin will be lost, but yet I wish he were safe at home," said Miss Catherine, a little anxiously.

"O, I forgot to mention it; but he said very likely he should stay with Will Benton all night."

"Where is the child, and why did he go away such a night as this?" asked Mr. Crenshaw.

"He's gone hunting; he went this morning, you remember, father," said Miss Catherine.

"And won't get any thing but a few ducks, or may be a partridge," said her father. "Now when *I* was a lad folks thought nothing of popping over a wolf or a red-man. *That* was something worth while."

"Mercy, grandpa," said Mildred, "you didn't eat wolves and Indians, did you?"

WHAT THE STORM BROUGHT.

"Hush, saucy girl," said Miss Catherine.

"O, I meant no harm, aunty; only I should prefer ducks and partridges myself, shouldn't you? There, I heard somebody knock."

"Well, run and open the door; don't keep any one waiting such a night as this;" for the sleet was now driving against the windows, and the wind was blowing furiously.

Mildred went as directed, and returned with some being which seemed to be of human form, but so muffled up that it was impossible to distinguish whether it was man or woman.

"How do you do, Miss Catherine?" it said. "I was on my way to hear Father Hackett, and got lost in the darkness, so I turned in here, directed by the light from your windows."

"Why, Mrs. Moody, is it you? Let me get off your wet clothing as quickly as possible, for out of this house you do not go again to-night," said Miss Catherine, proceeding to divest her guest of one wrapper after another, much as if she had been peeling an onion.

"O, I'm not wet; it's only my outside garments. You see I know how to take care of myself; but since you are so kind, I think I will tarry with you to-night."

Mrs. Moody, when unwound, was a small, angular woman, whose quick, nervous motions, and sharp, restless eye, as well as a face scored with many lines, told of a predominance of the emotional nature. In fact, some persons called her insane, but that was scarcely true, although at different times in her life she had allowed one idea or ism after another to take full possession of her. Her present ism was Millerism, and Father Hackett, whose preaching she had intended to hear, was a second-advent minister.

Mrs. Moody was barely seated in a rocking-chair at the opposite side of the fire-place from old Mr. Crenshaw, with her feet on a cricket, when there came another knock at the door. This time it was a man and a stranger. He had got bewildered and belated, he said, and had come to ask a night's lodging. This was no uncommon occurrence at the old farm-house, as it stood by itself far from any other dwelling, and at least two miles from the village.

Miss Catherine bade him welcome with her usual hospitality, and, mindful of the Scripture rule to give double what is asked of us, she immediately set about preparing him a supper. While she, with the aid of Mildred, is thus engaged, let us take a look at the new guest, who introduces himself as "Mr. Strong."

Miss Catherine sets him down as a nice looking young man, with dark hair and eyes; not exactly a gentleman, and not exactly a laborer. In addition to this, you and I observe that his countenance has a sinister expression,—that he watches every person in the room with a furtive look which suggests an ill-conditioned, ill-natured cur. However, he speaks pleasantly enough, and his grammar is not much amiss; and further, he is exceedingly hungry when his supper is ready and he sits down to eat,—there is nothing underhand about that, at least.

Conversation is apt to be intermittent at meal time, and so it was in this instance; but when the stranger had finished his repast, and the little circle had gathered cosily about the fire, Miss Catherine inquired,—

"Have you come far to-night, Mr. Strong?"

"From Newington, ma'am," answered he.

"I suppose Newington is your home?" observed Mr. Crenshaw.

"Well, it's hard to say where my home is," said Mr. Strong. "I've been tossed about from pillar to post pretty much all my life."

"We're all pilgrims and strangers," broke in Mrs. Moody; "it matters little where we pitch our tents, so we are ready to start when the trumpet sounds." And she pointed her remark by singing two or three verses of a favorite hymn, beginning,—

"Hear Gabriel with his trumpet,
In the old church-yard."

"May be," she added, "you've chanced in your travels to hear good Father Hackett?"

"What, the come-outer, second-adventer, or whatever you call him? No, I never heard him, nor any of the rest of those crack-brained fellows."

"Ay, so the antediluvians scorned the preaching of Noah, and you know what came of it," said Mrs. Moody, solemnly. "Fellow-traveller, let me warn you that you are on dangerous ground, for just so sure as you're alive now, the world will come to an end the thirteenth day of next February."

"So they've fixed the day again," replied Mr. Strong. "It's been coming to an end ever since I can remember, but it stands pretty firm yet."

"But the end will come, notwithstanding the jests of bold blasphemers," said Mrs. Moody.

"No doubt of it, but none the sooner for Father Hackett and the rest of them."

"I think our friend is partly right," said Miss Catherine, who, although she disapproved her guest's trifling manner, did not relish hearing him called a "bold blasphemer;" "partly right, for the good book says, 'No man knoweth the day nor the hour.'"

"Very true, Miss Catherine," said Mrs. Moody, "but what do you do with the beast with the ten horns?—answer me that."

"There never was any such beast," said Mr. Crenshaw, waking from a doze, and having no idea of the drift of the conversation; "no beast ever *could* have ten horns, you know. The unicorn has but one."

This very literal view of the subject produced a fit of giggling on the part of Mildred, which, by reminding her aunt of her presence, caused her to be sent to bed, while the old man sunk back into his chair again, and Mrs. Moody favored the company with another verse of her hymn:

"You will see the dead a marching
In the old churchyard."

Half an hour later, after administering another warning to her "fellow-traveller," she too retired, and Miss Catherine went out to make some arrangements for the comfort of her father. Before she left the room, she locked the cupboard door, and hung the key on a nail a little out of sight. It was her custom to do this, that her cupboard might be secure, and that at the same time her family might always know where to find the key.

Mr. Strong watched the proceeding, and glanced keenly at Mr. Crenshaw. He was asleep. Then he stepped to the cupboard, unlocked the door, and transferred from the shelves to his pockets an old fashioned silver goblet and a salt-cellar, both lined with gold, and also a dozen silver teaspoons; he had observed them all on his supper-table, as well as the sugar-bowl and cream; but the latter he knew to be plated, and left them on the shelf. Having done this, he locked the door again, returned the key to its place, and resumed his chair.

When Miss Catherine returned he was apparently deep in a newspaper.

"Perhaps you would like to sit and read awhile by yourself," she observed. "We retire early, for father is old and infirm; and as for me, I have to rise betimes to attend to the affairs of my household; but if you choose to sit here, make yourself quite at home."

"Thank you, madam, but I find myself fatigued with my long walk, and will gladly go to my room."

So saying he took the bed-lamp from Miss Catherine's hand and bowed himself out.

Mr. Strong was well aware that the only inmates of this lonely farm-house besides himself, were an infirm old man, two women and a young girl, yet before he went to bed, he locked his door, examined the fastenings of the windows, peered into the closet to make sure that there was no means of entrance there, and when he had taken all these precautions, he laid a small pocket-pistol, his constant travelling companion, in a chair beside his bed. He was careful to hang all his clothes on the same chair, and to place his watch under his pillow. His last act was to seek solace from another travelling-companion—a wicker-covered flask, and in a few minutes afterward he was sound asleep.

He could not tell how long he had slept, but it was still pitch dark, when he was awakened by a sound like the rumbling of distant thunder. He had intended to leave the house before the family should be stirring, but he had no mind to go out in a thunder-storm; and, besides, there could be no haste, as the moon would rise at one o'clock, and there were no signs of it yet. So he lay back on his pillows and composed himself for another nap.

He had just begun to doze when he heard the noise again, not once only, but many times repeated, and it did not sound exactly like thunder, either. It might be the wind in the chimney, but why should the wind set out to rumble in the chimney at that rate, when the storm had ceased? "There's no accounting for the noises one hears in an old rambling house like this. I dare say it's nothing, after all," he said to himself.

"Jerusalem!" He uttered this exclamation aloud, as a chaos of sounds now fell on his ear unlike any thing he had heard before. Added to the rumbling, there was rushing, chattering, scrambling, he knew not what, but the very indefiniteness added to the horror. He knew that he had secured his door and windows, and yet this *something* was evidently in his room. It tapped against the window-pane, it swept across

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his face, and with all his precautions he had forgotten to provide himself with matches.

He was not a coward. He had faced a variety of perils in his day, but those were perils the nature of which he understood, and could defend himself against, but here he was alone with a nameless, shapeless enemy.

"I'll show fight, anyhow," he said, and seizing his pistol, bade his foe "come on." As if in derision, something touched his face, but when he would have grasped and grappled with it, there was nothing there. He dropped his pistol and lay trembling with terror, for now he believed that he had to deal with supernatural agencies. He thought of the old woman and her weird singing. How those words repeated themselves in his brain:

"You will see the dead a marching,
You will see the dead a marching,
You will see the dead a marching,
In the old church-yard."

How he had despised her folly at the time! How he had all his life ridiculed every thing which was not earthly and tangible! and now had the *judgment* really come for him? Was his room full of spirits? Must he join the dead on their solemn march?

It may be that not conscience alone, but the contents of the wicker-covered flask, the effects of which he had not had time to sleep off, were responsible for his state of mind, but whatever the cause, he could bear it no longer.

He snatched his clothes, hastily cleared his pockets of the accursed silver, which he believed to be at the bottom of the trouble, and crept down stairs and out of the house as if for dear life.

Morning rose serene and beautiful, and Miss Catherine. The sun, with smiling content about his daily work of bestowing warmth and brightness, and so did Miss Catherine.

She kindled fires, she threw back shutters and shook out curtains, she fed the chickens and skimmed the milk, and finally she set about getting breakfast. By this time Mildred appeared on the scene, fresh and joyous as a young Hebe.

"Good-morning, darling. Did you rest well last night?" was Miss Catherine's greeting.

"Like a bird, auntie. I went to sleep the minute my head touched the pillows, and never awoke again till I heard you rattling the kitchen stove. And you, auntie?"

"Reasonably well. I lay awake the first part of the night, thinking about Austin, and once, I actually thought I heard his step on the stairs, but of course I knew it was imagination, and soon after I fell asleep. Now grind the coffee, dear, while I put the rolls into the pan."

Mildred did as she was bidden, humming a little air to the accompaniment of the coffee-mill, and when this was accomplished she asked, "What next?"

"You may set the table now."

Mildred went to the sitting-room, which, as we have already seen, answered for eating-room, as well, but returned in a few minutes, saying,

"Why, auntie, where *did* you put the spoons?"

"In the cupboard, where I always put them," replied Miss Catherine.

"They are not there now. I looked on every shelf."

"But they *must* be, child. Your little head is so full of something else, that you failed to see what was right before your eyes. Go look again."

"And so I have," said Mildred, going and returning again, "and they are not there. I may be addle-headed, but I'm not blind."

"Well, well, I'll look myself, by-and-by." and when breakfast was on the table, and Mr. Crenshaw and Mrs. Moody had been duly summoned, she did look, with what result, we can anticipate.

"Well, this is singular," she said, putting her hand to her forehead, as if to recollect something. "I was so sure I set them up and locked the door."

"And so the door was locked, and the key where it always is," said Mildred.

"Mildred," said Miss Catherine, turning slightly pale, "where are the salt-cellar and the goblet?"

"O, I haven't thought of those."

"They are gone. I don't understand it; but never mind, now, we have things enough to eat breakfast with."

"Where is Mr. Strong?" asked Mr. Crenshaw. "Why doesn't he come?"

"Sure enough; it isn't very polite to eat without him. Mildred, run up and knock at his door."

Poor Mildred, it seemed to be her fate to be sent on fruitless errands this morning, for she returned with the announcement that although she had knocked "loud enough to wake an Egyptian mummy," there was no response, and no movement whatever within.

"He may be ill. I will go and inquire," said Miss Catherine.

As her raps produced no better result than Mildred's had done, she opened the door slightly and spoke. There was no answer, and beginning to be truly alarmed, she overcame her scruples and put her head in. The consequence was an exclamation which brought Mildred bounding up the stairs, followed by Mrs. Moody at a slower pace.

The bed was empty, of course—that we know; but the quilt, the sheets, the pillows which had been snowy white the night before, were now almost as black as the chimney-back. So also were the carpet, the chairs, and all else the room contained. On examination they proved to be covered with a fine dust, which Miss Catherine pronounced "extremely like soot." What did it mean, and where was Mr. Strong?

Mrs. Moody was of opinion that he was Satan in disguise, and had vanished up the chimney in his own proper form; she had thought there was something "uncanny" about him all the time.

Mildred, whom even so grave an affair could not rob of her playfulness, said she believed it was a case of "spontaneous combustion," like that she had read about in one of Dickens' novels.

Miss Catherine hazarded no opinion, but looked both distressed and perplexed.

Precisely at this juncture the street door opened, and Austin's well-known whistle was heard.

"Come up, O, come up," called Mildred.

"What's to pay?" cried Austin, but lost no time waiting for an answer.

"O, Austin, how glad I am you've come," ejaculated the usually placid Miss Catherine, holding out her arms as if to fall on his neck, but he dodged the proffered embrace, saying, "Excuse me, some other time, auntie; but really, what have you all been doing to yourselves," he cried, looking from one to another, and then he burst into a laugh, which did more toward reassuring the women-kind than any amount of reasoning could have done.

The truth was, they had conveyed to their own faces and clothes large patches of the same black dust which covered the furniture of the room, which did not add to their charms, and was perhaps sufficient excuse for the want of gallantry manifested in declining Miss Catherine's embrace.

When all the circumstances of the evening and the morning were explained to Austin, he said, "One thing is plain, the man stole your silver and ran off with it; as to the rest, let me investigate. Hollo, what's this?"

He had thrown back an upper shutter for the sake of light, and there, clinging to the window-frames, was the cause of the disaster.

"What is it?" cried Mrs. Moody, Miss Catherine and Mildred.

"*Chimney swallows!*" answered Austin.

"Chimney swallows? What have they to do with it?" asked the trio.

"A great deal. They were driven down by the storm, and brought the soot with them. Look here, and here; there's a whole colony of them," said Austin, as his movements drove them fluttering about the room.

"I'll open the windows. Now they'll make their escape. Well, I only hope your lodger enjoyed his slumbers. He must have thought old Scratch was after him.

"Why, here's the silver, all safe and sound," cried Mildred.

"Good gracious, so it is," said Austin. "Well, now I see no reason why we may not wash our faces and adjourn to the breakfast-table, for I'm sure poor grandpa must wonder what has become of us. And so, all's well that ends well."

But if the affair ended well for the Crenshaw family, it did not for Mr. Strong, for at the very time of his sojourn with them, the detectives were on his track for former misdeeds, and having traced him so far, they were not long in following him to his hiding-place, for the soot with which he was covered made him a noticeable object, and proved the one link wanting in the chain of evidence against him. It was after his the arrest, that he told his share in the story of chimney-swallows. R. C.

THE OLD RED CENT.

As the old red cent has now passed out of use, and, except rarely, out of sight, like the "old oaken bucket," its history is a matter of sufficient interest for preservation.

The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson, two hours after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side and thirteen links on the other. The French Revolution soon created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of the Goddess of Liberty—a French liberty, with back thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive branch of peace, but the French liberty was short lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The next head of figure succeeding this, the said classic dame, with a fillet around her hair, came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiselled Grecian features have been but slightly altered in the lapse of time.

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

CHAPTER III.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

During the next two weeks the carpenters were busy putting up shelves and bookcases in what had been our Latin recitation room, so that it was in a good deal of disorder from boxes and fresh packages, which were all of them objects of individual interest, for were we not each of us personal owners of stock in the museum, if not in the library?

We had, in the meantime, made one excursion over the fields in search of what Mr. Moss called specimens, and a most delightful time we had, although Mr. Scranton, having, somehow, managed to introduce himself to Nellie, monopolized her attention a good deal more than I thought necessary. Nellie's company was always the chief attraction of such occasions to me, for I was shy of new acquaintances. But plump Winnie Winter and her grave brother, whom Nellie had admired so much from the portico, had come to my rescue; and, as he had proved to be something of a geologist, we had taken great satisfaction in breaking open stones and gathering our harvest of mica.

Walter Winter was not nearly as handsome as his sister Winnie. While she was frank, confiding and lively, he was reticent and cold, never seeming at ease unless she was near him. Not that he appeared very fond of her, either; but rather that her admiration and ready appreciation of his cleverness was needful to him.

After we had returned from the excursion, we amused ourselves by guessing who would win the golden star.

"It lies between Mr. Scranton and Mr. Winter," said Nellie, in her wise, positive way. "Mr. Winter will deserve it more than Scranton."

"Why?"

"Because Mr. Scranton has really nothing to overcome. He is a gentleman by birth and education. He could not well forfeit the star. But Winter is poor, and however ambitious he may be, he has none of the polish that society gives one, and I am afraid will fail because he lacks confidence in himself."

"I can't conceive, Nellie, what makes you take such a fancy to that Winter," I cried out, pettishly.

"I know you girls always set your faces against a young man who is not showy, or rich, or stylish," Nellie answered, with a flush. "Perhaps Walter Winter is not as graceful as some others, but there is that in him that you will all respect some day."

It seemed that others thought so too; for directly Walter Winter was chosen first monitor of the platform, and then librarian, both being considered positions of trust and honor with us.

It was the duty of the first monitor to look after the safety of every thing left upon the Professor's desk.

On one occasion, when the Professor had been exhibiting some specimens of ore, he left them on his table, instead of returning them to the museum. Among these specimens was the golden nugget, which Mr. Moss had valued at five hundred dollars.

The Professor was not a careless man, but he had visitors in the classes that afternoon, and when the exercises were over he went hurriedly away with his friends, whom he was to entertain at his house until late in the evening.

When he left, the boys came around the platform and examined the ores, as they had several times before been permitted to do, both by Mr. Moss and the Professor.

Presently, Horace Arlington joined the group.

"Hollo, Winter, I wish you would get out the Professor's glass, and let me examine these ores. I would just like to see how they look magnified."

"I do not know as that would be right. It is in the Professor's desk, not mine, and I never unlock his desk after he goes away."

"But you have a right to. Did he ever tell you not to unlock it?"

"No. He knew I would not."

"Nonsense," Arlington said, lightly. "When I was first monitor, last term, I used to like to look the Professor's desk over. I used to read all his notes, too."

"You did then what *I* wouldn't do," Winter said. "I would no more read another person's letter than I would steal his money."

"Don't put on airs, Winter," said Ned Tryst, who was leaning over Arlington's shoulder. "Why, I go up stairs and rummage in the girls' desks whenever I can get a chance. It's capital fun."

Winter gave the fellow a withering look, but deigned him no other reply. It was not the first time Ned had ventured upon trying to be familiar, and had been repulsed.

"What is the trouble here?" asked Scranton, coming forward from the window from which he had been gazing.

"There is no trouble," answered Winter, pleasantly. "I was asked to open the Professor's desk, and declined to do so."

"Who asked such a thing?"

"I," said Arlington, throwing himself into Scranton's easy, indifferent posture.

"*You*, Arlington? You are the last boy in school that I should have expected to ask such a thing."

"I only wanted to look at these ores through a magnifier, and I am sure there was no harm in that. Winter 's as stubborn as a mule."

"I always shall be where honor is concerned," answered Winter, stoutly.

"The harm lies in violating another person's confidence. Winter has no right to open the Professor's desk without the Professor's permission," Scranton said, more warmly. "You ought not to urge it, Arlington."

Now, Horace Arlington cared very little about obtaining the glass. But he had disliked Scranton from the very first day he saw him, because he was older and handsomer, and likely to bear off the school laurels that latterly he had regarded as due to himself. He disliked Winter for much the same reasons, although he had less occasion to be jealous of him than of the fine-looking senator's son.

But the crowning offence in Arlington's eyes was that, as any body might see, Scranton had taken a fancy to Nellie May, and, beside, was in a fair way to win the golden star, which he might have won himself but for Scranton's superior scholarship.

Arlington was a pupil of several terms, and had always been a favorite with his companions. He was easy with the rogues, such as Ned Tryst, and respectful and patronizing to those who liked to share his pin-money, of which he had more than most of the boys.

"Look here, boys!" Arlington shouted, beckoning for the loiterers to come up. "I want to know how many of you think there would be any harm in the monitor's opening the Professor's desk and taking out the magnifier for us to examine these ores with. Would it be *wrong?*"

"No," from a chorus of voices.

"Would it be *right?*" asked Scranton.

"Yes."

"So I thought," Arlington said, looking over triumphantly to Scranton.

"Boys," said Scranton, springing up into a chair, "I am not going to espouse Mr. Winter's difficulty with Mr. Arlington because it *is* a difficulty, but because it is a moral question; and if you will only stop and think of your decision, you will see it is a wrong one. Now answer me this question. Do you lock your desks at night?"

"Yes." (All voices.)

"Would you be willing to have me open them after you had gone home?"

"No." "No-sir-*ee*."

"Not if I wanted a book or slate?"

"No."

"Then what makes you think it is right to open a teacher's desk?"

"O, that's different. That's *fun*," cried a voice.

"Ought you not to respect a teacher as much as you do each other?"

"More." (Several voices.)

"The Bible tells you to respect those who have authority over you. Now, if the Professor knew you would open his desk, do you think he would feel safe to leave any thing valuable in it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

No answer.

"Tell me, why not?"

"'Cause he'd be afraid it would get stole," piped a little fellow in the rear.

"That's it, exactly. The Professor would think that a boy who would be mean enough to look in his desk, would be mean enough to steal any thing in it that attracted his attention. Now, boys, would you like to have the Professor think you would steal?"

"No."

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"Do you think it would be right to open his desk, even in *fun?*"

"No."

"Would it be right for Mr. Winter to open the desk for Horace Arlington?"

"No."

"So I thought," cried Scranton, looking over in his turn to Arlington, who was white with rage. "If everybody and anybody can have access to the Professor's desk, by-and-by something will be missing, and then there will be trouble for us *all*. The best way is to act from *principle*—then you will not be led away by false sophistry."

At that moment the school-room door opened, and the Professor looked in.

"Winter," he said, "I forgot to return those ores to the cabinet. Can you attend to it?"

"Yes, sir."

"There were ten pieces. Have a little care of that valuable nugget."

"I will see them safe. And, Professor, can I open your desk and take out the magnifying glass?"

"You had better not, Winter. I am glad you did not open my desk without asking. Boys, what are you loitering in the school-room for? Pass out at once."

The Professor held the door open until they filed out. When they were all gone but Winter, he closed the door and followed them out of the building.

Left alone, Walter Winter arranged the chairs upon the platform, dusted the desks, unlocked the cabinet, and put each nugget in its place; but when he came to look for the valuable nugget, it was gone.

Thinking he had made a mistake in taking some other, he went back to the school-room and looked for it very carefully.

But in vain. The five hundred dollar treasure was most certainly gone.

To be continued.

For the Companion.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By M. A. Denison.

During the time of the great rush of gold-seekers to California, a young man named Karney, left his wife and family to try his fortune in searching for the precious ore.

He was a printer, by trade, and the business did not agree with him, so it was partly on account of his health that his wife and child were left alone. He hoped soon to send them more money than he could earn at his printer's case.

His wife, however, was not so badly off as some of her neighbors whose husbands had gone on the same errand, for, after fitting out her husband for his perilous future, she had remaining a few hundred dollars, that had been a legacy from her father.

Little Carry Karney was ten years old when John Karney went from home. She was his idol, and loved him as fathers are seldom loved. Up to the last they had tried to keep her in ignorance of his purpose to go away, but she found it out, and her grief almost broke his heart.

The separation came, nevertheless; and after a while Carry learned to hear her father's name spoken without violent outbursts of sorrow; and by-and-by his letters became a great pleasure to her.

A year, two years, three years passed. Sometimes there was cheerful news, sometimes none. To tell the truth, Karney had not prospered in his gold-seeking. The climate had not affected his health favorably, and his really handsome face grew haggard from chills and fever, and protracted anxiety. Still, he held up bravely, and once or twice succeeded in sending home a little gold.

Meantime, Mrs. Karney's health had failed from overwork and often-deferred hope. The money she had doled out so carefully was all gone, and she took in fine washing to support herself and her child.

Carry, now a beautiful girl of thirteen, aided her mother in every possible way. She carried and took home the clothes, ironed whatever fine pieces she could, and her happy little face and blithe, singing voice often cheered her faint-hearted mother when nothing else would.

"There, we're through for one week!" said Carry, on a cold Saturday night. "To-morrow is Sunday, and we can't work. I have found a dollar to-day, and we have something in the house to eat, and wood enough to keep us warm. Oughtn't we to be thankful, mother, although I can't go to church, or you, either, our clothes are so shabby?"

"Yes, dear," said her mother, with a sigh. "I suppose you went to the post-office."

"I always go to the post-office, if I am sure I shall not get any thing. Almost before my foot touches the door-sill, old Adam sings out, 'Nothing for you, miss, to-night.' But this suspense won't last always, I hope. A letter must come, some time."

"If your father is alive," said Mrs. Karney, sadly.

"Of course he is alive, or we should hear something. Didn't Mr. Davis say that he was known everywhere, when he brought home that last bit of gold, six months ago? The fact is, if he is disappointed, he can't bear to write and tell us so. In that I should be just like him, I am sure. Who knows but some time, while we are sitting just as we are now, there will come a knock at the door, and I shall open it, and presto! there stands papa, with a great brown California beard on his chin, and his eyes full of tears? O dear me!"

She sprang to her feet, for there *was* a knock. The mother's pale cheeks flushed. She knew John would not wait to knock, if he had come, but, nevertheless, there was a wild hope throbbing at her heart.

Carry opened the door with fear and trembling. There, to be sure, stood a man with a great Californian beard, but he was not John.

"So you don't remember Jim Stokes, little one?" he exclaimed.

It was a returned neighbor, and glad and thankful they were to see him, for he brought news.

"There was gold, too. He poured it upon the table. There must have been four or five hundred dollars—a treasure, indeed, to them, but——

"O," cried the wife, "why didn't John come? I don't want the money, poor as I am, as much as I want him."

"Well, neighbor," returned the man, "John is bound to be rich before he comes, he says, and I don't know as I much blame him, if he's the resolution. But the fact is, the faces of my wife and little ones, that were sent out to me a few months ago, were too much for me; and though I hadn't made my pile, I was bound to come back if I had to return again. But here's his picture. He had it taken the day before I started."

With a cry of delight, mother and daughter caught a glimpse of the brown, bearded face, and Mrs. Karney could hardly see it for her tears. For hours she gazed at it after their neighbor had gone.

"Isn't it changed a little?" asked Carry, quietly.

"Changed a little!" Alas! there were marks upon that face which made the wife's heart ache. She could tell what they meant, those hard, hateful lines. Much was hidden by the full beard, which certainly improved his countenance, but the face was not her John's.

"To tell the truth," said Jim Stokes to his wife, in a loud voice, the next day, "I wouldn't like to say to poor Mrs. Karney just what I think of John; but it's my opinion he's going to the bad, for he drinks and gambles. Why, that's the way he earned the gold I brought home."

"Father!" said a white, scared girl, just coming into the room; "O father!"

"Well, what's the matter with the child? Come here. You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"O it's too bad! She heard you."

"Who heard me? What are you driving at, young one?"

"O father! Carry Karney was out in the kitchen. She stopped to borrow a book, and she heard all you said, every word. It was awful; her face was awful!"

There was utter silence. Much as the miner regretted it, the words could not be unsaid, or their true meaning changed. He only hoped the girl would have sense enough to keep it from her mother.

Carry's face was indeed pitiable, changed and wretched as she stepped from her friend's house, and wended her way homeward. Her father, her idol, the man she had so worshipped, so honored, a drunkard and a gambler! The words seemed burnt into her brain.

The next day she presented herself at the neighbor's house again. The rough miner almost trembled as he met her gaze. Her pale, patient little face made a quick, sharp pang at his heart, and the tears almost came to his eyes.

"Mr. Stokes, I know you wouldn't have said so, if it hadn't been true," said Carry, plunging at once into the subject. "Nell said you were going back to California. May I go with you? Mother says I may. I'll pay my own passage with that—that money," she added, falteringly; "and if you won't take me, I must go alone; for I'm going."

"I couldn't have said no, to save my life," said Jim to his wife, afterward. "I never saw such pluck—but to take that little white lily into a place like that!"

John Karney threw the cards down with a dreadful oath. The place was a rude shed, and at two or three stoves men stood with shirt sleeves rolled up, cooking. Four or five tables were ranged the length of the room, if room it could be called. Groups of rough men stood or sat here and there, laughing, swearing, drinking.

John Karney had lost a small pile of gold which he had just staked. It was his all, and he was white with anger. He had just accused his opponent of cheating. Words grew hot; the excited men sprang to their feet, and cries of "Stop 'em!" "A fight!" rang through the place.

Suddenly Karney felt a touch on his hand. Then there was a sobbing cry:

"O father!"

And turning he saw the beautiful face, all framed in its golden curls, white and wasted, but very like an angel's, looking into his own.

Not a word was spoken.

The man stood as if petrified. His eyes became fixed as if a spirit had crossed his vision. There came a nervous tremulousness to the lips, and all at once, with a great sob, he shouted,—

"Why, it is my little Carry!" and gathered her all up in his bosom.

There was no more gaming that day, no, nor the next, nor for many a long day thereafter. The dreadful voyage and the child's own anguish had so worn upon her slight frame, that no human skill could save her. I am sorry to make so sad an ending, but the brave little child-woman had given her very life for the father she loved. Wasted to a shadow, she lay upon his bosom, and there, her eyes fastened on his, she passed into the golden gates, to be with the angels.

But the father, by that time, was a changed man. Neither drink nor oath passed his lips after that day. Every evening he would go and sit by her little grave, and all the rude, wicked men respected his sorrow. That grave became a little shrine.

But better days seemed to come to him. He grew rich, and then he left for home to bring his poor patient wife to the land of gold.

They live there yet, near the precious little body, but the man, although changed, and in his right mind, wears a shadow on his face that only death will remove.

MY INDIAN COMPANION.

You will remember that I gave you, a week or two ago, my first experience in attempting to "doctor" Indians. It was not a very pleasant one, nor one that gave much encouragement to persevere in seeking to be like the good Samaritan. But I had one more experience during my stay in Oregon, that I think will interest you, and that I will relate.

I had been on a hunting excursion, with an Indian lad for a sort of guide, and for such assistance in taking care of game, and in camping for the night, as he might be able to give. We had made one day's travel, camping at night, and had set out early the following morning to search a neighboring mountain for deer.

Rain had fallen, and coming to a deep ravine, or "gulch," we threw an unbarked log across, for a bridge. The moisture had made the wood slippery, but I went over it in safety. The boy carelessly followed, but when he was half way across, the log rolled a little, his feet slipped, and with an unearthly yell, he went headlong into the ravine.

I was so startled by the accident that it was a moment or two before I had presence of mind enough to stir. At the bottom of the gulch ran a little river. I soon found that the only way to reach the Indian was to go a long distance to the right, to where the river came out into a sort of narrow valley or depression in the surface of the land, and then crawl up the ravine. By his lusty yells, I knew that the boy was very far from being killed. I toiled up the gulch. It *was* toil and nothing else, for the way, most of it, was narrow and obstructed by rocks.

The boy seemed rather astonished to see me, for he doubtless supposed that, after Indian fashion, I should desert him. His fall had been broken by branches on the side of the gulch, but on trying to walk, he found he could not stand. I examined him and found that his thigh had been fractured. Here was trouble indeed! I am afraid that for just a moment I wished he had broken his head instead of his bones. However, my benevolence overcame my selfishness, and I set myself to devise means to save his life—Indian though he was. The bone only was fractured, the ends were not displaced. That was one blessing.

The next thing to do was to get him out of the ravine by the way I had entered it; but that, I found, was not practicable. Twice I attempted to climb the bank, he clinging about my neck, but failed. In the last attempt we tumbled back into the river, and as he fell under me, I am afraid he was the greatest sufferer. The water was shallow, which may have been fortunate for both of us.

I then concluded to take him to the edge of the ravine where he fell into the gulch. There I left him, and went back through the gulley, round to the log that had been placed across the ravine for a bridge. Fastening the end of my blanket-rope to a tree, I let myself down into the hollow. With a portion of the rope I bound the boy securely in our two blankets, then mounted hand over hand to the top of the bank. Hand over hand, too, I hoisted him up. It was an awkward task, and the boy's head and body bumped against the rocky sides of the gulch rather too often to be agreeable, to him. At length he was over the edge of the ravine, and lying groaning on the ground before me.

I again examined his thigh. His leg was swelling. The bones must be bandaged, somehow. I had no bandages or splints. What was to be done. Down I sat for a moment to consider the situation. There was a dirty cotton shirt upon the boy. For a young man in his walk of life a shirt was a superfluous article of clothing. At any rate it was a luxury that he must dispense with now. So I commenced taking it piece by piece from him. He remonstrated. But might made right, in this case, at least, and I did not heed his objections.

At length it was all taken from him, and in widths proper for bandages. With a needle and thread,—articles that I never fail to carry with me, when on any kind of an excursion,—I sewed the strips together into one long strip of cotton. So far so good. Now for splints. The nearest approach to pasteboard I could find was the smooth, tough bark of the cedar (*thuja gigantea*) which peels off in thin sheets. This would serve the purpose. Here commenced my improvised surgery. I collected some moss from the trees. This I used as padding in place of cotton. Over the moss I wrapped the sheets of cedar bark. Then around all was tightly bound the shirt-made bandage, and the whole, afterwards, was drenched with cold water.

Somewhat satisfied with the result of my benevolent invention, I sat down to rest, after refreshing myself and my patient with a hearty internal application of the cold water.

The next thing to be considered was, how to get the Indian home. Could he *hop* most of the way on one leg? These boys find little weariness in hopping for hours in their plays; but a couple of days would be rather too much of a "hop," even for an Indian boy or a Newport belle.

Could I remain there, and nurse him in camp until he was able to walk? Six weeks of watching over a dirty Indian, was too heavy a demand upon my benevolence. That was out of the question.

He uttered also most vociferous protestations when I proposed to leave him, until I could find help to take him to his father's village. He was afraid of being eaten by wolves and of a hundred other things that I had never imagined. Then he began to cry. I couldn't quite stand that, so the last suggestion was abandoned.

At last I concluded to adopt a primitive mode of carriage, and that was, to take him on my back. It was neither easy for me nor for him; but what else could be done? He hung to my shoulders and around my neck in the best way he could. I ached to take up his legs in my arms—boy fashion—but the swollen limb would not consider that proper treatment, even from a doctor.

We were distant a day's travel from the Indian village. Wasn't it a *march!* A benevolent march, no doubt; but rather a severe test, even to self-denying benevolence! I can see myself now, with the boy on my back, tied up in the blankets—his back to mine, and his hands reaching over his shoulders to clutch at my neck or coat-collar. My hands, of course, held tightly to the ends of the blankets, and with body bent forward, so that the weight of the lad should rest largely upon my back, on I "trudged."

Now travel, even under ordinary conditions, through these forests, is not the easiest pastime in the world, but under such circumstances a devotee might have coveted my position as the fullest expiation for his vilest sins. The day was hot. The boy was odorous from various causes; but the fragrance of stale fish seemed the most prominent. When I stopped—as I did every ten minutes to rest—the noble savage was largely occupied with scratching his matted locks. This was suggestive. Not unfrequently I tripped over fallen trees. Once, when fording a stream of water, I slipped and fell into a deep hole. The boy escaped from my hands, and was quietly floating down the river, when I caught him by the scalp lock. I don't think I cared much just then *who* was drowned. I am certain that the predominant feeling I had was a deter-

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mination to do my full duty for the lump of suffering humanity that Providence had thrown upon me; but I was not in a mood to bear any additional demands upon my nerves—I'll say *temper*, if you prefer the word.

Perhaps when I made a particularly bad stumble, and found myself in some very prickly salmon-berry bushes, I may have used energetic exclamations. Very likely I did! If I did, I'm sorry. But it would be hardly humane for any member of the Humane Society to hold me morally responsible. At all events, I had *work* that afternoon.

I held to my task until dark. Then thoroughly exhausted, and nearly choked, I backed my patient against a fallen tree for the night. I lighted a fire, took what hard biscuit I had in my pocket for our supper, washed it down with water, then lay on the ground and slept soundly till daybreak. In the morning I heard the drumming of grouse in the woods. With my revolver I killed three. Two of them roasted, afforded a breakfast. The other was reserved for supper.

Again I started on my weary trudge, but in better humor than I felt the day before. I was becoming accustomed to my burden, and doggedly resolved to get through with my task—if not to-day, then to-morrow.

In about two hours we came to a river that we had followed for some distance the day before the lad was injured. It was navigable at this point, and on looking to the opposite bank, what should I see but a canoe tied cosily to a branch. The sight almost took away my breath, my relief and delight were so great. I did not stop to weigh the moral question of the right or wrong of taking it—for I knew it could be returned. In less than ten minutes we were floating down the river, in the frail thing, I steering, while the Indian kept a look-out ahead for rocks.

At midday we halted to eat the remaining grouse, and by the middle of the afternoon, came upon a camp of Indians. They were fishing, and of the same tribe as my companion. He was known to some of them, but they wanted "a consideration" in the shape of my blanket for taking the boy a few miles, to his father's camp. I was eager to be relieved of my burden, and foolishly closed the bargain, but as a result, my opinion of the "noble Indian" is not of an exalted character! As the boy, too, exhibited the most stolid unconsciousness of any benefit received, I am sorely tempted, sometimes, to accept a frontier trader's advice as best fitted to the contingencies of intercourse with savages, and that was—

"Tell ye what, cap'n; if any body's a goin' to die, better them nor you—yas, a blasted sight better."

But that is "savage" advice, and I'd rather believe in Darwin's theory of higher development, than go back to the brutes and to a brute's nature.

ALGERIA.

In addition to all the rest of her troubles, France has an Algerian war on her hands. We have accounts of it from time to time, but they are confused and contradictory, from which it is inferred that the French are not able to successfully meet the difficulties that have arisen in their African colony.

Down to the year 1880, Algiers was one of the "States of Barbary." It was the chief of those States, and had a sort of connection with Turkey, as the Algerian religion was Mahometan,—and very bad at that.

The country was a nest of pirates, and the Algerine cruisers, like those of Tunis and Tripoli, preyed almost indiscriminately on the merchantmen of all Christian countries that they encountered.

From time to time the great Christian Powers were roused to inflict punishment upon the Algerines. Spain, Holland, England and France all attacked them. Our country taught them a wholesome lesson or two. But, unfortunately, all these attacks were not successful, or Algiers would long since have been destroyed. Some of them were miserable failures.

At length, in 1880, the French government resolved to deal with the Algerines in a thorough manner. A great expedition was sent to Africa, which, after some hard fighting, effected the conquest of the *Deylik*, as it was called, its ruler being a Dey, or much the same thing as the Bey at Tunis, and the Bashaw at Tripoli. There has been no Dey of Algiers since the summer of 1880.

The French determined to hold their conquest, and to make of it a great colony. It has been in their possession more than forty years, but they cannot be congratulated on the success of their attempt at colonization in Northern Africa.

They have had fighting enough there, and they have, nominally, at least, extended their rule over much of that part of the world; but that rule has been maintained only by the presence of a great army.

Consequently, when most of the soldiers were withdrawn, in the summer of 1871, to take part in the German war, the natives began to show signs of insubordination.

The French never have learned the art of colonizing. They begin well in it, but turn out badly. They were in advance of the English in North America, but the English drove them out of this country, and settled it. They were ahead of the English in India, but the English drove them out of that country, and now rule it. They have failed in the same way, though not on so large a scale, elsewhere; and Algeria costs them every year more than it is worth.

ON THE GUANO ISLANDS.

Nearly fifteen years ago I left Sydney in the ship *Colonist*, bound for the Chincha Islands, for a cargo of guano. These islands are just off the coast of Peru, and are famous for enormous deposits of this great fertilizing agent.

They are three in number, small in size, and most uninviting in appearance. The highest elevation of the two principal islands from which the guano was taken was fully five or six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Their surface was a dull, mud-colored looking mass. Not a tree, or shrub, or any thing green relieved the bare, sterile ground. But in every direction, all over the islands, perched countless swarms of sea birds, of every size, shape and species. They filled the air in immense flocks, and dotted the water in all directions.

Upon reaching the little landing place I sprang ashore, clambered up a rudely cut flight of steps, and stood on the top of the North Island. I shall never forget the strong, pungent, overpowering odor that saluted me. A fine dust filled the air—an abominable mixture of guano, ammonia and phosphates of lime. I was breathing the accumulations of ages; but they almost suffocated me.

Muffling mouth and nostrils I went to the bank, where the gangs of men had been at work digging the execrable deposits.

It towered to a height of about one hundred and twenty feet. As the gangs were at dinner, no work was going on except by half-a-dozen men. The bank sloped considerably. It was worked by stages, or blocks, which were reached by steps from the top downwards.

As the stuff was picked off it fell to the ground, and was there shovelled into trucks, and then carried on tramways to the edge of the island. By the edge of the island I mean the top of high cliffs, over which you could look down for several hundred feet to the surface of the water.

It was no easy process to load the boats from this height. At the numerous little indentations in the rocky island we moored the boats for our cargo. Here, strong canvas shoots, or tunnels, were let down from the top of the cliffs, and the lower ends held by ropes fastened to the nearest rocks.

We had to place our boats under the mouths of these canvas tunnels, and the guano was dropped down through the tunnels into them. There were jagged rocks all about us. The ocean swells came surging in, and often threw the boats with great force, so that many a poor fellow was badly bruised and lacerated in endeavoring to keep them steady. Sometimes the sea would dash the centre of the boat away from the canvas tunnel, and down came the guano upon the heads of the struggling crew, nearly suffocating them. Many boats have been dashed to pieces on the rocks, and many a man has lost his life there.

Guano makes a most disagreeable cargo. A ship literally becomes a mud barge. The decks, upon which the guano dust necessarily accumulates, become covered with a dirty yellow sludge—a sticky layer of mud—caused by the heavy dews at night. The dust insinuates itself everywhere,—into chests, among your best clothes, into your watch, wherever it can find a fold or a crevice. The pungent, nasty powder you literally eat on your food, and breathe continually. It affected some of the men seriously, causing them to bleed profusely at the nose.

But such enormous deposits of this wonderful manure as there were! It lay in its greatest height fully one hundred and fifty feet above the rocks on which it was deposited. And these were the deposits alone of birds. Who can tell the years that have passed since the first colony of sea fowl made these islands a resting place? Who can number the months in which the slow process of accumulation has been going on?

Near me, as I waited for the captain to come from the dwelling of the commandant, or Governor, were four strange looking fellows seated against the side of one of the rough stone houses, drinking the disgusting cassava.

"Hollo, Johnny!" said I, wondering whether they could understand English.

"He, he, he," laughed one of them. "Hollo, saar!"

"O, you speak English, do you?"

"Yis, saar."

Noticing their clean, rather smart looking clothes, of the national costume of the Cuzco Indians of Peru, that seemed to indicate that they were having a holiday, I continued:

"What for no work, Johnny?"

"Me, other man, stop work, saar. Take dollar, go home. Me Cuzco man, saar. Wait for boat come; den go Pisco, saar."

Pisco was the nearest town on the mainland of South America. I afterwards learned that these men had been petty overseers of the Indian workmen on the island.

"Come my house, saar. Smoke cigarette, drink little arguardiente, see de signoras."

"All right, Johnny," said I.

I found these Indian overseers witty, keen, intelligent fellows. They treated me very hospitably. The food they offered was not particularly tempting, but I enjoyed some delicious "custard apples," that had been brought from the main land.

The wives of my new acquaintances were a queer looking set of ladies. One wore a little flat cap on her head. She was of pure Cuzco Indian blood. Another was a native of Lima, and rejoiced in a most singular style of mantle and pantaloons. The other two were remarkable for their sturdy figures, bare legs and feet, and for superabundant coverings for their heads. The full Indians, both men and women, were good types of South American natives, having prominent cheek bones, large, well cut lips, long, lank hair, and a pleasant, smiling expression of face.

There was the finest fishing I ever enjoyed, in the vicinity of the islands, some account of which I will give next week.

EXPLORING NEWFOUNDLAND.

It seems curious that a country so long settled as Newfoundland has never before been fully explored in the interior. But no one has been bold or enterprising enough for the feat, until a gentleman named Cormack attempted it last year. He reports the interior to be a vast savanna country, adorned with woods and water, checkered everywhere upon the surface by deep beaten deer paths. Myriads of the finest reindeer browse on these beautiful steppes, migrating annually from the south-east to the north-west, and returning on the same tracks on the approach of winter. He says:

"It is impossible to describe the grandeur and richness of the scenery. The numerous brooks and lakes of the interior abound in beaver, whose labors in damming streams, building houses, and otherwise providing for their wants, display remarkable instinct if not reasoning power. Wild geese and ducks were met with in immense numbers. Bears and wolves also abound, and there are many hares and foxes. The climate of the interior is pronounced delightful, wholly different from that of the eastern coast, along which the chilling Arctic current sets, and also from that of the southern shores, that in summer are so frequently enveloped in fog. The register of the weather kept by him during September and October shows forty-one bright days, eight rainy days, four foggy days, and five snowy days."

For the Companion.

UP ASCUTNEY AND DOWN AGAIN.

O how grateful I am to add *down* again! Yes, here I am, in my own room, once more; lame, stiff, exhausted, yet I trust with bones all sound.

I have always disliked climbing; a moderate hill is a horror to me; and a mountain is only to be thought of as a background to a lovely view. We have picnics here, every year and all the summer through. Family picnics, very select and delightful; picnics where eligible young men beg you to make them happy by consenting to accompany them; very large and intended-to-be-jolly-picnics, where each one pays for his ride, and furnishes his share of the "provisions;" "scientific picnics," even, where the learned professors go with their families to some charming spot to spend the day, and forget all about the intended botanizing and geologizing; Sabbath school picnics; district school picnics; "Sons of Temperance" picnics; picnics got up in anxious haste by mammas, where pretty daughters are invited to ride and it is deemed prudent to improvise a body guard, where young Love outwits old Propriety, as it always has and always will; picnics — but you must be tired of the word. As I enumerate all these festive occasions I am led to wonder that our dear little village does not change its name to "Picnicville."

There are rare advantages for *climbing* all about us! A very popular place is "Quechee Gulf," where the rocks rise perpendicularly, I wouldn't dare to say how many feet, and ladies are there expected to progress like flies, with as little apparent foothold, or be "boosted" from one ledge to another, just as they do on the pyramids.

But mountain excursions are our greatest gayety of the picnic kind. Ten long years ago I was inveigled into going to Moose Mountain with a merry party. It was the hottest of hot July mornings—the glorious Fourth. I wore the thinnest of thin dresses, expecting to be melted, and I was not disappointed. Nature always abhors a vacuum, and as the merciless sun beat down on my poor head the blood rushed into my face, making it crimson,—into my temples, making them throb and beat, until no one but a Braddon or a Reade could have described my appearance and sensations. I felt as if a mammoth burning-glass was being directed towards me, and me alone, and that I was slowly crisping and wizzling under its blaze.

And the cool-headed and cool-cheeked creatures about me laughed at my intense color, called me a "well-red young lady," said I had not got up to a "*white* heat yet," and seemed themselves to be absolutely sun-proof.

When we began to ascend the mountain one kind fellow relieved me of waterproof and shawl, another offered his arm, and I was tugged and towed along, by turns laughed at, pitied or encouraged.

Then came the distant rumble of thunder, then a few threatening drops which I firmly believe actually *sizzled* on my sunburnt face, as if it had been a hot flatiron. Then the big drops came fast and faster, and we were in a heavy shower. The young man with my waterproof was almost at the top of the mountain, and I was drenched and draggled in a way that was truly "damp, moist and unpleasant."

After the rain was over a fire was built to dry our clothes. I went too near in my desire to get relief, and my dress caught in the flames. I hardly hurried to put it out, for I was so chilled that John Rogers' fate did not seem undesirable.

Then came another tough scramble to get "the view!" View, indeed! A view of "sweet home" and a clean dress was all the view I wanted. I tried to be jolly, "under very creditable circumstances," and raved in a feeble way, and very much out of breath, over the scenery. I'm afraid picnics make hypocrites of the best of us! When at last we reached the foot of the mountain, we stopped at a farmhouse to recruit. That is, I was put to bed while my clothes were dried, while the others played games and had a "splendid time."

Ten long years! Every summer there have been half a dozen jaunts to some neighboring mountain which I have been asked to join! With that awful lesson fresh in mind, I have always refused—kindly—knowing *how* I should be missed!—for the picture of a puffing, panting, perspiring, peony-cheeked pilgrim rose before me, and I recognized the portrait only too well.

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I have been considered eccentric and even disobliging. I was told that there is a social duty about such things, and that it was selfish and wrong to ignore it. But I was as fixed on that subject as a balky mule, or as Susan B. Anthony on the woman question. Ascutney might come to me. I would never, *never* go to Ascutney.

It's a sad truth, however, that we are not infallible. You know Benedict reformed and said, "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to get married;" and I—changed my mind.

A book did it,—that journal of the White Mountain enthusiasts. I caught a little of their spirit. If Mr. Huntington could go down seventeen times in the dead of winter, I might at least ascend the beautiful mountain that I loved to watch from my western windows, ever changing, ever beautiful. And I was so delightfully importuned! The nicest young lady in town would sit on the nicest seat with me, and the nicest young gentleman in town promised to sit on that same seat; and our charming Professor of Astronomy, who is as wise as a sage and as merry as a boy, was to be my *vis-a-vis*, and would carry his excellent spy-glass.

And then the *view!* The ascent, too, wasn't like that of Moose Mountain! There was a well defined path, shaded all the way to the top! How beautiful that sounded! And the idea of living within twenty miles of Ascutney and never going there. It was ridiculous! And then that shady path!

So I promised to be ready for an early start at six the next morning. Now I'm not an "early bird." I don't want to "catch worms," and agree with Sheridan that the worms themselves are fools to be up at such a time, and deserve to be caught. But the fear of not waking at that unusual hour kept me from sleeping at all in an orthodox way, and I was up for the day at four.

The drive was delightful in that fresh morning air. The crossest-grained of grumblers could have found no fault with it. How I regretted all those "eccentric" years! Every body and every thing was in the best humor. The birds never sang sweeter songs; even the dirty, stolid old sheep were taking a little gambol over the hills. What a goose I should have been to stay at home and sleep away these gracious, golden hours.

This blessed mood did not leave me until the mountain was reached and the ascent commenced. Not so bad at first, but how fast every one walked! How they laughed and chattered as they gayly sped on and up, while I had to "give my whole mind to the business," as did the successful driver of pigs.

Weren't the legs of my escort particularly long? Every one else seemed to have the fairy gift of a seven league boot, while I was dumpy, and clumsy, and short-breathed, and good for nothing. O, why hadn't I trained for it, like a Harvard boating man? My head buzzed and roared like a Lowell loom, my heart thumped audibly. That hideous old nightmare that had haunted me for ten years was with me again as a reality. Was that a joke, and must I laugh? No, I'm too dizzy. I don't see any point to it. And overcome by my absurd wretchedness, I went into regular hysterics.

Sinking on the nearest log, I begged to be left there until they came back, and privately wondered how they would ever get my body down the mountain. But of course I went on. A fleshy young woman may "give up" on such an occasion, but was never known to be "kilt intirely."

They tell me the "view" was wonderful. I took a nap in a nook behind a big rock until the lunch was ready. And as I have never been able to see any thing that is pointed out to me, from a squirrel to a shooting star, I was satisfied to sit sleepily on the summit and enjoy the whole effect. I will say nothing of the downward scrabble, excepting that dropsy, heart disease, asthma, apoplexy and St. Vitus' dance were developed in my system before I had struggled down that stony descent of three thousand feet.

That homeward drive of twenty-three miles seemed a trifle long. The whole party grew strangely silent towards midnight. Sleepy heads dropped timidly (after the proper amount of persuasion) on strong shoulders. I broke a silence of fifteen minutes by asking our good-natured driver how much more he would charge to carry us out to "Goose Pond," only twelve miles distant, as an appropriate terminus to our excursion. But money was no inducement to that man. He "wanted to get home!" So did we all.

At two o'clock all joking even of the feeblest description ceased. The drive had become a solemn thing. I thought pensively of my parents. They were to leave for Canada in the morning train. I should have liked to say good-by to them. I was oppressed by a terrible foreboding in regard to my feet. My brother had confided to me the mysterious fact that all his "toes were peeled"! I knew by a queer feeling that mine were loose. The "spine of my back," too, I was certain was injured for life.

To divert my gloomy thoughts I "dropped in poetry." Ascutney, Ascutney—no, there was no possible rhyme for that but North Putney, and I couldn't lug that town into a sonnet. No rhyme and precious little reason in going there. Yet that perfect morning drive, and the pleasant party, and the "view," and the privilege of describing my woes to the one hundred thousand readers of the *Companion!* There is compensation in all things.

Do you remember that verse of Leigh Hunt?

"Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me."

You can judge of my exhausted condition when I tell you that I thought I was making a good parody on this as I murmured to myself,—

"Say I'm wheezy, say I'm fat,
Say I'm clumsy, and all that,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
I've 'done' Ascutney."

KATE S.

A WORLD OF CHALK.

Everybody who reads of "the white cliffs of Dover" is interested to know that not only the island of Great Britain is mainly composed of the substance that we call "chalk," made by a minute sea-animal no bigger than the head of a pin, but that these same little animals are at work incessantly at the present day.

The mud brought up from the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean by Capt. Dayman's sounding apparatus has been analyzed, and is found to be a chalk deposit precisely the same in its constituents as the vast chalk formations that overspread the surface of the south-east of England, France, Germany, Russia, Egypt and Arabia. More astounding still, this Atlantic mud is mainly composed of the remains of a creature called Globigerina, which has its being at these profound depths, the shell or skeleton sinking to the bottom and there forming chalk-beds that are destined one day to rise above the waves, and form the chalk-downs, and hills, and cliffs of future continents and islands. The chalk-cliffs of Kent, in England, were formed at the bottoms of ancient seas, just as these chalk-beds, at the depth of two and a half miles, are now forming at the bottom of the Atlantic. The agent in their formation is the Globigerina, the humblest of animal existences, being a mere atom of animated jelly, which has the faculty of extracting from the water of the ocean the small proportion of carbonate of lime which it contains, and shaping it into a minute shell, in which it lives, and which, after its death, goes to build up chalk beds.

Thus these lowly creatures help to rear the continents and islands on which man and the higher races are to play their part. How vast the periods of time required to fill up such a cavity as that occupied by the Atlantic Ocean with the remains of these minute existences, even allowing for the action of upheaval forces beneath! There are chalk beds in Europe more than a thousand feet thick. It is calculated that the formation of one of these must have taken far more than twelve thousand years. Time is nothing with the Creator. "A thousand years are as one day in His sight." The imagination faints in trying to gaze into these geological æons of a past eternity. Man's day on earth is but as a bubble on the surface—his existence but a little link in a vast series of changes, stretching from everlasting to everlasting.

HOW IT SEEMS TO A HEATHEN PRINCE.

New York is happy in the possession of a new lion in the shape of a genuine African Prince. This royal black, who bears the rather plebeian name of Jacob Von Brun, is the son of the reigning King of the Grand Bassa country, adjoining Liberia, and is a preacher of the Gospel and teacher of the young. He has come to this country for the purpose of obtaining missionaries to convert his people to Christianity. Their moral darkness must be great when they can look to New York for light. Think of the heathen of that city sending out missionaries to Africa! The prince finds much to marvel at in our civilization. Never having before seen horses, cars, locomotives, railroads, paved streets or machinery, his amazement is unbounded. The *Times* says:

His ecstasy amounts almost to frenzy as he attempts to describe his feelings. Speaking of his ascent on the elevator in Stewart's store, "Why, it was floating upon wings!" Of the horse cars and throng of vehicles, he said, "It's a miracle—a miracle, and nobody gets killed! My people can't believe this!" Of the rushing locomotive and train, he said, "What man *can* do when God directs!" and in reviewing them all, he said, "Surely the doors of heaven have been opened, and God has poured down all wisdom and all light on this nation! My head can't think enough, my eyes can't see enough, my heart is too full. God does all this!" He is a man of sound education, excellent judgment, exceeding modesty, and pleasing as a speaker.

ARAB TEA.

The varieties of manner in which the same article of food or drink is prepared are curious, and some of the ways of spoiling the original flavor are less appetizing than amusing. The simple herb so familiar to our social tables, the proper infusion of which "cheers but not inebriates," is drank after no less than ten different preparations. Of all tea-loving nations none disguise the natural flavor so little as the Chinese, and from the following account we might safely infer that none disguise it *so much* as a certain tribe of Arabs:

A traveller in Asiatic Russia had to claim the hospitality of the Buratsky Arabs. The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near boiling point, she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquor became very brown, and then it was poured off in another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire, in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream were then poured, the ladle put into requisition, and after a time the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs were handed round, and the tea ladled into them, a tea forming meat and drink, and satisfying both hunger and thirst.

PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS JAIL.

Beggars shouldn't be choosers, neither should criminals. The "gentlemanly" ones, however, get their choice, sometimes, as in the following case:

A Boston illicit distiller of whiskey, who was fined two hundred thousand dollars under the United States revenue laws and failed to pay, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, in whatever jail in the State suited him best. He chose Lenox, and with his wife, occupies nicely furnished rooms there, being allowed the liberty of the jail and privilege of going to the post-office. The other prisoners there are about to be transferred to Pittsfield; but this gentleman is of the opinion that the authorities cannot legally remove him without his giving his consent to the change. He is as tenacious of his rights as a young man in Kentucky who was convicted of creating a disturbance in a neighbor's house, and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment. As the jail in the county where the conviction took place had burned down, the judge gave the culprit his choice in the selection of one of two jails in adjoining counties.

"I don't care where you put me," said the young man, "so long as they have chickens; but I can't eat any thing but chicken meat."

Whether his expectations in regard to the supply of chicken meat were fulfilled we cannot say.

INNOCENT FOR ONCE.

A writer in the *Mutes' Chronicle*, giving some account of the pioneers of Cuyahoga, O., mentions a man who "couldn't help stealing," and became so notorious as a thief that people would not believe he came honestly by any thing, unless they *knew* it:

One day a neighbor caught him in the act of slaughtering a sheep, which was in reality his own, and not a stolen one. The neighbor had just lost a pet sheep, and straightway accused the man of stealing it, and said he could swear to the one then under the knife. Remonstrance was vain, and under the threat of immediate arrest if he did not settle for the stolen sheep, the man went to his father to ask him what he had better do about it. His father told him that although it was a little rough to pay for a sheep which was his own, he would certainly be convicted on general principles, and he had better pay up. He did so, but a day or two after the neighbor's sheep came home, like Little Bopeep's, "wagging his tail behind him," and he immediately went to see his victim and refunded the money with due apologies.

"Once a rogue, always mistrusted," is a law which ought to keep everybody from yielding to a temptation to do wrong.

FRENCH POLITENESS.

Good manners are always pleasing, but the politeness which springs from genuine kindness of heart and thoughtfulness for others, is far better than any mere outward polish. The French have been noted for politeness, but a recent writer thinks that the French are not really polite or sensitive to the rights of others. They care nothing for fair play, and make a great show of little conventionalities upon unimportant matters. He says:

French gentlemen are supposed to be models of gallantry. This is a wretched mistake. They are not gallant; they are not courteous; they are scarcely respectful, or even decent to ladies. They jostle ladies off the sidewalk; they appropriate the best seats in public places, leaving the ladies to their fate; they stare and ogle modest ladies out of all countenance. So exceedingly chivalrous has the present generation of Frenchmen become, that no young lady can go unattended upon the thoroughfares of a French city, without constant liability to shameless insult.

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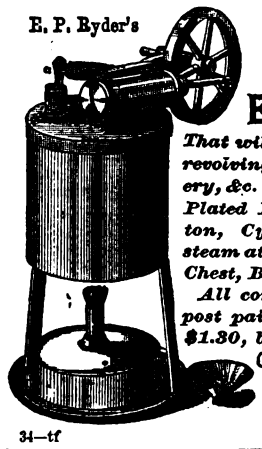

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THE OLD BELL.

They have voted to take the old bell down;
It must go the way of all worn-out things;
There is not a single soul in the town
But feels ashamed when the old bell rings.

For a hundred years it has served them well;
For a hundred years it has kept its tone;
And has stood like a friend, ready to tell
Every joy and sorrow which they have known.

O, swift for the bridegroom's feet it has rung,
In the days of spring, when he took his bride;
And slow for the lonely old man it swung
When they laid him down by his old wife's side.

And well it has marked and counted the hours,
Counted them loud, with as even a stroke
For the days of ice as the days of flowers,
For the days when hearts leaped as when they broke!

The days of the years of the young and old,
Who out of their homes have silently passed,
It has faithfully reckoned up and tolled,
While the neighbors all counted to the last.

It has called the country from near and far
On the sweet Sabbath days in times of peace;
It has rung great peals in the times of war,
When victories promised that war should cease.

O, faithful in joy and faithful in woe,
For a hundred years it has kept its tone,
Patiently echoing, swift or slow,
All things which the heart of the town has known.

So, though it is true the bell must come down—
It is only a worthless, worn-out thing—
There is not a single soul in the town
But feels a thrill when he hears it ring.

The fires of the found'ry are white and red;
The furnace men run with naked feet;
And many a careless jest will be said
While the old bell melts in the hissing heat.

It will make almost half the new bell's weight;
It will help, all it can, the new bell's tone;
But I think, in spite of the fiery fate,
It will still echo something all its own.

And many a year will go up and down,
With the waste and wear of all mortal things,
Before there will be a soul in the town
But will hear the old bell when the new one rings.

Independent.

STUDYING A PROFESSION.

The world is full of unsatisfied, disappointed men, and, strange as it may seem, this class embraces those who successfully make wealth the principal object of life. It is less what we do for ourselves than what we do for others that gives peace of conscience at last.

Kepler was very poor, but he declared that he would rather be the author of the works that he had written than to possess the Duchy of Saxony. He rightly estimated the value of life.

The following article from the *Interior* is worthy of the careful perusal of those who have reached the turning point of their early career, not that all young men should study a profession, but that all should seek to do that which will render them most serviceable to mankind:

The Commencement of N. College is just over. There graduated with high honor, after the laborious toiling of a long course of study, a young man, bright, talented, and withal and better than all, a Christian. Within one hour after his Commencement oration, he talked to me about his profession. The "*law*" opens up before him with many attractions. Indeed, as he tells me, he has already, in his "Senior vacation," registered with a lawyer of some note at his own county-seat, with whom he expects to study. He has before him the example of an uncle, who has gained distinction and wealth at the bar. To him he now turns for advice. It was my privilege to be present at this interview.

"Uncle," said the young man, "what do you think about my studying law?"

"That is a matter in which you must make up your mind for yourself. You may have a decided taste in that direction."

"I think I should like it very much."

"Well, suppose you would; might you not like something else as well, or even better? God has given to you talents which you are bound to improve for His glory. Now, as it seems to me, the first question for you to decide is this: *How* can I best glorify God? Can I do this best at the bar, or can I do it better in the pulpit, in trying to win souls to Christ?"

The young man was silent. This view of the matter from such a source was evidently altogether unexpected by him. And it gave me great satisfaction to hear his uncle go on further and say,—

"I have, in the past twenty-seven years, been able, by the blessing of God, to make some money. I am worth—well, perhaps a quarter of a million of dollars, and made every cent of it, by my own labor; and yet, I declare to you here to-day, that I would give it all freely if I could only preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ as my brothers are now doing. But I am now past forty-eight years of age—too old to think of preaching; but I would be greatly pleased to know that *you* are engaged in a work so noble and Christ-like. Again: This remember—happiness does not come, as a matter of course, when you have gained distinction, or because you have large means at your command. There never was a greater mistake than this. I say to you frankly, that I am not the happy, free-from-care man to-day that I was twenty-five years ago. I know I have not the peace and contentment that this brother of mine has, although I have all that wealth can buy. I have nights of consuming care and wasting anxiety which are seen by no eye but the One that neither slumbers nor sleeps. Again, do not forget, after you have grasped fame, and honor, and large wealth, what a frail bubble you have in your hand. Take the case of Judge Y., of our own State. I suppose that he is by all odds the ablest lawyer we have. But look at him. He has just gone to the New England States, by the advice of his physicians, that he may there, freed from business care and anxiety, get relief from that terrible malady—*softening of the brain.* I tell you," continued the uncle, under emotion, "it is not all of life to *live.* You have something to do for the Master who has bought you; and nothing could please me more than to know that your life-work will be the preaching of the Gospel."

A HERO.

There was a terrible outbreak of African fever on board the *Eclair*, some twenty years since, a brig that was bound from Cape Coast Castle to England. Terrible on shore, this pestilent disease is far worse at sea, where to prevent contagion is impossible, and medical supplies are apt to run short.

Worse than either happened in the present case. So densely crowded was the brig, that dead, dying and healthy were huddled together in hideous confusion; and not only did medical supplies fall short, but the medical man himself fell a victim to his labors.

In this fearful strait the brig put into Funchal Roads for help. The Portuguese authorities, however, at once ordered her to proceed to sea, and prohibited all communication whatever between the infected ship and the shore.

Wintering at Madeira were two young men named B——, one far advanced in consumption, the other his faithful brother and medical attendant. The invalid died just as the *Eclair* entered the port of Funchal, and the bereaved brother, now released from his sad duties on shore, at once offered his services to save what lives might yet remain on board the plague-ship.

From the moment he touched her deck, he was of necessity dead to all the world besides. The shore-boat put off, leaving him in his floating charnel-house to fight death single-handed in its most dread form!

As the tropical sun sank below the horizon, the *Eclair* left Funchal Roads, and the bodies of those who had died whilst there were flung overboard—there was no time to feel for the dead, and little feeling was left in the living—over they went by twos and threes, no service, no sewing up in hammocks, no shot even to keep them down; over they went, anyhow, a splash and down to the bottom was all; a few bubbles alone came up from where they sank, not to rise till the sea gives up her dead. Ordinarily, bodies float again to the surface, but these did not; fever's work was too complete for that.

The devotion of young B—— never flagged on the voyage home. Day and night he labored to save his shipmates' lives, and succeeded in most cases.

At length the joyful sound of "Land ahead!" was heard, and seemed to give fresh life to the dying crew. As the English coast grew clearer and clearer, all who could move crowded on deck to feast their eyes with its view.

One alone was missing, for the first time since the *Eclair* had left Funchal. His patients had indeed that day been visited; his medicines given, as usual, by himself; but his cabin was empty, and none knew where he was.

At length, in a ship-carpenter's berth—the late tenant of which he had saved from death—a victim to African fever in its direst form, was found stretched this unfailing young friend of the sick and dying. He was past speaking, for life was ebbing fast, but his hands were folded, as if in thanks to God for having spared him to do so much. He had crept to this obscure berth that the invalids might not be aware he was no longer left to help them. When told that they were off the English coast, his eye brightened, and gave one slow look round.

As the ship entered Falmouth Harbor, and a cheer broke from the crowd on deck, "England" came in a faint whisper from his lips, a sweet smile crossed his face, and so he died.

ADVENTURE WITH A PRAIRIE FIRE.

While prosecuting the geological survey of Iowa, we were often exposed to danger from fires when having occasion to cross the broad prairie region of the western part of the State.

One October day, after the first frosts of the season had killed the herbage, and the subsequent warm days had rendered the prairies almost like one vast tinder-box, the approach of night found us a few miles from a stream, the valley of which was distinctly in view as well as the broad prairie stretching beyond.

Mosquitoes are abundant in the valley at this time of the year; we, therefore, stopped upon the elevated ground, to camp where the breeze would prevent their visit. From our tent we could overlook the surrounding country. We mowed the grass from a space of a few yards upon which to build our camp fire of the few sticks we had brought from our last camping ground.

Our supper over, and the horses picketed upon the grass that was still fresh by the rill, we lay down to sleep. The wind had been high all day, and did not abate upon the approach of night, as it usually does.

As it began to grow dark, I had observed in the distant horizon the light of a prairie fire. It was directly to the windward, and the face of the country in that direction was known to be such that nothing would be likely to arrest its progress towards us, except the stream before mentioned, and this I feared was too narrow for that purpose in so high a wind.

An hour was passed nervously watching the progress of the light and listening to the moaning of the wind, as it roughly swept the newly frost-killed grass. At last I could distinctly see the fire making its way down to the stream upon the further valley side.

No time was now to be lost, so quickly arousing my companions, and bidding them follow me with their blankets, I seized a brand from the camp fire and running a few rods to the leeward, a moment sufficed us to start a new fire from our camp.

Its progress towards the camp (for it will sometimes work its way slowly against the wind) we arrested by the beating of our blankets.

One man then led the horses into the burnt space, we followed, dragging tent, bedding, harness and camp-chest; then seizing the wagon, which was fortunately upon inclining ground, we rolled it safely in by the light of the fire we had kindled, and also that which was fast approaching us.

Scarcely had we secured the last article and passed within the charmed circle, when the dense flames, leaping high in the air and rolling like surf upon the sea-shore, gathered around us, and enveloped us in their hot and suffocating smoke.

We all, horses and men, stood there motionless; conscious of our safety, it is true, but with an instinctive feeling of terror at the danger we had escaped. We were upon a hollow island in a sea of fire. A moment more, and it was a peninsula, for the advancing fire-flood parted around us; and then we were left in the darkness, intensified by the blackness of the charred earth, while the flames swept on over the distant prairie, like a troop of flying fiends.

Gathering our scattered equipage together, we lay down again for the night, with no regret except that our faithful horses could not now have their accustomed grazing. Next morning found us in the midst of a dreary, blackened waste, not "without the smell of fire upon our garments," but we were free from similar danger until we should reach a region of unburnt prairie.—*American Naturalist for April.*

THE SIX SQUIRREL SKINS.

A Sunday school missionary in southern Minnesota thus describes an instance of missionary zeal in a boy-member of a "Gleaner's Band:"

We organized a Missionary or Gleaner's Band in one of our real working schools, in the woods, in the fall; and in these efforts to do for the school a touching incident occurred. The boys and girls had devised various ways, and went to work with a will. One lad, belonging to a family of eight, with an invalid mother, when he felt that there were eight hungry mouths to feed, was perplexed to know what he could do as his share. He would trap some squirrels, and while they would be palatable for his sick mother, he could sell their skins for the benefit of his Sunday school; and thus do double duty.

In the course of a few days he was the possessor of six large gray squirrel skins. These he cured and made ready for market, and tying up his treasure in a coarse handkerchief, he started for Red Wing, a distance of ten miles, on the very coldest morning in December, to sell his merchandise. Reaching here at nine o'clock, he spent the remainder of the day going from store to store, and from shop to shop. Tired with his long morning's walk, he would have been very glad to find a purchaser; but there was no one who wanted that class of furs.

Towards night I met him, and heard the story of his trials. His full heart gave vent in tears. Finding that he had been without food all day, I took him home with me; and after a little his spirits quite revived. I bought his furs, just as they were tied up in his bundle, giving him all that he had expected. That little bundle now lies near me, as I write. I prize it as a memento of what an earnest, good boy endeavored to do to aid his Sunday school, and to care for his sick mother. Early the next morning we gave him some warm clothing to wear over his thin cotton jeans, and started him for his home, as happy a boy as one would wish to see.

How many boys and girls are willing, during the next year, to deny themselves some little things, that they may be enabled to give a portion of their spending money to the American Sunday School Union?

If this little fellow walked ten miles to sell six squirrel skins for the benefit of his missionary band, are there not those in more comfortable circumstances who could cast into the missionary offerings a much larger sum, and not have to endure the hardships that this young trapper did?

BOTHERED AMONG THE WAX FIGURES.

We have seen living "figures," in some extremes of fashion, who might have troubled a simpleton considerably to say whether they were wax or flesh and blood. Sandy's puzzle about the "nat'ral," as the following story has it, is common enough *outside* of the museums.

A young man fresh from the country, visiting Edinburgh, being informed of an exhibition of wax figures, resolved to see them, and on going within the gateway his sympathy was directed to an old cripple on two crutches in the corner of the courtyard. After looking awhile upon the object of pity, he drew out a coin and presented it to him, but was rather nonplussed at his making no effort to take the proffered alms.

"Hae, mon, there's a penny tae ye," says he, but got no answer; and it was not until the bystanders burst into laughter that he discovered that it was a wax man that aroused his generosity.

Determined not to be taken in again, he entered the spacious hall of figures, and in walking through the various groups he observed one isolated figure with its glassy eyes apparently fixed upon some object at the far end of the room. He walked up and examined it all round, and, lifting his hand, he rubbed it over the shoulders of the supposed model and down its arm, observing to a companion,—

"Mon, is nae thae nat'ral? I dinna ken fou they can mak' them sae like life," and, peering into the eyes of the figure, was thunderstruck to see it burst out into a broad grin.

He left the room with hurried steps, declaring that "he didna ken the dead frae the living, nor the living frae the dead."

RED TAPE.

The English government adheres to rigid rules, when every body feels it would be wiser to break them. But it insists on going in its old ruts, and often fails of doing a thing promptly or well, because of the long, roundabout way in which it must be done. Here is a good specimen of red tape, which the *Liberal Christian* has from a gentleman who was an eye-witness:

The thermometer often stands for days at from 109 to 117 degrees in the Red Sea, and when the vessel is with the wind, and travelling about with the speed of the air, the lack of any breeze or ventilation makes life on the steamer almost insupportable. On this occasion four men and two women among the passengers were so overcome with the heat that the ship's doctor reported that they must die if the ship's course were not changed and a breeze created by travelling against the wind. The captain very reluctantly, and in dire fear of company's orders, yielded to the cry of humanity and steamed one hundred miles back on his course. He thus reduced the oppressive temperature twenty degrees, ventilated his ship and saved the lives (probably) of six passengers. The government fined the company (who excused the captain, although not without a warning not to do it again) a thousand pounds for going out of the prescribed route with Her Majesty's mails.

THE STAR SIRIUS.

Many things combine to render this brilliant star an object of profound interest. Who can gaze on its pure silvery radiance, and reflect how many ages it has adorned the heavenly dome with its peerless lustre, and how many generations of mankind have rejoiced in it—and among them all the wise, and the good, and the great of history,—without awe and admiration!

In ancient Egypt, it was an object of idolatrous interest. It was then of a brilliant red color, but is now a lustrous white; and the cause of this change of color, as well as the nature and period of the revolution it denotes in the star itself, are wholly unknown. Its distance from the earth is not less than 1,800,000 times our distance from the sun; and its light must travel twenty-two years to reach us! Another circumstance of deep interest connected with it is, that it has changed its position, during the life of the human family, by about the apparent diameter of the moon; and that astronomers, detecting some irregularities in its motion, have been convinced that it had a companion star—which they thought to be non-luminous, since their telescopes could not detect it. But Mr. Clark, with his new and powerful achromatic telescope, has found this neighbor of Sirius, hitherto invisible, and verified the conclusions to which astronomers had been led by reasoning on the facts they had ascertained.

THE GOSSAMER SPIDER.

This species of spider is exceedingly minute, scarcely exceeding in size a pin's head. It has the power of shooting out filmy threads so delicate and light that they serve as balloons, and the little creatures, by their aid, rise from the ground and float in the air at great heights. They abound in the fields during the fine weather in autumn, and if we look up in the sky on a bright day, their gossamer threads are not unfrequently seen glancing in the air like lines of light. Sometimes these filmy webs become matted together in such quantities that they form large flakes, and fall in showers.

A phenomenon of this kind was noticed at Selborne, in England, on Sept. 24, 1741. From 9 o'clock in the morning to the close of the day the air was filled with falling flakes of gossamer, the largest being nearly an inch broad and five or six inches long. The shower extended over a region from six to eight miles long, and the flakes hung so thickly on the trees and hedges that they could be gathered by basketfuls. The falling of the gossamer webs, after they had risen by their lightness into the air, is the result of their becoming saturated with moisture. A similar phenomenon occurred during the late war.

EVANGELINE.

The following pleasant and interesting account of the origin of one of the sweetest poems in our language is given in the *Atlantic Monthly:*

Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow, and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner the friend said, "I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there; the legend of a girl who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital, when both were old." Longfellow wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him, "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" To this Hawthorne assented, and, moreover, promised not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do in verse. And so we have "Evangeline" in beautiful hexameters,—a poem that will hold its place in literature while true affection

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lasts. Hawthorne rejoiced in this great success of Longfellow, and loved to count on the editions, both foreign and American, of this world-renowned poem.

BULLIED OUT OF HIS MONEY.

Men with little presence of mind can sometimes be swindled out of their rights by the sudden bluster or the sharp dodge of a keen scamp. An Ohio paper becomes sponsor for the following:

Jim Whittaker is one of the richest men in these parts, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, when he overturned it upon a cow. The poor thing was smothered to death before they could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Whittaker the next day and demanded payment for the cow.

"Certainly," said Whittaker, what do you think she was worth?"

"Well, about ten dollars," said Jones.

"How much did you get for the hide and tallow?"

"Ten dollars and a half, sir."

"O well, then you owe me just fifty cents."

Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very fierce in his demand; and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind, he forked over the money.

A FRESH "SALT."

A suspicious character, arrested for theft, said, on examination, that he was a cooper by trade.

When asked by the alderman how long since he had worked at his trade, he replied, "Eighteen months."

Alderman—What have you been doing since?

Prisoner—Going to sea.

Alderman—Where to?

Prisoner—From New York to Liverpool, in the ship *Cornelius Grinnell*. Capt. Spencer.

Alderman—Can you box the compass? (Name the points of the compass in their order.)

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Alderman—Well, do it.

This was a stumper to the assumed "salt."

He hesitated for a moment, and then stammered, "But—but, sir, *I haven't my tools!*" He was committed.

THE POODLE AND KITTEN.

I have a poodle that I would make tutor to my son, if I had one. I sometimes use him toward my own education. Will not the following trait of his character amuse you? He conceived a strange fondness—an absolute passion—for a young kitten, which he carried about in his mouth for hours when he went out to walk; and whenever he came to a resting-place, he set her down with the greatest care and tenderness, and began to play with her. When he was fed, she always took the nicest piece away from him, without his ever making the slightest opposition. The kitten died, and was buried in the garden. My poor poodle showed the deepest grief, would not touch food, and howled mournfully the whole night long. What was my astonishment when, the next morning, he appeared carrying the kitten in his mouth! He had scratched her out of the ground, and it was only by force that we could take her from him.—*"Tutti Frutti."*

GOD'S WILL.

A Sabbath school teacher, instructing his class on the third petition of the Lord's Prayer, said to them,—

"You have told me, my dear children, what is to be done—'the will of God;' and where it is to be done—'on earth;' how it is to be done—'as it is done in heaven.' How do you think the angels and happy spirits do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern?"

The first child replied, "They do it immediately."

The second, "They do it diligently."

The third, "They do it always."

The fourth, "They do it with all their hearts."

The fifth, "They do it altogether."

Here a pause ensued, and no other child appeared to have any answer; but after some time a little girl arose, and said,—

"Why, sir, they do it *without asking any questions.*"—*S. S. Visitor.*

A TRUE LADY.

I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us, he made two attempts to go into the yard of a house, but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said the young girl, springing forward; "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

A "PERSONAL" in a New York daily, a week ago, stated that if John Smith, formerly of Philadelphia, will call at No. — Blank Street, he will hear of something to his advantage." John called. There were about two hundred and fifty of him, and he has been calling at the rate of forty-seven per day ever since the "personal" appeared.

For the Companion.

TOPSY TURVY.

I am Topsy Turvy.
Topsy Turvy is what they call me.
It aint my name.
This is my picture; it dont look much like me.

My true name is Gertrude Clark. Dont many folks know it besides our folks and the minister. All my folks call me Topsy Turvy ever since I knew any thing about it. Brother Tom says its because I have such an inspiring look and way, that makes folks call me by a corrisponding name. Brother Tom has been to College.

I dont care, when I wear kid gloves, may be they will call me Gertrude.

I looked in the looking glass and took my picture. It aint very natural. I look some better.

I jumped off the hay on to a nail. I told Mother. She put a slice of pork on it, and let me sit in her big arm-chair by the window, with my nailed foot in another chair. I've got to stay here till it gets well.

I didn't know what to do with me. I told Brother Tom. he told me to write a story for the New-York *Poster*. I told him no I wouldn't, I would write one for my Paper. he told me to write the Natural History of my last kitten so Im going to.

I've had lots of Pets, most of them are dead, or gone off or something they ought to have their Natural Histories. why didn't I think of it. Its lucky my foot is nailed. I will write the History of my last kitten Bluebell first.

This is enough for this time.

This is the way I look in the big looking glass across the room, as near as I can make it look.

TOPSY TURVY.

TOM AND TIBBIE.

Tom and Tibbie were famous sailors, and had crossed the ocean many times. Tom was a grave old cat, as dignified and solemn as a judge, but Tibbie was no fit wife for such a sober fellow. She was wild and freakish as any kitten, her thefts were constant, and the way she teased and tormented Tom was really outrageous. Tom would sit gravely winking in the sun, thinking, evidently, the most serious thoughts, composing a sermon, I do not doubt, when Tibbie would come stealing up behind, her long tail moving in the air, and without a word of warning, pounce she would come on Tom's back, clasp his neck with her fore paws, and roll him over and over on the deck.

In his first surprise he would always box her ears, but she generally succeeded in coaxing him into a romp. Now you will see into what trouble she brought poor Tom with her wild pranks

One warm, still day, we were lying on the deck half asleep, and the ship was scarcely moving through the water, and every one was still and drowsy, when suddenly there was a loud cry, "Tom's overboard!"

Every one jumped to his feet and rushed to the side of the ship, over which leaned a sailor pointing to something in the water. There, sure enough, was poor Tom swimming for dear life, and in dead silence. He was wise enough not to waste his breath, but the moment he saw that row of well-known faces, such a cry as he gave, a cry so loud, so agonized, so human, I could not bear it, but covered my ears with my hands.

Before the sailors could get a rope Tom was gone! We looked carefully all along the side of the ship; he was nowhere to be seen, and his distressful cry had ceased. Suddenly a gentleman called out from the stern of the ship, "Here he is!" and there indeed he was, clinging fast to the hard, slippery rudder, silent till he saw the row of faces again, and then came that terrible cry—no human voice could more plainly have expressed a horror of death, or plead in more agonizing tones for life.

In a moment a noose was tied in a rope, and our big second mate called out, in his gruff voice, "Get in, Tony!" Now Tony was a brown, wiry Italian, as quick as a flash, and always laughing. He could speak only a very few words of English, yet he knew enough to obey stern Mr. Shields very quickly, though he had no idea what all the stir was about.

He was lowered rapidly over the stern of the ship, his dark eyes looking up at us rather wildly, as if he half expected to be ducked. When he was close to the water, big Mr. Shields shouted down, "No see, Tony?"

"No see!" answered Tony, his white teeth gleaming as he smiled, for his quick brain had puzzled it out. So Tony was drawn back upon deck and poor Tom was given up for lost.

One of the passengers, however, would not give him up so easily, so he watched and watched over the side, looking everywhere. At last he spied him again, swimming slowly and silently, this time too tired to cry.

Quickly the boatswain was over the side, and Tom was caught that time! How he clung to the boatswain! how he clung to the ropes! it was hard work to unclasp his hold and bring him on deck; but there at last he lay, a poor, soaking, miserable lump, all his dignified, proud ways forgotten. Any one might touch him now. He only looked with pitiful, frightened eyes in every face and never uttered a sound!

The stewardess carried him off down stairs, wrapped him in a warm shawl, and offered him a cup of hot milk, but Tom had swallowed too much salt water to care for it, and there, while he lay exhausted and helpless, that naughty Tibbie drank it all up under his very nose! Now, nobody *saw* Tibbie jump on Tom's back and startle him so that he tumbled overboard, but everybody was sure she did it; so you see what it is to have a bad character!

RUNAWAY LOVELINGS.

Two little Tootsies were trotting along,
Dragging two dollies so forlorn,
Lovingly hand in hand, crooning a song,
Dollies bespattered, traipsed and torn;
Fearing no danger of gutter or street,
Pattered so brave the way-worn feet,
Brown-eyed little lover, blue-eyed little maid,
A wearisome journey from home they had strayed.

Two loving housefuls with hearts up in mouth,
"Where is Addie?" "Where can Phil be?"
Up street and down! hither, thither! north, south,
East and westward! untiringly
Scoured the anxious policemen and all—
Old folks and young folks, great and small.
At last, so luck happened, one scout came upon
The two tired little folks, pretty near gone.

"Little folks, where are you going so spry,
You and dollies, so far away?"
"Doin' t' buy naggets, Philly and I,"
Shyly made answer this sweetest fay.
"My papa and mamma's bof by-by don',
An' Philly's dot a penny his own—
The boofulest naggets, pink, wed, boo an' gway;
Fwee, 'leven, firteen, all for we's two to play."

"Hadn't you better come home, little mouse?"
"No; we's aint toming no more by-'n-by.
Doin' t' buy naggets, an' then teep house,
I an' Philly, an' Philly an' I."

. . . . . .

Ah! cruel, cold world, that lovers should part!
Ah! parents stern, that hearts should smart!
Our lovers were captured and carried straight home,
Ne'er more in love's largess free-hearted to roam.

R. R. BOWKER.

IDA and Emma K—— lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. One night they knelt, as usual, by their mother's side, to say their evening prayer. Ida repeated hers, and Emma's turn came. Emma said the words of the prayer till she reached amen, when she stopped, without uttering it, and seemed bewildered.

"Now jump into bed, Emma," said her mother.

"No; I haven't said good-by to Heaven," was the reply.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-four letters.
My 3, 16, 23, 9, 17 was a province of Arabia.
My 10, 4, 19, 13, 22 was a city of Bashan.
My 11, 17, 21, 5, 19 was a mountain of Palestine.
My 12, 7, 15, 20, 8 was a companion of Paul.
My 16, 2, 14, 17, 6 was a king of Tyre.
My 18, 17, 16, 20, 6 was a Jewish prophet.
My 24, 11, 14, 17, 1 was used in making brick.
My whole is part of a verse of Proverbs.

ISOLA.

2.

BLANKS.

Blanks to be filled with words spelt differently but pronounced alike:

1. I —— my dog to —— a ——.
2. Can you —— a —— with a —— of scissors.
3. Mr. —— —— the —— ——.
4. He tied his horse's —— in the —— during Queen Victoria's ——.
5. Did —— catch my —— under the —— tree.

DUBLIN.

3.

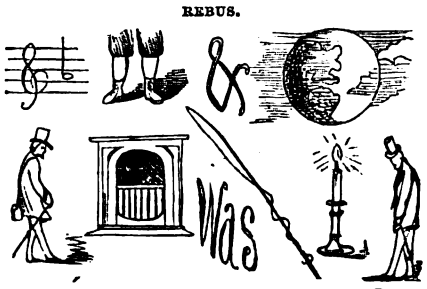
ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 1, 2, 8, 5 is a conveyance.
My 4, 10, 11 is what we all must do.
My 8, 9, 2, 10, 7 is an article of furniture.
My 12, 2, 3 is an article of a lady's dress.
My whole is very useful.

A. R. H.

4.

REBUS.



CAPT. JOE.

5.

ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

Whose house did fire from heaven once burn?
Who weeping yet did homeward turn?
Whose son was sent to view the land?
On whose head rested Israel's hand?
An old man called to serve the Lord.
A youth who taught and loved His Word.
A lame man healed—say at what gate,
Where a king warned, yet met his fate.
A glorious name *once* given to man.
A Roman province next I scan.
She who by prayer her wish obtained.
He who to save a brother failed.
A prophet who saw visions strange.
A king sent among beasts to range.

A present here, a wondrous charm,
Full-lit—and you'll do no harm.

A. M. A.

6.

CHARADE.

My lady patted her slippered *first*,
On the carpet at her feet;
As she seated herself on my *second*, and played
Soft music so weird and sweet;
At length, being tired of music and song,
She left the piano and stool,
And seating herself in a cushioned chair,
She rested her feet on my *whole*.

MARIA AUSTIN.

Conundrums.

What flower would furnish a drawing-room best? Rose would.

What part of a ship is good for youngsters? The spanker.

Why is an overworked horse like an umbrella? Because it is used *up*.

What is the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom? Hash.

What is the difference between a coal-bucket and a fresh codfish? One is a coal-hod, and the other is a whole cod.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Canada.
2. Eat, Ate, Tea.
3. Rattlesnake.
4. Be polite to all you meet.
5. Crowd, Olive, Mars, Foolscap, Oneida, Rossetti, Tear. DESPAIR, COMFORT.
6. Bar-room.
7. Stale, tales, steal, teals, slate, least.

IN ALBANY, on Sunday night, Rev. Mr. Waters, while preaching, stopped a few moments, and then said, "I am rarely if ever annoyed by people talking. I am not this evening; but I am afraid the congregation is." You would have heard a pin drop during the remainder of the sermon.

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THE REAL CENSUS.

At length, after much patient waiting, and after having accepted the reports that were current for facts, the country has possession of the general results of the ninth census of the people of the United States, taken last year.

These results were published on the 26th of August, 1871, when we have got quite far along toward the time for the taking of the tenth census. They are quite as favorable as we had any right to expect they would be.

The entire population of the States and Territories of the American Union is 38,555,983, an increase of more than 7,000,000 in ten years, and of almost 35,000,000 in eighty years, the time since the first census was taken, in 1790.

The "great States," as they are generally called, do not quite maintain their relative position. New York is still the first of the States, as regards population, she having 4,382,759 souls.

Pennsylvania comes next, with 3,521,791; and then Ohio, with 2,665,290.

Illinois comes close upon Ohio, being now the fourth State of the Union, which used to be the rank of Virginia. Illinois' population is 2,539,891, while that of Virginia is only 1,222,165.

But in comparing the growth of the Western State with the falling off of the Southern State, it ought to be recollected that the Virginia of today is not, territorially, the Virginia of other days.

The new State of *West Virginia* was made out of a part of "Old Virginia." West Virginia has a population of 442,014. This added to Virginia's number would make a total of 1,664,179.

It is evident that Illinois is fast hastening to the place of *third* State, and it would not be strange were she to be the *second* State in 1880,—and the *first* State by the close of the century. But we can leave that to the folks of the year 1900.

Kentucky is the largest of the old Southern States,—the slaveholding States that were,—in point of numbers. Her population is 1,321,011.

Then come Tennessee and Georgia,—the former with 1,258,520, and the latter, 1,184,109. Missouri, perhaps, should be placed in this list, but she is always reckoned as a Western State. Her population is 1,721,295. If counted as a Southern State, she is far ahead of Kentucky. Her growth, like that of Illinois, is almost portentous.

Some of the North-western States show rapid growth. Indiana has 1,600,637; Iowa, 1,191,972; Michigan, 1,184,050; and Wisconsin, 1,054,670. All these States will be prodigiously strong in 1880.

The Pacific States do not show largely. The population of California is 560,247; and that of Oregon is only 90,923. Oregon has, with one exception, the smallest population of any State, being not half so strong as Florida, and about 34,000 behind Delaware,—and 127,000 behind Rhode Island. The exception is Nevada, which has a population of only 42,491. Even the Territory of New Mexico is more populous than Oregon, its population being 91,874. The next smallest State to Oregon is Nebraska,—122,000.

The New England States make a fair appearance in the census. Massachusetts has a population of 1,457,354, which is a good growth in ten years. She is 232,000 ahead of Virginia. These two States were the "great States" of eighty years since, but now they are far in the rear of States some of which had no existence in 1790. As Virginia has lost Western Virginia, so did Massachusetts lose Maine, but much earlier, (in 1820.) Had Massachusetts kept hold of Maine, her total population would have been 2,084,269, or more than 400,000 above that of both Virginias.

Maine's population is 626,915. Connecticut's, 537,454; Vermont's, 330,359; New Hampshire's, 318,300; and Rhode Island's, 217,353.

The total of New England's population is a little short of 3,500,000, or about 34,000 less than that of Pennsylvania.

These returns do not include the inhabitants of Alaska, which country is not yet even the Territory of Alaska, and so the Alaskans are not numbered.

SOLDIER'S DOG.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, it fell to my duty to search a given district for any dead or wounded soldiers there might be left, and to bring relief. Near an old brick dwelling I discovered a soldier in gray who seemed to be dead. Lying by his side was a noble dog, with his head flat upon his master's neck. As I approached, the dog raised his eyes to me good-naturedly, and began wagging his tail; but he did not change his position. The fact that the animal did not growl, that he did not move, but more than all, the intelligent, joyful expression of his face, convinced me that the man was only wounded, which proved to be the case. A bullet had pierced his throat, and faint from the loss of blood, he had fallen down where he lay. His dog had *actually stopped the bleeding from the wound by laying his head across it!* Whether this was casual or not, I cannot say. But the shaggy coat of the faithful creature was completely matted with his master's blood.—*Corr. Merry's Museum.*

A CONSCIENTIOUS CLERK.

A young man employed in a drug store, who had been obliged to attend on Sabbath and sell soda water, came to his pastor with a case of conscience. He did not feel it right thus to use God's day. His pastor advised him to talk with his employer, and trust God if he should be discharged. At first his employer said, "Very well, then; of course you can be of no use to me;" but at the end of the week said, "I have made up my mind that I cannot do without you. You can have your Sabbaths, and I will *raise your salary.*" A conscientious young man who feared God and regarded His day, was too valuable to be spared.—*Interior.*

THE PITY OF THE LORD.

One morning, having stepped into the office of a surgical friend, I beheld him performing a short but painful surgical operation upon a child of three or four years old. The cries of the little sufferer were heart-rending to us all, but especially to the father, who held her on his knees. He was a rough farmer, but the tears were running down his cheeks and falling upon the curly head of his child.

In thinking over this incident, the words of the 103d Psalm have often come up in my mind. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

ANECDOTE OF NEWTON.

It is said of Isaac Newton, that he often forgot to eat his dinner, which his housekeeper was accustomed to leave in a closet near his study. His head was too much in the heavens to mind the earth; so a friend, knowing his peculiarity, one day slipped his dinner out of the basket and ate it. When at last the philosopher came out and greeted his friend, he asked to be excused till he took his lunch. On looking into the basket and finding it gone, he simply exclaimed, much to his friend's amusement,—"O, I forgot—I have eaten my dinner."

LIE—LAY.

Persons not grossly ignorant sometimes say they will lay (meaning lie) down; that they had laid (lain) an hour; or that the hammer is laying (lying) by the tacks. *Lie* means to recline; its past tense is *lay*—"I lay there all that night;" its participles *lying* and *lain*. *Lay* (used of present time) means to put something down—one lays a carpet; its past is *laid*—"I laid it myself;" its participles *laying* and *laid*—"I was interrupted while laying it, and it was not laid all night."

AN AUCTIONEER exclaimed, "Why, really, ladies and gentlemen, I am giving these things away!" "Are you?" said an old lady, "well, I will thank you for that silver pitcher you have in your hand."

SELFISHNESS is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good, gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit, nor seeing when good cometh, a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub.

WE SELDOM call attention editorially to the merits of medicines advertised in our columns, but feel constrained to regarding "WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA." Having seen two persons, with whom we are well acquainted, and who have been great sufferers for many years, entirely cured by its use, we can but believe it to be the best remedy for dyspepsia we know of. Dr. White himself is a living advertisement for the remedy, he having arrived at his present 200 (and over,) avoirdupois, and perfect health, from its use.—*Western World.*

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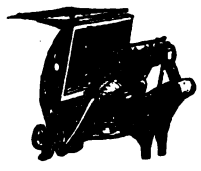
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For the Companion.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

The summer sun was warm in the five acre lot, and the east porch was cool and pleasant, so the owner of the lot lingered in the porch and talked awhile with his wife. He had married her only the April before, and to live with her and love her had not yet grown to be an old story. It would be her fault if it ever did grow to be one, for he was a tender, kindly man, this Marcus Grant, with a gentle and clinging nature, and a womanly need of loving.

His wife, though she was young and pretty, with bright eyes, and bright lips, and soft, waving hair, was harder than he, and colder, and more selfish. But she had given him all the heart she had, and in these early days she cared very much indeed about pleasing him, and keeping him satisfied with her; or, rather, making him continue to admire her, for quiet satisfaction on his part would not have been enough.

He had thrown himself down on the doorstone, and his head was leaning against her lap, as she sat on her low chair in the porch, and ran her fingers in and out of his thick chestnut hair, thinking to herself what a fortunate woman she was to be the wife of this manly, handsome fellow, whom so many girls wanted, and the mistress of his well-filled, comfortable house.

From this east porch where they sat they could see down the long line of dusty road that led to the church and the few houses clustered round it, which passed for a village. The farmhouse stood on the top of a high hill; and up this hill they now saw a woman toiling slowly. The summer sun burned fiercely down on her, the dust rose with every step in a choking cloud about her, and still she struggled on.

Little events are full of interest in country solitudes, and both Grant and his wife watched the wanderer with curiosity.

"Well, I never saw her before, that's certain," the husband said, after a long look as she drew nearer.

"Nor I," returned his wife. "But see, Mark, she has a baby in her arms. She's trying to keep the sun off it with that shawl; and, sure as you live, she is turning in here."

"Why, so she is;" and Grant rose to his feet.

"May I sit down in the shade and rest?" asked the stranger, drawing nigh. She spoke in a clear, silvery voice, which betrayed some of her secrets, since it was the voice of a lady, and also it was the utterance of despair, for its hopeless monotone was unvarying.

"Certainly;" and Mrs. Grant rose and offered her own low chair, for clearly this was no common tramp.

"And might I trouble you for a glass of water?"

"I'll go for some fresh," Grant said, full of hospitable intent.

But before he got back with the water he heard his wife calling him, and hurrying forward at the sound, he found her holding the stranger's head on her shoulder, and the baby, who was just opening sleepy eyes, in her arms.

"Quick, Mark, do something. I think she is dying. She must be sun-struck."

And so it proved. No one ever knew how far she had toiled in that intense heat, with the baby in her arms—no one ever knew any thing more about her, for when the sun set, which had scorched and withered her life, she, too, was gone to unknown shores. She spoke only once after she asked for the glass of water, and that was just before she died. The baby, in another room, uttered a cry, and she tried to turn her head toward the sound.

"It is your baby," Mrs. Grant said, kindly, "but she is all right. What do you call her?"

The strangest change came over the dying face—it may have been only a foreshadowing of death, but it seemed more like a mortal agony of renunciation and of despair.

"Nothing," she said, as evenly and with as little change of inflection as if she were already a ghost; "nothing, she is nobody's child."

NOBODY'S CHILD.

But in half an hour after that she was dead, and Mrs. Grant, who was very literal in her ideas, always thought that the stranger had not known what she said; but, she used to add, the child *was* nobody's child, for all they should ever know about it.

After the mother was buried, she began to think it was time to dispose of this child, which was nobody's. She was not without heart, and she had worked diligently to fashion small garments enough to make the little creature comfortable; but now, she thought, her duty was done, and she wondered Mark said nothing about taking the baby to the alms-house.

At last, one evening, she herself proposed it. Her husband looked at her in mild surprise. He supposed all women loved babies by instinct, and he took it for granted that of course his wife wanted this one, only she probably thought he wouldn't like it round.

"Why, did you think I wouldn't let you keep it?" he asked, quietly. "I think God has sent it to us, and we've really no right to turn it over to any one else, to say nothing of the pleasure it is to have the little bundle."

As I said, Mrs. Grant was still in a state of mind not to be satisfied without her husband's admiration. She would not have fallen short of his ideal of her for any thing; she would, at least, *seem* all that he desired her to *be*. She was quick enough to understand that he *would* think less of her if he saw her unwilling to keep the baby, so she smiled on him with what cheerfulness she could summon, and treated the matter as settled.

Thus the child, which was nobody's, grew up in the Grant household. She had been six months old, apparently, when she came there, and by midwinter she began to totter round on her little feet, and to say short words.

But no one ever taught her to say papa or mamma, those lovely first words of childhood. What had nobody's child to do with such names?

It might have seemed strange to most people that Julia Grant did not love this little thing, so thrown upon her mercy in its tender babyhood. But, despite theories, all women are not fond of children. Every woman is, perhaps, fond, in a blind, instinctive way, of her own; but the more heavenly love which takes all children in its arms and blesses them is not by any means universal.

The most powerful trait in Mrs. Grant's character was a silent, unobtrusive selfishness. The whole world revolved, to her thought, about *her*. Rains fell, dews dropped earthward, winds blew and suns shone for Julia Grant. She had consented with secret reluctance to keep the child, and from that moment a root of bitterness and jealousy had sprung up in her heart. If her husband had thought much of *her* comfort, she used to say to herself, he would not have wanted to put all this care upon her.

She was quite ready, therefore, to be jealous, and to feel as if something was taken from her every time he tossed the little one in his arms, or called it a pet name; and after awhile—not at once, for he was naturally the most unsuspicious of men—some instinct revealed this to him, and made him, lover of peace as he was, very chary of manifesting in his wife's presence any especial tenderness for the little stranger within his gates.

But summer and winter came and went, and with their sun and shade nobody's child grew on toward girlhood. She had a great deal of beauty, of a shadowy, delicate kind. She was seldom ill, but she was a very frail-looking child. The quick, changeful color in her cheeks, the depth of feeling in her dark eyes, the tremulous curves about her mouth, all indicated an organization of extreme sensitiveness; a nature to which love would be as the very breath of life, but which was too shrinking and timid ever to put forth any claims for it, or make any advances.

For ten years she was the only little one in the Grant household. Their affairs prospered, they grew richer every year, as if nobody's child had brought a blessing with her; but it was a constant source of bitterness to Mrs. Grant that they were laying up for strangers, or perhaps for this waif, whom no one else claimed, and who seemed likely to remain in their house forever, like some noiseless, unwelcome shadow.

But at last, when the child had been for ten years her unwelcome housemate, to Mrs. Grant herself was given a little baby girl, God's messenger of love, as I think every child must be, to every mother. Never had baby a warmer welcome. The preparations made for her were worthy of a little queen, and she opened her eyes on a world of love and of summer.

But perhaps no one, not even her mother, lavished upon her such a passion of devotion as the poor little waif, nobody's child, who had never in her life before had any one whom she dared to caress. Perhaps her devotion to baby touched Mrs. Grant's heart; at any rate she saw that she could trust the little one to her without fear, and so nobody's child became a self-constituted but most faithful nurse and body-guard to this other child, whom loving hearts were so proud and glad to own.

And little Rose—for so they named the summer baby—clung to her young nurse with a fond tenacity, very exacting and wearing, indeed, but unutterably sweet to the shy girl whom no one else loved. She began to feel that she was of some use—even she had her own name and place in the world; and this reminds me that I have not yet told you her name. She had been christened Annette soon after she came under the Grant roof, but little Rose called her "Nanty," and this odd title was the very first word that small person ever spoke. She was a lovely baby, one of the rosy, fat, dimpled, laughing kind, and so thoroughly healthy that she seldom cried, except when "Nanty" disappeared for a moment from her sight. The touch of her baby fingers seemed to make Marcus Grant and his wife both young again. Day by day some line of care faded out of their faces, which time had begun to harden. The mother smiled, as she had never smiled before, on her baby; and here, at last, was an object on which the father's great, loving heart could lavish itself, unblamed and unquestioned.

Rose was a year and a half old, when one cold winter night her father and mother were persuaded to go to a house-warming, a mile away. Mrs. Grant was seldom willing to leave her baby, but this gay company was to assemble at the new house of one of her best friends, and she took a fancy to be present.

"'Nanty' will be just as careful of Rose, to do her justice, as I should," she said; "and I think it's only neighborly to go."

Her husband, always sociable in his nature, assented readily enough; and eight o'clock saw them well tucked in under the buffalo robes of their sleigh, and started for the scene of festivities.

"Nanty," for her part, was well content. Rose was already asleep, her little cheek, pink as the heart of one of her namesake flowers, resting on one dimpled hand, while the other was tossed above her head, as we have all seen babies sleep. The maid-of-all-work went off early to her bed in the next chamber, and the man, who had a family of his own not far away, took his departure, and then "Nanty" raked up the fire, and crept softly into bed beside little Rose.

It was nearly midnight when she woke, roused from her slumber by a light, a vivid, red light, brighter than day. In one moment she realized her position. The house was on fire and the flames were already far advanced.

She sprang to the door and opened it, but it was only to be met and driven back by a sheet of fire. There was no hope of escape that way. Rose was her only thought. If she could save the child, she did not care for herself.

She opened the chamber window. The leap seemed desperate to her timid gaze, but the snow underneath the window might break the fall. Then she thought of something better. She caught the blankets from the bed, and rolled Rose in them hurriedly, then dragged off the feather bed, by an effort of uttermost strength, and forced it through the window; and then, reaching out as far as she could, she dropped Rose, closely wrapped in the blankets, upon the bed, and sprang herself from another window, lest she might fall upon the child.

For her there was no bed underneath, and no wrapping of soft woollens. Heavily she fell to the ground, and a violent shock, followed by deadly pain, told her that she had broken her arm. She thanked God, in that breathless moment, that it was not her leg, for somehow she must move Rose to a place of safety, out of reach, at least, of falling timbers. How she did it she never could have told, but in thirty seconds Rose and the bed were out of the yard and across the street, and then she sank down beside her charge, utterly unconscious.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant were driving home after the festival when they caught the gleam of a wild, strange light in the direction of their own home.

"The house is on fire!" Mrs. Grant cried, with white lips.

"Rose!" the father answered hoarsely, and whipped his horse into a run. A quarter of a mile away from home they met the maid.

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"Master, mistress," she screamed after them, "the house is on fire, and I'm going for help."

They did not stop for questions. Had "Nanty" also forsaken little Rose?

But they found "Nanty" at her post, though at first they thought she was dead. The mother pulled away the blankets from the little bundle beside her, and Baby Rose rubbed her chubby hands into her sleepy eyes.

"Where is I?" she said, "and what for you make morning so soon?"

"O, Mark, Mark, she's all right," the mother cried, in a passion of joy. "'Nanty' has saved her;" and then she bent over the little girl in her thin night-gown, and took her by the arm.

"Nanty, Nanty!"

She had seized the broken arm, and the pain roused the fainting girl.

"Yes'm," she said, starting up. "I'm so sorry to be good for nothing just now, when you want me so much, but I broke my arm jumping out."

Afterwards, when the family had found a new shelter, the whole story came out. The maid, Judith, had read herself to sleep, and her candle had tipped over and set the bed on fire. The flames had aroused her to a terror which utterly swept away whatever presence of mind she might have had under other circumstances, and without one thought for Rose or "Nanty" she had hurried off to call the neighbors to the scene of action.

One might have feared that the fright and exposure would prove fatal to one so frail and delicate as "Nanty" had always been; but by the time her arm was well healed she was stronger than ever before, drawing new life, as it seemed, from the love and care lavished on her so freely; for now even Mrs. Grant's heart had opened and taken her in.

One day Marcus Grant said to his wife,—

"But for 'Nanty' we should have had no child at all. It seems hard that she, who saved our darling, should be nobody's child, herself."

"You think we ought to adopt her, and make her ours, legally?" his wife answered, smiling cheerfully. "I have been thinking the same thing, myself. We will do it when you please, for I believe God sent her to us, to be our own, just as much as ever He sent Rose."

So it came about, before another spring, that "Nanty" was no longer nobody's child. Father, mother and little sister all belonged to her, and she had name and place in life, and a happy home where love smiled forever.

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR

Chapter IV.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

When convinced that all further search to recover the mineral was useless, young Winter naturally enough asked himself what he should do.

His first impulse was to go directly to the Professor's house and tell him the nugget was missing. He did go to the house, but, unfortunately, the Professor was out riding with his friends, so that nothing remained but for him to let the matter rest for that night, although he determined to attend to it early in the morning, before the school commenced.

I suppose every young person knows how much easier it is to do right before the tempter has a chance to be heard. The first impulse is always the best, when the conscience is an honest one. Winter's decision was not only the best he could have made, but it was the only safe course for him.

He did not board in the village with the rest of us. With Winnie he walked morning and evening to and from their home, which was nearly two miles from the academy. Winnie usually waited for her brother, and it was pleasant to see them together setting out merrily for home when the school was over. To-night, however, she had preceded him, and Winter walked slowly toward his father's cottage, thinking anxiously about the nugget, and how strangely it had disappeared.

He was as sure as he could be about any thing, that he saw Horace Arlington place his hands upon it when he first approached the desk, and he saw other boys around the teacher's table, Ned Tryst among the rest. Was it possible Arlington would think of stealing it? To be sure they all knew it was valued at five hundred dollars! But suppose it was, who could make use of gold in the ore? No one would receive it as pay from a boy, and certainly it was a heavy nugget to conceal among a student's school traps.

There must have been some motive besides a desire for the gold, Winter thought. It must have been taken to tease him! Yes, without doubt, Arlington had taken it in revenge for his not opening the Professor's desk. He had better speak to Arlington about it first, for he was certain the Professor would be greatly annoyed at what had happened.

It was a long, dreary night for Walter Winter. To his honor be it said, he never once thought that he could be accused of taking the ore. It is the guilty conscience that soonest takes alarm. Whatever Winter's defects might be, thieving was not one of them.

Winnie was a good deal surprised, the next morning, to find her brother already gone from home when she came in to breakfast.

"He makes more fuss about being first monitor, than the Professor did in overseeing the whole school," the saucy sister said.

She little knew the heavy heart he had taken along with him!

Winter waited upon the piazza very uneasily until the students began to arrive. The moment he saw Arlington in the distance, he went to meet him.

"Good-morning, Arlington," he said, as if nothing unpleasant had occurred the night previous.

Horace was not in so gracious a mood, however. He did not even tip his hat, but cut Walter, clean and clear.

"Stop, Arlington!" cried Winter, so earnestly that the boy involuntarily glanced backward. "I *must* speak with you, and *now*."

Winter's face was quite pale with sleeplessness and anxiety, and he looked almost ghastly as he tried to smile in a careless way, when Arlington came back, impatiently, and waited in silence for him to speak.

"Arlington, did you take that gold nugget, last night?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it is gone, and I could not find it when I put the others back in the cabinet. I thought, perhaps you might know where it is."

"Well, I don't know where it is; and if there was not the Professor in sight, I would knock you down. Didn't you tell the Professor they were all there, when he looked in to ask you to take care of them? And didn't we all go right out of the room without going to the table again? I should think if any thing was *taken*, it would be the last one that saw it, who would be regarded as the *thief!*"

If Horace had struck Winter a blow in the face, he could not have been more completely staggered and silenced. The look of alarm that flashed over Winter's features did not escape Horace's quick eye, either.

"You've got yourself into a pretty fix," he muttered, jeeringly; "and I wish you joy of it."

Joy of it, indeed! Winter began to feel as if he was in a horrid nightmare. It was the first time in his life he had had thief associated with his name.

Winter went back to the piazza and looked for Ned Tryst. He found him, with a group of smaller boys around him, and much as he disliked to speak to the fellow, he felt compelled to do so.

Ned was by no means so dignified as Horace had been. He was only too eager to be tolerated by anybody.

"Look here, Tryst, you know that valuable nugget that was left on the table last night?"

"Yes; it's gone, haint it, hey?" cried Ned, with a wicked and significant leer, first at Winter and then at the boys.

"How did you know?" asked Winter, surprised.

"Arlington told me as he came in—says you undertook to lay it on to him."

"No; I did not mean to do that. I was too eager to find it. I thought some of the boys might know something about it."

"Likely as not," Ned returned, making sly grimaces at the boys, which set them all laughing.

Winter flushed crimson without exactly knowing why, and began to feel confused. He looked around for Scranton, who he thought would understand him better, but Scranton was not to be seen.

He felt great confidence in this young man, who was always self-collected and reasonable. "I will wait for Scranton to come in, before speaking to the Professor," he said to himself; and he did wait.

The fact was, the longer Winter deferred going to headquarters, the more he dreaded it. How did he know but the Professor would take the same view of the case that Arlington and Tryst had done?

As Winter went toward the platform he heard the boys talking the loss over.

Arlington and Tryst had lost no time in spreading the news. They did not intend to come under the ban of suspicion themselves, so they had not failed to convey the impression that Winter had stolen the nugget, and was attempting to pass the theft off on others.

It is astonishing what rapid strides malice will make through a school-room! Winter might have done a hundred good deeds without being half as much noticed as he was after five minutes scandal!

The Professor came in with a preoccupied manner, and omitted all his usual courtesies to his first monitor. He was a little behind time and a little flurried, for which Winter was not sorry. It helped to hide his own confusion.

The miserable youth had a faint hope that the young ladies had not yet heard of his misfortune. But he was mistaken. Ned Tryst had shouted it all up to us as we stood on the portico above; and brave Winnie Winter had flung back his aspersions with a will.

Ned had often tried to be familiar with Winnie. He had tossed her up a paper of candies that very morning, which she had flung back to him.

"You needn't be so independent, miss. I am honest, if I am poor," Ned cried out, making the boys laugh with his emphasis on honest. "I did not steal the candy."

"Who accused you of stealing it?" asked a saucy girl, who was more willing to receive the candy than Winnie had been.

"Nobody. But her brother accused me of stealing a gold nugget."

"I don't believe it," cried Winnie, her face flaming like her curls. "Walter is civil to everybody."

"What nugget?" asked the girl.

"The five hundred dollar one. Winter told me it was gone, himself; and he was the last one seen with it."

"When was it taken?"

"Last night."

And then Ned told the whole story.

"Now I don't believe a word you say," shouted back Winnie. "Walter never said a word about the nugget last night; and just as if he wouldn't, if he had lost it?"

"We don't suppose he did lose it! O no! We think quite the reverse, as the Professor says." And then Ned and all the boys broke out into a jeering laugh.

Warm-hearted Winnie couldn't stand that. She burst out crying as hard as she could; and then all the girls talked about the loss of the gold, and no one would speak to the poor child, at least no one but Nellie.

When we went down to morning prayers, Winter sat upon the platform, as dark and glum as misery could make him.

The moment he caught sight of Winnie's swollen eyes, he knew just how it was, and, after the first pitying glance, he never once looked toward the girls' side again.

Nellie sat with her head leaning on the desk, all through the exercises; and I heard a sniff or two that made me think perhaps she might be crying, so I slipped my hand under and slyly felt of her cheek, which made her laugh a little.

After prayers, Nellie took hold of Winnie's hand and walked out of the room as if she had been a queen. Nobody dared insult Winnie then!

When Walter saw Nellie take his sister by the hand before the whole of them, the hard look died out of his face, and a soft, noble resoluteness came into it instead.

Then he rose and stood before the Professor and said,—

"I am very sorry for what has happened, sir, but the valuable nugget is gone."

"What? How is that, Winter?" the Professor asked, briskly, as if doubting what he heard.

"Perhaps you recollect, sir, asking me to return the minerals to the cabinet, last night?"

"Certainly—yes—I remember, perfectly."

"You said there were ten of them, sir?"

"Yes, there were ten of them."

"Well, sir, there *were* ten of them, but one was a common stone, and the nugget was not among them."

The Professor remained looking at Winter in a startled way, as if trying to be certain that he was right in supposing he had left it on the table.

Then he unlocked his desk and looked in, as if it was possible it might be there. But in all his movements there was nothing that indicated that he suspected Winter of taking it, or of deceiving him.

The first boy upon whom the Professor's eyes fell was Ned Tryst, and they said, as plainly as eyes could say, Is it possible, after all I have done for that boy, he is a rascal, still?

Ned had conscience enough left in him to understand the mute appeal. But he knew he was innocent of this offence, and yet he blushed and looked down as if he was the real criminal.

Now here is the disadvantage that a rogue labors under. Guilty, or not guilty, he is sure to be suspected.

"All of the boys who were near the table, last night, may rise and remain standing," said the Professor.

At this moment Scranton came in to the school-room, and walking to his desk, was about seating himself, when the Professor asked,—

"Mr. Scranton, were you near the desk, last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please stand."

It was one of the rules of the school that no desk should be unlocked until the Professor gave the signal. This was to avoid noise and confusion during prayers.

"The students may lay their keys on the desks, and remain standing while I examine them. This nugget is too valuable to be lost, and is the private property of Mr. Moss, beside," said the Professor.

The order was promptly obeyed.

The Professor moved quietly among the desks, and examined every thing to his heart's content until he came to young Scranton's.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Scranton said, placing his hand upon his desk; "I object to the search."

To be continued.

For the Companion.

REMINISCENCES OF INDIAN LIFE AROUND DETROIT.

By Mrs. E. M. Stewart.

Detroit in 1824, when I was a girl, was a small town, but very ancient in appearance. Its principal street, Jefferson Avenue, was lined on both sides with low French houses, whose unpainted fronts, and roofs overgrown with moss, looked as if they had braved the storms of a whole century.

Old Fort Shelby was still occupied by a small detachment of troops, and the morning and evening gun, and the cheerful revielle and tattoo were quite enough to captivate the fancy of an imaginative child. Our house stood but a short distance from the picketed fields that surrounded the fort, and the view of its green banks, the neat, white cantonment, the parading soldiers marching and countermarching, the exhilarating martial music, formed a lively romance of which I never grew weary.

In the summer of 1825 the troops were removed to Green Bay, and the children of the neighborhood immediately took possession of the dismantled fort and its picketed fields, converting them into a most delightful play-ground.

About three hundred Indians, the remnants of two or three tribes, were constantly about town during the day, trading away moccasins and baskets of their own manufacture, and even parting with their blankets for the baneful "fire water;" and when hunger pressed, begging food at the houses of the inhabitants.

Toward evening they would begin to return to their wigwams in the forests, or "bush," as it was termed, all more or less intoxicated; and having to pass the dwellings on the Common, it was not unusual for us to be disturbed by their quarrelsome threats and fearful whoops till a late hour at night.

The Indians were remarkable for their love of children. This trait of character, while it secured kind treatment to the little ones, was sometimes dangerous to the liberty of white children. They were often stolen after the close of the war of 1812, to make glad some desolate wigwam.

Even in their degradation these Indians manifest some commendable traits. The patience and quiet dignity with which they met the insolence and ridicule of saucy boys and heartless men, was enough to turn aside every shaft of contempt, and to shame their tormentors into better conduct.

My mother's fear of the Indians passed away after living a few months in Detroit, and we children, really enjoyed the calls of some of our uncivilized visitors. I remember one squaw, a chief's wife, who often visited us, and whose gentleness quite interested us in her. One day she came into the house, trembling with fear, and begged permission to stay there until her husband should pass by on his way to the "bush," for he had threatened to kill her and her two little ones who were clinging to her hands.

My mother feared to allow her to remain, and she could not find it in her heart to send away the poor trembling wife. So she proposed that they should hide up stairs; but no, the squaw would sit in the middle of the kitchen floor, and nowhere else. What her thoughts were we could tell; but there she sat two or three hours without speaking, and almost without motion, except now and then she raised her head and cast a scared glance at the windows.

Her little children sat one on each side of their mother, munching a piece of bread, or leaning

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on her lap, but without uttering a word, or the faintest cry. They had already learned self-control.

Towards sunset, we saw the intoxicated chief reeling along the turnpike, which ran near our garden fence. He was in an ugly mood, for he constantly made abrupt, angry gestures. Stumbling across the ditch, he crept stealthily to our fence and peered cautiously into the garden. We watched him with great anxiety, but after he had looked into every part of the enclosure, and saw that there was no person in it, he staggered along toward the "bush."

When he was out of sight, Minikee started homeward. It was interesting to watch her stealthy movements, as with body half bent she crept in the shadow of the houses and fences, or made a circuit farther away from the road to avoid an open space. Alas! poor, crushed wife, no Christian home, no glorious redemption hopes were hers!

The Indians often suffered for want of food. Too much fascinated with the white man's whiskey to go far from the city to hunt for game, and too indolent to work, as soon as their meagre payments from the government were exhausted they became beggars, dependent on the charity of the citizens for their daily bread.

Families who gave them food were constantly annoyed by their visits, until, in self-defence, they were obliged to drive them from their doors.

My good mother could not make up her mind to treat them with the harshness which seemed necessary to ensure their absence, and during the first winter of our residence in Detroit she adopted the expedient of keeping the front window blinds closed and the doors locked.

This answered very well for a time, but one day we heard some one trying to open the door. We knew it was an Indian, for his footfall gave no sound. In a few moments the back window was darkened by an intervening object, and, looking up, we saw an Indian lad, seventeen or eighteen years of age, looking in upon us. Bowing his head and smiling, as if to disarm our fears, he begged for "*quash gunn*," bread.

My mother, by signs, bade him begone; but he took from his shirt collar the only brooch he had, and, with a most piteous, pleading look, offered in exchange for "*quash gunn* so large," marking the size on his hand.

Mother relented, and soon the half-starved Indian was bountifully fed. When he found that she would not take the brooch, his pantomimic expression of thanks were so grotesque that we were convulsed with laughter.

Afterward we often saw this Indian as he was passing the house. He always bowed to us, or rather nodded in an awkward manner, but he never begged food again. Many little presents of bread and cake we carried to him in the street, but he could not be persuaded to come for them, even to the fence.

One instance of Indian revenge and subsequent punishment occurred during the first year of our residence in Detroit.

A chief of the Chippewas, I believe, named Kish-kau-ko, who was somewhat famous for his warlike exploits, caused his son to murder an Indian of his own tribe for some offence. As such a crime could not be overlooked, the sheriff of Detroit took a band of men the night after the murder and went to Kish-kau-ko's camp, about a mile above the city, to arrest the offenders.

It was near midnight when they came in sight of the encampment. The watch fire was burning low, but its flickering light revealed the forms of about twenty powerful Indians lying in a circle with their feet toward the fire.

Leaving his men within hailing distance, the sheriff advanced cautiously toward the group. The chief and his son were lying side by side. The sheriff crept noiselessly to the circle of sleepers, and with almost incredible dexterity secured their tomahawks without waking them. They were no doubt somewhat stupefied with liquor, but with the sheriff's first word of command the Indians sprang to their feet with their expressive "Ugh." When Kish-kau-ko saw his tomahawk was gone, he commanded his followers to offer no resistance, and with folded arms he and his son were marched off to prison.

The sheriff was a humane man, and every thing consistent with their safety was done for the comfort and amusement of the Indian captives. They were allowed the freedom of the prisoner's hall during the day; and from morning till night crowds of Indians gathered around the large, grated window that lighted the hall to talk with their chief.

After a time, however, it was thought that they might endeavor to escape, and the turnkey was ordered to confine them in cells.

There is nothing so abhorrent to an Indian's nature as confinement. Famine he will bear without a murmur; indignities and insults elicit scarcely a sign of recognition; and he would glory in bravely meeting death at the stake; but to be shut out from the light of heaven, caged in by bolts and bars, a keeper placed over him, and his life brought under rules of order, this is too much for Indian endurance.

Yet, with their native resolution, not one word of discontent escaped the prisoners, and they were supposed to have become resigned to their fate.

Kish-kau-ko's wife was still allowed to visit her husband and son, and bring them maplé sugar, parched corn, and not unfrequently a bottle of rum, to cheer their captivity.

One day she came with the rum, and very courteously offered some to the other prisoners. They declined to receive it. She then handed the bottle to the young chief, her son, drank of the rum herself, and gave the remainder to Kish-kau-ko.

In the evening, when the turnkey came to lock the other prisoners in their cells, and to see that all was right, Kish-kau-ko asked to see the sheriff's little children, to whom he had become much attached. They were brought to him and he caressed them, told them to be always good children, and bade them good-by. He thanked the turnkey for his kindness, shook hands with him, and bade him farewell. The man, thinking this a strange proceeding, carefully searched the cell, but found nothing to justify suspicion of any thing wrong, so he concluded it was only an Indian's whim, and dismissed his suspicions from his mind.

Very early the next morning a crowd of Indians gathered around the window of the jail; and long before the usual hour the sheriff's door was besieged with inquiries after the health of the two prisoners.

Fearing all was not right, the turnkey hastened into the jail. The young chief was already dressed, and stood at the door of his cell looking anxiously at his father's cell, which was opposite his own.

On opening the door of Kish-kau-ko's cell, he was discovered reclining on his couch, one hand supporting his head. He seemed to be asleep, and the turnkey called to him, but there was no motion. He called again, and then stepped forward and touched his shoulder, and found that he was dead! Doubtless the rum drank the preceding day was drugged, and the captive chief was free from human bars and bolts.

The young chief manifested the most profound grief. It was deemed unmanly to weep, but the tears would come. Expressions of sorrow were thought derogatory to Indian character, but sobs and moans would burst from his lips despite his efforts at self-control.

The body of Kish-kau-ko was placed in a rude coffin, and for a few hours lay in state in the jail yard. It was then buried in Indian style, in full dress, with all his ornaments, his tomahawk and scalping knife in his belt, and his rifle by his side. His pipe, tobacco pouch and powder-horn were also placed in the coffin by his tribe, for his use in the spirit land. The Indians would not permit the coffin lid to be fastened down, lest the soul of their chief might be imprisoned therein.

For some time after the death of Kish-kau-ko the turnkey was ill and unable to attend to his duties. One day, when he was only partially recovered, the absence of the sheriff rendered it necessary for him to resume his duties and lock the prisoners in their cells for the night. A boy was placed, as usual, at the door of the prisoner's hall to make it secure.

The young chief, Kish-kau-ko's son, still remained in prison. He had enjoyed the freedom of the hall since his father's death. As evening approached, he hid himself in a dark corner, near the door, where he could not be seen from the outside, and when the turnkey entered, the athletic young savage pushed him aside, wrenched the door from the boy's hand and flung it open, ran across the hall which separated the prison from the sheriff's rooms, passed through two of those apartments, and made his escape by an open door, before any alarm could be given. Pursuit was immediately made, but it was already twilight, and no one cared to enter the bush, and of course he was not recaptured.

A few weeks afterwards, the escaped prisoner sent word to the Governor that "he was a man of honor, and would give himself up to the authorities when the time came for his trial." But on account of his youth and to avoid trouble with the Indians if he should fail to appear, the Governor sent him a pardon.

A BIG DOME.—The dome of the Capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is one hundred and eight feet higher than the Washington Monument, at Baltimore, sixty-eight feet higher than that of Bunker Hill, and twenty-three feet higher than the Trinity church tower of New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,000,200 pounds. How much is that? More than 4,000 tons, or about the weight of 70,000 full-grown people, or about equal to 1,000 laden coal cars, which, holding four tons apiece, would reach two miles and a half.

For the Companion.

THE STORY OF SOME STRANGE TRACKS.

By C. A. Stephens.

It was in June. We had gone up to the Heron Pond, Lon Moody and I, to fish for perch. It is a fine place for the little prickly-backed fellows; the water was alive with them.

We soon had a basket full, and were standing on a tree-trunk which ran out into the pond, angling to get a bite from a couple of pond trout whose broad, spotted backs showed to great advantage among the smaller fry, when Lon, who was behind me on the log, suddenly drew in his line.

"Got one?" said I.

"Got one? No! But for pity's sake, look here! What's been here?"

I looked hastily around. There, in the mud, in which the old log lay, were some little footprints, not more than three or four inches long, toes and all as plain as could be, patted down into the soft mud!

"Well, I declare!" cried Lon. "Little baby's feet, aren't they?"

"So they are," said I. "Sure as the world!"

"And just made, too," said Lon.

We looked about us, but there was no baby in sight.

"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch!" exclaimed Lon. "There isn't a house within six miles! How the little thing ever got up here is more than I can tell!"

"He was barefooted, too," said I. "Look at those little toe-marks, now! He can't be more than a year, or a year and a half."

All round the log were the tracks, as if the little one had played there for some time. Then we could see where it had toddled along the shore for two or three rods, and then turned off into the bushes. There we lost the footprints.

"Well, I'm fairly puzzled!" exclaimed Lon. "I don't know what to think."

"The little fellow's lost," suggested I.

"It couldn't have come way up here alone," said Lon. "It may be an Indian family is camping round here, though. Perhaps it's a little pappoose."

But that wasn't very likely.

"If it's a lost child we ought to hunt it up, if we can," continued Lon.

"And if it's a little pappoose, I should like to see it," said I.

So we began to search in good earnest. First, we hunted through the alders which skirt the pond. Then we went up to the knolls and ridges which lead from the water, and thence out into the forest. There were no signs of baby, or pappoose, either! Neither was there smoke rising above the trees, as there would most probably have been, had there been a wigwam near.

It was growing dark, so we were obliged to give up our search, and, gathering up our fishing tackle, we went home comletely puzzled.

Of course we told our wonderful story to the family, and as a result were well laughed at. Nobody would believe there was a baby strolling about the pond. Besides, it was but a small neighborhood, and if any mother had lost a baby, it would soon have been known. As for its being a pappoose, Mr. Moody said that it was in no ways likely; at least he had never known of any wigwam at the pond. So our baby story found no favor.

"But there are the tracks, anyhow," said Lon, as we were talking it over the next day. "They can't rub those out. We won't say any thing more about it to the folks, but let's go up again to-morrow and take a look at them. Certainly they were a child's tracks, and if that's so, there must have been a child to make them.

Next afternoon we went to the pond again, taking our hooks and lines. We came to the log—yes, there were the tracks plain enough. They had joked us so much at the house that we almost began to think our eyes had deceived us. There had been a shower in the night. The prints were not as fresh as on the preceding day, yet they were there.

"Poor baby!" said Lon. "What a wetting he must have got if he was out in the rain last night! I feel as if we, or somebody, ought to find him. Drop in your hook and fish for a while, and I'll follow the shore to see what I can find."

I had hardly baited my hook when I heard Lon's voice.

"More tracks!" cried he. "Come out here. They were made since the shower, too."

I ran to him, and, sure enough, there were new ones that looked as if they had been made not five minutes before. And there were prints as of tiny fingers, too.

"That's where he played in the mud," said Lon.

And on a little farther there was a sort of trail, as if something had been dragged or brushed along—some of his clothes, perhaps.

"But he's gone into the bushes again," said Lon, looking a little farther. "He can't be far off. Let's have another hunt after him."

And we searched again all along the shore and among the high water grass, out in the bushes, and still farther on up the side of the mountain, looking behind every bush and stump, and into every hole. But not a glimpse or a trace could we get of the mysterious baby.

"Well, it is curious," exclaimed Lon.

Curious enough! We went home again as much in the fog as ever, but said nothing this time; in fact, we hadn't much to say.

"I'll tell you what, though," remarked Lon, that evening, "I wish that instead of hunting for him, we had hid in the bushes and kept still. May be he would have come out in sight. He must be round there. Do you s'pose the little monkey saw us?"

"I shouldn't wonder; but when can we go up again?"

We managed to get off the next Thursday afternoon.

"Hope he hasn't gone off," said Lon, as we went up through the woods. "I'd give most any thing to catch him. Do you expect he'd cry, and kick, and be wild? I've heard of wild men."

Working our way softly through the alders, we stepped out into a patch of foul-meadow grass, not very far from the old log where we had first seen the tracks. There was nothing in sight; but down close to the water there were more tracks, which must have been made since we were last there.

"Guess he's here," said Lon. "Let's keep quiet now. Here's a good chance to hide in this grass."

We curled down among the tall stalks. There was something inexpressibly funny about the whole thing, and we couldn't help laughing as we lay there.

An hour or two passed. Now and then a trout would leap out of the water, and whole flocks of wood ducks and coots were swimming about, or waddling on the muddy shore, while off at a distance we could see an old hairn (heron) standing on one foot and silently eyeing the water; but no signs of baby. We were getting a little tired of our watching.

"Guess he's asleep somewhere," said Lon, when, suddenly, we heard a twig snap back in the bushes, and shortly after a rustling in the tall grass nearer the water. Some of the ducks flew up as if alarmed.

"There he is, I'll bet," whispered Lon. "The little monkey is creeping down to the water."

We could see the grass gently swaying, as if something was working its way through it, till, at the very edge of the water, the motion ceased.

"Crept down to drink, I guess," said Lon. "Keep still."

We waited some minutes. "He must be awful dry," muttered Lon, "if he's drinking all this time!"

A flock of ducks came swimming past the place, two or three nearly brushing the overhanging grass. All at once there was a spring and a great splash into the water, followed by loud quacks.

We jumped from our lurking place.

"Fell into the water!" exclaimed I.

"Caught a duck!" cried Lon.

The duck was filling the air with its cries. We ran up through the grass, and saw, not a baby, but a largish gray creature, with a fine wood-drake in its mouth.

"'Coon! A great racoon!" exclaimed Lon. "After him! After him!" For, seeing us, the animal had turned and scuttled away into the bushes with its prey. "After him!" and, catching up the fish-poles we had left lying on the shore, we gave chase.

The 'coon had a start of several rods while we were getting over our surprise; but keeping his gray back in sight, we soon began to gain on him. Raccoons are poor runners; they have an awkward, ambling gait, and this one had his mouth too full of duck to make much headway. He seemed extremely loath to drop his dinner.

On we went, and had now got well out into the forest, when the 'coon, seeing that he could not escape us, ran to the foot of a large yellow birch. As we ran panting towards him, he

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whipped into a great hole in the trunk near the ground, and scratched up out of sight on the inside.

"There, we've treed him!" cried Lon.

"And lost him, I guess," said I.

The tree was a mere old shell, with the inside rotted away. We thrust our fish-poles up into the hollow, but the 'coon was out of our reach.

"We can smoke him out, perhaps," suggested Lon, picking up some great curled rolls of bark which had warped off and fallen from the tree. "Got a match?"

I happened to have one. Several of the bark rolls were soon lighted and placed in the cavity. But it would have taken a long time to smoke him out at that rate, had not the inside of the tree been dry. It caught fire from the torches, and the flames ran upward. In a moment the whole inside of the tree was ablaze. Flame and smoke spouted out from the old knotholes and at the top. It drew like a chimney.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lon. "Hear it roar! 'Coony can't stand that long, I know!"

And he didn't. Very soon we heard something drop, and out rolled the 'coon at the bottom of the stump, coiled up like a ball. He was well singed and apparently suffocated.

Lon didn't believe he was dead, however, and cutting some limber birch withes, we proceeded to tie his legs before he came to his breath again. One glance at his little, slim, black feet, told the whole story about the *baby tracks!* And here let me state, for the benefit of all young sportsmen, that a raccoon makes a track just like a little child.

After tying his coonship, we slung him across a pole between us and started for home. He soon began to realize his situation, and wriggled about prodigiously. After we reached home Lon chained him to an apple tree, where we kept him all summer. He soon became tame as a dog, and a deal of sport he made for the family. But about the first of September we sold him to a menagerie man.

ON THE GUANO ISLANDS.

As I said in the *Companion* of last week, it is about fifteen years since I was at the Chincha Islands, from which such enormous supplies of guano have been obtained. I do not know the condition of the islands at this time, but when I visited them, they were about as strange and undesirable a place of resort, even for seamen, as can be well imagined.

Besides the intolerable odor and dust from the guano, the character of the men gathered there was not specially creditable to the race as a whole. There were Indians, Peruvians, South Americans of European blood, mixed breeds, and last, but not least, the fearfully abused Chinese coolies. The latter were virtually slaves, and were treated with a brutality that was absolutely shocking. Almost every day several of them committed suicide, in the hope of relief from the miseries of their lot. This became so serious a matter at last, that the gangs were locked up under guard at night.

The half-caste, dirty looking soldiers kept on the island by the Peruvian authorities were any thing but creditable to that government. They were a sneaking, cruel, dastardly set of men, that would not have stood in line a moment under the fire of an enemy. I give a portrait of one of the officers and his Indian slave,—a fair sample in his dress and general appearance of these redoubtable warriors.

Much more pleasing objects of interest were the fish, that literally swarmed about the islands. We had only to throw a line into the water, to catch mackerel as rapidly as they could be drawn on board the vessel. About the rocks were shoals of red mullet and rock cod, besides many species of gorgeously colored fish unknown to me, but familiar to the natives by long and sonorous Spanish names.

Porpoises, seals and thrashers amused themselves by tumbling about us all day. Two young whales, especially, came every morning and evening to gambol near our ship. They were of the formidable fin-back species, and valueless to capture, and so were allowed to enjoy themselves without molestation.

This reminds me of an amusing, yet somewhat exciting, adventure that brought our third mate and myself into rather too intimate an acquaintance with one of these huge youngsters. We had been fishing for rock cod and mackerel, but getting tired of this, concluded to change our fishing ground. Setting the jolly-boat's shoulder-of-mutton sail, we bore away to the farthest extremity of the channel, between the North and Middle Islands. Taking in the canvas, we were just dropping our lines into the water, when puff, puff, puff, came a shoal of young porpoises alongside of the boat.

The mate caught up a harpoon that lay near his hand and sprang to the bow.

I hurriedly unshipped the rudder, and ran out an oar astern, to have the boat under control.

"Bow on with her! Bow on!" roared my companion, with his harpoon poised in the air.

I did so, but just at that moment a huge black body rose slowly to the surface of the water, and I at once saw that it was a young fin-back.

AN OFFICER AND HIS INDIAN SLAVE.

The porpoises had disappeared, and, to my horror, the third mate was taking aim at the formidable young whale.

"Hold up! Don't strike, it's a fin-back," I cried.

"Fin-back, or porpoise, who cares," yelled the reckless mate, and launched his keen weapon, with all his strength, into the arched, glistening back of the huge creature, just as it broke water under the bow.

There was a tremendous splash and flurry, and a dash with the broad and powerful tail, which completely drenched us with spray, as he "fluked" deep down into the water. Then the strong three and a half inch line went spinning over the bows, showing that we were fast—too fast to please me.

You may be sure that the boat was towed at a speed few jolly-boats have ever known. Her bow was dragged below the surface, and on each side a clear, smooth wave was ploughed up to a height of one or two feet above the gunnel.

Every moment I expected we should be swamped. I could not swim at that time, and you can imagine my feelings. Straight on in mid-channel, through the shipping at the Middle Island anchorage, did that abused fish tow us. I could see that our novel ride was causing great excitement on board the vessels. Their crews were on the rigging, yelling and shouting, but as they all yelled and shouted together we could not understand a word that was said. Numerous boats were put off to our assistance, but they might as well have attempted to catch a steamboat. We bade fair in half an hour to be out of sight of boats, ships and Chincha Islands.

DISCHARGING GUANO WAGONS.

The mate searched every pocket for his knife, but it could not be found.

"Come, my hearty," he exclaimed, trying to be as cool as possible. "Hand out your fish cleaner. Hurry up."

I nervously searched my pockets, and found my knife, but as I went towards him on the inclined plane that the boat made, I stepped upon a dead mackerel, and in endeavoring to save myself from going overboard, the knife flew from my hand into the water.

The mate then found relief to his feelings, by using language not often heard in polite society, but finally concluding that oaths would not restore the loss, he tried to cast off the end of the rope from the ring bolt, by which it was held. Of course with the strain upon it, he failed in the attempt.

"Come here, you young monkey," he then cried. I had remained in the stern sheets to add my weight to keep the boat's stern down, and bows up. "Come here! You have good teeth, try and gnaw through the rope."

Not feeling flattered by being called a monkey, I declined to go.

Ships and islands were fast fading astern. We were at least five miles from the spot where the whale was struck. I had begun to despair of ever seeing land again, when suddenly the rope slackened. The threatened wave at the bows subsided, and the boat lay upon the surface of the water uninjured. We knew, of course, that the line had broken, or the harpoon had drawn. Our spirits underwent a sudden revulsion. We looked at each other and burst into a hearty laugh, and I am happy to say that the desire to punch the mate's head for his foolish recklessness, that had been quite strong in my mind, even in the midst of our danger, was quite forgotten.

Hauling in the rope, we recovered the harpoon, which, fortunately for us, was one of the old-fashioned instruments, and not cunningly barbed in a way that fastens inside of the wound, as do some regular whalers' weapons.

There was a fresh, fair wind, and we were soon back to the islands again, but I had lost my relish for "jolly"-boat fishing, as my experience didn't quite harmonize with the name.

LOVE AND HATE.

Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O, son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
With pity said, "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Brooding above him sweetly sang the bird;
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song;
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"

Whittier.

FRENCH POLITICS.

French politics have assumed a new phase, the effect of which may be found important.

The National Assembly, which met last winter, has declared itself to be a Constituent Assembly,—in other words, it has not only taken upon itself the present government of France, but it has taken into its hands the great task of forming a French polity for the future.

It will be remembered that the National Assembly was called together for the express purpose of making peace with the German Empire, after the surrender of Paris. It was arranged for with the German commanders, and the members were chosen by permission of those conquerors.

Had the Assembly, which met promptly, and made peace on the part of France, confined itself to its proper functions, it would have broken up half a year ago, remitting all power to the people.

Many persons thought that such would be its course,—but no one thought so who knew any thing about French politics and French parties. The conclusion would have been just enough had the Assembly been sitting in the United States, or in England, but it was not in the case of France.

In England or America, when a public body has discharged the duty for which it was assembled, it dissolves, and the members are lost in the community. For such a body to assume powers that had not been conferred upon it, would be very exceptional indeed.

But they order things differently in France, though not always for the better, we think. There, if a party is strong enough to do a thing, it does it, without the slightest regard to propriety, or morality, or the fitness of things.

The National Assembly soon learned that it had the power to do almost any thing. The breaking up of the imperial system, and the failure of the Republicans to defend the country against the Germans, had disposed the French people to accept almost any thing that might be proposed in the shape of a government that promised safety and protection to individual rights, and, consequently, had the National Assembly boldly recalled either the House of Bourbon or the House of Orleans to the French throne, nine-tenths of Frenchmen not only would have acquiesced, but would have warmly applauded the act. Very soon many of them would have changed their tune, but for the time they would have been all but unanimous in approval. What then was wanted was a government,—and the stronger it should have been the better it would have been liked.

But the Assembly, though it did something in the way of forming a provisional government for France, had not the boldness to go all lengths, and so dictate a polity for that country. Its will to act was good enough, but it lacked the nerve to act at once.

Perhaps the occurrence of the War of the Commune had the effect of indisposing the Assembly to the part of restoring the monarchy, though most of its members were known to be in favor of such restoration.

At length, however, the Assembly has spoken, but not directly for a monarchical restoration, though that is what it really desires.

It has declared itself to be a Constituent Assembly, thus taking upon itself to constitute a government for France.

A Constituent Assembly is the French equivalent for an American Constitutional Convention. Such an American body is composed of men specifically chosen to make or amend a Constitution,—and it would no more think of acting as a government than it would think of declaring war. Nor would an American body that should bear any resemblance to the French National Assembly ever think of taking upon itself the duties of a Constitutional Convention.

They are less logical in France, and so the National Assembly has converted itself into a Constituent Assembly, and will proceed to make a Constitution for that country, and also set up a government, though wholly unauthorized to do so.

What kind of government it will make is by no means certain, but the general impression is that the new system will be republican in character.

A CHANGE IN COTTON.

Facts and figures that have been recently published in England show that a great change has been wrought in the cotton trade—a branch of industry that used to be considered an American monopoly.

For many years previous to 1861 it was supposed that the Southern States of the American Union alone could be depended upon to supply the demand for cotton. Other countries produced it, but not in large amounts, and not so regularly as it was raised by American slaveholders. Our Southern cotton-raising interest was considered the greatest in the world, and susceptible of an indefinite increase.

"Cotton is King!" was a common saying; and it certainly assumed a character that kings often possess when they are despotic—for it was a great tyrant. To increase their facilities for raising cotton, the Southern States desired more slaves and more slave territory, and because the people of the North were opposed to the extension of slavery, the slaveholding States attempted to break away from the Union. This was resisted by the free States, and a fearful civil war was the result.

The leaders of the South supposed that neither Europe nor America could get along without cotton. The trade in it was enormous, and involved large and very widely spread interests. The inference was reasonable enough, that self-interest would force the free States and also foreign nations to acquiesce in the establishment of a Southern Confederacy, in order to avoid serious embarrassment and disaster.

But they were mistaken. The patriotism of the North was stronger than self-interest, and the European nations did not look at the matter from the Southern standpoint. Instead of helping the South, other countries were encouraged by foreign traders to raise cotton,—and now let us see what has been the result:

The year 1860 was the last year of the American cotton monopoly, for in 1861 the civil war began, and the South had something else to think of than the cultivation of cotton. In 1860 the amount of money paid by England for East Indian cotton was the moderate sum of $17,500,000. In 1864 England paid for East Indian cotton the monstrous sum of $190,000,000! The increase was all but eleven-fold in four years.

Since 1863, or for eight years, the average annual amount paid for cotton from India, by the English, is $115,000,000, or almost seven times as much as she paid to the same country for the same article in the year before our civil war.

Thus a great cotton-growing interest has been built up in India as a direct consequence of the rebellion of the Southern cotton-growers.

But it is not in India alone that our civil war led men to undertake cotton-raising. Egypt went into the business, and already has established a great cotton-producing interest. Turkey has also entered into the same line of industry,—and so has Australia,—and so have other countries; and not one of them would have done so had our cotton-planters adhered to civil life instead of going into civil war.

The effect is, that American cotton no longer is king, but is dethroned, like Napoleon III., and reduced to equality with the cottons of other countries, that never pretended to be either im-

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perial or royal. It is, however, in good demand, in spite of competition. All that can be raised will be readily sold; but it never can be king again.

WHAT PACIFIC RAILROAD TRAVELLERS SEE.

A correspondent of the New York *Examiner* describes his ride to Denver (Colorado) on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. He says the journey is lively enough to the tourist even after Manhattan Junction is passed and the cars roll into the heart of the great unpeopled Western wilderness:

The ride over the Kansas Pacific, if it could be taken but once, would be a story to tell to one's grandchildren. Here we find the buffaloes. Each day, on the Kansas Pacific Road, there is a "menagerie" to be seen gratis. Not a beggarly lot of forlorn and mangy captives in cages and coops, but the lords of the wilderness by the thousand, wandering in uncurbed strength. In the spring and fall the Plains will be black with them for miles. Herds four and six miles square are feeding all along, the train being often obliged to come to a halt on account of them. Sometimes, for a hundred miles, it seems like a continuous herd. It does not look as if they were going to disappear right away.

At this time of the year they are not so plenty, but some are seen each day. Few have any idea of the speed of these animals. The day we came out, we descried a herd of a hundred or more feeding near the road.

As soon as the whistle blew, cow-like, they all started for the track. Unable to reach it before the train was ahead of them, they turned and ran alongside about fifty rods distant. The train slackened its speed to a mile in four minutes, and for five or six miles the herd kept abreast.

At the head was a group of tremendous bulls—great, unwieldy fellows—with a rolling gait like the motion of a boat when there is a heavy sea on, but they did not seem to be exerting themselves, though they were making a speed which few horses could equal.

Scattered through the herd were several calves, and they had to pick up their feet pretty lively. One big fellow, by taking advantage of a curve, dashed across the track just ahead of the train.

For almost half an hour they kept up the race, but at last they turned and disappeared over the distant ridges. Few race-horses could have kept up with them. And it should also be borne in mind that they labored under the disadvantage that it was a warm day, and each one had on a buffalo skin! All along the track are scattered carcasses of buffaloes shot from the train.

The "prairie dog towns" are scattered all along the road. There, but a few feet distant, sits the little fellow on the edge of his hole—erect on his hind end, grave as a judge—as though he would make you believe he had always been familiar with railroads. The young prairie dog is very comical. His head is the largest part of him, and when he sits up and barks, the bark comes with such an explosion that it tips him over backwards—a solemn warning to rude orators!

The graceful antelope is seen each day bounding over the plain with the swiftness of the wind. The big jack rabbit starts up in front, and runs for forty rods or more, and then stops and looks round to see what is the matter. There is not much reading of books to be done in the cars—the attention is continually demanded on the outside.

A DATE OF ILL OMEN.

The following statement by some curious observer seems to make an odd number suggestive of any thing but good luck to the French. "The ninth of Ab" (July) has had a bad name among the Jews since the terrible slaughter of their people in Palestine, on that day, by the Emperor Adrian, and the superstitious fear of Friday still attests, in credulous minds, the effect of the supposed curse which the Crucifixion fixed upon it. Only one of the days given below was Friday, and that was the least black of any of them, viz., the 27th of January:

The twenty-seventh day of each month during the war between France and Germany has been an eventful one. The 27th of August was marked by a brilliant victory of the Germans over the French near Buzancy, in which the General of the French forces was taken prisoner; and also for the beginning of operations around Sedan. On the evening of the 27th of September Strasbourg capitulated. On the morning of the 27th of October Bazaine's army and the fortress of Metz surrendered. On the 27th of November an important victory was won by the first division of the German army over the French Northern army, the latter losing several thousand men, and being driven back towards the Somme, and the Germans under Goeben, in consequence of the victory, taking possession of Amiens on the following day. On the 27th of December began the bombardment of the forts around Paris. On the 27th of January the bombardment of the forts and of the city itself ceased. On the 27th of February the treaty of peace was signed.

AN OLD BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

Recently, a farmer living near Sugar Grove, below Jamestown, while chopping down a large poplar tree that stood on his premises, discovered near the centre of the trunk, firmly imbedded in the wood, a glass bottle, containing some kind of liquid, which was supposed to be the essence of corn. The tree was on the eve of falling, however, when the discovery was made, and thus the fragile vessel was broken and the contents wasted. There were no marks of decay or blemish about the base of the tree, and the mystery as to how the bottle came there can only be solved by supposing that it was placed in some cavity in the trunk many years ago, by an old pioneer, who never returned to "smile again," and in time the wood gradually grew over it, thus completely hiding it from view. It was one of those old-time bottles, of spherical shape, made of bluish-colored glass, with spiral fluting running down the neck.

Society would be benefited if all bottles of whiskey were locked up in the same way. The trees would make a better use of it than men do, and they could stand it a great deal better.

AN "INFERNAL" REGION.

Europe furnishes specimens of ghastly scenery, quite enough of the volcanic and horrible to make foundation and imagery for the old classic poets' fancies concerning Hades and Tartarus. But for regions that suggest demoniac presences, and naturally take infernal names, America beats the world—at least, *Californian* America does.

Near the confines of Fresho, Tulare and Inyo counties, in the headwaters of the Keweah, there exists a remarkable piece of country. The Indians say it is the abiding-place of the Evil Spirit. The country is rugged and rocky—mountains, with deep valleys and precipitous cliffs. Snakes and reptiles abound, and, taken in all, it is a wild and most uninviting region.

But aside from this a most curious phenomenon exists. The ground trembles and quakes almost continuously, and the abundant rocks grind and grit together as if being urged by some terrible influence. Frequently deep discharges are heard, muffled and dull, like the distant sound of heavy artillery. At night the sounds seem to be more abundant than in the daytime. No Indian can be induced to venture near the locality, regarding it with superstitious horror. No theory is advanced by any one to account for the strange phenomena mentioned. We also learn from William Famonville that above the head of Crane Valley, in this county, another place similar to the one mentioned exists. Persons who have visited the last place named describe the sound mentioned as like muffled thunder.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

BOAT DRAWN BY FISHES.

Man's genius has turned steam and electricity to his own use, and made horses and oxen do good service. But it has not attempted to train fishes to any kind of useful labor. *Every Saturday* says that a beginning has been made in this direction, and that sturgeons work in harness to draw a chariot in the water:

A letter from Easton, Pa., speaks of a novel use made of sturgeons by Mr. L. Phillippi and Col. J. R. Sitgreaves, of that place. They cause a couple of fish to draw a small boat, in harness, and attach them also to two imitation swans, which float upon them and prevent their diving. The boat is shaped like a shell.

The mode of harnessing the sturgeons is peculiar. A broad India rubber band, encircling each fish behind the pectoral fin, has a brass ring attached on top. Through these rings a stout ashen pole, about eight feet long, is inserted, and to two staples in the pole the traces are fastened. There is also a gum elastic band around each sturgeon, just behind the dorsal fin, with a loop in the side holding the opposite ends of a much slighter pole, to compel them to swim at a regular distance from each other.

Mr. Phillippi, who acts as driver, has his seat in the bow, and directs their course with a goad, which is a long pole, and as thick as one's wrist, with a sharp spike sticking out at right angles from the end, and it is surprising with what alacrity they obey. When they are to be turned to the right or left, a sudden prick on the opposite side of each sturgeon causes the pair to take the desired course; when a greater speed is desired, they are pierced near the tail; when they are required to halt, the goad is reached forward and they are pricked in front of the head.

THE RIGHT BIRD.

The following fine instance of good-humored Irish wit ought not to have made a doctor angry,—doctors are such a self-possessed, even-tempered class of men!

Old Dr. Nichols, who formerly practiced medicine, found the fees and calls did not come fast enough to please him, so he added an apothecary shop to his business, for the sale of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the doctor loved to stand in front of his shop and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed upon it for awhile with a comical look, and then exclaimed,—

"An' sure, doctor, it's fine! But there's something a bit wantin' in it."

"And what, pray, is that?" asked the doctor.

"Do you see," said Pat, "the beautiful sheet of water and not a bit of a bird swimming in it?"

"Ah, yes," said the doctor, "that's a good idea. I'll have a couple of swans painted there; wouldn't they be fine?"

"Faith, and I don't know but they would; but I'm thinking there's another bird that would be more appropriate."

"And what's that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, I can't spake his name jist now, but he is one of thim birds that when he sings, he cries 'Quack, quack, quack!'"

The last that was seen of Pat and the doctor, Pat was running for dear life, and the doctor after him.

A SMALL SON OF A GOOD FATHER.

The family of Roman emperors dwindled from Augustus through a good many generations, till it finally ended in Augustulus, (little Augustus.) Some sons who lean on the greatness of an ancestor degenerate quicker than that.

Among recent deaths in Germany there is announced that of a man whose character and career supplies a curious commentary on the principles of "hereditary genius"—the eldest son of Wilhelm von Humboldt. He had in common with his father and uncle both name and wealth, but besides this absolutely nothing. He was all his life long—and a long life of seventy-five years it was—what is called in Germany a "sonderling," which in his case meant rather more than our "queer fish." Among the various feats whereby he laid claim to distinction among his contemporaries must be reckoned his spending his last twenty years or so exclusively in bed, although endowed with the most vigorous health, and not even being able to impair it by this long-drawn-out freak. As to the rest of his career, all that can be said of this small scion of a great house is, that he was proprietor of the estate of Ottmachu in Silesia, a very fine and large property, which had been given to his father as a reward for his services to the Prussian State. Also, that his death took place in Berlin, and that he was buried at Regel, the sepulchre of his great namesake.

PARABLE OF TEN VIRGINS AS TOLD BY A CHINESE BOY.

The Chinese of the seaports in China pick up a few words of business English, (called "*pigeon* English,") which serves them sufficiently well for business intercourse with British and Americans. The following shows how unfit for *sacred* subjects this "lingo" is. A Chinese boy, Choy Awaw, has read the story of the Ten Virgins as translated by the missionaries, and undertakes to give his idea of it. We venture to say not every New England scholar could say his lesson and leave out so few things the first time:

The kingdom like ten girls; never marry; they bring some lanterns; come out till some new married man come that way. Have got five wise and five foolish. Five hold lanterns with no oil. Smart five had oil inside. The new married man come late; they sleep. By-and-by they all say, "New married man come." All go out to him. Five makey nice lanterns. Five foolish say, "You give me oil; lamp no oil, you give me some." The smart say, "I no give you; I not enough; you go market buy." Foolish go market to buy. The new married man come. All come in to dinner. Shut the door. By-and-by the foolish come and say, "Boss, boss, open door." He say, "I no likey you; you no my." Must be smart, no understand the day."

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

The following anecdote is told of the famous Marshal Wrangel, a former hero of the Prussian army:

All persons of any distinction were desirous of calling upon him, and it devolved upon his adjutant to give him some information about his visitors, as some of them were even princes.

One day a poet, named Putlitz, was announced, and the adjutant hastily whispered in the marshal's ear the title of the poet's most celebrated work: "What the Woods tell us." The old General, who was not much given to literature, had never heard of the book, and must have understood the words as "What wood sells at," for he turned to his visitor with the inquiry, "How long have you been in the lumber business, Mr. Putlitz?"

THE WEIGHT OF AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT.

When Amadeus, the new King of Spain, entered Madrid to ascend the throne of the expelled Bourbons, there was great excitement among the people, and no little talk of murdering him. One Spaniard hurried home, and called to his wife,—

"Give me down my loaded gun from the wall; the King is just going to enter the palace."

"What do you want with the gun?" replied his wife, calmly; "by the time you get there the King will be safe in the palace."

"True. You are right, wife! Then bring me my cloak, and I will go and offer him my congratulations."

QUIET WIT.

A gentleman who had taken the horse cars for the Worcester Depot in Boston, encumbered with manifold bags and parcels, reached the bell rope, with an effort, when he wished to get off, and gave a vigorous pull; the result was a sharp ring from both bells. "What are you ringing both ends for?" was the discourteous and surly inquiry of the conductor. "Because I wished the car to stop at both ends," was the quiet reply, that left a convulsed car load and a discomfitted conductor.

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THE TWO SLEEPERS.

An old man sat in his easy chair,
Where he had sat before,
Day after day, at eventide,
For years at least a score.
The Bible open on his lap—
A smile upon his face—
And round his brow a halo shone,
Evolved by inward grace.

He heeded not the little one
Who sported 'round his knee,
And twitched the tassel of his gown,
And shouted out with glee,
"Come, grandpa, put your book away—
'Tis nine o'clock, you know—
And you must play awhile with me,
Before to bed you go.

"What! won't you play?" the child went on
With disappointed air,
"You said you would at nine o'clock—
Grandpa, that isn't fair!
But never mind—you're tired, perhaps—
And I'm a saucy thing—
So sit you still, and I your pipe
Will from this mantel bring."

And yet the old man stirred not,
Nor looked he at the child,
Who laid her head upon his book,
Gazed up at him and smiled—
And then she pouted pettishly,
And then began to weep.
And then, tired out, her eyelids closed,
And she fell fast asleep.

And thus they slumbered tranquilly—
The grandsire and the child—
And as they slept it seemed as if
They on each other smiled.
But while the red-cheeked, joyous child,
The sleep of health was taking,
The old man was reposing in
The sleep that knows no waking.

He had passed away e'en while he dwelt
Upon the sacred story,
And left this sin-embittered life
For one of brightest glory.
O, picture rare! O, lesson stern
For heedless man intended—
The wee child starting on a voyage
The grandsire old had ended.

FRANCIS S. SMITH.

A WONDERFUL PRAYER.

The prayer of Habakkuk has ever been regarded as one of the most lofty strains of Hebrew poetry. The passage commencing, "God came from Teman and the Holy One from Mount Paran," is, next to the descent on Sinai, the most awe-inspiring representation of the majesty, and power, and glory of the Deity in Holy Writ. We find the following anecdote of the influence of this wonderful prayer on a company of French atheists:

During Dr. Franklin's residence in Paris, after an evening entertainment, a number of the *literati* present assented to the general charge against the Bible as being a piece of deception, and destitute of any literary merit. While the whole party assented, it was observed that the doctor gave no answer, and they appealed to him for his opinion. In his way, he avoided an expression by saying that his mind had been running on a new book which he had fallen in with at one of the stores. It might interest them if he would read a short section. They were all eager to hear. Taking the book out of his pocket, he read in a grave and solemn manner a short poem. They all pronounced it the best they had ever heard.

"That is fine," said one.

"That is sublimity," said another.

"It has not its superior in the world," was the unanimous opinion.

They all wished to know if that was a specimen of the book.

"Certainly," said the doctor, "it is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible, out of which I have read the prayer of Habakkuk."

ALL EQUAL HERE.

All are equal before God; the prince in his purple and the beggar in his rags. The great Duke of Wellington was at heart an humble man, and the following anecdote well illustrates his own consciousness that in the eye of the All Seeing, worth alone makes the man:

It is related of the Duke of Wellington, that once when he remained to take sacrament at his parish church, a very poor old man had gone up the opposite aisle, and reaching the communion table, knelt down by the side of the duke. Some one—a pew-owner, probably—came and touched the poor man on the shoulder, and whispered to him to move further away, or rise and wait until the duke had received the bread and wine. But the eagle eye and quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that touch and that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand, and held him to prevent his rising, and in a reverential undertone, but most distinctly, said, "Do not move—we are all equal here."

"WHAT HAS IT DONE FOR YOU?"

The other day, Mr. Bradlaugh, an infidel, was lecturing in a village in the north of England, and at the close, he challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in the most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer, and said,—

"Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

"Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and my family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

"Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but"—

"O! but that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again; the feeling of the meeting gave vent in uproarous applause, and Mr. Bradlaugh had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

UNSEEN LIFE.

The telescope excites wonder, as it makes known innumerable worlds in the heavens. The microscope excites equal wonder, making known innumerable living creatures, almost or quite invisible without it, but all perfectly formed, and enjoying life no less than larger beings. An observer gives an account of a single look through the microscope:

We examined a drop of rain water. In that single drop we counted near a hundred playful little creatures, apparently as large as the common house-fly, frolicking and frisking about as merrily as minnows in a meadow brook.

Then we reached a book from the shelf, and detected a speck of white insect hurrying off at a double-quick to hide behind a grain of dust, for we had opened on him by surprise. The little fellow was retreating rapidly; the shaking of a book leaf, or even for as much of a leaf to tremble as would hold a single letter, was to him a commotion equal to a hundred earthquakes. But we pursued him, excited as he was, until we chased him on a bar of polished brass, and, by a grand stratagem, drove him into an intrenchment on the bar.

He was smaller than the dot of an *i* in your pocket Bible. But we pressed him into our service, a prisoner in his house of brass, and snugly covered him by a glass slide, until we reviewed him beneath the microscope.

His prison was less roomy than the eye of a fine cambric needle, yet under the microscope, his liberties, as well as his body, were greatly enlarged. That creature, to the naked eye so small, was now apparently as large as a bee, and white as snow, with limbs of perfect symmetry and proportion.

We were affected by his efforts to be free. He hurried from side to side of his prison-house, and tried to force the walls apart! Through his clear, transparent flesh could be seen the beatings of his heart and the purple veins of his blood. His movements were restless and pitiful as those of a newly-caged bird. If we could, by some magnifier of sound, have heard his voice and understood his language, doubtless it would have been a plaintive cry for liberty.

THE TULIP MANIA.

A whole country once went crazy over the beauty of a flower. We are not beginning a fairy tale, like the "Singing Bird, the Singing Tree and the Yellow Water." The country was Holland, and the flower was the tulip. A single tulip bulb was once sold for a sum equal to three thousand dollars! Three thousand dollars for a root that many of our readers would value scarcely more than an onion! The London *Quarterly Review* thus alludes to the tulip insanity:

The innocent cause of the evil, always a favorite with the Turkish race, found its way from Constantinople to Vienna in 1554. It is recorded that in 1562 a cargo of the precious bulbs was received by a merchant of Antwerp, who, mistaking them for some kind of onion, had many of them cooked, the rest being planted among his kitchen vegetables, where, apparently, most of them died. A merchant of Mechlin, however, had obtained a few of the bulbs; and his more careful culture led to the discovery of the beauty of their blooms. The plant thus introduced to the Dutch florists soon became the object of their special care, the bulbs fetching a high price. A story is told of a sailor, that, breakfasting one morning upon his herring in the warehouses of a Dutch merchant, he took up a handful of what he deemed to be onions, and eat them as a relish to his fish.

Unhappily for the luckless owner they were the priceless bulbs of the new plant; and it is said that the cost of the poor tar's breakfast to his unconcious host was greater than would have sufficed for the festive entertainment of all the heads of the national Government.

The trade in tulips appears for a long time to have been a legitimate one for those who wanted and were willing to pay for luxuries. But in the middle of the seventeenth century, the gambling spirit, so often developed when commerce has increased capital without supplying corresponding means for the profitable investment of it, took hold of the entire nation. Many collateral circumstances prove that the whole affair partook of this character; and that a genuine love of flowers had little to do with the mania.

An instance is found in the system of betting on the probable nature of the flowers which the young seedlings might produce. This was carried to an enormous extent, ruining family after family, like the race-course or the dice-box. The mania probably culminated about the year 1636, at which time the trade is said to have yielded within three years to the city of Haarlem above 10,000,000 sterling. For one root alone 4,000 florins, and a new carriage with two harnessed horses, were given; 13,000 florins, or above £650, were paid for another bulb of the same variety; while a third, of a different sort, brought its possessor twelve acres of land. One person who had an income of £2,800 a year—a very much larger sum then than the same figures now represent—was reduced to beggary in four months. The folly at last assumed such vast proportions that Government interference became necessary for its suppression.

GUESS HOW IT WAS SPELT.

An abrupt *challenge* to do a thing—whether to spell a word, or whatever else it may be—is apt to convey the impression that there is some difficulty or catch about it, and few persons are so habitually on their guard against a joke as to strike the simple answer the first time. A Southern lady, writing to the *Advent Herald*, tells how she fell into the guessing trap:

From 1843 to 1866 we resided in one of the Southern States. From 1862 onward to the end of the war, the city of H. was held by the Federals as a military post and the citizens of the city and the country could purchase articles of merchandise within the lines, only as permitted by the proper officers. A bill of the desired articles had to be approved by these officers before it could be presented to a merchant.

From the boy of seventeen to the man of fifty the males were *absent;* hence the bills were frequently made out by persons but little accustomed to the use of the pen, and, as might have been expected, much of the orthography Webster could not have indorsed. This misspelling gave rise to many a hearty laugh.

A merchant, at whose house I was stopping, challenged his wife and myself, one morning, declaring "that we could not at fifty guesses spell the little word *salt* as it was spelled on a bill which he had just received—*the common and easy word salt!*"

The merchant's wife was an accomplished scholar, and had spent many years in teaching. Having heard *so much* about the "bad spelling," we felt somewhat prepared for the undertaking, and began in about the following style: "Sault—sawlt—sawllt—saughlt—saughllt—solt—sort—sorlt—sorlltt—calt—cawlt—ceawlt—soylt—soyalt," etc., etc. But in vain. We were obliged to say, "We give up."

"Why," said the merchant, very coolly, "it was spelled *s-a-l-t.*"

How many learned people miss the *plain* meaning of a thing from a notion of its difficulty, and a temptation to *exploit* upon it!

THE WAY HE THANKED HIM.

The following incident is an illustration of the meanness which is sometimes shown by men who think they are gentlemen:

The porter of a leading ship chandler, in the routine of his duties, one day last winter, called at the Tradesman's Bank, New York. As he passed out he noticed a piece of yellow paper in the half-melting snow, which had been trampled by many feet. He picked it up, and seeing that it was a check of some sort, slipped it into his overcoat pocket to be examined at leisure.

It turned out to be a gold check for $280, with the indorsement of a man who we will call Smith. The next day when he visited the bank he showed the paper to the receiving clerk, who at once identified it as the property of Mr. Smith.

"That's the owner," said he, pointing to a gentleman who was just passing through the swinging doors; "run after him and give it to him."

Before the finder could reach the loser the latter had reached his own office. The porter told his story and handed over the check, expecting, perhaps, a reward, but certainly to be thanked.

Mr. Smith regarded him with a heavy frown, and stormed out, "What do you mean, sir, by retaining this check twenty-four hours—you ought to have returned it to me at once."

"I did not know what it was, sir," replied the man, "until I cleaned it; and as my employer's place of business is in Front Street, and I was busy all day, I did not get a chance to return it till I came to the bank this morning."

"You ought to have left it with the bank, sir. You had no business to come to me fishing for a reward."

"Why, the bank clerk told me to bring it to you personally," expostulated the porter.

"Then he's a fool. I don't want any more words about it. John, (this was to his clerk,) show that man the way out."

"I can find it without showing, and let me tell you, Mr. Smith, that you are the biggest hog in New York State, if it is Christmas."

HOW THE ORIENTALS ARE SHOD.

"There's nothing like leather," we say, but the Eastern people's idea seems to be, "any thing but leather." What would they say to having a tanner for a chief magistrate, as Massachusetts and Connecticut have? The following is interesting, as it illustrates Matt. 3: 11; Mark 1: 7:

There can be no greater insult offered to a native of the East than to touch or strike him with a shoe. None but the very lowest castes have any thing to do with leather, and these are too unclean to be allowed to touch persons of other castes. The missionaries, when they make books for circulation among the natives, avoid binding them in leather, but make paper backs to the books, as otherwise the higher caste natives would not touch or read them. The caste who work in leather are called *Choomars*, and live in a portion of the town or village by themselves. A great many of these have become Christians, and our native women, who are Bible readers, can go among them freely, to read to them.

The shoes in ordinary use resemble our slippers, and are generally highly ornamented, and wrought with silk, or silver and gold thread. They are made large, so that they can be easily dropped off on entering the house or the presence of a superior. As the women often wear bells on their toes, it is then a great inconvenience to them to wear shoes.

Sandals are much worn. They consist of a mere sole of wood mounted on two blocks, lifting them about an inch from the ground. Sometimes they are fastened to the foot by a strap, but more generally are held by a mere peg of wood caught between two of the toes. They are much worn during the rainy season, when the native leather, which is poorly tanned, is of little use or comfort. These sandals cost about fifteen cents, and are often made of the fragrant sandal-wood. Fastening or loosening the shoes is the business of the very lowest caste, and is a very humiliating employment.—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

A FLUSTERED BRIDEGROOM.

The value of coolness and presence of mind is never more forcibly taught than by the funny antics of those who have none of it. The Detroit *Free Press* tells a story of a young man who arrived in Detroit one night, last spring, on his way to Alpena, where he was going to marry a fine young lady of that village. On his way to the depot he thought he would have time to get his hair cut before the train started. He plunged into a barber's shop, and had the job about finished when the train moved away. He rushed to the station and offered twenty dollars for a special to Saginaw:

The person in charge was both amazed and amused, and informed him that he was altogether too liberal in his offers. He then went $5 better; $10, $15, and finally, in his desperation, offered $100, then $150, and then $200 for the use of an engine to overtake the speeding mail train. As there was not an engine to spare, offers could not be accepted, and the man rushed down stairs to the shouting hackmen, selected one and screamed,—

"I'll give you $50 to catch the Saginaw train!"

The Jehu looked at his horses, considered their gait, thought of the distance, and shook his head mournfully.

"Do it, and I'll make it $100," shouted the man, half jumping into the hack.

"It can't be done, my friend, not by horses," replied the hackman, sadly, for he wanted that "pile" of greenbacks.

The disappointed bridegroom started to the telegraph office, and wanted the operator to send through a message, as follows: "Hold on a minute, till a fellow named H—— M—— catches it," but the operator told him it was no use. Some one suggested that he might hire an engine at Pontiac, if he could get there.

"How far is it to Pontiac?" he asked, fairly jumping up and down. He was told that it was only twenty-six miles, when he immediately avowed his determination to walk the distance, and went off down the track as if shot from an army musket.

The funniest thing about it all is the stupidity of the fellow in forgetting to telegraph at once to his intended bride at Alpena, explaining matters.

A DOG KEEPING SUNDAY.

We knew a horse once, who never failed to distinguish between Sunday and other days. On week days, he would turn of his own accord into the street leading to the depot, on Sunday he uniformly went by that street, and turned, equally of his own accord, into the church-yard. He never confounded the days, or blundered in choosing the right road. The following story shows equal intelligence in a dog. We find it in *Harper's Weekly:*

A King Charles spaniel belonging to a lady, a relation of my own, was constantly in the habit of attending her when she was out driving, and, if it was wished that he should not accompany her, it was necessary to shut him up to prevent him from doing so. On Sunday she went to teach at the village school, where his presence was of course undesirable. To my surprise, one Sunday morning I saw her preparing for a start to school, leaving "Beau" at liberty in the dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opening on the carriage drive by which she would leave the house. I was proceeding to shut him up, when she said, "O, you need not trouble yourself to do that; he knows quite well that it is Sunday, and won't attempt to go with me." She was perfectly right. "Beau" sat in a chair watching her through the open window as she drove off, looking the picture of mortified resignation, but not offering to quit his place, though he had not been told to remain there.

HOW TO SPELL.

Often in writing a simple word is required of the orthography of which the writer is not sure. The dictionary may be referred to, but is not always convenient. An easy mode is to write the word on a piece of waste paper, in the two or

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three ways of which you are in doubt. Nine times in ten, the mode which looks right is right. Spelling, particularly English spelling, is so completely a work of the eye, that the eye alone should be trusted. There is no reason why "receive" and "believe" should be spelled differently, yet sounded alike in their second sylables. Yet write them "recieve" and "beleive," and the eye shows you the mistake at once. The best way for young people, and indeed people of any age, to learn to spell is to practise writing. Cobbet taught his children grammar by requiring that they should copy their lessons two or three times. These lessons he himself gave them in the form of letters; and his French and English grammars are two of the most amusing books in the English language. Of course "learning to spell" comes in incidentally.

A SURPRISED FISHERMAN.

One day while the steamboat *City of Hartford* was lying at Pratt's Ferry, waiting for the arrival of a small boat from Hartford, the second mate thought he would improve the time by fishing for bass. So he cast his line into the water and sat down patiently to wait the result.

On board the boat is a young colored boy, one of those amphibious Kanakas who came to San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands and eventually turned up as a boat hand on the *City of Hartford*. Like all of his amphibious race, he can remain a long time under the water.

He took it into his head to play a joke upon the mate; and, divesting himself of his clothes, jumped into the water on the opposite side of the boat from where the mate sat, dreamily awaiting a bite. Presently that official was startled by a strong pull at his line. His slumbering eyes opened wide, his breath came fast and thick, for he thought he had captured one of the biggest of the big bass which abound in the river.

He attempted to pull in his hook, but it resisted all his efforts! Then he thought he would play the fish for a little while; and so he would let out a few fathoms of line, and then draw in again. This he repeated until the negro, thinking he had carried the joke far enough, held on to the line and came to the surface with it, just at the time the mate, with bigger eyes than he had ever exhibited in all his life before, expected to land a big fish, and had shouted for help to the men on deck. The astonishment of that fisherman can be better imagined than expressed when he saw the woolly cocoa-nut head and rolling eyes of the Kanaka emerge from the waves! At first he thought he had caught the "devil fish" that Victor Hugo wrote about; then he didn't know really what it was; but finally, as the boy, blowing like a porpoise, struck out for the boat, and the laughter of some of the hands who were in the joke rang in his ears, he acknowledged himself sold. This story is in every particular a true one.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

THE MAGPIE AND THE DUCKS.

About three leagues from Nantes, in France, is a pretty village called Thouare. In this village there used to flourish a magpie whose memory deserves to be cherished. Her master was a justice of the peace, and Mag lived on excellent terms both with him and his maid-servant. The justice had a brood of ducks, which were daily taken to the fields for food and exercise. The servant always conducted them, and Mag accompanied her. The maid remarked that, at the hour fixed for their walk, the magpie regularly placed herself in readiness at the hen-house door.

One day, just as she had let them out, she was suddenly called away, when, to her great surprise, she saw the row of ducks on its way to the field, under the sole guidance of Mag, who, with her beak, was urging on those who lagged behind to mend their pace. Next day the servant purposely let her go alone, when she again took command of the flock, and from that time the whole charge was left to her, of conducting them and bringing them in at night.

But the justice did not keep ducks for the mere pleasure of looking at them; one by one they were killed and eaten; and Queen Mag saw the number of her subjects gradually diminish. She persevered, however, in her daily task, and when only a solitary duck remained, she led it to and from the field with her usual punctuality. At length the cruel order was issued; the last duck was to follow its companions, and appear at the justice's table. The maid caught the poor victim, and was about to execute her master's commands, when Mag, giving way to her fury, flew upon her, tore her face with her talons and beak, till she left it streaming with blood, then took to flight, and never returned.

THE GIANTS.

Dr. Arnot's favorite temperance couplet,

"Strong drink makes the drinker weak,
Weak drink makes the drinker strong,"

is well illustrated by the following:

For a long time the Patagonians, it was understood, were real giants; then this was denied. Observers, it was asserted, had looked at them through the magnifying medium of a fog. But a letter from a member of the Magellan Colony speaks of some of them as standing six feet, six or seven inches, and "from head to heel, symmetry itself." Nor is it unusual to find a Patagonian weighing as much as 285 pounds. With all their splendid physical characteristics, the race is degenerating "through the use of tobacco and liquor." Moreover, with all their bodily strength, the people are said to be exceedingly cowardly. Most of their wounds are given from behind. Heretofore they have recovered marvellously from their wounds, but with their degeneration the process is slower.

For the Companion.

BLUEBELL.

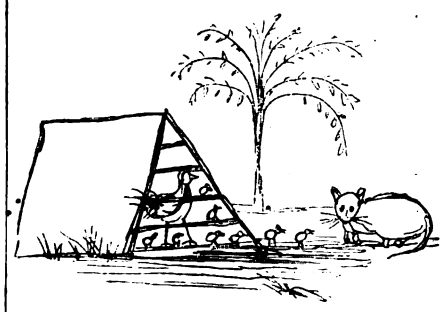
The first time I knew her, she was in a hens nest. This is the way she looked.

I was making mud pies and went to get an egg to make a custard pie. Old Speck lays an egg a day. she dident that day cause the kitten was in the nest. Brother Tom says Speck must have been too lazy and got the kitten to get into the nest for an excuse. I dont know. I was glad to see her.

I named her Bluebell. she aint quite so blue as my bluebell flowers though.

She thought she was a chicken I guess. she lived around with them and ates her meals with them. she set under the gooseberry bushes with the rest of the chickens, and wouldent get acquainted with the other white cat.

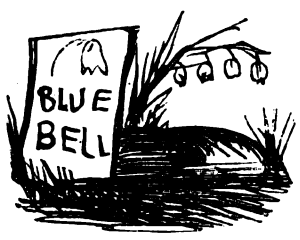
When old Speck hatched her chicks Bluebell played with them more than she did with me. She stayed right around the coop; she looked



like their little watch dog; she took good care of them. But she died.

This is the way she died; Ragged Johnny threw a stone at her and hit her. she lay right down and dident live any longer. I found her so. she looked happy and almost as pretty as she did in the hens nest, when I first knew her. I cried, and dug her grave by my Bluebells.

I made her a grave stone out of a shingle and put her name on it and a picture of a bluebell. Brother Tom said it ought to have been a pic-



ture of a kitten, and that I ought to have planted a cat's tail on her grave. they grow down by Fathers ditch. I played the dead march on my Jews harp. TOPSY TURVEY.

DUCKED.

Master Tommy, who had heard of the expedition of the wise men of Gotham in a bowl, thought a tub a fine craft for navigation, and found he was mistaken. So the *Schoolday Visitor* says:

It was well for Tommy that tubs will roll if you get them over on one side, or else I don't know how he ever would have got his aunt's big washing-tub down to the pond. He might have tumbled it over and over, to be sure, and ended by falling under it, and having to lie there till some one picked him up; but, as it was, he rolled the tub along like a hoop, down the grassy back yard to the water's edge, and there he pushed it over so it lay in the water.

He had a piece of broomstick all ready for an oar, and with that he climbed into the tub, and started out to sea. He pushed against the green bank with his stick, and actually worked his tub out two or three feet into the pond, but there it tipped! It was well the pond was so shallow, for the tub only stranded itself in the mud, and Tommy could still rock it back and forth, and play he was sailing.

You ought to have seen how the ducks looked at him, and then paddled off as far as they could get! But the great white gander swam proudly up and hissed!

"O, stop that!" cried Tommy.

"I won't!" hissed the gander.

"I'll make you stop!" shouted Tommy, and he caught off his straw hat and threw it at the gander, who hissed louder than ever.

Tommy reached out with his stick to get the hat, but he reached too far; tub and boy both lost their balance, and over he went into the muddy water. O, how the ducks and geese quacked, and hissed, and flapped their wings!

Aunt Ann heard the noise, and left her pies to look out. Down the bank she flew to the pond, and snatched the tub with one hand and Tommy with the other, and dragged them out. O, the mud, and the dirt, and the dripping water!

"What *did* you do it for, you naughty little boy!" she cried.

"I was going to sea in a tub!" whimpered Tommy, wiping his eyes with muddy hands.

Aunt Ann set the tub on the hearth, and filled it with nice warm water. Then she set Tommy down right in the middle of it. It was the best she could do; he was too muddy to touch.

"There, now, you have gone to sea in a tub in good earnest!" she said, laughing, as she began to pull off his boots.

And so the voyage ended with bed, and hot ginger tea.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Charley's mother, sitting in the cottage door,
Sees the sunshine slanting late along the floor;
Rests a little from her spinning and her song,
Wondering, softly, "Where does Charley stay so long?"

"Bumble-bee, amid the clover, tell me true?
Have you seen a boy who wears a jacket blue?
Boy with curls as yellow as your velvet feet;
Pouting red lips, than your honey spicier-sweet?

"Field-mouse, in the barley, saw you Charley pass?
Katydid, O, did you spy him from the grass?
Or you, squirrel, swinging on your airy seat,
Hush your chatter, at the patter of his feet?"

Hums the bee the louder, as he nothing heard;
Blue-bird sweet and swallow answer not a word;
Mouse looks up at squirrel, with a knowing tip;
Katydid, beware! lest the secret slip.

Little, tired Charley, in the fragrant hay,
Rosy-red with slumber, dreams the hours away;
Only gran'ther long-legs, watching all alone,
Points, with foot in air, the way the cows are gone!

OBEYING MOTHER PLEASANTLY.

Little Harry had seen some older boys fly their kites from the tops of the houses, and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so too,—so he came to his aunt, and said,—

"Aunt Mary, may I go up to the top of the house, and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do every thing that was proper to please him; but she thought this was very unsafe, so she said,—

"No, Harry, my boy, I think that is a very dangerous sort of play. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

"All right. Then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry. His aunt smiled, and said she hoped he would always be so obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother, on one occasion.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage, and I'll bring him down."

"All right," shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to your store this morning?" said Harry, one day at breakfast, "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

"O yes, Harry," said his uncle, "I shall be very glad to have you."

"But I cannot spare you to-day, Harry," said his mother; "I want you to go out with me; you shall go to the store another time."

"All right," said Harry, and went on with his breakfast.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with when asking for any thing, his constant answer was—"All right." He never stopped to worry or tease. He never asked—"Why can't I?" or "Why mustn't I?" Harry had not only learned to obey, but he had learned to obey in good humor.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

Take one-sixth of a *garden* so fresh and fair,
With two-sevenths of the *flowers* which bloom there,
One-fifth of a *daisy* with its heart of gold,
And a third of a tall old *sun*-flower bold.
Now take one-fourth of the coliseum *vine*,
And end with two-ninths of the sweet *columbine*,
My *whole* is a hardy plant, quite fragrant too,
And, if I mistake not, 'tis possessed by you.

ENA.

2.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in pie but not in cake.
My *second* is in river but not in lake.
My *third* is in vest but not in pants.
My *fourth* is in music but not in dance.
My *fifth* is in new but not in old.
My *sixth* is in grasp but not in hold.
My *whole* is an author, known by you,
And some of his sketches I've read through.

E. L. M.

3.

REBUS.

A passage from Shakespeare. E. M. C.

4.

HIDDEN STRAITS.

1. Julia says the sun dazzles her eyes.
2. You told me that Ida visits her aunt every day.
3. Wait or rest until I am done.
4. I heard you say that Mr. Bell is leaving town.
5. Charles, picking up the pot, ran to the pump.
6. Must I or must Mary stay.

U. P. WARD.

5.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eighty letters.
My 2, 38, 80, 9, 24, 67 was a Judge of Israel.
My 3, 70, 10, 54, 26, 36 was an ancient mountain.
My 5, 58, 35, 77, 47, 44 was an ancient animal.
My 6, 21, 63, 51, 43, 79 was a heathen idol.
My 8, 19, 37, 49, 66, 29 was an ancient mountain.
My 10, 28, 56, 73, 41, 59 was an ancient province.
My 11, 38, 79, 71, 62, 17 was an ancient metal.
My 14, 30, 20, 57, 72, 64 was a musical instrument.
My 15, 55, 42, 23, 34, 7 was a king of Israel.
My 22, 50, 69, 76, 56, 42 was an ancient city.
My 27, 1, 49, 78, 64, 40 was an ancient town.
My 31, 7, 60, 40, 53, 75 was a prophet.
My 45, 4, 33, 39, 74, 68 was a Jewish woman.
My 46, 10, 32, 56, 12, 16 was a precious stone.
My 48, 1, 25, 65, 18, 69 was an ancient queen.
My 52, 13, 28, 61, 78, 8 was a Jewish measure.
My whole is a verse in Proverbs. ISOLA.

Conundrums.

Why is a wounded man like an old pair of boots? Because he wants healing.

Why is love like a potato? Because it shoots from the eyes.

Why does a gentleman's own servant going up Vesuvius present one of the greatest phenomena in nature? Because it is the valley (valet) ascending the mountain.

Why is a tanner hard to find? He tans skins and *hides*.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. "Wisdom is better than rubies."
2. Sent, scent, cent. Pare, pear, pair. Wright, write, rite, right. Rein, rain, reign. You, ewe, yew.
3. Handkerchief.
4. Alexander the Great was a polite man.
5. Lot, Orpah, Vophoi, Ephraim, Aaron, Samuel, Beautiful, Ramoth Gilead, Emanuel, Trachonitis, Hannah, Reuben, Ezekiel, Nebuchadnezzar. LOVE AS BRETHREN.
6. Footstool.

THE CITY of NEW YORK devours nearly one thousand barrels of eggs a day. Each barrel contains eighty dozen or more—so that the actual daily consumption is not far from a million of eggs, and the cost to the consumers about ten millions dollars a year.

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ANIMAL CURIOSITIES.

The penguin is a large bird, which is exceedingly numerous in Arctic regions. It is so called from two Welsh words—*pen*—head, and *gwyn*—white. As the penguins stand erect all along the edge of a cliff, they are said to resemble rows of children in white aprons. They are very stupid, and when one is knocked over with a stick, the rest stand still and wait their turn. They have extraordinary powers of abstinence, for they will go four or five months without food. Their mode of feeding their young is very curious. The old bird quacks and brays awhile, and then puts down her head with her mouth wide open. The young one straightway thrusts his head in, and appears to suck from the mouth of his mother. Then another clatter and another feeding, which usually lasts about ten minutes, or till the young ones are satisfied.

Some kinds of fish seem to have quick hearing. Carp are often called to their meals by the ringing of a bell. In Germany, shad are taken in nets with bells attached, which chime harmoniously when the bells are moved. The shad, once drawn in by the sound, will not attempt to escape while the bells ring.

Some fishes, also, have voices of their own. Tench are said to croak like frogs; herrings cry like mice; and gurnards make a noise like a cuckoo.

The jaculator fish of Java squirts a little stream at beetles as they are feeding on leaves near the edge of the water, which causes them to fall into the water and almost into the fish's mouth. It aims its squirt so accurately that it seldom misses its object.

One of the greatest marvels about fishes is the vast number of eggs they lay. The following are some examples: In a carp there were 800,000; in a cod 9,000,000; in a sole 100,000; in a tench 800,000; in a mackerel 500,000; in a flounder 1,857,000; in a pike 160,000; in one sturgeon 1,567,000. In another were found 119 pounds weight of eggs, which, at the rate of seven eggs to a grain, made 7,653,200. If such multitudes were all hatched in one spot, the young fishes would perish for want of food. They are, therefore, swallowed by ducks and other animals, and being rendered indigestible by animal oil, are deposited again in various distant places.

The habits of a kind of hornbill, called the korwe, observed by Dr. Livingstone, in Africa, are very peculiar. When the female enters her nest in a tree, the male plasters up the opening, leaving only a narrow slit, just the shape of his beak. During the two or three months that she is hatching her eggs, the male attends to her wants and that of the young family till they are quite fledged. The prisoner usually becomes quite fat, and is esteemed a delicate morsel by the natives, while the poor slave of a husband gets so lean that he sometimes perishes with exhaustion.

BEAUTIFUL CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT.

The following beautiful chemical experiment may easily be performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of a circle at her tea-party. Take two or three leaves of red cabbage, cut them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them; let it stand an hour, then pour off the liquor into a decanter. It will be of a fine blue color. Then take four wine-glasses; into one put six drops of strong vinegar, into another six drops of solution of soda, into a third the same quantity of a strong solution of alum, and let the fourth glass remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before, and the few drops of colorless liquids which have been placed in them will not be noticed. Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will quickly become a beautiful red, that in the glass containing the soda will be a fine green, that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green it will immediately change to a red, and on adding a little solution of soda to the red it will assume a fine green, thus showing the action of acids and alkalies on vegetable blues.

MR. HENDRICKSON'S MONUMENT.

A sheet of paper with the following note, written in a plain hand, was taken from under the roof of the West Ward bell school-house, in Mount Joy, Lancaster County, Pa., when it was struck by lightning several weeks ago:

Richland and Mt. Joy Academy. { Mt. Joy, May 28, 1825.

Okey Hendrickson Schoolman this Bilding was erected in 1825 Okey Hendrickson david Martain Daniel Maurer Jacob Stollar and Henry Earbart ware trustees and Danial Livermore was treasuer But the muney for the bilding was Cheafly Raised by Okey Hendrickson.

Mr. Hendrickson meant to get all the credit that belonged to him for that "bilding"—even if he had to wait fifty years for it.

UNFLEDGED YOUNG LADIES.

A little travestie of fashionable correspondence was published some years ago, which puts in an amusing light the absurdity both of writing pet names and of fashionable precocity. The writers are supposed to be young ladies of eight years or thereabouts,—such young ladies as are now figuring in "children's balls" at the watering-places, if the correspondents truly report. The first note ran thus: "Miss Minnie Smith's compliments to Miss Maggie Jones, and desires the pleasure of her company this evening. Refreshments at eleven." The response was: "Miss Maggie Jones' compliments to Miss Minnie Smith, with regrets that prior engagements preclude the pleasure of acceptance. She is to be whipped at 7, and sent to bed without her supper at 8."

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS AND MICE.

A gentleman of large experience, and fully as humane as the rest of us, says he gets rid of rats by putting potash in their holes and runs. The poor wretches get it on their feet, and over their fur; then they lick it and don't like the taste of it; it burns them somewhat, and the more they see of it the less they like it; so they clear out almost as soon as the application is made. To get rid of mice, the same person uses tartar emetic, mingled with any favorite food; they take it, take sick, and take their leave.

THE QUIET BREAKFAST of a family in Lowell, Mass., was rudely interrupted a few mornings ago by the laundress, who bolted into the room with the exclamation, "An' sure, missis, I thought I'd come and tell yez that I couldn't wash for ye this morning, as me boy is sick with the small pox, and is black as me old man's hat." She was allowed to depart without further apology or explanation.

IT IS SAID TO BE an easy matter, in conversation, to detect Philadelphia young ladies from all others. They invariably say "mare" for mother; (French, *mere*,) "me" for my, and have a lazy, good-natured drawl. Withal they are pretty, modest and amiable—three excellent things in women.

A DISTINGUISHED MERCHANT, long accustomed to extensive observation, who had gained an extraordinary knowledge of men, said, "When I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him; for I have found such a one cannot be trusted."

THE PECULIAR EFFECT OF FEAR is exemplified in the fact that a woman having died suddenly in Montgomery county, Pa., a hired man in the house was so afraid that he might be accused of murduring her, that he hanged himself in the barn.

A WELSH FISH STORY runs that a twenty-two-pound salmon caught by an Englishman was found to contain a two-pound eel, that in turn a three-quarter-pound trout, and the trout eight minnows, making the total catch eleven fish.

A MAN IN KNOX COUNTY, ILL., has spells of sleeping from two to seven days at a time, and, of course, during these spells takes no food. When he comes out he is just as well as ever. He is a cheap boarder, but a dear lodger.

JOHN DITTO is the name of the Buffalo city engineer, his wife's name is Ditto, and the children are all Ditto. When he signs his name under that of somebody else, it is said to create some confusion at times.

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE FOR the Photographic Family Record. Spaces for 12 photographs and a complete Family History. Sells at sight. Send 75c for sample or complete canvassing outfit sent on receipt of $3. K. H. COTTLE & CO., P. O. Box 1279, Boston, Mass. 37—3t

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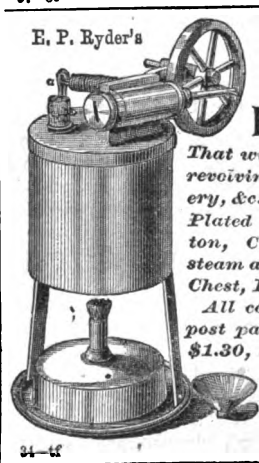

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 40. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

SENOR.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

I want to tell you the story of a revolutionary hero, whose great deeds were done before some of my readers' fathers were born, and I'm quite sure you will not be less attentive when you know that he was a dog.

There is a queer, quaint old town called Lewes, on Cape Henlopen, just where the Delaware Bay opens into the sea. Houses and people are to-day, one fancies, precisely what they were in colonial times, or, in the year 1812, when our dog lived and was a hero.

His owner was a butcher, and lived in one of the double-boarded, double-doored dwellings which still face the great white sands between the town and the sea. "Dog" was the name the butcher bought him with, and simply "dog" he might have remained till his death, but that he happened to be seen by Col. La Vega, whose estate bordered the street on which the butcher lived.

The colonel bade Madame La Vega look at the dog, one day, as they drove down the road.

"The fellow has good blood," he said. "See how haughtily he bears himself beside the butcher's wagon. Your servant, Senor! Have you, too, lost your estate?"

For the La Vegas were impoverished Spaniards, who had emigrated first to Cuba and then to this quiet hamlet, with several other families. The town kept up a constant intercourse then with the West Indies, which has now altogether ceased. Tropical fruits were sold upon her streets cheaper than apples and peaches.

Now, Constant La Vega, the colonel's son, fancied that his father had called the dog by his name; so Senor he became to Constant and his brothers, and a vague tradition grew and gained ground that he had known better days, and was, indeed, a don in disguise.

Now and then Constant and his baby brother Ruy coaxed him in under the trees on the lawn, but the butcher watched their advances with a jealous eye, and refused to sell the dog at any price.

It was a long time before the people in Sussex county woke to the fact that war had again been declared with England. When they did, it was in a drowsy way, as one hears news in a dream. Newspapers they had none. The crops grew and ripened as usual. There was no need for alarm, they thought, even when some traveller brought tales of towns bombarded on the lower coast; of women dying of terror; of the fleet of blockading ships which were approaching from the Chesapeake, their sails, it was said, dyed black, in sign that no quarter would be given.

But at the sound of the first gun fired from a British privateer far up the bay, this torpidity turned into a vague, dreadful terror. If there had been anybody visible to fight, if there had been, as now, telegrams and newspapers to give every hour an account of the enemy, where he was, his strength and his plans, it would have been rather a wholesome and pleasant excitement. But the people on the coast were as men helpless and blind. Any day, any hour in the night, the attack might come. Men and women on Cape Henlopen kept ceaseless watch, their hearts failing them for fear.

The butcher almost gave up his daily work in order to gossip, in awe-struck whispers, with his cronies down on the sands. The cannon on the fort were pointed to the bay, charged and ready for use. Col. La Vega, with the other officers, was on constant duty. They went up and down the quiet streets, chatting and smiling as usual. But the villagers noted their keen, incessant watch out to sea, and were not deceived as to their real danger.

Only Senor, relieved of his usual task of trotting after the meat-cart, remained calm and unappalled. A curious fact was, however, that, instead of finding his way into the La Vega place,

THE AQUADOR OR MEXICAN WATER-BEARER.

according to custom, to romp with the children, he took a solemn march every morning to a high headland on the beach, and there remained on guard, lying with his head between his paws, his keen brown eyes fixed on the sea.

Whether the dog really had gained any idea of danger to be apprehended from that quarter, or whether the watch was simply a whim, became matter for serious discussion among the people. The more superstitious among them found in it reason for additional alarm and yet comfort.

"When God sets the dumb beasts to keep guard," they said, "it shows the danger is great. But it proves He is on our side, and not on the British."

One evening, about dusk, Senor came dashing up the street, barking wildly, and followed by a troop of terrified boys.

The fleet was in sight!

The British were forced to ravage the coast for provisions, and had brought their ships to anchor off Lewes, in order to make a levy of stores before going farther up the bay.

Although nearly half a century has passed since then, the terror that seized the quiet fishing village on that day lingers in it yet. The cannon that were brought to bear on the British fleet still point to the spot where they lay, and the boys look wistfully at the powerful white-sailed ships flitting by, half-hoping, half-fearing to see the flash of the cannon and hear the whizzing and thud of the balls which have sounded for so many years through their grandfathers' stories.

The next morning a requisition was made upon the town for provisions, which was promptly refused.

"Then we will open fire," said the envoy.

The American officer glanced at the distance at which the ships were obliged to lie off the bar, and smiled, significantly.

But his smiles disappeared the next morning, when daylight discovered that the enemy had shipped their guns on the lighter bay craft, which could run close in shore, and thus command the town.

In half an hour every woman, child, or man (that could be spared from the manning of the fort) had joined the caravan that was flying toward the country for refuge. Carts, oxen, horses were heaped with household goods, and lumbered along across the marshes, toward the far-off pine forests.

Among the first to escape were the butcher and his family. Constant La Vega watched them heaping pots, pans and children on the cart, about which the dog capered in the wild delight which dogs and boys always find in a moving or a fire. Twice, three times the butcher struck Senor when he would have followed the cart, and drove him back.

"They are going to leave him behind! O, cowards! Shame!" shouted Constant, in a rage.

But the butcher drove off and [illegible] moment's pause, went back into the old house, as if to mount guard over it.

"Gallant fellow!" cried Constant.

But he had no time left to think of dogs. Madame La Vega had refused to leave her husband, who was in the fort, and he, deeming their house securely sheltered from the bombardment, lying, as it did, under the cover of a hill, allowed the family to remain.

A silence fell over the town, which was broken at last by a fierce fire from the ships, answered promptly from the fort.

The sky overhead grew black with rolling clouds of smoke, here and there a roof blazed up from a falling shell, but as yet no one was killed. The few inhabitants left in the town kept closely in doors. The heavy bank of sand between the town and the beach served well the purpose of defence, many of the shots and shells bedding themselves in it harmlessly.

The fire from the fort proved more effective. Two of the British ships retired disabled.

It was towards the close of the long afternoon, that the blank, sandy stretch of the village street was broken by a little black figure, running uncertainly down toward the sea. Ruy La Vega, grown tired of his unusual captivity, had fallen asleep, and had been left by his nurse, while she hurried to peep fearfully out of the dormer windows at the ships still belching forth their deadly messages. The child woke in a few moments, and finding himself alone, crept noiselessly out of the house, and ran, shouting with delight at his freedom, down the street.

At the same moment he was seen from the house and from the fort. Father and mother both looked on with dumb terror, as the sturdy, handsome baby ran swiftly down the road, while at that instant a shell arched overhead and fell not two yards from his feet.

The noise and concussion startled him. He stopped, and then glancing cautiously back lest he should be seen, went to the shell on tiptoe, peering down curiously at it. He was beyond help. A moment more and the shell would explode. But before they could breathe again, the dog, Senor, dashed unbidden from his hiding place, and catching the child's coats in his teeth, carried him swiftly back.

But he was too late. The shell broke. A fragment struck the noble beast. He staggered, fell, and then dragging himself up on three legs, caught the child again, and made another effort to reach the house. But by that time Constant, the servants, Madame La Vega, herself, had reached them, and they were carried in. Senor not less tenderly than the laughing Ruy.

The bombardment ceased the next day, and the terrified people began to creep back to their homes. As soon as the butcher appeared, Col. La Vega bought the dog from him.

"He may not live," he said, "but the dog who has given me back my child shall not die belonging to another man."

But Senor did not die. He was honored not only by the La Vegas, but by the whole town; and when he first appeared, guarded by Ruy and Constant, as a king by his courtiers, the crowds followed him with shouts and clapping of hands.

Senor went lame to his grave. But the boys fancied his gait was statelier than before, and that he looked down with pride upon his useless leg. He wore, we are told, a golden collar, on which was engraved:

"Senor. The body of the dog could not hide the heart of the hero."

The boys of the village preserve his memory in a rougher way, in a couplet which they sing on the streets to this day:

"The commodore and all his men
Wounded a dog—and went back again."

For the Companion.

THE AQUADOR OR MEXICAN WATER-BEARER.

Vera Cruz, (the True Cross,) the grand seaport of Mexico, though in point of population a small city, contains much to interest a traveller. It presents an airy and fantastic spectacle to the voyager approaching it from the sea; its parti-colored cupolas, and domes, and the palm-shaded parapets of the old Moorish-style houses glimmering in their faded grandeur in the sun.

The city is built of coral raised from the bed of the sea, and is situated on an arid plain, whose silver-gray sands appear at a distance like a calm expanse of water. Far away in the province of Vera Cruz rise the Cordilleras, the luscious summer time covering their feet, their brows jewelled with eternal sleet and immaculate with eternal snow.

The city, like many Mexican towns, is scantily supplied with water. The only water fit to drink falls from the clouds and is preserved in tanks. Milk can scarcely be had, for the vast plain is herbless, and not a cow can be kept within miles of the city. The water obtained by digging wells is rain water, which has been in contact with the roots of vegetables, and is impure and unhealthy, and used only for washing.

In 1764 a project was formed to bring water into the city from the river Gamapa; a stone aqueduct was laid at an immense expense a distance of two thousand feet; but the supply of water from this source stopped within twelve miles from the city.

In Mexican cities, where a head of water can be obtained, there is usually a fountain in the park either of marble or of ornamental masonwork, with a sparkling jet that flings its spray over foliage and flowers.

In some localities, however, this is impracticable. The precious fluid plays such an important part in the domestic economy of those places where the supply is limited, that the person who furnishes it becomes a very important personage. He is called the *aquador*, or water-bearer.

The *aquador* has to make a daily visit to each house, as punctually as the milkman or the baker. Should he fail in one of his periodical calls, the culinary operations would get sadly disarranged, and, perhaps, be suspended.

Knowing his power, he sometimes exhibits the importance of his office by being tyrannical. He is generally, however, a very civil sort of fellow, and, as, in emptying his jars, he must necessarily spend some tie in the company of the servants, and is usually disposed to gossip with them, he is regarded as a great news-bearer, and his advent is looked for much as we look for the

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newsboy with the morning paper, containing the news of the town.

His appearance is odd and very remarkable. He is usually habited in a cotton shirt with the sleeves rolled up, wide trousers of leather hanging loose upon his limbs, and a kind of casque or helmet of leather, with a projecting beak in front, upon his head. He has, besides, an apron of tanned sheep-skin in front, and behind a sort of pad of the same material, to defend his spine against the chafing of the water-jar.

He carries two of these jars. They are urn-shaped, of different sizes, unglazed, porous, and therefore good for keeping the liquid cool.

The larger jar rests upon his spine above his hips, suspended by a leathern strap, which passes over his forehead, so that the weight is supported upon his temples.

The smaller jar hangs down in front, and is also suspended by a strap, which crosses the back part of the head or the nape of the neck. The two vessels thus balance each other, causing the weight to press directly over the centre of gravity of the body.

Thus equipped the *aquador* may be seen at all hours passing along the streets, and calling, in a high monotone, "*Aqua fresca, aqua fria!*" (fresh, cool water.)

The water-carrier seen in Vera Cruz is, however, sometimes a different sort of personage. He employs a donkey or mule to carry his water for him, which the animal does by bearing four small barrels, set in a frame-work upon his pack-saddle.

The scanty supply and the poor quality of water is probably the cause of the *vomito*, or yellow fever, in Vera Cruz and other Mexican towns. In the hot summer months this disease sometimes desolates the city, the flying inhabitants leaving their houses to the vultures and the streets to the dogs. Vera Cruz then becomes what it has often been called, *una ciudad de los muertos* (a city of the dead).

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

CHAPTER V.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

"For what reason do you object to my looking into your desk?" asked the Professor, a good deal surprised.

Scranton's face was scarlet, and his confusion so apparent, as to attract general attention.

"Excuse me, Professor, if you can."

"Do you understand that the valuable gold nugget belonging to Mr. Moss is not to be found, and I am, therefore, forced to ascertain, if possible, what has become of it?"

"No, sir; I did not know it was lost."

"Mr. Winter says it was taken last night—or, rather, that it was not among the minerals when he returned them to the cabinet."

Scranton looked over to Winter, and elevated his eyebrows in a surprised, questioning way.

Winter nodded to the mute inquiry.

Then Scranton turned his eyes full upon the Professor's face. They were honest eyes, and had nothing in them but regret.

"Of course I do not expect to find the nugget in your desk, Scranton, but it is better to be impartial in the investigation."

The young man took the key from his pocket in a reluctant way, and bent over as if to apply it to the lock. Then he straightened himself up again, with a face as crimson as before.

"Will not my word of honor be sufficient?" he asked, earnestly.

"If we were *alone*, it would be sufficient, but a teacher must be impartial. The duty is as unpleasant to me as it is to you," the Professor replied, speaking in the same low tone Scranton had used in addressing him.

The young man stood a moment irresolutely, then returned the key to his pocket.

"I am sorry to appear disobedient, but there are good reasons why I cannot allow any one to look into my desk," Scranton said, calmly but resolutely.

"You had better take time to consider," the Professor said. Then he continued his search, raising and closing the covers of the desks until all had been examined.

So far the nugget had not been discovered, nor any thing that could indicate what had become of it.

The Professor began to show signs of impatience.

"Mr. Scranton, I am waiting for your decision," he said.

"I am forced to decline," was the young man's answer, "for good and sufficient reasons."

"You are suspended from recitations, and may surrender your key to me."

Quick as a flash, the desk flew open, and Scranton, seizing a paper, tore it into bits, flinging the scraps out the window. Then he stepped to the platform, placed the key upon the table with a graceful bow, and went to his room.

Mr. Scranton's desk was examined, the gold nugget was not in it, and the Professor stood looking distressed and undecided.

Ned Tryst, as soon as he could do so without being seen, industriously gathered up the scraps of paper that Scranton had thrown from the window, and matched them, and then took the pains to copy what he found there, which proved to be a rather sentimental acrostic on Nellie May's name.

During a late term, there had been some tendency among the young people to exchange notes, to repress which a law had been passed that any young gentleman who was found to have written a note to one of the lady pupils, should be required to read it aloud to the whole school.

There are those to whom the fear of ridicule has more terrors than all other punishments. Scranton could endure the Professor's displeasure, but he could not endure the thought of reading his own rhymes before his fun-loving companions.

But Ned Tryst was his evil genius; for he not only copied the acrostic, but he committed it to memory, wrote it on the blackboard, pencilled it on the walls, and made himself such a torment, that Scranton was never known to write another acrostic during his stay in Mossville.

It was never exactly known by the pupils how Scranton atoned for his defiance of the Professor's command, but he was at his desk the next morning, looking crestfallen, and as if he was well cured of all sentiment for Nellie, or for anybody else.

The mystery about the nugget was not yet solved.

Horace Arlington frankly owned that he examined it when he first went to the table, and asked Winter to let him look at the ore through the glass. He was positive about that; but he was not clear that he saw it on the table afterward.

Ned Tryst was very flippant throughout the entire examination, but it did not appear that he was guilty of taking the nugget.

Poor Scranton, who had come to grief by his false heroics, had not noticed the ores at all, he said; his attention only having been directed to Winter's difficulty with Arlington.

Other boys were certain the nugget was there. A few knew it was not. The more the affair was discussed, the more embarrassing it became.

At length the Professor ceased to allude to the subject, and other topics came up to absorb our attention; but Walter Winter's reputation was under a cloud from that day. What with Arlington's unforgiving spirit, and Ned Tryst's envenomed flings, and the thoughtlessness of boys who could not distinguish meanness from fun, poor Walter seldom passed a day in which he was not reminded that he had yet to account for that unfortunate nugget.

Among the girls the faction against him was equally strong, and as school-girls like to consider their opinions of some consequence, they united in annoying the plump sister Winnie, who was much more sensitive to her brother's mishap than he was himself. The poor child actually grew thin under the foolish persecution of her mates, and there was seldom a day when her eyes were not reddened with weeping.

On one occasion, when entering the school-room, I found my books removed to Winnie's desk, and Winnie comfortably established in my old chair by Nellie's side.

Nellie put her arm around my neck, in her caressing way, and drew my ear down, so her whispering could not be heard by others.

"Don't be angry, darling, but I am going to help Minnie live this persecution down. If they tease her, they must tease me. If *we* treat her well, the rest of the girls will notice her. What is the use of friends if they don't stand by us when we are in trouble?"

What, indeed? Brave Nellie! So I kissed her, and Winnie, too, and went away to mump in the corner; for I always went from the sunshine when I went away from Nellie.

Mr. Moss had been absent two weeks, having gone to Boston, and taken the Professor's young son, who had never seen a city, along with him. They had left the very morning that Winter had spoken to the Professor about the missing nugget, so that when he returned we were only too anxious to know how he would receive the intelligence of his loss.

He came into the school-room, the morning after his return, as cheerful as cheerful could be, shaking hands with Miss Mondram, and pulling out of his capacious pockets any quantity of oddities he had picked up in his travels. These he was arranging on the table, when some one cried out,—

"Mr. Moss, did you know Walter Winter had lost your gold nugget,—that five-hundred-dollar one?"

Such a sorrowful look as Walter cast towards Mr. Moss, then! As for Winnie, she was just about to cry, when that good man's rather dull ear began to comprehend the question.

"Nugget! Nugget! Yes. I met the Professor's son taking it home the night before I went away, so I took it to my room and locked it up. It is there, safe and sound. The Professor told me what anxiety and wonder its disappearance caused. I am sorry, Winter, you have been brought into trouble by my neglect in speaking about it."

"But how came the Professor's son to have it in his possession?" gasped Winter, who could hardly realize that any thing so desirable could be true.

"He said he was in the room here, and something was said about opening his father's desk, and stealing his things, and thought he had better take the nugget in charge for safe-keeping. He is a thoughtful little fellow. By him I was told about your refusing to open the desk, Winter, without the Professor's consent. That was right. A boy who would open a desk would not hesitate to steal if the temptation was great enough."

"I cannot tell you how glad you have made me," Winter said, trembling all over. "I hope every body in the room may be as happy."

"The innocent never need fear but they will ultimately have justice done them," said Mr. Moss. "It is God's law that truth shall triumph."

To be continued.

For the Companion.

A ROSE FROM HOME.

Everybody knew why Anne Ray was going from home. She was the eldest of six children, and was in her seventeenth year, so that she could practice motherly gifts and graces.

It was unwise in Mr. Ray not to make his daughter a confidant from the first. The news was abruptly told, and doubtless with some trepidation. He was going away, partly on business, and should return at the end of a fortnight, bringing a new wife with him.

The news seemed to strike her at once into a cold, hard statue.

"And, Anne," he added, "I wish you to prepare the children, and tell them that the lady who is coming will, I am sure, be a true mother to them. She is lovely, amiable and unselfish. Will you do this?"

"I will tell them what you say, father," she replied, in a low, changed voice.

All that day she busied herself preparing her father for his journey, but she was silent, and her eyes had great rings round them. The children noticed it. Belle was ten; the other four were younger than she, two twin boys, and the baby, as Minnie was called, though she was four years old.

"What ails you to-day, Sister Anne, you look so sorrowful?" said Belle, tieing the strings of her hat as she stood ready to leave for school. "Are you afraid any trouble will come to papa?"

What a question! It made Anne's heart leap to her mouth.

"Never mind now, Belle; go to school, the clock is striking. I'll tell you all this evening"—she stopped a moment, her rebellious feelings choking her—"after papa has gone."

There seemed a shadow over Belle all day, and she could not tell what it was. Perhaps Anne had suddenly decided to marry the doctor, who came to the house so often, and leave them. How terrible that would be! And after this thought had taken possession of her, it was almost impossible for her to study.

After tea, when the boys had brought out their books and games, and Belle had taken up her knitting, and Anne her sewing, the latter startled all the little circle by saying,—

"Children, how would you like a new mother?"

Belle gave a little cry; the boys paused in the midst of their eager play, and looked up with faces full of consternation.

"We don't want a new mother," blurted Tom, the roughest of the twins.

"No, we don't want any one but you, Anne!" said Belle, a little frightened, the roses paled out of her cheeks.

"Me want nany but 'oo!" lisped little Minnie, chorusing her sister's words.

The child had lifted herself from her cricket, and leaned with both round arms on Anne's lap, looking into her face with laughing eyes.

This was too much for Anne's endurance, and, throwing her work down, she burst into tears.

"What *is* the matter?" cried Belle, at her sister's side in a moment, her arms about her sister's neck.

"Your father is going to bring home some—somebody—he is going to bring you a new mother."

Then ensued a strange silence; Belle's arm fell from her sister's neck; the boys had sprung to their feet.

"We won't have her!" cried Tom, clenching his hands. "We don't want another woman here, and a stranger."

"I tell you what you do," said Ned, in whose brain a sense of the ludicrous was ever uppermost, "you shoot her!"

"Ess, 'oo soot her," echoed little Minnie, and then laughed merrily.

"Ned, you haven't any feeling," said Belle, indignantly, with red eyes.

"Yes, I have; don't I propose an effectual remedy?" queried the boy.

"You know that is all nonsense. Is it really so, Anne, dear? You must be in earnest, but—why, I never dreamed of any thing like that."

Anne by this time was more composed, and able to talk with calmness.

"*I* won't like her," said Belle, determinedly, "and I won't like papa, either. It's real mean of him, and you such a dear, darling housekeeper. Well, we'll let her come, but we will have just the least possible to do with her. You shall be our sister-mother, and we won't have any other."

"If she comes," said Anne, with firm lips, "I shall feel it my duty to go away."

Then truly fell consternation in the little camp. The twins mutinied, Minnie cried, Belle grew furious, and the meeting broke up in disorder.

As for Anne, when they were all in bed, she took up pen, ink and paper into her room, and, with white, sad face, wrote a few lines as follows:

DEAR AUNTIE,—I have thought over your proposition, and had, at the eleventh hour, made up my mind to decline it, as much as I long for such a position, but, as my father is to have a new housekeeper, I will accept. At the last of the month I shall be in Milwaukee. As it is late, and I am in much haste, I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate niece, ANNE RAY.

Anne never flinched till her letter was safe in the post-office. That was a desolate week to the Rays. Belle had grown silent and sad, the boys were petulant and affectionate by turns.

The fortnight was drawing to a close, and still Anne cherished hard, resentful, ungrateful feelings towards her father. She had been very industrious in repairing and supplying her wardrobe.

"You don't care any thing for *one* of us," Belle said, over and over again. "How can you leave sweet little Minnie? she will fret herself to death after you."

Just then little Minnie's merry laugh sounded in the hall. Anne and Belle stood back aghast, for they heard a new voice, and presently saw a slender, sweet-faced woman coming forward, Minnie's hand clasped in one of hers, and Minnie's eyes upturned, gazing with a tender trustfulness into the face of the new mamma.

"Anne and Belle, here is mother," said Mr. Ray, in a low, pleased voice.

Belle held out her hand, for she could not withstand the timid, loving look in those brown eyes, but Anne bowed with a stately manner, and coldly turned away.

At the end of that week Anne was on her way to the West. How her heart ached, while yet it was set in stern resentment against her father! How she longed to feel the touch of little Minnie's fingers, the impulsive embrace of Belle! She would not put the thought into words, but she was jealous, O, so jealous, of the new mother who had come to lord it over them.

She reached her journey's end at last; her mission, school-teaching, her home a log cabin, with few refinements and many discomforts. Some way, being independent did not make her happy as she had thought it would. She could not help longing for home.

Months passed. Deep snows fell on the prairie, and her heart grew sick for want of the old, familiar outlines of home-hills against the blue sky. Summer smiled again in all the grasses, and the wonderful wild flowers made the vast levels one great garden-bed. Letters often came from home.

"Papa often speaks of you," said Belle, in one of hers, "and wishes you were here. You mustn't feel bad when I tell you how much we all love our new mamma, even the boys. Yesterday, when I said I was going to write to you, she looked very sad, and said,—

"'I wish she would let me love her.'

"'Suppose you write,' said I.

"'She might not like it. But there's one rose on the little bush her father says she raised from the seed. It's the first one that has blossomed. She shall have it; and say I send it with my love, longing to have her back again.'

"O Anne, she would be such charming com-

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pany for you, and she is so good and kind to all of us!"

The rose dropped on Anne's lap; the rose from home, sent with such delicate appreciativeness of this girl's character. Anne took it up. She knew just where it had grown, only a step from the kitchen door, and near the old well. How fragrant it was! Her heart unconsciously warmed towards the giver—towards home—dear, sweet old Wyndam home.

"And where shall you spend your vacation?" asked her aunt.

"I—think—I'll go home for a short visit," faltered Anne, and the fragrance of the New England roses seemed to blow over her as she spoke.

She was received by open arms, and with a rapturous welcome, and did not leave the old homestead until she entered the door of her own and her husband's home a few years afterward. But she never ceased to regret her hasty and inconsiderate conduct towards her father and the gentle, true-hearted woman he had chosen for his companion. By it, as well as by other experiences of life, she learned that hasty conduct, prompted by bitterness of feeling, is always unwise, and almost always unjust to others.

IN PERIL AT SEA.

We had not been ten days at sea when I began to dread an unfortunate termination to our voyage.

When we had been warped out into the river, and were lying awaiting the captain, we found that he had been taken suddenly and violently ill, so that a new captain was sent aboard—a man of a quiet, genial aspect, and he was welcomed accordingly.

I had taken my passage to Buenos Ayres, with the intention of roughing it for some years to come, but I think that if all the miseries of a rough voyage could be foreseen, those who take trips to far-off lands would be greatly reduced in numbers.

As I said above, we had been at sea for about ten days. The captain still seemed all that was genial and pleasant; but there was a flushed and heavy look in his countenance that I did not like. Before long I had another opinion on the subject; for, in conversation, I found that the second mate had been at the same school as myself, and together we went over the old days and compared notes, as I walked the deck with him, far into his watch.

The weather turned foul, but I contrived to stay on deck, when, to my surprise, I found that the greater part of the duty was shifted on to the chief mate, the captain seldom showing on deck.

"No, I don't think it's from cowardice," said my friend to me, as we walked the deck that night, when the gale had somewhat moderated. "Of course this is in confidence."

I nodded.

"Well," he continued, "I don't know what to make of him; sometimes I think he's mad, and sometimes that he is given to drinking. How he got appointed to this ship, I can't tell. Mr. Ray don't say any thing, but he is one of those men who think all the more."

No more was then said; but before many days had passed we found that the man who had been intrusted with a fine vessel, a valuable cargo, and, more than all, the lives of passengers and crew, was one of those unfortunate beings who are in the habit of having intemperate outbreaks, when the impulse to drink grows perfectly uncontrollable, and culminates at length in one of those horrible fits of mania, known as delirium tremens.

It was enough to make any landsman nervous, should the heavy weather continue; but there was still the satisfaction of knowing that the two mates were thorough seamen, who would, no doubt, take upon themselves the management of the ship, should there be any real danger.

These feelings did not trouble me long, for, the weather again brightening, hope rose, and day after day glided pleasantly by. We saw but little of the captain, and only learned that he was confined by indisposition to his cot; the cause of this indisposition was only known to a few. I could see, however, that the first mate, Mr. Ray, looked more anxious than usual. Taking the opportunity of being on deck one night, I had a long talk with my friend, and learned that the captain only recovered from one fit to seek the means for bringing on another.

The days glided slowly by with varying weather. The hot latitudes were reached. There was a little horse-play as we crossed the line; then a shark was caught, and at times a dolphin or bonito; and at last, panting with the heat, we lay beneath the almost vertical sun, without a breath of wind to fill the sails as they hung from the yards.

Rough coverings were rigged up; but in spite of all that could be done to mitigate it, the heat was unbearable, beating down upon our heads, and reflected from the sea, which shone like a vast mirror of polished metal.

We were seated one evening, watching the last glow of the setting sun, when Anderson, the second mate, made the remark, that he thought a change was coming; and then our attention was taken up by Mr. Ray passing close by us, and descending as if to the captain's cabin.

"How has he been to-day?" I said, as Mr. Ray disappeared.

"Worse than ever," was the reply. "If I were Ray, I'd make a prisoner of him, and take sole command. He'd be quite justified in so doing."

Further conversation was cut short by the reappearance of the mate, who beckoned hastily to my companion.

"Something wrong," he exclaimed, as he leaped to his feet; and quite as quickly I followed him to the hatchway.

"Anderson!" exclaimed Mr. Ray, "what's to be done? He's raving mad."

"Have you no medicines?" I said.

"Medicines? Yes; but how are we to deal with a man in his state? Just listen."

As he ceased speaking, there came from below the sound of breaking chairs, smashing glass, and a noise as of some one leaping from side to side of the cabin, followed by a tremendous battering at the door.

"I've locked him in," said Ray, "for he's not fit to come on deck. But get help, and we must secure him, and strap him into his cot."

A short consultation was held; and then it was decided to call one of the old seamen, a sturdy, quiet man, and to secure the madman as quietly as possible, so as not to alarm the rest of the passengers and crew.

Anderson brought the old sailor, who came rolling up, turning the lump of tobacco in his mouth; and from his remark it was evident that he had been enlightened upon the business in hand.

"Ah," he growled, "what a thing it is as any one will go on wasting precious liquors, and turning blessings into p'ison! I knowed this would be the end on it."

"Don't preach, man," said Ray, angrily, "but come along. Now, look here," he whispered, as we descended; "as soon as I open the door, all step quietly in together. He'll dash at us the same as he did at me a while ago; but he can only tackle one man at once, so that while he is engaged, the others must secure him."

We had hardly nerved ourselves for our task, and the mate was holding up his hand as a signal as he unlocked the door, when we were staggered by the sharp report of a pistol. Then there was a dull thud close by my ear; and I started back with the knowledge that a bullet had just passed through the cabin door, and whistled by my head. Then came a loud, harsh laugh, followed by a couple more pistol-shots, both of which passed through the panel of the door.

I need hardly say that we beat a retreat hastily, and as we stood once more on deck, the first mate wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and looked from one to the other, as much as to say, What shall we do?

It was a trying position; and for a few moments no one spoke. Then Mr. Ray seemed to recover himself, and spoke out firmly and quietly: "We should only be casting away our lives if we were to go into the cabin now. The only plan I can suggest is to watch him through the skylight, and go in when he is asleep."

"I don't think he can do any mischief in the meantime," I said; "but we must seize him soon."

"Mischief!" said the old sailor, dryly. "Well I dunno. What if he keeps on popping off that revolver! We shall be having a bullet in amongst the powder, and a blow up."

"Powder?" I said.

"Yes; in the magazine."

"Is there powder on board?" I said, with a tremor in my voice, as I turned to Anderson.

"Yes, a heavy lot of it," he said, huskily; and as he spoke his eyes glanced involuntarily in the direction of the boats.

Another shot made us all start; and now passengers and crew began to collect, eagerly asking what was wrong—questions which, in dread of a rush at the boats, we forbore to answer.

The peril was indeed great, for in one small cabin, especially strengthened for its reception, a large quantity of powder was stored; and if a bullet happened to pass through, the chances were that the heat evolved in its passage would explode it, and in a moment the whole vessel would be blown to atoms.

There were two courses open to us; to seize the boats at once, and push off; or to make a bold and manly effort to subdue the madman, in whose hands our lives seemed now to hang.

The same feelings must have pervaded all our breasts as we stood looking at one another, and then I saw the old sailor wet the palms of his hands, and rub them gently together.

"We must run in on him, Master Ray," he said.

"Could we not shoot him down through the skylight?" said the chief mate; and then, as if blushing at his own proposition, he added, hastily, "No, no; that would be like murder. We must dash in on him, at all risks. But what's that? Look out; he's coming on deck."

As he spoke we heard the cabin door unlocked; then the rattling of keys, and the crashing of a door. Ray cautiously peered down the hatch, and I could see a tremor run through his whole frame. When at last he turned to us, his voice was so husky as to be almost inaudible. He whispered,—

"He's got into the powder-room!"

I shall never forget his countenance as he gazed up at us fixed—rigid to a degree. For a few moments, horror and a dread of impending death seemed to have robbed him of all power. Then he sprang up, the man once more.

"Quick!" he exclaimed, "for your lives!"

Then leading the way he dashed down the cabin stairs, we following him, but only to find our progress arrested by the closed door, which resisted all our efforts.

"Listen!" whispered Ray.

The next moment there was a sound which seemed to make every nerve in my body thrill, and I frankly own that had my limbs obeyed my will, I should have rushed on deck, seized a coop or grating, and leaped over the side, for plainly enough to be heard came a sharp, crackling noise, and it wanted not the mate's word to enlighten us, as he hissed out, "Lucifers!"

"Here, quick!" exclaimed Anderson. "Look here; we are forcing the wrong way at the door."

He dragged at it, but in vain, for a few minutes, till, running on deck, the old sailor returned in an instant with a couple of marlinespikes, which were inserted just as we once more heard the crackle of a match.

"Quick! it's for dear life!" cried Ray; and the door crashed, gave way, and flew open, to reveal to us, standing, perfectly unmoved by our forcible entry, the captain holding a lighted splint to an iron-bound chest, which was already blackened and charred at the edge.

For a second we could none of us stir. It seemed as if at the slightest motion on our part, the chest—which I afterwards learned was filled with cartridges, for the supply of one of the petty armies engaged in the Paraguayan war—would explode, followed by the other chests and kegs piled around.

Then came the captain's low, chuckling laugh, and we heard him say, "This will drive you out, then, strong as you are."

With a cry that did not sound human, Anderson leaped upon him, and with one tremendous blow struck him down, trampling on him the next moment as he applied his moist lips to the charred and smoking edge of the chest.

The captain was not stunned, though; and directly after, a fearful struggle took place amid these kegs, my part being confined to the securing of the match-box, which I tore from his hand, trembling as I did so, lest it should explode. Then came the loud panting of the wretched man, as, held down by four strong men, he bowed his body up again and again, with a power that was almost superhuman.

But the danger had passed; and without losing a moment, we dragged him into his own cabin. Water was abundantly applied to the charred side of the box; and Mr. Ray's first act was to make the carpenter screw up the door in a way that restored confidence as every screw was driven in. I say his first act, for his second was to sit down on the deck and cover his face with his hands, and remain in that position for fully half an hour.

Constant watching, binding, and the use of potent drugs placed the captain out of the reach of means to place us again in peril. But though a breeze sprung up the next day, and our well-managed ship prosperously finished her voyage, I never laid down to sleep without a shudder, and never once dropped off without waking with a start from a horrible dream of seeing the captain, match-box in hand, applying a light to the edge of the cartridge chest.

GEN. GRANT'S BOYHOOD.

President Grant, as is well known, is a lover of fine animals, particularly fine horses. His taste in this direction, which has been quite freely criticised, seems to have been a characteristic of his boyhood. His father relates the following anecdotes:

"The leading passion of Ulysses, almost from the time he could go alone, was for horses. The first time he ever drove a horse alone he was about seven and a half years old. I had gone away from home to Ripley, twelve miles off. I went in the morning and did not get back until night. I owned at the time a three-year-old colt, which had been ridden under the saddle to carry the mail, but had never had a collar on.

"While I was gone, Ulysses got the colt and put a collar and the harness on him, and hitched him up to a sled. Then he put a single line on to him and drove off, and loaded up the sled with brush and came back again. He kept at it, hauling successive loads all day, and, when I came home at night, he had a pile of brush as big as a cabin. He used to harness horses when he had to get up in the manger to put the bridle and collar on, and then turn the half bushel over and stand on that to throw the harness on.

"At eight and a half years of age he had become a regular driver, and used to work my team all day, day after day, hauling wood. There would be a man in the woods to load, and another at the house to unload, but Ulysses would drive the team. At about ten years of age he used to drive a pair of horses alone, from Georgetown, where we lived, forty miles, to Cincinnati, and bring back a load of passengers.

"He always broke his own horses. I never knew a horse to balk with him. He used to get one colt perfectly broken, and then put another in by the side of him. He had a most wonderful faculty for breaking horses to pace; it became known in the neighborhood, and people used to apply to him to break their horses to pace; but he had an idea that it was degrading, and would never undertake it."

SIAMESE CHILDREN AND THEIR KONE CHUK.

The loss of a tadpole's tail is a not more "certain sure" sign in the laws of nature of its change into a frog, than the laying aside of bib and tucker, or other baby testimonials is, by the laws of custom, of a child's change towards maturity. This queer pollywography of wear and art prevails more or less in all nations, and some have it so bad as to make an account of it quite picturesque. The Bangkok *Advertiser* gives the following description of the Siamese children's graduation to little men and little women:

All Siamese children, boys and girls, are allowed to wear a small tuft of hair on the front part of the head. This tuft is the *chuk*. Great care is bestowed upon this tuft by neat people. It is made to shine with Siamese pomatum, is worked into a good looking knot, which is held in place with an ornamental pin.

The highest point of that knot is called by the Siamese *chaum*, and the ornamental instrument which keeps the *chaum* and the entire knot in place is called *pin*, and is always under the *chaum*. While the chuk is worn, no clue can be had of the sex of the wearer from the cut or style in which the hair is trimmed or dressed.

The chuk is the style of the children's head appearance, and this style of head-dress is not disturbed till the boys or girls reach the age of eleven in the former and nine in the latter. The chuk is removed from the head of girls when they attain the age of nine or eleven years, if among the possibles, without fail. The time for the removal of the chuk must be an odd year. It is not removed before nine or eleven, and must be before the expiration of the fifteenth year of the age of the child; consequently, the ninth, eleventh, thirteenth and fifteenth year of the age of a human being is a suitable year, in the estimation of the Siamese, for the prominent ceremony of kone chuk. It would be very exceptional to allow a girl's chuk to remain till she had attained her fifteenth year. There is likewise a choice of the day and the hour when the deed is to be done.

The kone chuk is a very prominent event in the life of a Siamese youth. Invitations are sent to the personal acquaintances and friends of the parents; those invited are expected to make presents, and contribute to the dignity and importance of the family feast and ceremony. Priests are invited, who are to take part in the religious part of the ceremonies, which must consist of sacred incantations, and in some instances sermons.

Priests, whenever invited, are usually laden down with presents of articles they can, consistently with their monastic rules, use. If the parents are wealthy, or persons of rank, the demonstrations are made proportionately important. Siamese Lak'auns and Chinese theatricals are sustained for the amusement and entertainment of the invited guests, and the numerous spectators that assemble to witness such exhibitions, and the ceremonies are prolonged into three days. His Majesty, the late King, made very imposing processions when the tuft of hair was removed from the head of his prominent chil-

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dren. If the tuft of hair is to be removed from the head of the children of the King, it is called *Sokan*.

The *Sokan* ceremonies of Siam are important and imposing state ceremonies, and some parts of the procession are highly amusing, especially the group of native girls that used to be dressed like European women, and carefully drilled to be able to represent their courtesy and bearing, and who, in almost every instance, undesignedly burlesqued their representation. This representation, during the reign of the late King, always provoked an irrepressible smile from all foreigners who witnessed it.

After kone chuk, the boys can become *Nane's* at the temples. The nanes are dressed, to the unpractised eye, like a priest. The clothes worn are yellow, and the hair of the head and eyebrows are closely shaved. They are usually committed to the care of one of the prominent priests of the temple where they have been initiated, and have opportunities, if they are so disposed, of receiving such education as may be attainable at that temple. The girls after the *kone chuk* are scrupulously cared for by the parents and relatives. This ceremony indicates the transition from childhood into man and womanhood.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

From a Correspondent.

Burning the Greenbacks.

I told you in one of my letters that I had just held over four million of dollars in greenbacks in my hands. After that I was so happy as to have in my possession for about three minutes a package of forty million. Cousin said she never would have believed that so many fine estates, splendid dresses, magnificent libraries, grand parks, glorious conservatories, glittering jewels, &c., &c., could be within her grasp,—yet there they were.

In the redemption rooms and departments where the currency was prepared, in the Treasury Building, there were several ladies. About half the number of clerks were ladies, I should think, and some of them very young and very pretty. One young lady was shown us, who, within two or three years, has lost every member of her family save a sickly sister, who is supported by her.

Suddenly, cousin thought of the coupons.

"I never saw a coupon in my life," she said, frankly, "and never expect to possess one, so pray show me some while I think of it." So they brought out a drawerful of bits of brown currency, at least it looked like currency, and these were the coupons, from ten cents in value to hundreds of dollars. They are somewhat smaller than ordinary ten cent pieces,—"pretty, engaging little things," cousin called them.

"But I thought there were more ladies employed," she said, as we looked through the rooms; and presently, as we were on the ground floor, we found ourselves in a great room that seemed to extend the whole length of the building.

Here were the women, a very hive of them, seated at forms like so many grown children in classes. It was lunch-time, and such a hum and buzzing! Here was one lady drawing tea in a queer little sort of apparatus; another pouring cold milk from a bottle; another making the best of her boarding-house biscuit, and their tongues were as busy as their teeth.

From here we went into General Spinner's room. The General is in Europe, or no doubt he would have expressed himself highly honored. We were shown his likeness, at which cousin made a ludicrous face.

"Is he as homely as that?" she asked, at which everybody laughed.

What a beautiful room it was! There were mirrors, and bookcases, and the richest carpet we had seen yet, and some pictures, from one of which I couldn't tear myself away. O, it was such a lovely stretch of country! such golden fields! such blue, soft, golden-tinted skies! such trees and rivers!

Presently we were taken down to the basement of the building. There we saw the bright little machine that cuts the letter-stamps all in squares, with those tiny little dots. The gentleman who *chaperoned* us, rolled a sheet of paper through the machine twice, and, presto, every delicate line was visible. There were three machines in the room, and several young ladies at work. But the room seemed damp, unsunny and cheerless.

Outside were tons of boxes of paper, all labelled, and as yet unused. Here men were nailing, sorting, gumming on directions, and packing. They all looked busy, and as if they were a little hurried.

"Don't you get tired down here?" asked cousin of a very handsome young man, with a paper hat covering his curly locks.

"Sometimes—a little," he replied, smiling. "Work is work. I dare say Mr. Boutwell gets more tired than I do."

"Now where do you burn that horrid old money?" was the next question.

"I am not certain that I shall allow you to witness that ceremony," said Mr. B., with a smile.

"I'm sure we are all good looking," was the quick reply; "I think you might let us in."

After a little time,—which seemed to be used in consultation, and somebody running after somebody else in the distance, and somebody in the distance alternately shaking his head and looking ready to yield, during which we watched, with eager, fascinated eyes,—the order came, and we were marched into an apartment that smelt more villanously than even the redemption room up stairs.

Here we found a great array of tin boxes, sealed. Three or four persons were seated at a table with writing materials before them. There was also a great, black machine that looked like an immense tea-caddy, and which is the retort; a great cylinder, that blowed and puffed like a steam-engine; a step-ladder, upon which a young man was mounted, and at that moment was throwing packages of notes in the mouth or door of the retort.

"Those boxes are all full of money?" said cousin, pointing at them.

"Yes," said Mr. B., "this is the money that is to be purified by fire. For every note that is burned, a new, freshly-issued bank-bill is given. These boxes hold millions, and you see with what great care the ceremony is performed. You saw up stairs the bills counted, marked and divided. Here they are, after being again counted in halves, and made to correspond. These chests are locked with three padlocks; they have been inspected in three different departments, and those gentlemen at the table check off the packages as they are called out. Over five millions are to be burned to-day."

It really made us feel solemn to think of it, even though we knew in what way it would find resurrection again.

"And if they die, shall they not live again?" murmured Mr. B. to himself. I knew what he meant.

The man on the steps kept thrusting in the packages, the man at the tin chests kept calling out the amounts, "Twenty thousand!" "Fifty thousand!" and the man at the table echoed the amount. Presently the retort was full, packed, crammed, and then a door was opened, and the fire applied.

Dear me, how strangely I felt at the roaring, and the blowing, and the puffing, and the sudden heat! What curious experiences had those old, dirty, mutilated bills been through! How many cares they had lightened! how many helped bless! how many helped curse! It was the most singular sensation I ever experienced.

By-and-by the roaring ceased; the fire grew faint; the work was done.

The committee appointed to watch the whole proceeding, directed the retort to be opened, and looked inside. There was nothing but gray ashes, and a strange, acrid smell.

"They must report under oath how much money is destroyed," said Mr. B. "Then it is placed to the treasurer's credit, and the money is refunded, as I said before, in good, new notes."

"O dear, how many houses and lands we have seen in ashes!" sighed my cousin, as we left the place, much impressed with all the strange sights we had witnessed; but the strangest and most impressive of all was the burning of the five millions of dollars, all in so little time.

ALICE.

THE INDIA-RUBBER GROVES OF THE AMAZONS.

In the early summer of 1869, while on my way to an extended exploration in the wilds of Bolivia, I made a journey up the river Madeira, the great tributary of the Amazons. It is a river well known through the extensive manufacture of india-rubber in the forests on its banks.

The Madeira enters the Amazon from the south, about nine hundred miles from Para, and ninety-five below the confluence of the river Negro. My starting-point on the present journey was Manaos, the capital of the province of the Amazons. My conveyance was a canoe of about a ton burden, manned by six men.

The union of the waters of the Upper Amazons, and its tributary, the river Negro, is very curious. The Amazons at this point, is not half the width of the latter, and looks, indeed, like an affluent instead of the main stream. The black water presses slowly out, while the muddy water of the Amazons dashes fiercely at it, and holds it back, and, being colder and heavier, passes underneath it.

We started at evening, my men paddling lazily by moonlight for the current of the shadowy, solitary river. We then drifted on the current, the oarsmen taking their rest. No lookout is necessary for a night-travel like this. Should you drift ashore, the mosquitoes will greet your arrival so warmly that sleep is gone before danger can occur.

After twenty hours' journey from the mouth of the Negro, we reached the mouth of the Madeira. I had ascended the Amazons ten times, but had never seen before the mouth of this most wonderful tributary, said to be two thousand miles in length. The waters at the confluence are broken by numerous islands, and the Amazon's voyagers usually pass on the side opposite the Madeira.

The view of the water-horizon of the Amazons at the point of union between the two rivers is grand, giving one an idea of the vastness of the great river system. The Madeira, in comparison with the wide expanse of the main river, seems but a child. Indeed, the former, beyond the islands, is seldom more than half a mile in width.

The dwellers on the lower Madeira are an idle, shiftless race, a mixture of different Indians with whites, negroes and mulattoes, living by pillage, without marriage, or law, or any sort of shame. They are noted canoe thieves. The stealing of canoes, however, is common on the Amazons, (and, in justice be it said, hardly any thing else is ever stolen.) Even at Manaos, the provincial capital, canoe-thieves are ever on the alert, and often escape unpunished.

I once knew of a canoe-robber there, who not only stole the boat, but the owner also. After drinking late with his friends, this voyager had come to his canoe for rest, and, lying down in the stern, had covered himself with a large mat to keep off the dew. Towards morning, some one untied the canoe and rowed off in it without perceiving the owner. When daylight broke, and they were off an island in mid-river, the owner of the canoe awoke, and, raising the mat, saw the situation. He seized his gun, and, to the utter amazement of the thief, who was, of course, at the bow of the canoe, and looking ahead, exclaimed,—

"What, you scoundrel! do you mean to steal *me*, too? Turn back, or I'll shoot you! and row to the landing nearest the police office. Faster! Faster! if you don't want to be shot!"

The terrified thief rowed for his life, but the owner of the boat took pity upon him, and allowed him to escape.

We arrived at last at the more populous districts of the Madeira, within sight of the famous india-rubber groves.

The trees of these groves rise straight from the ground, round and smooth as the columns of a temple, having an airy and picturesque appearance as their tops nod in the river winds, and shimmer in the sun.

And now a few words about india-rubber making. The trees are tapped, much like the sugar maple in our own country. They emit a light fluid, or milk, which runs slowly, perhaps a gill a day. This is collected in great quantities, and exposed, for the purpose of hardening, to the sun. When dry, it forms an elastic substance, dark on the outside, but white or colorless in the middle, called *caoutchouc*. The trees are fit for tapping when about ten years of age, and each tree is made to yield from eight to twelve pounds of rubber a season.

The trade with this wild and interesting region has become extensive, and is yearly growing. The india-rubber trade is gradually carrying the arts of civilization into these long unexplored regions, and bringing the inhabitants into active intercourse with the outer world.

We present with this article pictures of a half-caste girl of Mandros, the provincial capital, and of a Mundurucu Indian, a tattooed specimen of the races on the Madeira.

THE REWARDS FOR PEACE AND THE REWARDS FOR WAR.

The German government is rewarding the men who recently served it so faithfully in the war it waged against France.

If we can trust the accounts that come from Europe, that government is about to distribute among the leading statesmen in its service, and the leading men of its armies, a sum equal to almost three millions of dollars. As the number of such leaders, civil and military, is rather large, the sum of money each will receive must be comparatively small.

The great German of all, Bismarck, it is said, is to have a special reward, one proportioned to his part in the great work lately done.

He was made a prince some time ago, but this title, though it is the highest after that of the sovereign in England, does not stand so high on the continent of Europe as that of duke, or it would not be bestowed on persons not of the blood royal. It has often been conferred on persons by no means of very lofty birth. Marshal Blucher was made a prince for the part he had in overthrowing the first Napoleon; and several of Napoleon's marshals were made princes. It has, however, been recently stated that Bismarck is to be made a duke.

Prince Bismarck is to have an estate of the value of $2,400,000, or more than double the amount that England gave to Wellington. But then Wellington had other gifts from the English, while foreign governments conferred both estates and titles upon him.

But what are the German soldiers to receive? What is to be given to the myriads of nameless brave men who marched and fought all the way from the German border to Sedan and Metz, and from Sedan and Metz to Paris and Orleans, to Havre and Fecamp, to Tours in one direction and to St. Quentin in another?

Well, we cannot say, precisely, what they are to receive, but all that is yet announced as the reward of their bravery and patriotism, their valor and endurance, their sufferings and their sacrifices, is that to each of them will be given a *brass medal*,—value, a halfpenny, as they are manufactured cheaply by the ton. 'Tis the way of the world,—and yet what a compensation for going from the Elbe and the Rhine to the British Channel and the Atlantic Ocean in six months, conquering a nation by the way!

England has just made a great treaty with the United States, and in that way will preserve peace, and probably prevent war in all the future between the two countries,—the greatest and best work that statesmen could have done.

What rewards has England bestowed on the peacemakers? We know only of this: She has raised the gentleman who headed her commission one step upward in the peerage.

His titles were Earl De Grey and Earl of Ripon, there being two earldoms in his possession. He has been made Marquis of Ripon, the title of marquis being next above that of earl, and next below that of duke, the latter being the highest grade in the peerage. Such is his reward.

As to our commissioners, they have received, for the great and beneficent work done by them, only a comparatively small pecuniary compensation as agents of the government; no reward has been given, or is expected. The wisdom and the skill employed to prevent war are not so highly thought of or so well rewarded as the ability to make war successful—and yet how much nobler the work of the peacemakers!

KILLED BY HIS OWN STRENGTH.

Men of excessive muscular power are apt to make their strength their misfortune by over-efforts, like Samson, and Milo of Crotona.

A Frenchman was killed on the sands of Boulogne-Sur-Mer, in the presence of many hundred spectators. He was a man of extraordinary strength, named Vigneron, aged forty-five, and was known in most parts of Europe for his feats of strength, and particularly for lifting a cannon, weighing six hundred pounds, upon his shoulders, and firing a full charge of gunpowder. He went through this performance on the sands,

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on Monday afternoon, with his usual success, but while in the act of lifting the cannon to lower it, he slipped and fell. The whole weight of the cannon fell on the face of the unfortunate man, killing him instantly.

POLITICAL RINGS.

The "slang" of the political world of America is more copious in its phrases than that of any other country. This is not strange in view of the fact that the largest liberty of speech and of conduct is permitted here that is consistent with civil order and good morals. This and other causes excite marvellous activity of mind, which finds expression in pointed, pithy and sometimes coarse language.

For a few years past, the word "Ring" has been much used in America in connection with business and politics. Now it has become as common as "Lobby." In fact, the "Ring" is nothing but the "Lobby" extended, with all modern improvements in trickery.

The "Lobby," as we explained some time ago, is an association of persons for the purpose of acting on legislative bodies, such as Congress, State Legislatures, Boards of Aldermen and Common Councils in cities. The members of the "Lobby," or of "the third branch," as it is called, of a Legislature, combine their labors and influence for the purpose of carrying a certain measure through a certain body, and they receive pay for so doing.

A "Ring" is formed on the same principle, only the members of that magic circle generally work for themselves, and on a larger scale than the "Lobbyists," unless the members of the congressional "Lobby" form an exception.

"No pent-up Utica contracts the powers" of "Rings," but the whole continent is made a field for their machinations.

Sometimes a "Ring" is formed to force up or to depress in value a certain kind of stock or some article of merchandise. The greatest "Ring" of this kind ever formed was the famous "Gold Ring," which, not very long ago, endeavored to raise the price of gold, and to depreciate the value of the paper currency issued by the national government. That "Ring" would have succeeded in its villanous designs had not government interfered. In the amount of money involved it was, perhaps, the most formidable conspiracy ever known. Many of the men in the "Ring" were ruined by the failure of their plot, as they deserved to be, for its success would have brought disaster and ruin to others.

"Rings" in politics are formed to secure the nomination of candidates for office. In 1856 Mr. Buchanan was nominated by a Democratic "Ring" of politicians, who did not wish the reelection of President Peirce; just as twelve years earlier another "Ring" prevented the nomination of Mr. Van Buren, and by their activity and influence secured that of Mr. Polk. The word "Ring" was then unknown in political slang, but the thing itself was well known. A Whig "Ring" prevented the nomination of Mr. Clay, in 1839.

To-day there is a "Ring" in New York, that for a long time has maintained leadership in the politics of that State, and held possession of the government of New York city. It is called the "Tammany Ring," and a marvelously corrupt "Ring" it has been. But its deeds have been brought to light, and its power is probably broken.

There may be "Rings" forming at this moment to nominate candidates for the next presidency, as the election will take place in 1872—and one party is as likely to be *"ringed"* as the other.

The term "Ring," in the slang, political sense, is of low origin. It comes from "prize ring," used in prize fighting; one of the vilest of human pursuits—and from the "bull ring," which is one of the cruelest. It is curious, that just as men are becoming ashamed of "rings" associated with murder and brutality, they should introduce "rings" into all the departments of business and of politics.

"THEM ROASTED APPLES."

This glutton story describes only one of many cases of blinded wrong-doers, who are so far from repenting and reforming when they suffer for their folly, that they refuse even to know what hurts them:

Old Squire H—— was a very successful and substantial farmer in an interior town of Massachusetts, and a more amazing eater never lived in any town anywhere. Especially did he eat like a glutton when fresh pork was to be his food. Well, one of his hogs had been killed. The next morning there was fresh pork for breakfast, and the old man ate most wondrously.

In the course of the forenoon he ate his luncheon, consisting of bread and butter, mince pie and cheese. At noon his dinner consisted of fresh pork, pickles, mince pie, and the usual accompaniments. His afternoon luncheon was like that of the forenoon.

When he came home to supper, his favorite dish had not been prepared as part of that meal. The old man fretted and scolded till fresh pork was added to the substantials. He ate voraciously as usual. In the evening he toasted some cheese, buttered and eat it.

Just before going to bed he roasted a couple of apples and ate them.

In the night he was taken with a severe colic. The doctor was with him till morning, and nearly wrought a miracle in saving the old man's life. The next day Bolles W., one of his neighbors, went in to condole with the old squire on his illness.

"Faithful Bolles," said the old worthy, "I liked to have died last night. I'll never eat another roast apple as long as I live. I never did love them very well, and last night I ate only two, and they nearly killed me."

ONE BY ONE.

They are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one;
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one;
Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And, clothed with white raiments, they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one;
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the waves run fiercely and wild,
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

We, too, shall come by the river side,
One by one;
We are nearer its waters each even-tide,
One by one;
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,
Now and again through our life's deep dream,—
Sometimes the floods o'er the banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,
One by one.

AN ANCIENT MAIL CARRIER.

A Maine paper has the following reminiscence of an old time postman:

Mr. Clark Osgood, of Cape Elizabeth, has shown us a trunk, (the property of Mrs. Elmina Osgood,) in which, he says, Mr. Robert Clay, of Bluehill, carried the United States mails in eastern Maine in 1812 and 1814. This trunk is quite small, being only ten and one-half inches long, four and three-fourths wide, and less than four deep, including the cover. It is covered with leather, without handles of any kind, and fastened with a brass lock. It was doubtless carried by Mr. Clay under the arm.

Mr. C. started on his route from Bluehill, going from there to Bucksport; then crossing the river, he went by way of Belfast to Camden, this place being the end of his route westward. Then he returned by the same way to Bluehill, and thence proceeded to Surry, Ellsworth, Sullivan Ferry and Machias; and from there to Eastport, the eastward end of his route, a distance from Camden of about one hundred and fifty miles. From Eastport he returned to Bluehill. The round trip of three hundred miles occupied eight or ten days, according to the state of the travelling.

Before he commenced using this trunk, he carried the mails in an old boot leg, with one strap left on for a handle. Letter postage, at that time, was twenty-five cents. Mr. Clay had the reputation of carrying the mails with care and dispatch.

"CALL IT FUEL."

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and it makes little difference to topers what their drink is called, provided it has the burn in it. The name given here by the old time Congressman was very appropriate. Brandy and its relations have been "fuel" to more fires since his day, than turpentine, shavings or benzine ever kindled.

The following story is related by Mr. Jefferson, concerning the first Continental Congress: Delegate Harrison, of Virginia, desiring to "stimulate," presented himself and friend at a certain place where supplies were furnished Congress, and ordered two glasses of brandy and water. The man in charge replied that liquors were not included in the supplies furnished Congressmen. "Why," said Harrison, "what is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?" "Molasses and water, which they have charged as *stationery*," was the reply. "Then give me the brandy and water," quoth Harrison, "and charge it as *fuel*."

A JUDGMENT ON DE "ICE MASHEEN."

Ignorant good people said when lightning-rods were invented, that they were a wicked defiance of Providence. The good aunty here thinks patent freezers *tempted* Providence, in one case, at least.

An "old colored sister" of Atlanta, Ga., thus accounted for the recent destructive storm in that city: "I can jes tell you what is de reason for all dis hail, and wind, and rain, what de good Lord has poured out upon us poor sinners—it all comes of that ice masheen what the white folks hab started in dis town. It's agin natur—making of freezin' cold ice here in de month of July, and de good Lord is punishin' us for tryin' to be smarter dan He is. He don't make ice in de summer time, and when poor, sinful man gets to goin agin de Lord, den He's sure to punish 'em with storms of hail, and rain, and wind, and tarafyin' fevers—bless de Lord!"

POSTAGE ON MANUSCRIPT SENT TO NEWSPAPERS.

Many writers for the press would do well to consider the following letter from the First Assistant Postmaster General. Only book manuscripts can be sent through the mail at newspaper postage. Articles for papers and magazines do not come under this rule. If such articles mailed at newspaper rates are taken from the office at all, the publisher is obliged to pay the amount due, or the difference between mail and newspaper matter:

"*Sir*,—In reply to your letter of the 18th inst., I would say that the 244th section of the Postal Law, which allows book manuscripts to pass between authors and publishers at the rate of postage for printed matter, cannot be construed to embrace manuscripts for publication in newspapers or magazines. The latter must pay letter rates. Yours, respectfully, &c.,

J. W. MARSHALL,
First Assistant P. M. General."

"FORTY TOO" YEARS OLD.

Two gentlemen, who had been born on the same day, were once celebrating the event by a dinner to their mutual friends. After the cloth was removed, one of the hosts said to the other,—

"What will you lay, Johnson, that I do not prove myself to be considerably older than you?"

"Why, that's downright nonsense," returned the other; "you cannot do it."

"Well, then,' said the first speaker, "what is your age to-day?"

"Forty," said Johnson.

"Why, then,' cried the other, triumphantly, "as we were both born on the same day, I must, of course, be *forty too!*"

A hearty laugh followed this *logical deduction*, and it was allowed on all hands that the wager was fairly won, although at the expense of adding two years to the age of the winner.

This reminds us of the Dutchman's reply to the question of his own and his wife's age. "I'm dirty, and my wife is dirty too."

LUCK AND LABOR.

Last week two boys left their country homes to seek their fortunes in the city.

"I shall see what luck will do for me," said one.

"I shall see what labor can do for me," cried the other.

Which is the better to depend upon, luck or labor? Let us see.

Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck lies abed wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and, with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

A man may accomplish more in an hour of earnest effort than in a year of dreaming. Cicero said that even his leisure hours had their occupation. It was labor, not luck, that made him the most conspicuous orator of the Roman Republic.

A BOY'S EXPLOIT.

Hercules killed one serpent when he was a baby, but here is a little fellow who killed thirty-three:

The Taunton *Gazette* says, while a son of Samuel Phillips, of East Taunton, about eight years old, was fishing on the bank of the river, Monday, he espied a large black water-snake approaching. The little fellow immediately gave the snake a whack with his fishpole across his body, cutting a small hole, and disabling it, drew it ashore, whereupon thirty-two young snakes, measuring from six to eight inches each, came rushing off from the black reptile, which was some four feet in length, all of which the boy despatched, and then went home to relate his exploit.

TROUBLESOME SPECIAL BEQUESTS.

The *Freeman* (London) gives us an insight into some of the singular bequests for which the English are noted, and which have, in many instances, proved an injury to the recipients. Nearly a century ago, a Mr. Jarvis bequeathed $500,000 to the poor of three parishes. The result has been to attract the indolent and vicious to these parishes, very much to their detriment. A certain tobacconist left a field, the rent of which was to furnish six poor women with snuff. The value of the field has increased enormously beyond the capacity of noses. The parish of St. Edmund has $3,750 to distribute annually to the poor, but has no poor. One legacy provides perpetually for the expense of burning heretics.

WASTE OF WAR.

There is a family residing in the town of Chester, Penobscot Co., Me., who lost, during the late war with the South, six male members—four sons and two sons-in-law—and a seventh was wounded and discharged for disability. Two of the sons were captured and died in rebel prisons; a third was killed at the battle of Cedar Creek; a fourth was wounded, and a fifth died at home. One of the sons-in-law was killed at Petersburg, and the other sickened and died in one of the Union hospitals near Washington.

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SIR LARK AND HIS WIFE.

"Good-morrow. my lord!" in the sky alone
Sang the lark as the sun ascended his throne;
"Shine on me, my lord; I only am come,
Of all your servants, to welcome you home.
I have flown for an hour, right up, I declare,
To catch the first shine of your golden hair."

"Must I thank you, then," said the king, "Sir Lark,
For flying so high, and hating the dark?
You ask a full cup for half a thirst;
Half is love of me, and half love to the first.
There's many a bird that makes no haste,
But waits till I come. That's as much to my taste."

And the king hid his head in a turban of cloud;
And the lark stopped singing, quite vexed and cowed.
But he flew up higher, and thought, "Anon
The wrath of the king will be over and gone;
And his crown, shining out of the cloudy fold,
Will change my brown feathers to glory of gold."

So he flew—with the strength of a lark he flew,
But, as he rose, the cloud rose, too;
And not a gleam of the golden hair
Came through the depth of the misty air,
Till weary with flying, with sighing sore,
The strong sun-seeker could do no more.

His wings had had no chrism of gold,
And his feathers felt withered, and worn, and old;
And he sank, and quivered, and dropped like a stone,
And there on his nest, where he left her alone,
Sat his little wife on her little eggs,
Keeping them warm with wings and legs.

Did I say alone? Ah, no such thing!
Full in her face was shining the king
"Welcome, Sir Lark! You look tired," said he;
Up is not always the best way to me.
While you have been singing so high and away,
I've been shining to your little wife all day."

He had set his crown all about the nest,
And out of the midst shone her little brown breast;
And so glorious was she in russet gold
That for wonder and awe Sir Lark grew cold.
He popped his head under his wing, and lay
As still as a stone till the king was away.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

DYING WORDS OF SOVEREIGNS AND STATESMEN.

Charles I.—Remember.

Nero—Is this your fidelity?

Adam Clarke—Are you going?

Julius Cæsar—And thou, too, Brutus?

Henry IV., of Navarre—I am wounded.

Charles II.—Let not poor Nellie starve.

Napoleon Bonaparte—Head of the army.

Louis XVII.—I have something to tell you.

George II.—O God! I am dying. This is death!

Cardinal Beaufort—What! Is there no bribing death?

Cardinal Ximenses—In thee, Lord, have I trusted.

Emperor Vespasian—An Emperor should die standing.

Julian the Apostate.—O, Galilean! thou hast conquered.

Caliph Omar—Testify this for me at the day of judgment.

Lady Jane Grey—Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

Queen Elizabeth—All my possessions for a moment of time.

Maria Theresa—I do not sleep. I wish to meet my death awake.

Anne Boleyn—It is small, very small indeed. (Clasping her neck.)

Frederick V., of Denmark—There is not a drop of blood on my hands.

Louis XIV.—O, my God, come to my aid; make haste to succor me!

Augustus Cæsar—Farewell, Livia, and ever remember our long union.

Emperor Severus—I have seen all things, and all things are of little value.

William the Silent—O, my God, have mercy on my soul! O, my God, have mercy upon this poor people.

Mary Beatrice, of Modena—Pray for me, and for the King, my son, that he may serve God faithfully all his life.

Alexander the Great—When you are happy. (In reply to the question at what time they should pay him divine honor.)

Marie Antoinette—Lord, enlighten and soften the hearts of my executioners. Adieu, forever, my dear children. I go to join your father.

Isabella of Arragon—Do not weep for me, nor waste your time in fruitless prayers for my recovery; but pray rather for the salvation of my soul.

Henry II.—O shame! shame! I am a conquered King!—a conquered King! Cursed be the day on which I was born, and cursed be the children I leave behind me!

Empress Josephine—I shall die regretted. I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it. I can say with truth that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a tear to flow.

Cyrus the Great—Adieu, dear children; may your lives be happy! Carry my last remembrance to your mother; and for you, my faithful friends, as well absent, receive this last farewell, and may you live in peace.

Cardinal Wolsey—If I had served God as diligently as I have served the King, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs. It is my just reward. (Shortly after,) Tell the King I conjure him, in God's name, to destroy this new, pernicious sect—Lutherans. The King should know that if he tolerates heresy, God will take away his power, and we will then have mischief upon mischief, barrenness, scarcity and disorder, to the destruction of this realm.

Not a cheerful record, truly. We add a few testimonies from the lips of humble but pious persons, who never knew the splendors of the court:

All is perfection.—*Summerfield.*

He has come; my Beloved is mine, and I am His; His forever.—*Thomas Walsh.*

I feel as though I was sitting, like Mary, at the feet of my Redeemer.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

I have been upon the wings of the cherubim.—*Walker, of Truro.*

Tell the missionary the blind sees. I glory in Christ. I glory.—*Dying Hindoo Boy.*

Home! home! I see the new Jerusalem. They praise Him! They praise Him!—*Norman Smith.*

I thank God that I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I awake in this world or in another.—*Dr. Watts.*

One may add, in view of the contrast,—

"I'd rather be the least of them,
And be the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne."

A CHRIST-LIKE DEED.

So much dreaded is sickness that our human nature shrinks not only from enduring it ourselves, but even from nursing it in others, and supreme selfishness utterly refuses "to have it round" till direst necessity sends it. All the more praiseworthy for this is the tender spirit which, instead of fleeing or hiding from the sight and succor of human distress, meets it half-way with hand and heart of kindness. The New York *Observer* relates the following beautiful example. The editor, becoming acquainted with a case of sad misfortune, published, in one of his columns, the following simple notice:

A young lady, who was tenderly reared, and on the death of all who were able to aid in her support, was sustaining herself by teaching, has been prostrated by failure of health, and is now totally dependent on the kindness of strangers. There is no public institution provided for such invalids, and it may be that some Christian heart may be found willing to furnish the helpless sufferer the comforts of a home.

At last came a letter proposing, if all things were as they had been represented, to welcome the sick stranger into the bosom of a Christian home. After all the necessary arrangements, the invalid was, by easy stages on the railroad, taken to the distant city where her kind benefactors resided. At the depot she and her friend were met by the gentleman, with his elegant carriage and horses. He received her with great cordiality, tenderly cared for her comfort, and then conveyed her to his house in the immediate vicinity of the city. It was a mansion in the midst of wooded grounds, and having every appearance of wealth and repose. The gentleman and his wife, both beyond middle age, and with no other family, gave her a parental welcome to their house, and the lady conducted the weary sufferer to the chamber designed for her rest and enjoyment. It was comfort itself. Whatever taste, refinement and love could suggest in advance, to make a room inviting, had been provided. A fire glowed on the hearth. Flowers smiled a welcome on the toilet table. Books, and pictures, and little objects of *vertu*, spoke of exquisite culture. And when the invalid was refreshed with rest, the gentle lady told her that all her fears had vanished, and she assured her that she and her husband would find joy and peace in their guest, who should be to them as a daughter and friend.

She has been there now more than six months, and all parties, the benevolent couple and their invalid guest, are happy in each other's love.

THRILLING STORY OF PERIL AND ESCAPE.

The following painfully interesting story will give one an idea of the sufferings risked and often actually endured by those heroic men who give their time and strength to exploring unknown regions that they may add something to our imperfect knowledge of the earth we live on, or even the country we live in:

Mr. T. C. Evarts, of Helena, Montana, was one of an exploring party last September, in the wild regions about the sources of the Snake and Yellow Stone Rivers, in Montana. It was a high region, over eight thousand feet above the level of the ocean—one never visited before by a white man, and which even the Indians have never inhabited. It was a wooden country; its trackless wilds covered with fallen timber, making travel very slow on foot or horseback.

The party scattered in search of game, one day, and Mr. Evarts followed a deer's trail till at nightfall he realized that he was lost in the woods. He camped out that night, not doubting that he could retrace his steps, and rejoin the party the next day.

Starting early next morning, a little too early to see clearly, he dismounted from his horse to examine his trail more closely, when the beast, frightened by something, started away on a run, and he saw no more of him.

Attached to the saddle was his carbine, pistols, ammunition, fishing tackle, matches, every thing, in fact, of his equipment, except the clothes on his body. Of course he realized that it was now a serious business.

Thinking, however, that some of the party would be back to look for him, he remained in that vicinity for a day or two; but his friends knowing that he was mounted on a good horse, did not doubt that he would soon overtake them, and had pushed on two days journey before they stopped to wait or make search for him.

In the meantime the first snow of the season, *two feet* in depth, fell, making all following of trails or journey on foot impossible for Mr. Evarts, and periling his life from exposure. It was saved by a provision of nature not known in these parts—the hot springs.

He remembered that they had passed some of these, five or six miles from the spot where he became separated from the party, and succeeded in making his way back to them. He lay by these, on the ground warmed by the springs, till the snow went off, sustaining life on a kind of thistle root, which could be eaten when sodden in the hot water in the springs, though having little nourishment in it.

There were plenty of elk and other game in the woods, and fish in the streams, but he was wholly without any means to take them. Neither did he dare to leave the springs without some means of kindling a fire. How to get the first spark was the problem. Fortunately he had with him his field glass, and using its lenses as a burning glass, he succeeded on a bright day in lighting a fire with some rotten wood.

He then started on the track of the party, using his burning glass to make a fire in bright weather, and carrying brands in his hands from one stopping place to another in cloudy days, burning his fingers terribly in the process, in spite of all precautions.

Two nights he had to spend without fire, and with the utmost difficulty kept himself alive by constant motion and rubbing of his stiffening limbs. A single small bird and a small fish or two gave him all the food he had except the thistle roots. His boots gave out and his feet became worn to the bone.

In spite of all he pushed on, and *thirty-eight* days from the day he was lost, he met a party coming to find, not him, but his lifeless remains; for they had no hope of finding him alive. He had made his way over a hundred miles toward civilization. He had become reduced in weight from 160 to 80 pounds; but he was alive, and is a living and healthy man to-day, though his feet have not yet fully recovered from the terrible wear of that month of foot travel.—*Burlington Free Press.*

KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL GAMES.

Kindergartens, (pronounced kint-er-gar-tn) or "child nurseries," are a pleasant contrivance, imitated from the Germans, and are conducted on the plan of instructing little children *by suiting little children's ways.*

Every mother may start a Kindergarten in her nursery, if she has the will, and knows how. The Kindergarten manuel of Dr. Adolf Donai, which has just been published by Mr. E. Steiger, will be found a valuable work in helping her to learn how, as well as in its more direct object of furnishing hints to those who wish to introduce Kindergarten features in their schools. It develops the essential features of the plan, gives a number of Kindergarten games, (musical games at the same time) childlike poetry for recitations, models for Kindergarten stories, and drawing lessons. We give one of the games, but necessarily without the music, which is really one of the most essential features:

"I am a cooper, and barrels I bind,
And on my brow perspiration I find;
But happy and merry I always am found,
And with this my hammer I pound,
I pound, around, around, around, around.

"The children form a circle, the circle is narrow, the arms are interlaced over the shoulders, to represent the hoop around the vat. One pupil as cooper walks around, puts, in imitation of the cooper, one fist on the hoop and pounds on it with the other, advancing from child to child."

In giving out these pieces, the teacher first recites the poem entire; then questions the children as to what it means, explaining all the points, making it an invariable rule "never to make her pupils commit any thing to memory which is either altogether beyond their conception or not sufficiently brought home to their reflection and understanding." Then the time is given, and the game is played. The childlike poetry and the stories are explained in like manner with the plays, and are made texts by which truths are impressed on the pupils. They are of a higher intellectual character than the plays. The drawing lessons in Dr. Donai's book are of the very best character. it would be difficult to say too much in favor of them.

By this method, which is progressive, and makes object lessons of every thing, the child is led along in the mastery of facts, till it is time to give him books, when he will be ready to manage books without the pain and tedium which school children have been habituated to associate inevitably with them.

THE CINNAMON GARDENS OF CEYLON.

The spicy gales of Ceylon are so much a matter of notoriety, that a considerable amount of interest is necessarily felt in the cinnamon gardens. Ancient mariners have always made a point of sniffing the aromatic zephyrs wafted to their ship from Ceylon—over a league or two of sea. Novices, under similar condition as to position, have done their best to believe they smell cinnamon, and spice, and all things nice, when directed to do so. And the spicy gales, born of Ceylon, to be met with in the Indian Ocean, have been and are as much an institution in all poetry and some prose as the burning mountains of Africa and India's coral strands. Strange to say, however, the traveller who goes to Galle falls in with none of these perfumed breezes. The odors of the engine-room, the hold, and the galley have it all their own way on board as the steamer rounds to her moorings, and continue to predominate while she is in harbor.

Going ashore, the passenger escapes from the odors of the steamer; but he searches in vain for those of the spice-gardens. And when, at last, he goes to the cinnamon gardens themselves, disappointment is his portion. He expected to find a wilderness of odoriferous shrubs, a labyrinth of tangled sweets. He discovers, in fact, a desert of gravel walks, with here and there a small oasis covered by a sickly cinnamon or barred coffee-shrub. There are cocoa-nut palms in abundance, to be sure, and there are other specimens of tropical vegetation; but nothing is to be seen of such an extensive plantation of spice-bearing trees as would justify the title of cinnamon gardens, or in any way account for the spicy gales aforesaid.

AN INTELLIGENT PARROT.

Grace Greenwood relates the following pleasant anecdotes of a somewhat remarkable parrot:

I have heard much of a clever parrot once kept by some relatives of ours, on an old place, in a quiet little village. Mistress Polly had free range of the house and yard, and throughout the town was as well known as the oldest inhabitant.

Through all the pleasant weather she haunted the tall trees in front of the house, climbing to the highest branches, and from there superintending the affairs of the neighborhood, and making astronomical and meteorological observations.

In the spring and autumn, she watched from these lofty perches the flight of great flocks of pigeons and crows, with intense but decidedly unfriendly interest.

She would scream and scold at them in a most insolent and defiant manner, evidently criticising the order of their march and all their manœuvres and evolutions—for all the world like a newspaper editor finding fault with the conduct of great armies. Doubtless she was astonished and disgusted to see the great host sweep steadily on, following their leader, paying no heed to her shrieking, railing, evil prophesies.

Yet she was never so absorbed by her duties on the watch-tower that she failed to come to her meals. These she took with the family, perched on the back of a chair on the corner of the table. She was very fond of coffee, and was always provided with a cup. She would take it up by the handle with her claws, and drink from it without spilling a drop.

A terrible gossip and busybody was she, talking perpetually and doing all the mischief that lay in her power. She was the terror and torment of all cats and kittens; for, wary and watchful as they might be, Polly was always surprising them by attacks in the rear, and cunning ambuscades, and flank movements. Nothing more still and soft-footed could be imagined than her approaches; nothing more sly, sudden and sharp than the nips she gave with her horrid hooked bill. A cat's extended tail was especially tempting to her.

She generally fought the battle out on that line. "In maiden meditation fancy free," this parrot roamed about the yard, and laughed and railed at patient sitting hens, and the proud mothers of newly-hatched chicks and ducklings. Sometimes she would follow a brood about, sneering and advising, until the poor mother was in an agony of worriment. At last she came to grief, in this way. A spirited speckled hen, with a fine brood of young ones, tired of being snubbed and of hearing her offspring deprecated, and shocked at seeing the domestic virtues set at naught by a flaunting foreign fowl, of infidel sentiments, turned upon her, sprang upon her neck, and began pecking and tearing at her sleek plumage like mad! The feathers fell all around, like a shower of green snow; and the parrot began screaming with all her might, "Let up! Let up! Poor Polly! Poor Polly!"

Her mistress came to the rescue, and Polly skulked away to her cage, where she remained several days, sullen and deeply humiliated; but, when she emerged from her retirement, she gave the hens and chickens a wide berth.

"BINKWYCHIPLE."

No foreigners can murder the Queen's English like the English themselves. The untranslatable tongue-clippings given by the cockney omnibus conductors to well-known names, &c., (as Bank-White chapel) are both ludicrous and provoking to an American. A correspondent of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* writes from London:

The conductor or "cad" is ever on the alert; his eyes are in every direction; he signals a passenger in the crowd invisible to all but him; he continually shouts the destination of his vehicle, but sometimes in a patois unintelligible except to the native Londoner. As, for instance, I was once standing in Holborn, waiting for a 'bus for the bank; one passed, which from its inscription I did not recognize, the conductor ejaculating, as he looked on every side, "ABINK-WYCHIPLE, BINKWYCHIPLE," when suddenly he detected us in the throng, and marked us as strangers looking for a 'bus; in a twinkling he was down from his perch, and upon the sidewalk.

"*Binkwychiple?*"

"I want to go to the bank," said I.

"All right, sir; 'ere you are."

He gave a shrill whistle, which caused the driver, who was sixty feet away, to stop, hurried us both into the vehicle, slammed to the door, and, taking off his hat with much politeness to a rival 'bus that had nearly overtaken his, said, "Can't wait for you, sir; drive on, Bob;" and on we went to our destination.

Another 'bus conductor puzzled me by shouting, "*Simmery-Ex, Simmery-Ex. Simmery-Ex,*" until the expression was translated into "St. Mary's Axe," the locality alluded to.

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A BAKED KITTEN.

A Chinese breakfast was recently served, by accident, at a fashionable boarding-house on the Potomac.

The captain of one of the largest steamboats on the Potomac was astonished one day lately, as the boat touched the landing at one of the riverside watering places not a great distance from Washington, to see all the guests assembled with their baggage, ready to take passage to the city. In making inquiries as to the cause of this sudden exodus, he soon discovered that thereby hung a tale. A cat's. It appears the fare at the hotel disagreed with the boarders, and, not satisfied with the complaining, they took French leave. A batch of dough had been prepared for the oven, and placed on the table.

A playful kitten thought it would be nice to run over it, it looked so snowy, warm and tempting. Kitty tried it, and soon found her delicate little feet sinking in the dough. She struggled to escape, and like Gov. Morton, in the stolen treaty business, only struggled to sink deeper, until this youthful cat disappeared entirely, and so, like young Lochinvar, went into the yeast. She never rose again, but the bread did. It closed over this unfortunate specimen, not leaving a hair apparent. Cooky, of course, was not aware that, instead of a loaf of bread she had a kitten dumpling, and put the mass into the oven and baked it.

When the bread was opened at breakfast next morning, the birds did not begin to sing, but the boarders did. They fairly howled with wrath. They were taken with sea-sickness, next with home-sickness, and then ensued a general packing up. The fashionable summer resort was left with no inhabitants but the cook, and the barkeeper, and what remained of the family of kittens.

HOW AN OLD SCOTCH POET PAID HIS RENT.

Many stories have been told of persons who made good their escape from unlucky situations by their wit. We have met with no anecdote of the kind more pleasant than the following:

When Allan Ramsay, the great Scotch poet, began life, he was so poor that he could not meet his first half year's rent. After it became due, he met his landlord, and explained the circumstances, and expressed his distress at his failure to meet his obligations. The jolly landlord was quite kind to him, and said that, as he was a lad of some genius, he would give him a chance to cancel his debt without a shilling.

"If," said the creditor, "you'll give me a rhyming answer to four questions in as many minutes, I'll quit you the rent altogether."

Allan said he would try. The questions were, "What does God love?" "What does the devil love?" "What does the world love?" "What do I love?"

Ramsey wrote:

"God loves man when he refrains from sin;
The devil loves man when he persists therein;
The world loves man when riches on him flow;
And you'd love me, could I pay you what I owe."

"The rent is paid," said the farmer, giving his ingenious tenant a hearty slap on the shoulder.

THE LAST KISS.

A Virginia paper relates a touching incident of the recent flood in that State.

A mother and several little children were making their escape from a "narrow neck of land" which lies between the river and the canal. They had reached the banks of the canal, when they were amazed to find that the bridge was already gone, and their only hope was to cling on to the abutment of the bridge until the angry waters should subside But as they stood there, clinging to the abutment, the waters continued to rise higher and higher, while in the deep darkness they could hear the crashing of trees and thunders of bridge timbers, that were wildly dashing all around them. They had been in this desperate condition for some time, when the little girl felt that her strength was gone, and, with a wild shriek of terror, she exclaimed,—

"Kiss me, mother, for I can't hold on any longer!" and, with the warm pressure of that mother's lips upon her cheek, she was swept away, and was seen no more.

What a world of love and yearning tenderness must have found expression in that last kiss!"

A HARD SUM.

My friend, are you clever at arithmetic? I will give you some losses to add up. Calculate how much they come to. They are losses *made by strong drink:*

Loss of money.
Loss of time.
Loss of health.
Loss of business.
Loss of character.
Loss of friends.
Loss of good conscience
Loss of feeling.
Loss of mind.
Loss of life.
Loss of the *immortal soul.*

It is a long and terrible account to add up; but it is an easy one to *begin* with. I have seen even boys beginning it, not only at the beer-shops and gin-palaces, but even at their own parents' tables. Little sisters say, sweetly, "Stop! stop! brother, reckon up all the losses before you go further." Ask, "Can you afford such losses in time or eternity?"

THERE is a fellow in Illinois so dirty that the assessors have put him down as "real estate."

For the Companion.

MATTIE'S WONDERS.

I wonder where's old Santa
They're al'a's tell'n' 'bout?
They say he climbs down chimneys,—
I wonder who found out.
I'm sure *I* never saw him,
Though I watched last Christmas night;
I wonder how he finds things,
If he hasn't any light?

I wonder who's that Tommy
That comes here ev'ry day?
I wonder what he comes for?
I wish he'd stay away;
For Nell won't d'ess my Cæsar,
Nor mend my Hepsey's sack.
There! I wonder if he's comin'?
I heard the street door crack.

I wonder if the world's round?—
My papa says it's so,
And that it's al'a's movin',—
I doesn't b'lieve it though;
'Cause if it's really movin',
And round, just like a ball,
I wonder how we stay here,
And why we doesn't fall?

Now if we were to tumble,
I wonder where we'd drop,
And just how fast we'd travel,
And wonder when we'd stop?
I wonder if the stars, too,
Are round, just like a ball;
I wonder how *they* stay there,
And why *they* doesn't fall?

I wonder what's the reason
I'm sent to bed at eight;
I get up early mornings,—
Why can't I stay up late?
They say there is a country—
I wonder if it's true—
Where what is good for grown folks
Is good for children, too?

Now that's a jolly country,—
I think I'd like it there;
I 'spect it's *all* the country
Where child'ns treated fair.
I wonder if they let them
Wear switches on their head,
And stay up *every* evening
Till grown folks go to bed?

GRACE GORDON.

For the Companion.

PLAYING TRICKS.

It was recess, and the large school-yard was full of boys and girls busy with their games.

"Let's play 'blind,'" said one of a group of little girls standing near the door.

"O, yes, let's play blind!" echoed the others.

The play began at once. The three girls who were to be the blind ones sat down on the door-step with their eyes shut tight.

"Don't you peek, now!" said the others, who were to be leaders. The leaders whispered together a few minutes, careful not to let the others hear where they were to be led.

"Gracie," said Helen Howard, who seemed to be chief director, "you take Jessie Carpenter, and lead her 'round the school-house two times, and set her right down in the same place she is now. I'll take Katie Lee, and lead her all 'round the school-yard fence, and have her sit down on the pump-platform; and you, Nettie Nelson, take Amy Gray, and lead her about zigzag. You can set her down on the wood-pile."

Then away ran the little girls to carry out their plans. "We're going to blind next, you know," said Gracie. They all thought it great fun to be led about with their eyes shut till they could not tell where they were, and then suddenly open them at the command of their leaders.

Gracie took Jessie away on her double journey around the school-house; Helen marched off toward the fence with Katie Lee, as if she were the chief of police with a culprit in charge; and Nettie and Amy started on their zigzag way, which Nettie took care should be very zigzag indeed.

Nettie was full of frolic and fun. She was always laughing, and always getting into some mischief, which would have brought her into trouble, only she never could stay in trouble two minutes.

She amused herself now by making Amy walk in small circles, turn short corners, and getting her thoroughly bewildered. She knew Amy wouldn't peek.

At length, just as she was making up her mind to go towards the wood-pile and let Amy sit down, a funny idea came into her head.

They were walking near a group of boys who were busily playing marbles. Johnnie Folger was on his hands and knees, intent on the game, and Nettie thought it would be good fun to have Amy sit down on his broad back.

So she led Amy up to Johnnie's side, taking care not to attract his attention, and then said, "Now, Amy, sit down and open your eyes!"

Amy did so, and it would be hard to say which looked the most astonished, she or Johnnie. He sprang up so quickly that Amy was left sitting on the ground.

Nettie ran away, laughing with all her might. Johnnie and Amy laughed too.

"I see you, Miss Nettie!" called Johnnie, shaking his fist at her, playfully. "This is one of your tricks, I know, and I shall have to pay you off; so look out!"

Nettie didn't look very much frightened. She knew Johnnie was always good-natured, and liked fun about as well as she did.

She and Amy ran away to find the other girls, and laugh with them over the success of her trick. Then they went on with their game.

Nettie was one of the blind ones now, and Amy was leading her when the bell rang.

"Never mind," said Amy, "don't open your eyes, and I'll lead you to the door."

They didn't see Johnnie Folger creeping up behind them, with a long strip of yellow flannel in his hand. He contrived to pin one end of it to the hem of Nettie's dress, and she walked into the school-room, dragging it after her, and wondering what all the scholars could be laughing at.

The teacher couldn't help smiling, Nettie looked so funny, but told her to unpin the strip from her dress. Nettie was very much astonished when she saw it. She guessed that Johnnie Folger did it.

And she laughed as heartily as the rest. But the teacher took care of that strip of yellow flannel.

MABEL DEANE.

KEEP AWAY FROM THE WHEELS.

Little Charles Williams lived near a manufactory, and he was very fond of going among the workmen and the young people who were at work there. The foreman would say to him, "Keep away from the wheels, Charlie!" Charlie did not mind, and would often say, "I can take care of myself." Often he would go near, and the wind of the wheels would almost suck him in, and two or three times he grew so dizzy that he scarcely knew which way to go. At length, one day, he staggered while amid the wheels, and fell the wrong way; the band caught his little coat, and drew him in, and he was dreadfully mangled.

So it is, boys, when you go in the way of temptation: you may think you can take care of yourselves, and keep clear of the wheels; but, O, you may find yourselves dreadfully mistaken. Before you are aware of it, you may be caught and destroyed. Keep away from the wheels.—*Young Reaper.*

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

RIDDLE.

Within a beautiful castle,
That was not built by hand,
With brows of marvellous whiteness,
Thirty fair children stand.

Within is eternal summer,
Without it is rude and wild,
But rose-red gates at the entrance
Bar harm from each white-browed child.

Pink-flushed are the walls as when sunrise
Tinges the eastern sky,
Velvety soft in texture,
And wondrous fair to the eye.

But if one of the white-browed children
Go out of the rose-red door,
Alas, for the homeless wanderer!
He never enters more.

M. A. M.

2.

REBUS.

3.

A FOREST OF TREES.

A smoky haze lay upon the valley.
I lo-e a pin every day.
My brother has gone to Akron to live.
I saw a bee chasing a butterfly.
If you go to Selma, please drop a line.
That is a most beautiful arch.
I once dared to face the same danger.
We chose a shady place for our tent.
Be strong and brave, be firm and true.
The troops have retreated to Welmar.

4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Not right.
2. A fruit.
3. Something sweet.
4. A boy's name.
5. A race of people.
6. A part of speech.
7. A huge person.
8. A furious wind.
9. A wicked person.
10. A man who had a great genius.

The *initials* spell the name of a great General; the *finals* a battle in which he fought.

RALPH B.

5.

QUERY.

How can the question of the day be expressed by the name of one of the most renowned of the heathen gods?

WAYNESBURG.

6.

SQUARE WORD.

An opening.
A period of time.
Used in writing.

M. A. B. C.

7.

CHARADE.

When sailors find their noble ship
A wreck upon the waves;
By clinging to my *first*, they oft
Escape from watery graves.
My *second* is what peaceful folk
Of all things most dislike;
But many men, and women, too,
Oft make it their delight.
My *whole's* a little English bird,
That doubtless you have seen and heard.

Conundrums.

Why is herb soup the best of all soup? Because it is soup-herb (superb).

Why is a blind man like a water-pipe? Because he is generally *led* (lead).

When is a man like a tea-kettle just on the boil? When he is going to sing.

How does a butcher declare his affection? By sending a *tender line* (tender loin).

If you were to ride a donkey, what would you resemble? A *pear* (pair).

When is a teacher like an amateur flute player? When he is a private tooter.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. G-er-a-n-i-um.
2. Irving.
3. "And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose." Measure for Measure.—Act 1—Scene 4.
4. Sunda, Davis, Torres, Bellisle, Otranto, Ormus.
5. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

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BLOOD.

If we examine the nature of blood, we find it to consist of a fluid called the *liquor sanguiais*, or liquor of blood, in which float red and white globules or corpuscles. The liquor has also dissolved in it fibrine, albumen, and other substances. If a quantity of blood is allowed to stand for a time, the fibrine separates, and, entangling the globules with it, forms a dark-colored clot. It is then said to coagulate. The water, still keeping the albumen and saline matters, is called *serum*.

The red globules are more properly *disks*, for they are not like a globe, but thin and flat like a piece of money. When looked at separately through a microscope, they are of a clear, yellowish color, for it takes a large number together to produce the bright, scarlet appearance of blood. The red disks are peculiar to vertebrate animals, that is, to those which have a backbone. In birds, reptiles and fishes, their shape is oval; in man and most mammalia they are round, but differ in size in different species. Those in our blood are about as large as those of monkeys, whales, the elephant and the kangaroo. Those of the ox are 1-4 smaller, and those of the sheep only half our size. The oval disks of reptiles are the largest. The size of a red corpuscle in man is from 1-4000 of an inch to 1-2800 of an inch, while those of the proteus are 1-887 of an inch in long diameter, and can almost be seen by the naked eye.

By the size and shape of the disks, human blood can be distinguished from any other. A murder was once thus discovered. A man, suspected of cutting the throat of another, was found with a knife which was smeared with blood. The man alleged that he had cut some raw beef with his knife, and had forgotten to wipe it.

On examining the blood with a microscope, it was proved that it was the blood of a man and not of an ox, for the disks were too large. It was also the blood of a living man, for it had clotted or coagulated on the knife. As fibres of cotton agreeing with those of the murdered man's shirt and cravat were found mixed with the blood, and also tesselated epithelial cells, which are peculiar to the membranous lining of the throat, there could be no doubt that the victim had been murdered with the bloody knife.

If we look at the white corpuscles of the blood through a microscope, they appear pale, transparent globules, dotted over with granules of various sizes, and in the centre of each a more solid round kernel or *nucleus*. What is remarkable about them is that they are constantly changing their form, now pear-shaped, then elliptical, then four-square, and even star-shaped. They bulge out first in one direction, then another, and in this way manage to travel along. This kind of movement is so like that of a little animal found in ponds, and about the 1-120 of an inch in length, called the amœba, that it has received the name of amœboid. It has been supposed that the red globules are formed from the white, but in what manner is a mystery. These little globes behave wonderfully like independent creatures, though their movements continue only as long as the animal, of which they are a part, is alive. They are enlivened by warmth, and benumbed by cold, put to sleep by chloroform, and liable to suffocation and poisoning. In short, they are wonderful evidences that, as nothing is too great, so nothing is too small to occupy the attention of the Almighty.

THE WONDERFUL LEG.

A man named Wedgwood had a cork leg, a wonderful imitation of the leg he had lost. It is stated of him, that on one occasion, when discussing the effects of boiling water on the nervous system, he banteringly told one of his guests that he would hold his leg longer in boiling water than any man in the kingdom. The guest dared him to the trial. Tubs were produced, hot water was procured, watches drawn out, stockings pulled off, and legs dipped in. Wedgwood quietly set his cork leg firmly into the smoking tubful. His guest followed his example. Wedgwood did not wince; his guest howled and wriggled, and his leg grew redder. The potter looked on with a smile, amazing the company with his calm composure. At last the scalded leg was drawn out in agony, and Wedgwood remained master of the match. Five minutes, ten, a quarter of an hour, and still Mr. Wedgwood smiled and looked composed.

"Feel it, pinch it, do what you will with it," quoth he; "it's the best leg I have, though only of cork."—*Titan.*

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

A student of technology undertook to converse with a literal minded man, with the following result:

"Is that anthracite or bituminous?"

"Eh?" replied the man of coal.

"Is that anthracite or bituminous?" again inquired the seeker of knowledge, in a bland and conciliatory voice.

"Ef you mean that place where I'm dumpin' this here coal down, it's the fire-room," replied the son of toil, with a look of pity at the questioner for his ignorance.

There were no more questions.

FATAL FORGETFULNESS.

A young man in Middlebury, Md., whose store had been robbed, fixed a spring gun for the benefit of the burglars should they return; but, unhappily, meeting an old customer on his way home, who wished to get something from the store, he went back, thoughtlessly opened the door, and received such injuries that he died the next morning.

Precautions against enemies, which threaten the safety of those that make them, are worse than none.

BULLS.

Farmer—Well, my man, and how much do you want a day?

Irish Laborer—Shillin' a day and you ate me, or eighteen pence a day and I ate myself.

This reminds us of a butcher who did not often kill his own meat, and who astonished an old lady by telling her that he would send her a fine steak soon, as he was going to kill *himself*.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Virginia editor having notified correspondents that all communications intended for publication must be accompanied by the full name of the writer, received one from a lady who signs her own full name, to wit, Anna Matilda Sophia Electra Dolly Ann Potter Bell.

A GIRL BABY recently born at Orneville, Me., has four grandparents, five great grandparents, and one great great grandparent. Its great great grandmother is eighty-seven years old, hale and hearty. She has the rare privilege of saying, "Arise, daughter, go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath a daughter."

LONG ago, at a dinner-table in Massachusetts, a gentleman remarked that A., who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Judge Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life. He began by seeking to get on; then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

A COUNTRYMAN in a Danbury store, the other day, saw a suspicious-looking bottle on the counter, and, dexterously removing the cork, took a pull at it on the sly. It is a lamentable fact that the contents were mucilage, and the fellow has been rinsing his mouth ever since.

AN IRISHMAN, applying for license to sell whiskey, was asked if he possessed a good moral character. "Faith, yer honor," replied Pat, "I don't see the necessity for a good moral character to sell whiskey."

"MY DEAR BOY," said a fond mother, "never defer till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"Then, mother," replied the urchin, "let's eat the plum-pudding to-night."

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WHY is the figure nine like a peacock? Because it's nothing without its tail.

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HOW SWIFTLY.

How swiftly pass our days away,
How short the seasons seem;
Weeks seem, sometimes, as but a day,
While floating down life's stream.
May each have wisdom to improve
What may of life remain;
And in whatever sphere we move,
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For the Companion.

A NIGHT ON THE "GREAT ROCK."

By C. A. Stephens.

It had been a season of drought. The pastures were seared, and all the ploughed fields were like ashes. The long corn leaves had curled into crisp rolls, and the grasshoppers had stripped the potato-fields till nothing but the pale green stalks were left.

But the great wilderness to the northward, which stretches off toward Canada, presented the most dreary spectacle. Much of it is composed of what lumbermen call "black growth," spruce and hemlock. Myriads of worms had eaten these till the green leaves had turned to dull yellow. Thousands of acres looked as if blasted by fire. In passing through the forest, it required both hands to brush away the worms which came swinging down on their webs from the tree-tops to the ground.

Hunting-parties came back empty-handed. There was no game, they said; no moose, no deer, and no partridges. In the woods there was an almost painful stillness. Last fall the forest had echoed to the *chicker* and *chirr* of legions of squirrels, red, gray and black. But now they were gone—somewhere—starved, perhaps.

Early in September the corn (what there was of it) was gathered. "Huskings" were almost a mockery that fall, but the boys would make them, according to custom. One night, about the middle of the month, we were all invited to Zack Davis'—"Uncle Zack," we called him. It was a couple of miles to his house. Uncle Zack lived at the end of the road, from our house, which, like a river toward its source, dwindled to a mere path through the woods and up the valley.

Will and I, with Tom Edwards, a boy neighbor, and his two sisters, Rhoda and Kate, five of us, started about dusk, though the moon, just rising, was beginning to make it quite light.

There were forty or fifty boys and girls, old and young, at the gathering. It did not take long to husk the corn. About a bushel of ears apiece would finish it, they said. So, after husking, and a supper of puddings and pumpkin-pies, those who wished to do so were invited to remain for a "good time" in the long, unfinished kitchen. Our party were among the number who *wished*, of course.

There were all sorts of plays and games, with plenty of song-singing; and it was considerably past midnight when we started homeward. The moon was high in the heavens.

"It was the noon of night." The silvery light rested over all. Beneath it all the dreariness of the long drought was softened. We sang, as we went down the valley, repetitions of the songs sung in the evening, and listened as the tones were echoed back from the wild sides of the valley.

About a mile below Uncle Zack's, the path left the valley and crossed an open pasture. We were still singing when Will suddenly cried,—

"Hark!"

"Nothing but a dog," said Tom, as a sound, which did sound something like the howl of a dog in the night, came to our ears from the ridge to the northward.

We stopped to listen.

"I don't believe it was a dog," said Will.

"What was it, then?" demanded Tom, as if to argue it.

"I don't know," said Will; "but it sounded too wild and fierce for a dog."

Just then it rang out again nearer—a long, wild howl, that seemed to come from the upper edge of the pasture.

"I tell you that's no dog!" cried Will.

"You don't suppose it's wolves, do you?" exclaimed Kate.

"Wolves, no!" cried Tom. "There hasn't been a wolf seen about here for twenty years."

We stood looking up toward the upper side of the pasture. Every stump and bush was plainly

A NIGHT ON THE "GREAT ROCK."

to be seen in the bright light. Suddenly, a dark object, an animal of some sort, came out into the open land, and ran swiftly along the edge of the woods for twenty or thirty rods. Then it stopped, and again we heard the long howl. The woodland echoed to it. Just then the forms of four or five others came into sight in the pasture.

"They *are* wolves!" exclaimed Will.

"O, let's run!" cried Rhoda, catching Kate's arm.

"Go ahead, girls," shouted Tom, "as fast as you can for home!"

They did not need any further urging, but ran like foxes. A pile of "four-foot wood" was lying near the path. Some of it was small and round. We each took a stick, and ran after the girls.

A dozen howls seemed to burst upon the air all at once.

"They're after us!" cried Will.

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw the animals, a dark pack of them, rushing down through the pasture in full chase. The moment they saw us run, they had started in pursuit. The still forest rang out afresh with their howls. In a moment more we had overtaken the girls.

"What shall we do with *them*?" panted Tom. "We can't get home—with them."

Kate turned round suddenly. "The Great Rock!" said she, breathlessly. "We're 'most to it. Can't we get upon it?"

"Run for it, quick!" cried Will. "Perhaps so."

The "Great Rock" was a huge boulder—some would call it a ledge—flat on the top, but with steep sides. It lay a few rods from the road, on the lower side. We were now nearly opposite it, and, turning out of the path, ran down towards it for dear life. The wolves were close upon us. We could hear them tearing down the hillside, and crashing through the brush.

"Up, quick! Kate and Rode!" cried Tom. "Put your toes into that crevice. I'll 'boost' you up!"

They went up like cats. The top of the rock was nine or ten feet above the ground. There were several cracks and seams in the side. We climbed after them in a hurry, but had barely time to turn round with our clubs, before the wolves were at the base of the rock. With wild howls and yells they sprang up its side, their nails scratching the stone, and their white teeth gleaming in the moonlight

One of them obtained a foothold on the edge of one of the seams, and, with a second bound, came to the top of the rock, his fiery, green eyes showing over the edge. We all three struck at his head, and, with a dog-like yell, he fell back to the ground among his enraged fellows, who howled and snapped at him.

We drew breath again.

"Guess we can keep them down," said Tom.

"Here are stones to pelt them with," cried Kate, picking up several the size of goose eggs.

On the top of the rock was a space, with an uneven surface, as large as a room eighteen by twenty feet in size. Low shrubs, poplar and white birch, grew on it, rooted partly into the rock, and partly into the mossy soil which had collected there. And, sure enough, as Kate had discovered, there were plenty of fragments of the rock lying imbedded in the shoal soil.

Tom and Will caught up several of them, and threw them, with all their strength, among the wolves.

They dodged and yelled like curs, when hit, but we couldn't drive them away. They would slink back a little, and then charge upon the rock the moment we stopped throwing.

Suddenly, one of them ran round to the other side of the rock and howled. The rest instantly followed as if he had called them. There were no cracks on this side, but the ascent was less abrupt. We stepped hastily across. The moment the wolves saw us, they began to leap towards us, but slipped back on the bare rock, tumbling one over the other.

When one came within reach, we gave him such a whack with our four-foot sticks as to knock him back to the bottom. But the next instant, he would leap up again, as fierce and eager as ever. One, a gaunt old male, larger than the others, got his feet upon the top several times. The hardest blows we could deal seemed only to stun him for a moment.

Finding they could not reach us there, they ran round to the side next to the road again; but, after a few fruitless leaps, they drew back, and sat down just like dogs, and watched us steadily. Several of them were "lolling," with long tongues hanging out; and they all, from time to time, snapped at each other and at their own bodies as if covered with fleas.

Tom counted them aloud, as they sat glaring up at us. "Eleven," said he. "Aren't they a wicked looking set?"

There was no disputing that. Hungry and ferocious enough they looked. The girls could not find courage to look at them. Kate and Rode were none of the fainting, squeamish sort, either.

"Well, what's to be done?" said Will, as we stood there with our clubs, ready to meet them in case they made another rush.

"How are we to get home?"

"We might shout for help," suggested Tom.

"We should not be heard," said Will. "The folks at home are all asleep, probably. They wouldn't think of sitting up for us. And they won't miss us, either, till morning. Besides, as it's 'most a mile from home, they wouldn't hear if they were awake."

"And if they should hear, and come to see what was the matter, wouldn't the wolves get them?" asked Kate.

That had not occurred to us before. There was danger of it, certainly.

"Let's tough it out, then, till morning!" exclaimed Tom. "It won't be a great while, now."

"They'll go off as soon as it gets light," said Kate. "I've read that they always slink away at daylight."

As Kate was speaking, another howl was heard off in the forest. It was answered by the whole pack, and, in a few minutes, three others came straggling in. Thereupon, they all sprang, snarling and snapping, at each other. Then they ran round the rock again, and the new comers made several attempts to leap upon it. But we were ready to receive them, and gave one of them so severe a stroke that he measured his length upon the ground handsomely. As he fell, the others rushed upon him as if to tear him in pieces, but he jumped up and shook them off.

After a great deal of growling and grimacing, they returned to their old position in front of the rock, and sat down to watch us. Kate told a story she had read of wolves in Russia; how they chased a sledge in which a family were travelling, and how the father had thrown out two of the children to the wolves, in order to save the rest. And Will told us how they catch wolves in India, by digging pits for them.

"But those are not this kind of wolves," said Tom. "These are gray wolves."

The night air was chilly and damp. Despite the peril, the girls were shivering.

"Let's give them another pelting, and so warm ourselves," said Tom.

We dug out another lot of stones, and, stripping off our jackets, let the girls wrap themselves in them while we pelted the wolves.

"All ready now!" cried Will, balancing a stone as large as his fist. "Let's aim at that old gaunt one that came so near getting up here twice—all three of us. See if we cannot kill him."

We all threw, and Tom hit him plump in the breast.

The wolves all sprang up, howling.

"Keep your eye on him!" cried Will, catching up another stone.

We all threw again, and Will hit him hard on the head, fairly knocking him over, but he sprang to his feet as the rest of the wolves crowded upon him. I think Will's stone must have drawn blood, for all the others rushed at him, snapping their jaws. At our next throw, the stones by accident all hit the nearest wolf, bringing him to the ground instantly. He sprang up on three legs; the other seemed to be broken and helpless. The rest of the pack rushed upon him, and he ran limping off with them at his heels. We heard them go cracking away into the woods on the other side of the road. A great howling and yelling arose, and in a short time they all came panting back again. All save the one that went off on three legs. We saw no more of him.

We stoned them at intervals during the night, but made no more such lucky hits.

It seemed as if morning never would come, the hours crawled by so slowly. At last day broke, and the moonlight gradually gave place to daylight. The wolves grew uneasy. They howled and hung about awhile longer; then, one-by-one, like evil spirits of the night, they sneaked off into the woods.

We waited till we were sure they had really departed, then came down from the rock; and reached home just as the folks were coming down stairs for the day. You can easily imagine their surprise when they learned how we had passed the night.

The wolves skulked about the pastures during the rest of the fall. They were starved out of the forest, people said. Several other persons had narrow escapes from them.

I never go past the Great Rock without a thankful feeling that it was placed just in that partic-

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ular spot. Had it not been there, or if Kate had not remembered its location, we should never have reached home alive.

DOWN HILL.

A story they tell of a lunatic man,
Who slid down hill in a warming-pan;
He steered himself with the handle, of course,
And clucked away as he would to a horse.
His legs, it is true, were somewhat in the way,
And his seat rather tight, if a body might say;
But he landed all right at the foot of the hill,
And, for all that I know, is sitting there still.
You smile at the story, and wonder how folks
Can get from their brains such a terrible hoax;
But sliding down hill is many a man
On a much worse thing than a warming-pan;
Some are going down at full speed on their pride,
And others who on their stinginess slide;
But the strangest way of taking that ride,
Is to go as some do, on a jug astride.
Beware of such coasting, or like Jack and Gill,
You'll make sorry work in getting down hill;
Beware, for, with what other evils you tug,
'Tis nothing like sliding down hill on a jug.

Bright Side.

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

CHAPTER VI.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

Now that the nugget was found, the Professor took occasion to speak to us of the evils to which carelessness and other bad habits often gave rise; and how, with the very best intentions, one person might ruin the reputation of another.

"My son took the nugget, without speaking to Mr. Winter, as he should have done. And *why* did he think it necessary to remove it to a place of safety? Because he heard some of you say that you were in the habit of opening private desks, and he thought,—properly enough, too,—that if you would open desks you might do what was worse.

"In the excitement of going from home, he forgot to tell me what he had done, and so placed all your reputations in peril.

"Had his life been lost in the meantime, how easily this mystery might have remained unexplained, and some one of your number been blasted in reputation.

"Learn from this to be careful what you say, and on what grounds you form your opinions, when the good name of another person is at stake."

In the girls' department there was a general dismounting from the stilts of self-righteousness, and we were very much ashamed of having turned our backs upon poor, innocent, suffering Winnie.

And what a burning shame it is, for any of us to be willing to add an additional pang to a wounded heart! As if any one could be to blame for the errors of a brother, or father, or indeed, of any body but himself!

After a little time the academy, and all of us within its four walls, did considerable credit to Mr. Moss and the Professor; and Miss Mondram was beginning to smooth the wrinkles out of her brow, when something happened that I am really ashamed to record.

If conduct that indicated an equally cruel disregard for the feelings of other persons did not frequently occur in schools, I am sure I should not expect to be believed in describing this disgraceful event.

The first exercise after prayers, two days of the week, was a mathematical review, in which the boys and girls of both departments united. On these mornings the Professor examined all the mathematical classes personally, and endeavored to instil into our minds something of his own mathematical enthusiasm, although he rarely succeeded in doing so.

Well, one morning, when the Professor had chalked and explained until he had made us as blind as so many mathematical bats, he had occasion to turn over the large blackboard, and what should come to light but full length portraits of Mr. Moss and Miss Mondram, so caricatured as to make every one in the room see, at the first glance, what an insult the drawing was to them and us.

Of course the Professor drew the sponge over the figures as quickly as he could.

Miss Mondram rose in great confusion and left the room.

Did it ever occur to you how the low instincts of some pupils betray themselves on such occasions as these? The first impulse of rogues and ill-bred scholars is to laugh at any thing coarse and vulgar. But the countenances of the generous and high-minded invariably express condemnation.

It was so upon this unhappy occasion.

No one in that room had ever seen such a stern look upon the Professor's face, as came over it when he again confronted the classes.

He went on with the review, however, though at first his voice was low and husky; but he managed to keep down his indignation, feeling, I suppose, that all outbursts of anger are degrading to either old or young; and that, if he wished to impress the scholars, he must set the example of self-control.

When the recitation was over the girls were excused; and then we girls knew very well what would happen in the school-room.

Mr. Scranton told us all about it afterward.

The Professor ordered the boy, or boys, or any body, indeed, who knew any thing about that drawing, to stand.

As may be supposed, the guilty party was not eager to show himself.

"It would have been quite bad enough," the Professor said, "if you had caricatured me, but to insult a gentleman to whom you are so largely indebted, and to injure the feelings of an inoffensive lady, is quite intolerable."

The boys who were innocent were as much interested in detecting the offender as was the Professor.

Ned Tryst tried to look indifferent, but his keen, black eyes could not fix their gaze any where—especially he could not look the Professor squarely in the face.

Two other boys in the back part of the room were unusually red in their faces.

It did not take the Professor long to decide who had been guilty of this contemptible act.

Again he ordered the miscreant to *stand*—but nobody rose.

"Master Tryst may come to the platform."

The lad arose reluctantly, and went forward, trying very hard to look unconcerned and smiling.

"Did you draw those figures upon the blackboard?"

"No, sir," in an irresolute voice.

"Look me in the face, sir!"

Ned raised his black eyes, but let them fall again, and glanced shyly out from under his eyebrows to the two boys in the back part of the room. But they were very much absorbed in not looking at him.

"You may remain where you are until I order you to take your seat," the Professor said.

Then the classes went on as usual.

At first Ned bore himself very bravely. Once in awhile some scholar would encourage him by a shrug or smile; but after a little, the pupils grew tired of looking at him, and Ned grew tired of himself.

When he began to change his positions, and to exhibit signs of fatigue, the Professor asked him again if he made the drawings.

"No, sir," Ned answered, a little more firmly, for he was of the opinion the Professor had commenced to think him innocent.

Then the lessons went on again, and the Professor seemed to forget him entirely. Poor Ned stood on one foot and then on the other, and was evidently becoming quite tired. Once or twice he looked as if he would like to cry.

Presently the girls came into the room to be heard in astronomy, and finding Ned standing bolt upright on the platform, some of them laughed and pointed at him in a very unfeeling way.

Ned understood it well enough. Indeed, he knew that almost every one in school owed him a grudge, and that we were all pointing and hissing at him in our hearts.

Three long hours he stood on that platform, when his lips began to quiver, and his obstinacy gave way.

"Master Tryst," the Professor asked once more, "I ask you for the last time, did you make those drawings?"

"Yes, sir;" and Ned broke out into a half sob, half howl, as if he was receiving the thrashing he merited.

"Was any one concerned in it beside yourself?"

"I would rather not tell," Ned said, taking his knuckles out of his eyes, and looking askance across the room to the two boys who were beginning to turn pale.

"Very well, it is not necessary that you should. I respect your feelings in that respect," the Professor said. "You may take your seat, sir."

Ned sat down to his desk, an humble, sobbing fellow; and it was pitiful to see him, when we went down to prayers at night, still burying his face in his hands, and looking as if he never could hold up his head again.

There was a large rattan on the Professor's desk, a sight that none of us had ever seen before in Mossville Academy. We did not suppose it possible that our kind, indulgent Professor could whip any one, not even Ned Tryst and the boys concerned with him.

That the sight made us all shiver, you may be sure; for when a good, conscientious teacher believes it to be his duty to use a rattan, the blows are not likely to be lightly laid on to the shoulders of the offenders.

Such a prayer as the Professor offered up that night, I never heard from any other teacher. His voice seemed full of tears, and the words came so slow, and were so sadly spoken, that we could not help seeing that he was almost overwhelmed with a sense of his responsibility, in view of the painful duty he felt he must perform.

Ah, scholars! if you but knew how often it is the case that teachers, whom you think exacting, are distressed when your conduct makes it necessary for them to inflict punishment upon you, you would never condemn them for chastisements which fall so heavy on their own hearts.

"The ladies may retire—the young men will remain," said the Professor, very quietly.

So we all went out softly, glancing at poor Ned Tryst. I think every girl, and even Miss Mondram, were sorry for him.

To be continued.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

A gentle voice, a heartfelt sigh,
A modest blush, a speaking eye,
A manner unaffected, free;
These things are beautiful to me.

A ready hand, a loving heart,
A sympathy that's free from art,
A *real* friend among the few;
These things are beautiful and true.

A mother's prayer, an answer mild,
An aged sire, a little child,
A happy home, a cheerful hearth;
These things are beautiful on earth.

A joyful song, a chorus sweet,
An earnest soul and willing feet,
A day of peace, a night of rest;
These things are beautiful and blest.

A sister's love, a brother's care,
A spotless name, a jewel rare,
A cleanly tongue, that will not lie,
These things are beautiful—and why?

Because they all are born of love,
And emanate from God above;
An earnest of the heavenly birth,
These things are beautiful on earth.

For the Companion.

A STREET ARAB.

Peter Nolan had been hard at work ever since four o'clock in the morning.

His mother, an Irish washerwoman, had sent him, first, across town, to bring home the soiled clothes she was to wash, and lastly, she had hurried him from the house to gather up the refuse wood which was to make her day's supply of fuel.

Wood-gathering was not an agreeable employment to Peter, nor would it be to any one in the streets of a city, where chips are few and gleaners plenty. He had gone over the same ground every morning since he was old enough to do so, and no one knew better than he how thankless and wearisome the task was.

But it was wood, or no breakfast, with Peter; so he went sneaking around the corners, dodging the policemen when he saw them in the distance, and made his way to the river, where, as good luck would have it, an old keg had been washed ashore by the friendly water.

Peter lost no time dashing it against the rocks and making the staves into a bundle, which he swung over his back. He was on his way home, when a policeman met him.

Peter did not like policemen—and I am afraid Peter was only too well known to this one in particular. So the boy dodged a little to avoid meeting the man, and this was why the officer thought he would see what he was doing.

"Hollo! What mischief are you up to *now?*"

"Nothing, sir."

"Where did you get that wood?"

"It was an old keg I found in the river"

The man looked at the wood glumly enough, while Peter stood anxiously scratching his head.

"You just leave that wood there, and get home!"

"Then I'll get a lickin'," Peter sniffled.

"There's been stealing enough of this kind. It must be stopped. So take yourself off!" and the club was lifted in a way Peter understood to be final.

The boy flung down the staves sullenly, gave them a lingering look of regret, and moved forward a few rods; then he glanced backward, evidently hoping the officer would relent. The man was standing on the corner looking after him, however, and raised his club again, as the boy turned his head towards him.

Peter leaned up against an iron railing, and vented his wrath and sorrow by sundry kicks and a good deal of low howling. He was hungry as a bear, and tired, and what was worse than all, he was *hopeless*, for there would be nothing for him but a beating if he went home empty handed.

The policeman was evidently in his worst mood that morning, for he took the trouble to come half a block to drive poor Peter away from the iron fence, as if he grudged him the luxury of tears.

Peter moved forward when the officer approached, with both hands in his pockets, and his naked feet scuffing spitefully. Coming to a basement where the people seemed to be moving, he loitered again, and looked about him.

There was a furniture wagon before the door, and men were bringing things out and placing them in the cart.

"Get out the way, can't you?" one of the men muttered, as he pushed by the boy, hitting him violently with the corner of the table, in a way that cut his forehead to the bone.

"Served you right," the servant girl said, who came out just then with both hands full of pails and boxes.

Blinded and terrified by the blood, Peter was making a loud outcry, when the mistress of the house, who had been looking from a window, with her baby in her arms, called to Bridget to bring the boy into the basement.

"Come along wid ye, then," cried Bridget, giving him a push and a blow; "what business have the like of ye to be botherin' decent people?"

"Poor little fellow!" said the lady, pitifully, putting down the baby and going to him kindly.

"Now that is too bad, to cut a boy that way! Biddy, bring me a basin of water and the court plaster."

"An' what for will ye be botherin' yersilf in that way, ma'am?" cried Bridget. But she brought the water and plaster, and the lady bathed the wound and dressed it, talking a little to the boy, in a motherly way, as she did so.

"If you could work, now," she said, "you would not be in any body's way, and get hurt; would you, my boy?"

Peter thought of the dreary miles he had tramped that morning, and of the little his labor had amounted to. A tired, sorrowful look came into his eyes, and the eyelids drooped and the lips quivered.

The lady happened to look at him just then, and a new light seemed to flash into her mind. The boy was something more than a stupid clod. He had a heart, a soul, and was a human being, like the little baby crowing and laughing in the cradle.

"Whose boy are you?" she asked.

"Maggie Nolan's, ma'am. I'm Peter."

"Is your father living!"

"No, ma'am. Mother washes."

"What are you out for so early, if you have a mother?"

Peter sighed, and looked away with a desolate, dazed expression on his face, that went straight to the good woman's heart.

"Mother sent me for wood, but the policeman took it away," groaned Peter.

"Did you steal it?"

"No, ma'am, I never steals—leastways, when I can help it."

"Well, we are moving, as you see; and there is a whole pile of stuff in the back yard there, that you may have and welcome, if you can take it away."

Peter's face was aglow, now, and he looked up at the lady with a bright, grateful look, that did not escape her.

"You will have to fly round, sir, for we shall be off presently," she said, smiling. "Bridget, you may show him what he can have."

Peter thanked the lady and followed the maid.

There was quite a store of broken boards and bits of wood, that looked to him like a treasure. He lost no time in placing the largest upon the ground, and piling others upon it, until the bundle was much larger than he was himself; then, with some difficulty, he managed to raise it to his head and balance it there.

The lady looked after him as he crept out of the basement door with the enormous load.

"That is not a lazy boy, Bridget. I like him."

Mrs. Glover (that was the lady's name) took up her little baby, and held it to her breast, in a fond, thoughtful way. Then she kissed the soft, velvety cheek, and sighed.

She was thinking what if, in the many changes of this fitful life, *her* child should be as poor and over-worked as that little fellow! And it might be! Yes, it *might be!* And the woman sighed again, and fondled the little creature with kisses, and hugged it the closer, as if to shield it from all the cruel world would inflict upon her darling.

It was a lucky wind that was blowing that morning for Peter. The wood made his mother pleasant, and her good nature made the breakfast relish, so that Peter returned for the remainder of the boards with a light-heartedness very unusual to him.

"O," thought Peter, as he tripped over the pavement, "why don't people always speak kind words to the like of us? Kind words don't cost anything, and they are better than sunshine."

The wood was all removed at last, and Peter went in to thank the lady for her kindness, and to say how glad he would be to help her in any way he could, to pay her for it.

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Mrs. Glover had plenty of help, she said, but there were some odd things, and cast-off garments that he was welcome to take away. These were given to the lad, and telling him to be a good boy, and wishing him "good luck," she bade him "good morning." After awhile, Peter forced himself away, looking up to the parlor windows as he went by the house, hoping to see the cheerful face once more. The curtains were all removed, and the large, naked panes of glass looked lonesome enough; so he walked on, wishing he had such a home, or that his mother did not wash, or, what would be best of all, that people would help him to do right and treat him as if he was like other folks.

To be sure his thoughts were a good deal muddled, and his notions of what "other folks" were, very vague and unsatisfactory; but he was sure of two things: one was, that Peter Nolan was in every body's way, and it was a pity he had ever been born; the other was, that if every one was as kind, and generous, and pitiful as the lady he had met that morning, he would not have to die to go to heaven, nor the priest would not have to tell him to be good, for he would not harm Mrs. Glover, or any like her, no, not if he was starving.

In this happy frame of mind Peter went down to the Battery to look up a "job" there. There might be a valise to carry, or a trunk to trundle, or a stranger might be glad to be guided to some place in the city.

Peter was a regular wharf rat. He could almost have lived under the water, like a mermaid. Whenever the coast was clear, and the policemen off duty, he was sure to be one of the many to be seen paddling about as swimmers or boaters. He was very happy while turning somersets in the river; but he was still more elated when he could paddle a row boat right under the prow of a ferry boat, and escape with his life.

It was in this latter luxury that Peter was indulging, when a lady came out of the cabin, and stood by the railing, watching the boy's wanton frolic. The danger was so imminent, and the rashness of the young rascal so appalling, that in the excitement of watching him, Mrs. Glover relaxed her hold upon her baby, just as, with an exultant shout, the darling flung itself clear of her sheltering arms, and dropped into the cruel waters below.

There was a terrible struggle for life or death then. The panic-stricken passengers on board the boat gathered helplessly around the frantic mother, or breathlessly watched the struggles of the child. There were orders, and shouts, and plenty of clamor, but no one ventured his own life to restore the infant to its mother.

The little form fluttered here and there at the mercy of the waves, and the white garments had sunk under the foam, when a small boat shot toward the infant, and a mite of a boy sprang from it into the river.

It was all the work of an instant, and while the stunned and panic-stricken lookers-on were preparing for action which, after all, would have only resulted in rescuing a corpse, the mite of a boy dashed past the stern of the boat, and the next instant shouted to his companions to pick him up.

It was wonderful how that wharf rat towed the child to the boat, and lifted it in, as if it was but a sea-weed plucked from the waves.

Presently the mother held the babe in her arms again, and when she had wept her fill, she looked down upon the boy who had, God helping him, saved her treasure.

Peter smiled when he noticed her look of surprise and recognition.

"I guess you didn't think 'twas *me*, ma'am," he said, trying not to look so proud and happy.

"God bless you! what can I do for *you*, Peter?"

"You've done it already, ma'am."

"I shall find a way to reward you, Peter."

And she did.

"He would have saved any body's baby," he says, "but he is glad it was Mrs. Glover's, because now he is treated like *other folks*, and beside, he would rather do it for Mrs. Glover than for any body living."

GREAT BELLS.

The largest bell in the world, as is well known, is that called the Great Bell of Moscow, which weighs nearly 400,000 pounds. It fell in the great fire of 1737, and, after being disused for nearly a century, was placed on an enormous pedestal, and consecrated as a chapel.

Moscow is indeed a city of bells. More than five thousand on festival and holy days fill the air with their majestic chime. Says a writer on bells:

"There is now suspended in the tower of St. Ivan, at Moscow, a bell which weighs 144,000 pounds, and the diameter of which is thirteen feet. It is said that when it sounds, which is but once a year, 'a deep, hollow murmur vibrates all over Moscow, like the fullest notes of a vast organ, or the rolling of distant thunder.'

"The bell at Notre Dame Cathedral, at Paris, cast in 1680, weighs thirty thousand pounds; that of St. Peter's, at Rome, seventeen thousand pounds; that of Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal, the largest in America, twenty-nine thousand pounds; and that of the Parliament House, in London, forty thousand pounds.

"The Chinese have also made some colossal bells, one of which, at Pekin, weighs one hundred and twenty thousand pounds; but the tone of their bells is said to be discordant and 'panny,' like most of their gongs."

MY LADY.

My lady's eyes are bright and blue,
Her hair is soft and golden;
Her voice is sweeter than the coo
Of turtle doves when turtles woo.
Her bright smile would embolden
The faintest lover. More than this,
She often clambers for a kiss!

Her little hands are soft and fat,
Her elbows have a dimple;
Her dress is quite superb; a hat
And snowy feather, think of that!
And yet her tastes are simple;
Red cape, blue sash, blue skirt; and blue's
The color of her funny shoes!

My little lady is not coy—
Upon my lap already
She'll often sit; and to my joy
She calls me "Ty," or "My dear boy,"
(She can't quite manage "Teddy.")
Around my neck her arms she'll fold,
And yet—you couldn't call her bold!

She says that she will be my wife
When I'm inclined to marry.
How sweet, how sweet she'll make my life!
I have no fear of wedded strife,
Then wherefore should I tarry?
Well, if the truth must here be told,
My lady's only three years old!

For the Companion.

ANNETTE.

Charley Dane's room was in confusion. His trunk was drawn into the centre of the floor, and he was hastily filling it. Stockings, shirts, wristbands, collars, were thrown in from the bureau where he stood, without the slightest attempt at order.

His face wore a determined and angry expression. His lips were tightly closed, there was a strange shadow in his dark eyes, and occasionally he muttered to himself.

Locking his trunk at last, and lifting his small portmanteau, he gave a final glance around, and swore, with a fearful imprecation, that never again while he lived would he darken that room, or cross his father's threshold.

As he passed out, a beautiful little girl, of twelve or thirteen, met him in the hall. It was his only sister, his heart's darling, as he was wont to call her. She did not know why he caught her in his arms with such passionate gestures, lavishing kisses upon her sweet lips.

"Are you going away, Charley?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Yes, darling, for a long, long time."

Annette burst into tears, for she had never seen that hard, fierce look upon his face before. She little thought that, in the bitterness of his anger, he had sworn never to return.

From his infancy, Charley Dane had been a headstrong boy, very difficult to manage. A great misfortune had befallen him in the death of his mother when he was very young. She, with her gentle ways, knew how to reach his heart, and after her quiet discipline was no longer exercised, he manifested the wilfulness and determination of his character in a way that made his friends uneasy, and gave his father great anxiety for his future.

The other sons were dutiful and even-tempered, and their whole care in life seemed to be to lead the old man, their father, tenderly down the hill of life.

Charley had long felt envious of the love their thoughtful ways evoked from his father, and yet he could not bring his stubborn nature to bend to the same offices of affection. He chose rather to think his father did not love him as he did the others; and at last, being foiled in an unreasonable and impious wish, he left the house in which he had been born, declaring that he would never return to it.

A letter informed his father of this determination. Its perusal and his subsequent anguish brought on an alarming illness, from which the poor old man recovered very slowly. After that, though he seldom mentioned the name of his youngest son, his hair grew whiter, his head bent lower, and those who saw him said that Father Dane seemed failing very fast.

His brothers reasoned with their wayward brother in vain.

"There are three of you," he said, fiercely, "and you are all after his heart. Go your way, and I will go mine. I have chosen my life deliberately. I shall never turn back. Don't waste your words upon me. They will not change my purpose."

His very face, as he spoke, looked so harsh and imperious that the brothers turned away, hopeless; nor did they again attempt to soften his obdurate heart.

So he went his way. Sometimes he met his little sister in the street. Then he would walk with her awhile, invite her to the home he had made his, and lavish upon her every token of affection, but to her artless query, "Why don't you come home, Charley?" he had only one answer,—

"I am never coming home again."

A year passed. Sometimes the father, tottering under the burden of infirmities, was seen in the street by his son. Well was it that the old man did not see that he turned aside abruptly, and with an angry frown, to avoid meeting him, for this would assuredly have seemed too hard to bear.

At length Annette was struck down by sickness. Often, while raving in her fevered delirium, she would call for her brother Charles, using all the endearing words her childhood had been so lavish of, and praying him to come to her once more. They sent word to her brother that she was very sick—dangerously sick—and called for him constantly.

He read the note with pale and quivering lips, and his tears fell over the passionate lines that prayed him to come, but the proud, cruel heart said no, and trampled its own anguish under its feet.

He managed to hear of her from day to day. Now she was better—now worse; now there were strong hopes that the pretty flower would lift its poor little drooping head once more, and then came the dread word that she was dying.

Would he go now?

In very agony he threw himself upon the floor, and wrestled with his grief and his pride. But the unhallowed temper, satanic in its strength, said no! You have sworn an oath that you will never cross that threshold. They wait and watch for you; they say this will recall him to his senses; now he will repent of his anger, and we shall conquer. Though his whole frame trembled with his anguish and his love, yet he lingered, yet he agonized, till at last the word came,—

"She died last night at midnight."

Dead! That blooming, beautiful child! The only creature he had loved with the strength of his whole soul! Dead! And she had called for him! Stretching her white arms from the gloomy edge of the grave, she had called so piteously for "Brother Charles." It might have soothed her last anguished hours to look upon his face, and to feel, with her pure child's spirit, that there was peace again in her father's house.

Now it might never be. She was dead. They were robing her for her funeral. His father sat, sorrowful, beside the corpse of his youngest born, but not more did his heart bleed at her death than at the perverseness and pride that made a demon of his son.

Poor old man! He knew, in the midst of his overwhelming grief, that the soul of his erring son was heavy. He knew how they, the two youngest, had loved each other; how he had bent to her will when uninfluenced by all others, and lavished all the tenderness of his heart upon her. It was for his sake that the corpse of the beautiful girl was carried to the church.

"It may be," said the old man, "when my poor boy looks upon her cold, white face, his heart may turn to his home and to us again.

So the lovely form was carried to the old church where the family had always worshipped. The tall form of the haughty brother did bend over that sweet, sleeping face, and his hot tears fell upon the marble forehead. Almost was he persuaded, but that dreadful, uncompromising pride held him from turning to the stricken father, and confessing how great had been his sin.

Suddenly, as he sat there, trembling from head to foot, a choir of sweet, fresh voices rang out:

Go to thy rest, fair child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this dark and changeful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

The soft notes had scarcely ceased when Charley sprang from his seat, and, with a wild, haggard face, walked down the aisle of the church, staggering as he went. The terrible trial had been too much for him. Out into the cool, clear day he went, his eyes glittering, and his cheeks on fire. On, and on, and still on, his impetuous feelings hurried him, though he could not have told where he was going. Late at night, unreasoning and unknowing, he went to the old home, rang, was admitted, and hurried up to his own room. There they found him raving about his sister, begging her to forgive him, sobbing, weeping, in the delirium of fever.

For weeks they watched, till he came out of the gray shadow of the death that had so long threatened him, weak as a child, and with all a little child's gentleness. The self-will, the terrible pride was gone. The father had found his son, and the brothers their youngest brother, the Benjamin.

Another man lifted himself from that sick bed, and went out into the world so changed that he was a wonder to all who knew him. Then the old man leaned upon his arm, and, in his dotage, often fancied him the gentle daughter who had gone up to heaven—perhaps called away by God that her death might work this great reform.

THE PORTLAND QUARRIES.

From a Correspondent.

I am sitting at the window of a quaint, red farm-house in the nice old town of Portland, Ct. My outlook is upon a grand orchard, thick with pear trees, that seem just now in the full perfection of their ripeness. All about they hang; yellow, brown, red globes that look as if the sun were shining through them—and then there are the peaches!

Papa brought me to this secluded place to see an old nurse of mine, a good woman, fast approaching her hundredth year, for she was over ninety. She was quite too aged to serve at the time she left mamma to come here and find a home with her daughter, yet it seemed a great trial to her to have outlived her usefulness. Even then—and she was almost eighty—but for her growing blindness, mamma would gladly have kept her, for Patty was spryer than half the young girls, as she often laughingly said of herself.

Lately her daughter had written us that the old mother had taken a notion that she could not die in peace without seeing little child, as she always called me—the baby that was when she left our family.

We found Mrs. Patty in a venerable farm-house, before whose door huge elms and chestnuts waved their centuries-old arms. The house and farm belong to her son-in-law, who has bought them since Mrs. Patty came to live with them. The dear old mother and grandmother had brought a blessing with her, and as she sat knitting in the chimney corner, the hard-working son, who owned a few acres of uncultivated land down near the river, suddenly found that they were valuable.

After the old lady had warmed her eyes, as she said, (and she could scarcely see) with a sight of me, she could hardly let me alone whenever I sat near her. She had grown very childish, but was no trouble at all, her daughter said.

The daughter's name was Abby, and she had a pretty little child.

The evening of the day I came, Abby said to me,—

"Abel must take you to the quarries, to-morrow."

"What quarries?" quoth I.

"That's where Abel made his little money," said Mrs. Patty, smoothing the folds of my dress with her withered hands. "'Twas eighteen year ago, I think, wasn't it, Abby? He didn't know 'twas vallable, but there was a ledge o' rock under it, best kind, and so they give him five thousand dollars—ought to make it ten. But Abel's smart, Abel is; he's made it ten, by this time, I guess;" and she chuckled to herself.

"When I first came home to 'em it went ag'in the grain, for I'd allers been independent, but the fust thing Abel did was to put a few hundred in the bank for the old mother. Think o' that! Wasn't that good o' him?"

"But what kind of stone do they get in these quarries?" I asked.

"Why, don't you know?" said papa; "don't you remember the splendid brown stone fronts in New York? That's the Portland stone, quarried here and sent from here to Boston, Chicago—all over the country."

"I always thought that came from Portland, Me.," said I.

"A good many people do," replied Abby, as she went round getting supper for us, and helping the awkward Irish girl; "but you shall see them to-morrow."

So, on the morrow, leaving old nurse comfortable and happy, we took a seat in Abel's new "Dearborn," and drove straight to the quarries. It happened to be a busy morning, and as we drove leisurely along, we heard the sound of mighty hammers, of loading and unloading; the haw-gee-get-up! of the teamsters, and the stir and bustle of the working men.

It was, indeed, a wonderful sight, as we drove up a gentle eminence, and presently the scene burst upon us in all its beauty;—the wide sun-

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light streaming over hill and dale, the flashing river beyond, with its busy vessels laden with rock; its snowy sails; its pleasure barges; the glorious fields of corn on every side; and I am sorry to add, the beautiful stretches on the right hand and on the left, covered with the brilliant tobacco plant, a leaf that is only foul when put to foul uses. In the midst of all, at our feet, were the mighty quarries, with their layer upon layer of rich, reddish stone, glistening in great caves and grottoes, sparkling with recent rains. Roads were cut out of the stone, and men, and boys, and horses, and oxen were toiling and moving, while shouting, whistling and singing assailed the ear. It was, indeed, a novel sight.

Presently, looking about, I perceived we stood near an old, old burying-ground. Here and there, headstones of the same brown, glittering rock lifted themselves a little way out of the ground, proclaiming that, for nearly a century, somebody's loved and lost had slept the last, dreamless sleep.

"What burial-place is this?" I asked.

"O, it belongs to the 'old society,' as we call it, miss, the Congregational, and they've just sold it."

"Sold it to whom?"

"The quarry companies, miss; you see there's stone of the first quality lies underneath, and they've cut and blasted all about it, so't it just hangs over, like—they might 's well have it."

"But what will they do with the dead?" I asked, in a sort of horror.

"That's their lookout," he replied. "I s'pose folks 'll claim some of 'em if there's anybody livin' they belong to. How would you like to go down into the quarries?"

We left the carriage, and found our way into the mouth of the huge pit. Father said that the quarry resembled some of the craters of the islands which he had often seen. Just that sterility, and bleakness, and blackness, though the sight of cranes, and great levers, and immense carts, and mighty oxen, was, of course, extraneous.

They have excavated to the depth of a hundred feet, and a hundred acres are covered by the quarries—red, glittering, solid stone. I went to the mouths of seeming caverns, looked in long tunnels, saw beneath me the dark, stagnant water, watched them lifting the huge masses that looked like gigantic brown slates, and that, before long, will round out, in polished beauty, the portals of some splendid city home—some Fifth Avenue palace.

Presently, Abel took me round to where a man seemed very intent on running a long iron instrument into the ground.

"Ask him what he is doing," said papa.

"Barin' for a plas' miss," he answered, without looking up.

Father laughed at my look of perplexity.

"He's Irish," replied Abel. "They're that fresh about here that it's hard to understand them. He says he is boring for a blast, and at twelve o'clock it will take place."

We left these unhewn palaces glittering in the sun, their rough sides full of diamonds, with their fearful cavernous openings, and went back to our carriage. All the houses on the left of the road had been bought by the owners of the quarries, and it is only a question of time how long they shall stand, for the ground is rich beneath them.

There are three different quarries in Portland; I have been giving you a sketch of only one of them; that one I believe the largest.

We arrived at the farm-house to find a nice lunch spread out, and ate our peaches and cream, our white bread and honey, and sundry other delicacies, with thankful hearts.

Dear old Mrs. Patty monopolized me, and I am glad to be able to give her so much pleasure, for probably we shall never meet again. ALICE.

THE TWO MANIACS.

More than fifty years ago, a party of young men were in the habit of meeting together, evening after evening, in the village tavern, to enjoy what they termed harmless pleasure, chatting over the table, and passing round the jovial cup.

It was generally late before they separated, and it is needless to say that they seldom returned home sober.

One night, when they had been particularly merry, and had entertained one another with tales of wonder and fear, one of the party declared he feared nothing, neither God, nor man, nor devil.

"Will you go through the churchyard," said another, "stand upon a tombstone, and cry out, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment'?"

"Yes, I will," he replied; and forthwith proceeded towards the graves, while two of his companions followed to hear whether he would do as he had said. Bold in his impious daring, he walked half way through the churchyard, and mounting on a tomb, cried aloud, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" Once more he repeated the solemn words, when suddenly a white object sprang up from behind a tomb, and a shrill voice exclaimed, "Yes, Lord, I come, I come!"

The wretched drunkard fled in terror; and, when found, he had lost his reason, which he never again recovered. His two companions were so much impressed with the solemn incident that they reformed their evil ways.

But what was the cause of this strange occurrence? A poor crazy woman, who was in the habit of straying about by night, as well as by day, had laid herself down to rest among the graves. Her head wandered, but her heart was fixed on Him who changeth not; and hearing, as she thought, in the solemn midnight hour, the voice of the great archangel calling the quick and the dead to meet their Judge, she gladly responded to the summons; for she was prepared to welcome her Lord with joy.

THERE IS ROOM AT THE TOP.

O let not the evil disturb you,
There's good if you but search it out.
Make pure thine own conscience, my brother,
Nor mind what the rest are about.
And whether your work may have fallen
In sanctum, or office, or shop,
Remember, the low grounds are crowded,
But there's always room at the top.

A RAMBLE IN PERU.

Peru, the land of the Incas, the fabled El Dorado of the West, the storied clime of gems and gold!

One delightful afternoon in 1860, I found myself in Callao Bay. The bay is one of the largest, calmest, and most picturesque on the Pacific side of South America. The land view is diversified, the far mountains lending it a deep tone of color, a lofty and shadowy grandeur. Deep down in the pure, translucent waters may be seen the ruins of the grand old city of Callao, which was submerged in 1746.

After cruising about the bay for a number of days, our captain started on a journey inland, taking me as his companion.

The distance from Callao to Lima is fourteen miles. The road approaching the capital is lined with broad villas and charming gardens, filling the air with the perfume of luxurious vegetation, gorgeous flowers and aromatic trees.

Lima, the "City of Kings," is situated on the banks of the Rimac. It is surrounded by a wall, and graced with stately domes and towers. The grand cathedral, famous as the resting-place of Pizarro, is a massive stone structure, with a gorgeously painted facade. The old, Moorish-looking palaces wear a cheerless and shadowy aspect, recalling the ancient glory of Spain and the Spanish conquerors.

We spent two weeks in the City of the Kings, and then set out on an excursion to the mountains,—the lofty, cloud-touching Cordilleras, towering up at a distance of some sixty or seventy miles inland.

The road was ascending. Almost before we were aware that our journey was upward, we found ourselves 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. At times the outlook along the way was massive and grand. The vegetation was rich and fantastic, and the trees and rocks swarmed with chattering paroquets.

Near San Mateo we came near meeting with an adventure that might have cost us our lives.

Hot and tired with the journey, we halted at a cool, plashing little spring, and dismounted for the purpose of resting, and enjoying a refreshing draught. Our native attendant was walking a little in advance of us, and looked around for us just as the captain had raised the cup of his flask filled with water.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he screamed, in startled accents, "Stop! Hold on, den, *capitano mio! Der veruga aqua—wartare!*

At the same instant, hurling his heavy staff, he struck the cup from the captain's hand, almost breaking his arm.

The assault was forgiven when he explained that we were about to drink from one of the poisonous *veruga* springs of that part of the country, the water of which produces the most horrible ulcerous diseases, often ending in death.

A day's journey from Mateo brought us to the main chain of the Cordilleras. Here we fell in with some other travellers, and ascended the mountain pass in company. The summit of the pass was marked by two great mounds, consisting of the bones of sheep, dogs, horses, and animals of burden that had perished of hunger, or from storms of snow in reaching these heights.

The scenery was wild and grand, such as no pen can satisfactorily describe. Chaotic and gloomy, the mountains rose around, above and beneath me, as they were left when the Creator, by some stupendous convulsion of nature, saw fit to hurl and dash them forth in mighty confusion. Clouds hovered about the summit in billowy brightness. No trace of animal or vegetable life, save the lichen, was visible. The scene became depressing from its utter desolation, and awe-inspiring from the massiveness of its gloomy grandeur. We were 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Dizzy, and sick, and scarcely able to breathe, we dared venture no farther in our journey into the clouds, and it was with a strange feeling of pleasure that we started back towards the living, breathing world, and descended to the mountain village of Yauli.

The town—situated in an unutterably desolate region, of almost unending storms and of eternal snow—is an important place, containing some ten thousand inhabitants. Do you ask what could induce human beings to pass their lives in such a place as this? 'Tis the old answer—Treasure. Here are mines of copper and silver; here is one avenue to the fabled El Dorado, which in this case lies deep in the bowels of the storm-covered mountains, and not in the climes of the palm and the sun.

The Indians who inhabit the place have many wonderful secrets in regard to hidden deposits of precious ore, secrets which adventurers try to worm out of them with but little success.

Many curious stories are told in regard to attempts to discover these secret treasuries of wealth.

We left Yauli, and had proceeded but about half a mile, when we encountered a most fearful storm. It came suddenly. A peal of thunder, loud as all the artillery of the world, suddenly crashed above our heads, with a deafening, almost stunning roar, rolling away in countless reverberations among the sombre peaks. Flash after flash of chain lightning followed, ploughing up the ground and rending the solid rock. Then came a fearful dash of rain, then a sudden fall of snow. Startled from their secret haunts, huge condors flew wildly past us, glaring at us with their blood-red eyes.

The snow became blinding. Unable to travel back to Yauli, we began to look about us for some place of shelter till the fury of the storm was spent.

Such a shelter soon offered itself in the shape of one of those strange structures that one may find in this section of the Cordilleras. It was an ancient sepulchre, built, like many others on the public ways, no one can tell how, or when, or by whom, but which probably once contained the bones of some Indian chief, belonging to a race who have left neither history nor tradition. We give a picture of one of these mountain tombs.

When the storm subsided we continued our descent in the direction of Lima.

We met with a singular adventure on our journey. Late, one evening, we were startled by a tremendous noise in the air, proceeding from the vicinity of a gully between some little hills. We cautiously approached the spot, where we entered upon one of the strangest scenes that it has ever been my lot to witness.

Around the bleeding carcass of a large sheep hundreds of birds of prey were furiously fighting. The hideous turkey-vulture, with its fiery head, the black-headed vulture, with its doom-dooming cry, condors, hawks, kites, hundreds of birds of prey, all contending for the possession of the poor bleeding animal they had waylaid and killed.

Approaching nearer, greatly excited by the contest, we were suddenly assailed by a couple of huge condors.

"*Marde de Dios!* look out, *hombres*, take care your eyes!" cried the native.

The warning did not come too soon. In rapidly narrowing circles, one of the great birds had suddenly approached me, and, even as the native spoke, its blood-red eyes gleamed like fire before me, and it made a dash at my face. I raised my gun and pulled the trigger. The next instant I was knocked down with the impetus and weight of the bird as it fell upon me. The rest of the birds took flight, startled by the report of the gun.

THE GIRDLING OF THE WORLD.

According to statements of a semi-official character, the year 1871 will have an important place in the history of the triumphs of the electric telegraph.

Already much has been done to increase the number of great telegraphic lines, particularly in the way of connecting the Eastern world with Western Europe; but a great deal more soon will be done.

It is expected that in August the telegraph will be extended from Shanghai (China) to the new Russian naval station on the Pacific Ocean; and from the same place to Japan.

Another line will be completed in November, from Singapore to Australia, thus connecting the Southern New World with the Old World of the North and the West.

These lines finished, and at work, nothing would remain to be done, to complete the girdling of the world, but that there should be telegraphic communication between Japan and California. That effected, America would be able to correspond with Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, on the same day.

Such are the successes of the telegraph thus far, and such are the prospects it has, soon to become further successes.

Considering that it is only some twenty-seven years since the first electric telegraph went into operation, it is marvellous to behold its conquests over space and time. Steam was much longer in becoming the means of rapid communication between nations.

More than thirty years passed after Fulton's first trip before steamships began to run regularly between England and America, but in twenty-two years telegraphic communication between those countries was established. That it could be established was demonstrated in fourteen years.

It was the success of the Atlantic cable, in 1866,—a success that really dates from 1858,—that gave that impetus to telegraphy which has all but connected the five grand divisions of the globe, in only five years; and which will connect them all in a very short time.

That achievement demonstrated that the greatest extent of ocean was no obstacle to electrical communication,—that, in fact, the ocean was the best field that the telegraph could have for its serene labors.

Hence the rapidity with which lines have been laid since the summer of 1866, so that but little remains to be done, so far as respects the main work of connecting the leading parts of the earth. Doubts removed, enterprise has been speedy in its doings, and successful in its results.

Much remains to be done in telegraphy, however, in order to make it the effective agent that it should be in advancing the civilization and promoting the comfort of mankind. First, the telegraph should be more extensively used than it is, in countries where it exists, so that the cost of messages may be made very low. This can follow only from building many more lines.

Secondly, ocean telegraphs should be greatly multiplied, so that their charges may be reduced to just rates. There ought to be a dozen lines between the United States and Europe. Then an odious monopoly would cease to exist, and the Old World and the New would correspond at reasonable charges.

Thirdly, the telegraph ought to be extended into countries which now it only grazes, or touches. It is, properly used, a great civilizer, and its benefits cannot be too extensively diffused. Africa is a continent that the telegraph could help immensely, and yet it will not be an easy matter to take it *into* that continent, and *through* it. But it must triumph there ultimately, and the year is not so very remote when both railway lines and telegraphic lines, with lateral branches, will connect Cape Bon with the Cape of Good Hope.

THE BUFFALO OF INDIA.

There are two kinds of buffaloes in India, the wild and the tame. The former are often ten feet in length, and live chiefly in swampy and pestilential places. The tame buffaloes are very intelligent and useful animals. We find the following anecdote of this animal in the *Young Folks' News:*

A story is told of a boy in India eight years old, who was watching some tamed buffaloes as they pastured near a wood, when a tiger fell upon him, and began to drag him away. Hearing the screams of their little master, two stout

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buffaloes ran up, and gave battle to the furious beast, which dropped the boy at once, and rushed upon the new comers. One of these he seized by the knee, but the buffalo was able to use his horns so well that the enemy ran off. But while this buffalo was bravely defending himself the other stood over the body of the boy, who could not rise from the ground. The good beast was ready to give the tiger a sound whipping if he should try to lay hold of the child. The boy, though badly wounded, was doing well, when, a few days afterwards, the facts were noted down in the neighborhood of their occurrence.

LYNCH LAW NOT OF AMERICAN ORIGIN.

America has long labored under the stigma of being the country in which Lynch Law was invented, or is sustained, this wild and irregular mode of administering justice, (or injustice) taking its name from a person who was conspicuous as a judge on our Western frontier. But Lynch Law is not an American institution. It was imported into the New World from the Old. If it did not come over in the *Mayflower*, or the *Arbella*, it came over to the colonies, or plantations, very soon after those immortal vessels visited America. All that is of American origin in it, is the new name that has been given to the new thing here.

"Rude justice," as it has been called, is the same thing that is known here by the name of Lynch Law, and that has been as common in Europe as in America. It may be called a border "institution," for we find it prevailing on the borders of almost every country in the wilder times of their history; and what we have seen done in our Southern and Western frontiers is precisely the same thing as history shows us to be common on the borders, or "marshes" of England, Scotland and Wales.

It was also well known in France, in Germany, and in other European countries; and it can safely be asserted that there never was a country in which it was altogether unknown. We find instances of it among the Jews,—and also in the histories of the Greeks, the Romans, and other classic nations.

The famous Vehmique Tribunal of Germany was nothing but a Lynch Law Court, or series of courts, on a large scale. That tribunal grew out of the lawlessness of the middle ages, just as our Lynch Law grows out of the lawlessness of our frontier life, and is a better code than none at all, though liable to be terribly abused.

The Vehmique Tribunal had among its members not a few of the highest persons of the *Red Land*,—as the scene of its jurisdiction was called,—and its powers far exceeded those of the governments of that part of the world. It was Lynch Law on the grandest possible scale, and it was denounced by the regular authorities just as hotly as Lynch Law is now denounced many thousands of miles from the *Red Land*. It is curious to find the same things done, and the same words uttered, in the nineteenth century on the banks of the Sacramento and the Columbia, that were uttered and done in the fourteenth century on the banks of the Elbe and the Rhine.

"Jedwood Justice" was one of the names given to the kind of Lynch Law that was known on the borders of England and Scotland, four or five hundred years ago. It was interpreted to mean that, under its administration, men were first executed, and then tried. "Hang to-day, and try to-morrow!" was the interpretation of "Jedwood Justice." "Jeddart Justice" is the more correct rendering of the term. It is from the Scotch border town of Jeddart, a place of great note in the old times.

"Scarborough Warring" is a similar term, and belongs to Lynch Law. It means this: "First knock you down, and then ask you to stand still!" The expression is thoroughly expressive of a time of violence.

Kings have presided at Lynch Law Courts. James V. of Scotland did so when he sent John Armstrong and his border men to the gallows, though they had come out to welcome him. They were tied up and turned off as rapidly and remorselessly as if they had been so many horse thieves taken in Nevada or Colorado.

AN APE THAT COULD TEACH US SOMETHING.

Whether we are descended from monkeys or not, there is no question but that they (as well as many other brutes) are excellent instructors for us in *some* things. Rev. T. K. Beecher says:

Here is one of Darwin's zoological anecdotes: A certain motherly ape was wont to adopt and care for a variety of young beside her own, such as puppies, kittens, orphaned monkeys, and other human beings. A kitten under her care, striking around, as kittens will, scratched the good ape's nose—an unprecedented experience in all her nursery work. The ape caught the kitten at once, examined the offending claws, and bit them off, one by one. A capital story! I have wakened in the night, and laughed in the dark at the vision of that sober ape chastising her kitten, tempering mercy with justice. If it must be so, that we are all descended from apes, I like such as she for my ancestress. "Give time enough," the daughters of such an ape might keep boarding school with success.

ODDITIES OF OLD DR. MOORE.

The late Rev. Dr. Humphrey Moore, who died recently at Milford, N. H., was a born wag, and it was not safe to indulge in badinage with him, for any who attacked him were very apt to get the worst of it. Scores of anecdotes have been related of him, of which we give one or two as we have heard them:

At a ministerial conference at one time, Dr. Moore preached an able sermon on "Our Dumb Animals." At its close, Rev. Dr. D., a neighboring clergyman, commended the discourse, and remarked that every jackass would speak its praises.

"Glad to have *one* appreciative listener," replied Dr. Moore.

At a gathering of ministers Mr. Moore asked Dr. A. how his wife was.

"Mrs. A. is five hundred miles away, sir, and I don't know how she is.

"*Well off*," replied Mr. Moore.

Mr. Moore had a very strong lisp, which to those not accustomed to hearing him was somewhat troublesome. When calling at a school, one day, he was examining a little girl in the alphabet, who could not tell the letter S. "That, my dear, ith eth," said Mr. Moore. In repeating it, the little miss reproduced the lisp with the utmost faithfulness. "I said *eth*, not *eth*," said the examiner. But it was all of no avail. Example was stronger than precept.

This last reminds us of the foolish attempt of a certain learned man to talk to a Sunday school. He also had a bad lisp in his pronunciation, and that, along with the fact that he did not know how to interest children, made his difficulty no common one. "My dear young friendth," said he, "I am rejoithed to thee you thtudying the Theripturth. There are two printhipal methodth of thtudying the Theripturth, one ith by *analythith*, and the other ith by *thynthethith*. Analythith ith the theparathion of the Bible into ith conthtituent parth, and thynthethith ith the recombinathion of the parth into one harmoniouth whole," &c.

A NOBLE CLERK.

The following story was related by Rev. De Witt Talmage, at an address before the Boston Young Men's Christian Association:

A lady called at a certain store in the city, some years ago, and said to the clerk,—

"Have you Lancastershire cloths?"

"We have an article that we think as good as Lancastershire cloths."

"But not of English manufacture?"

"No."

The lady left the store.

The merchant quickly stepped to the clerk's counter.

"What did that lady want?"

"Lancastershire cloths."

"What did you tell her?"

"That we had goods that we thought as good as Lancastershire cloths."

"Why did you not tell her that they were Lancastershire cloths?"

"Because they were *not* Lancastershire cloths."

"I have no further need of your services. You can go to the book-keeper's desk and receive the wages due you up to to-day."

The young man left the store, his moral character unstained.

He was a poor man, then, almost friendless and unnoticed. To-day he is a man of position and influence, one of the grand moral men of Ohio.

TO STOP BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.

We find the following directions for checking a flow of blood from a ruptured vessel in the nose, copied from a medical journal:

There are two arteries which supply the whole face with blood, one on each side. These branch off from the main arteries on each side of the neck, passing over the outside of the jawbone, about two-thirds of the way back from the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear, and running upward toward the eye. Each of these arteries supplies just one-half of the face, the nose being the dividing line; the left nostril is supplied by the left artery.

Now, supposing your nose bleeds by the right nostril, with the end of the forefinger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw till you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist. Then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and the jawbone. The result will be that no drop of blood goes into that side of your face while the pressure continues; hence the nose instantly stops bleeding, for want of blood to flow.

Continue the pressure for five minutes, and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by this time probably contract, so that when you let the blood into them they will not leak. Bleeding from a cut or wound in any part of the system may be stopped by compressing the artery from which the blood flows. Acting upon a knowledge of this simple fact, should occasion require, may save the life of a dear friend.

A CHICKEN WITH A PIN THROUGH ITS LIVER.

Fowls generally wear the pin feathers outside, but there is no telling where the thing would bring up if a progressive race of biddies should undertake to wear brass ones. Let every coop and roost read this. Capt. Henry Heusner, of Hanover, York Co., relates the following as having come under his observation on Saturday last:

On the morning of that day his youngest son killed a chicken, and whilst his wife was engaged in cleaning it, she discovered protruding through the liver a substance of cylindrical form, resembling a bone, about an eighth of an inch in diameter, and two inches in length, with a round head or ball at each end.

Upon removing it and cutting it open, a brass pin was found enclosed, over which had grown a thick coating of gristle. The pin was considerably corroded, looking as if it had been subjected to a severe test with the strongest acids. The chicken apparently suffered no inconvenience from the strange and dangerous intruder, and was fat and in good health. How the pin got there is a mystery hard to solve. The theory that it picked it up and swallowed it with food while eating, is hardly plausible, as it would have been a difficult matter for the pin to pass through the craw without endangering the life of the chicken.

Can any of our *savans* explain how the pin got there, and without instantly killing the fowl?

CONSUMPTION CURED BY SAWING WOOD.

Mrs. Dio Lewis tells a good story of herself:

It seems Mrs. Lewis was a confirmed consumptive—two sisters having died that way. While her husband was on his rounds among his patients, she used to take the air in his carriage, and grew no stronger. At last, in a desperate mood—there is no account of any pills, or extracts, or compounds being used—her husband said, "Let us saw wood!"

One stick daily was the first dose of this medicine—all she could bear. When this was conquered with ease, she tackled two sticks, and afterwards she was able to cope with three, four, five sticks, daily; and finally she sawed all the wood for the family.

Of course there was a peculiar gratification in sitting by an open fire of wood of her own sawing, and letting her joyful thanks to the good God for increase of strength, go dancing up chimney with the sparks, as the bright flames curled in and out among the knots, from backlog and forestick that she had had tough tussles with and beaten to pieces! She lives in health and usefulness to tell her story, as very many invalids may, who, before it is too late, will undertake the simplest work in the open air.

ONE GLASS.

Henry Welcome, hanged in Windsor, Vt., for murder, said: "I hope my situation will be a warning to all young men to be obedient to their parents, keep out of bad company, and away from low places. This is what has brought me here; and I hope God will have mercy on me for Jesus Christ's sake. I wish to say no more now except to *caution all against tasting liquors, because if they take one glass, they must take another*."

Dr. Samuel Johnson, whom one would suppose possessed great moral strength, declared that he could not drink a single glass, and therefore he would not use wine at all. His idea was, that a single glass led captive the will and weakened the moral powers.

NOT QUITE.

A Western man has tried Darius Green's experiment, and like Darius found flying pleasant, but alighting rather rough.

A man in Detroit made himself two spacious wings of rattan, cork and oilskin, summoned his friends and the newspaper reporters, repaired to the roof of a one story house, and promised, just before he commenced to flap, that he would telegraph back from Grand Rapids. He flapped, but instead of being wafted upward and cleaving the blue air, he landed among some weeds, on his stomach. He explained that somehow he had lost the centre of gravity, and the audience took that view of it.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

Over a hundred years ago, at a meeting of the Mathematical Association at Liverpool, a member said he could read a paragraph of a newspaper at ten yards distance by the light of a farthing candle. This being on all sides doubted, a wager was laid, when the member took a concave wooden dish, and covered it with pieces of looking-glass, which he fastened to the dish with putty. Having thus made a reflector, he passed it behind the farthing candle, and, taking his position ten yards from the light, he read aloud to the whole assembly, and won the wager amid the greatest applause. Among those who witnessed this experiment was Capt. Hutchinson, the Master of the docks, who afterwards made a practical application of the principle it illustrated by inventing reflecting light-houses. It has frequently occurred that discoveries made by scientific men have been regarded as merely curious until they were made useful by less learned but more practical people.

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A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

Robert Nicholl was a young man of great excellence of character. He was a self-made man, arising from a very humble position in life to a most conspicuous position as an author, poet and journalist. He died young, and at a time when his prospects in life, after a youth of remarkable industry, were very promising. A few days before his decease, looking out upon the sunny fields and the green earth almost for the last time, he composed the poem which we give below. It is a death-bed testimony of great beauty, and one that is well worth a careful reading:

DEATH.

The dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps;
The gentle wind, that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on the corn-field keeps;
But I who love them all shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea.

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine!
Bless'd is the brightness of a summer day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray!
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar now with death, and neighbor to the grave!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and then bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour.
I have a hope,—a faith,—from sorrow here
I'm led by death away—why should I start and fear!

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better there?
If all that power hath made, to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty—something fair—
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better all enjoy?

I would be laid among the wildest flowers,
I would be laid where happy hearts can come;
The worthless clay I heed not, but in hours
Of gushing noontide joy, it may be some
Will dwell upon my name; and I will be
A happy spirit there, affection's look to see.

Death is upon me, yet I fear not now;—
Open my chamber window—let me look
Upon the silent vales—the sunny glow
That fills each alley, close, and copsewood nook;
I know them—love them—mourn not them to leave;
Existence and its change, my spirit cannot grieve!

WASHINGTON'S RESPECT FOR RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

"I know men. Jesus Christ was not a man," said Napoleon. Whenever the great General turned his thoughts to religion, his soul was overawed. The reverence of Washington for religion and religious worship was one of his marked characteristics. When Gen. Braddock was buried, after his disastrous defeat, there was no chaplain to read the burial service.

It was a calm July night, and the grave was made in the woods, in the middle of a road, to hide it from the enemy. Washington took the Prayer Book, and approached the dead, and, under the light of the night torch, opened the book and read, "I am the resurrection," &c. The scene, as worthy of an artist as the burial of Wolfe, proved as affecting as it was sublime and impressive.

One of Washington's aids, referring to the period of the French and Indian war, says that frequently he knew Col. Washington to perform Divine service with his regiment, reading the Scriptures with them, and praying with them, when no chaplain could be had.

When he was raised to the chief command in the war of the Revolution, says Rev. Dr. Wylie, we find him expressing, on several occasions, his appreciation of the value of the services of the ministers of the Gospel. Addressing Congress, he says, "I have long had it on my mind to mention to Congress that frequent applications have been made to me respecting chaplains' pay, which is too small to encourage men of abilities. Some of them who have left their flocks are obliged to pay the person acting for them more than they receive. I need not point out the great utility of gentlemen whose lives and conversation are unexceptionable being employed for that service in the army. I beg leave to recommend this matter to Congress, whose sentiments herein I shall impatiently expect." The day after he assumed command of the army he issued an order, in which he says, "The General requires and expects of all officers and soldiers not engaged on actual duty a punctual attendance on Divine service, to implore the blessing of Heaven on the measures used for our safety and defence." On the third of August, we find the following: "That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as of taking some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General in future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sabbath, except at shipyards and on special occasions, till further orders." So desirous was he that the exercises of religion should not be neglected, that we find him issuing the following order: "The situation of the army frequently not admitting the regular performance of Divine service on the Sabbath, the chaplains of the army are forthwith to meet together, and agree on some method of performing it at *other times*, which method they will make known to the Commander-in-chief."

WHO "ST. PATRICK" WAS.

The famous person known as "St. Patrick," about whom so much is told that is false, and so much is forgotten that is true, was really a good man, whose great virtues and excellent sayings, if followed now by the people who do him honor, would do more to reform them than the prohibitory law, or the distinguished Committee of Seventy. Most of the Irish people, however, know little of his *real* history and character. The following are a few facts about him:

St. Patrick, esteemed the patron saint of Ireland, was born in the year 387, at Bonavem Tabernæ. In his sixteenth year he was seized, while at his father's farm, and with a number of others carried to Ireland and sold to a petty chief, who "sent him into his fields to feed swine." While enduring the hardships of this desolate life, the impressions left on his young mind by his pious mother ripened into a wonderful religious experience, which, years after his return home, prompted him to go back to Ireland as a missionary.

His mission was eminently successful. He first addressed the chiefs, and through them did much to improve the people, and repress the spirit of clanishness that prevailed. He visited a large part of the island, and baptized great numbers, chieftains as well as people. Irish biographers state that he founded three hundred and sixty-five churches, and baptized with his own hand twelve thousand persons. After he had been engaged about twenty years in this missionary work, he is said to have fixed his see at Armagh, about the year 454. He died at a place called Saul, near Downpatrick, and his relics were preserved at Downpatrick down to the period of the Reformation. It is alleged that he lived to the surprisingly great age of one hundred and twenty years, or upwards.

The following verses recount the history of this wonderful man in a humorous manner:

"O! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.

"His father was a Gallagher,
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.

"So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
He gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever."

These verses are quite of a piece with the rest of the "information" which the sons of Erin possess about their patron saint.

The true name of Patrick (Patrick being the vulgar for Patricius, *i. e.*, "nobleman") was Succat, and his father's true name was Calpurnius, which old Roman word the Irish *may* have corrupted into Gallagher, as the Scotch have altered Bonavem Tabernæ, his birthplace, (near the Clyde, and not far from Glasgow) into "Bonnyburn."

How they could make *Brady* out of Conchissa, his mother's name, is not quite so clear.

HOW NEW THINGS ARE LAUGHED AT.

No matter how good they are, the world will have its fun out of them first, and then gladly take the benefit of them. It cost the inventors almost a martyrdom to introduce the burning of coal, and the wearing of pantaloons.

Forks were first known in Italy toward the end of the fifteenth century. It was a hundred years before they came into use in France, and nearly a hundred more before they had travelled as far northward as Scotland. Their introduction into England was at first ridiculed as a piece of affectation and effeminacy. In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, "your fork-carving traveller" is spoken of with great contempt, and Ben Johnson, too, joined in the laugh against them. In repeated instances, the progress of inventions has been thus resisted by the popular clamor, and even opposed by popular violence. The first man who appeared with an umbrella in the streets of London drew down upon himself a pelting shower of mud and stones, which was far worse than the rain against which he had spread the new-fangled protector. The old way of making boards was by splitting logs with wedges; and clumsy as the method was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that there was a better. Sawmills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century. In 1663 a Dutchman built one in England, but the public cry against it was so vehement, that he was soon obliged to remove it.

Speaking of the introduction of *umbrellas*, an exchange prints the following account of the man who carried the first umbrella in England:

Every one who is compelled to go afoot in the rain ought to remember with gratitude the name of the first Anglo-Saxon who had the courage to carry an umbrella. This was Mr. Jonas Hanway, of London. Macaulay records in his "History of England" that it required a great deal of nerve to stand the gibes and ridicule that greeted the first appearance of umbrellas in the streets of an English city.

The practice was decried as a piece of French effeminacy, for the French were the first to adopt the custom. Little boys used to run after umbrella-carriers, with all manner of disagreeable chaff; and there were not wanting persons who considered it a sin to interfere in this manner with Providence, as if it were wicked to carry your shelter along with you, though not at all to get under a roof! Strange to say, the practice was a long time in taking root in England. Sydney Smith, recounting the social improvements which had taken place during his lifetime, remarks that in his younger days if it rained he had no umbrella.

Mr. Jonas Hanway, alluded to before, was an eccentric philanthropist, the son of a captain in the British navy. He was born at Portsmouth, England, in 1712. At an early age he was bound apprentice to a merchant at Lisbon, became connected with a mercantile house at St. Petersburg, and undertook an adventurous journey to Persia, of which he published an account. He was afterward made Commissioner of the Navy, a situation which he held for twenty years, dying in 1786.

He was an indefatigable writer and worker in the cause of philanthropy, and several of the most worthy charitable institutions of modern times were originated by him. He instituted the Marine Society, he established the Magdalen Charity, he was the father of Sunday schools, and the friend of the chimney-sweep. No public calamity occurred that he did not endeavor to alleviate. Thus, even so commonplace an article as an umbrella can teach us a useful lesson, for it can remind us of Jonas Hanway, and lead us to imitate his noble example.

MUSIC AT A DEATH-BED.

The wonderful power of music over the human spirit was known as early as the days of King Saul, and has been attested by countless instances ever since. Persons of fine sensibilities have been known to be quite overcome by splendid music, as was the Bishop of Gloucester, at a performance of Handel's Messiah, or even to expire from the effect of it, as did a noted chorus singer, Mr. Burton, after taking part in the overture of Esther at Westminster Abbey. But more grateful and no less wonderful in music is the effect of its sweetness to *soothe pain or grief*, as Saul experienced it from the harp of David, Charles IX. from a symphony of singing boys, and Philip V., of Spain, at the hands of the great musician, Farinelli. The Lexington (Ky.) *Daily Press* tells the following:

As the venerable Chief Justice Robertson, stricken by the hand of death, lay almost insensible to the world he seemed fast leaving forever, while the gigantic brain which, for so many years, had throbbed grandly to the inspirations of his genius, barely fluttered with the consciousness of life, he expressed a desire to hear Miss Alice Cary sing the ballad of "Old Folks at Home," as if the strains of his favorite melody would have power to call back his soul from the portals of the grave which he was fast nearing.

The wish was at once communicated to Miss Cary, who willingly consented to do any thing in her power for the dying statesman or jurist. On reaching the residence of Judge Robertson, Miss Cary was at once ushered into the chamber where so much of intellect and learning was fast flickering out, and, without accompaniment of any kind, raised her voice to the touching words, "Way down upon the Swanee River," but, before she had sung three lines, broke down in the intensity of her emotion.

Calming herself, she again essayed the ballad, and, while the venerable and stricken man lay drinking her glorious melody, poured out her whole soul in the simple utterances.

When she had ceased, Judge Robertson could scarcely express his gratification by signs, yet signified a desire that Miss Cary should sing for him "Home, Sweet Home." Twice did the gifted artist attempt to comply with the request, but her emotion was too great, and, choked with feeling, she was compelled to leave the room.

The whole incident was one of the most touching and affecting episodes ever witnessed.

POISONING A CROCODILE.

There is something touching—why not?—ought we not to pity even a crocodile in the pangs of pain?—in the following incident related by a traveller in Central America:

One morning a crocodile was brought to me alive; it was three yards in length, and had been captured in the lake. The fishermen had caught it with a hook baited with the heart of a bullock. I had it fastened by a line with which it had been caught, at a reasonable and safe distance from my hammock. During the day it gave great signs of irritation, springing forward suddenly to the full extent of the cord which confined it, then springing back with its jaws wide open. Toward evening I administered to him a strong dose of arsenic soap, and hoped to find him dead in the morning, when I proposed to prepare him to prevent decomposition, which takes place rapidly under the tropics.

The agonies occasioned by the poison I had administered, redoubled his fury; writhing in all directions, and giving out strangely agonized sounds, for a long time he prevented us from sleeping. Morin finally dozed off, and after a while I succeeded in following his example; but my sleep was early interrupted by a strange noise close to my bed, accompanied by a suffocating, musky odor.

I started up in my hammock, and struck a match, by the dim light of which I discovered that the horrible reptile had broken from its fastenings, and had taken up a position directly under my hammock. By a sudden and desperate effort, for I was still feeble, I managed to clamber up to the cross-beams of the house, from which my hammock was suspended, whence I shouted vigorously to Morin.

He leaped up, and, seizing a hatchet which was close at hand, moved resolutely across the room, and opened the solitary window of our apartment, admitting a faint flush of light, by the aid of which we ascertained the position of our unhappy monster. He was then motionless, except now and then, when he opened his bronzed jaws, and gave out a cry of agony.

My position was by no means a comfortable one, and I felt greatly relieved when, after some difficulty, Morin succeeded in getting a noose around the neck of the expiring reptile, by means of which we suspended him to the cross-beam on which I was perched. He struggled but little, for the poison had nearly done its work, and in an hour he was dead.

NEW MEANING FOR A MASONIC EMBLEM.

A rather verdant young man, whose features exhibited every symptom of having been slightly tinged with the emerald, lately entered a jewelry store in New York, and, gazing earnestly into the show-case, remarked,—

"You've got a heap of mighty pretty breast-pins ther, mister; what moight you ax for 'em?"

"What sort of a pin would you like to look at?" inquired the merchant.

"Well, I dunno!" said the visitor, pointing to a masonic pin (the compass and square), "how much is that yere!"

"Five dollars, only, sir," was the reply. "It's a very fine pin, eighteen carat gold, and"—

"You haven't got ary with a little gold hand-saw laid across it, hev you?" interrupted the would-be purchaser.

"I believe not, sir," said the merchant.

"Wish yer had; it would suit exactly. I'm just out of my time, and gwine to set up as a carpenter and j'iner, and I'd like some sort of a sign to wear about, so folks would have an idee who I was. What do you tax for that ar pin you've got yer hand on?"

"Seven dollars, sir," said the merchant, producing a compass and square surrounding the letter G.

"Seven dollars, eh!" said the youth. "I'll take it; sorry yer didn't hev the hand-saw, though, but reckon everybody 'll understand it. The compass to measure out the work, and the square to see it's all right after it's done measured; and every fool orter know that G *allers stands for gimlet!*"

THE SHOE-BLACK'S DOG.

There is something touching, something that resembles the higher qualities of human nature, in the attachment of a dog to a poor master. He will quit a new master, who offers him every indulgence, for a beggar who once owned him, and loved him, and divided with him his scanty meal. The following story of city wickedness and brute fidelity is from "Chambers' Anecdotes of dogs:"

An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentions the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself into the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterward he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

FIGHT BETWEEN A CAT AND A SNAKE.

The Murfreesboro' (Tenn.) *Monitor* has the following paragraph on a curious subject:

A few days ago a gentleman, who is engaged in farming near the city, was walking through his field, near where his hands were plowing, when he discovered a cat at some distance coming towards him. Presently the cat turned aside, and squatting very low, appeared to creep stealthily along as though in search of game. He quickened his steps to see if he could discover what was up.

He soon discovered a snake, about a foot and a half or two feet long, and as the cat approached, the snake coiled and put himself in a striking position. The cat instantly walked directly up to the snake, and held out one foot near his snakeship's head, as if daring him to strike.

Master snake, being full of spunk, was not the chap to take a dare, consequently he responded with his full strength; but when his head should have been in direct contact with the cat's paw, the paw, like the Irishman's flea, wa'n't thar; and before the head could be withdrawn it received a heavy blow from the cat's foot, and the paw was again presented with similar results.

About four rounds of this sort occurred, when

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the snake seemed to remember "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," and with this understanding he uncoiled and started to quit the field. But he didn't get off that field alive.

A SIMPLE WAY TO MEASURE THE SUN.

You hear much about the immense size of Jupiter, but the sun is six hundred times bigger than *all the planets together.*

Astronomers have measured the size of the sun with very great care. You will, some day, if you study astronomy, learn just how they have done it. In the meantime I will tell you how it can be done, if you are content to do it roughly, and get results which are only somewhere near the truth.

Take a piece of cardboard and cut out a circle a few inches in diameter—just large enough to exactly hide the surface of the sun, when held in front of the eye as far as your hand can reach. While you hold the card before you, just so that it covers the disk of the sun, let a friend measure carefully the distance from your eye to the card. Now the sun will be just as many times larger than the card, as its distance is times greater than the distance of the card from your eye, so that if you divide the sun's distance—say 92,000,000 miles, by the distance of the card, and multiply the diameter of the card by the quotient, you will get the diameter of the sun. Is not this an easy way to measure the size of a body which can never be reached by human traveller?—*Prof. L. C. Cooley, in the Bright Side.*

DRILL AND PERSEVERANCE.

Here is the way that Henry Clay became an orator, a story almost as striking as that of Demosthenes practising by the sea:

I owe my success in life to one single fact, namely: At the age of twenty-seven I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and cow for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny.

He adds as the result of his experience:

Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day.

DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS BLACK.

Some of our older readers may remember the surprise with which Mr. Garrison was first received in the high circles of England when they found that he was *not* black. The surprise of the editor in the case here related was for the opposite reason, and seems to have taken a less complimentary turn:

Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, a leading colored preacher of New York city, tells a curious story of Mr. Holley, who is now at the head of the Episcopal church in Hayti. Mr. Holley had been writing so successfully for a masonic journal in this country, that the editor, who was ignorant of his color, sent him word that he would like to have his picture to copy into the magazine. Mr. Holley "kept dark" for a while, and then, when he had written all he wished to, sent his picture to the editor. It was not reprinted, and he never heard any thing more from that magazine.

HARD WORDS TO SPELL.

Some hard words to spell have recently been submitted to the teachers in the New York Institutes. They are as follows:

Intermittent, Heresy, Bilious, Coercion, Ecstasy, Clarionet, Surcingle, Paralyze, Licorice, Trafficking, Suspicion, Ellipsis, Apostasy, Mortgaging, Singeing, Skilfully, Subpœna, Allegeable, Ignitible, Phosphorescence, Sibylline, Cachinnation, Vacillation, Catechize, Trisyllable, Tyrannize, Apologize, Gauging, Saccharine, Hemorrhage, Rendezvous, Fahrenheit, Galilean, Sadducee, Erysipelas, Canaille, Cannibal, Mignonette, Kaleidoscope, Hieroglyphics, Apocrypha, Daguerreotype, Idiosyncrasy.

We are sorry to say that the teachers made out very poorly. Let our readers try them.

AT DEATH.

Bonaparte died in his military garb, his field-marshal's uniform and his boots, which he had ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution. Augustus Cæsar chose to die in a standing position, and was careful in arranging his person and dress for the occasion. Siward, Earl of Northumberland, when at the point of death, quitted his bed, put on his armor, saying that "it became not a man to die like a beast."

GIRLS always love those boys best who are the *kindest*, best natured, most considerate and "manlike" in their behavior; and who are not coarse, profane, and lonferish in their talk. The boys who are by their school or playmates loved the most, make the best men.

For the Companion.

DAVIE AND THE KITTEN.

Aunt Betsey sat in her large rocking chair, knitting and thinking, when the door burst open, and Jimmy and Davie rushed in.

"O, Aunt Betsey," shouted Jimmy, hiding something under his apron, "You can't think what we've found! In the river, too. And it's just as cunning, aint it, Davie?"

"Yes," said Davie, "just as cunning as a—as a little lion. And it's real clean, too. And, Aunt Betsey, it isn't a bit wet, 'cause Jimmy and me, we laid it in the sun to dry. Show it to her, Jimmy."

"Well, shut up your eyes, first," said Jimmy, "and I'll lay it in your lap."

Aunt Betsey shut her eyes obediently, and waited till the boys said, "Now look. Aint it a darling?"

"Mercy on us!" screamed Aunt Betsey, springing to her feet, and shaking her apron with all her might, while her spectacles flew one way, and her knitting another.

"James and David, what do you mean by putting an old dead cat into my lap?"

"It isn't an old dead cat!" cried Jimmy, indignantly, running into a corner to pick up his treasure. "It's a little bit of a kitten."

"Bein' dead don't hurt it any," chimed in Davie. "How should you like to be tosted 'round, just 'cause you was dead?" he added, severely.

Aunt Betsey was busy picking up her work, and putting on her spectacles.

"Well, well," said she, "I didn't mean any harm, my dears, but you gave me such a fright, I do declare! And I *don't* think a dead kitten is a pretty plaything, if it's ever so handsome. You had better go and throw it into the river again."

But Davie's tender little heart could not bear the thought. "O, it is too cunning," said he; "just see its little ears, and its little feet, and its little black tail."

"It's too bad to throw it in the river," echoed Jimmy.

"Well, why can't you bury it, then?" asked Aunt Betsey.

"Let's," said Jimmy.

"Well," said Davie, with a little sigh.

The boys carried the kitten out of doors, and sat down to talk the matter over.

"How do you suppose it got into the river?" asked Davie, thoughtfully.

"O," said Jimmy, "p'raps she was walking around and fell in."

"Or she might have gone down to the river to get a drink, and went in too far," suggested Davie. "It was too bad, any way."

They concluded at length to have a funeral, and invite all the children in the neighborhood.

Aunt Betsey gave them a box and as many flowers as they wanted from her garden.

They lined the box with soft, green moss, and put a row of flowers all around the edges. It looked like a pretty little nest.

All the children came to the funeral, and Aunt Betsey was invited, too, but she said she must stay at home and make a johnny-cake for supper.

And so the little kitten was buried with all honor. And Aunt Betsey thought it was all settled, and that she had seen the last of that kitten. But she was mistaken. Davie couldn't let it alone. He kept digging it up to look at it, and bemoan its fate.

Jimmy didn't care so much about it, but he was always ready to help dig it up.

Six times the poor little cat was taken up and buried over again. But the seventh time it was brought to light Aunt Betsey set her foot down that she "shouldn't have such work."

She called Davie into the house, and gave him a covered basket, saying, "Take this basket over to Mrs. Williams' house, and tell her you have come for one of her kittens. She said yesterday you might have one if you would come after it."

Davie started off, highly delighted with his errand. After he had gone Aunt Betsey called Jimmy and gave him the tongs, and told him to take the kitten in them, and throw it into the river.

Jimmy did so, and Davie never saw it again.

But he soon forgot it, for the new kitten quite filled his heart, and he and Jimmy were never tired of watching its merry ways.

MIRIAM.

WILLIE'S BREECHES.

I'm just a little boy, you know,
And hardly can remember,
When people ask how old I am,
To tell 'em four last 'vember.
And yet for all I am so small,
I made so many stitches
For mamma's fingers, that she put
Her little boy in breeches.

You may be sure I was glad;
I marched right up and kissed her,
Then gave my bibs and petticoats,
And all, to baby sister.
I never whine, now I'm so fine,
And don't get into messes;
For mamma says, if I am bad,
She'll put me back in dresses!

I'd like to tell you how I look,
And will, if I am able;
My eyes are black, my hair is white,
I'm taller than the table.
Sometimes I pass the looking-glass,
And, peeping in, I see there
A round-faced, rosy, roguish boy,
And mamma says it's me there.

There's buttons up and down my legs,
And buttons on my jacket;
I'd count 'em all, but baby makes,
Just now, an awful racket.
She's sitting there, behind the chair,
With blocks, and dolls, and kitty,
A playing "go to gran'ma's house,"
Alone, and that's a pity.

I think I'll go and help her some,
I'm sure it would amuse me;
So I won't bother any more
To talk, if you'll excuse me.
But first I'll stand before the glass,—
From top to toe it reaches;
Now look! there's head, and hands, and feet,
But all the rest is breeches!

E. T. SALSBURY.

ALICE AND RUTH.

Alice was five years old. She was greatly beloved, and was generally a very good girl. She had a little cousin named Ruth to whom she was much attached, and with whom she often played.

One night, at Alice's bed-time, her sister Sarah offered to take her to bed, as their mother was engaged with company. Alice, however, said that she very much wished her mother would come and take her to bed.

At length the child crept into bed, but without tasting her supper, and looking very unhappy. Sarah, on her return, whispered to her mother that she was afraid dear Alice was poorly. Their mother, therefore, hastened to the chamber. As she entered the room, she perceived that the child was crying.

"My child, what troubles you? Tell me."

"O, mother! I am so glad you have come. I cannot go to sleep. O, mother! I have *killed* Ruth *in my heart* to-day. She was angry with me, and I wished she was dead. I can't ask God's forgiveness until I have made it up with Ruth."

Her mother tried to comfort her, but there lay the cold, heavy weight of sin upon her bosom. Alice's father was called, who, wrapping his weeping child in a blanket, carried her to her cousin Ruth, whose house was next to their own.

She was taken to Ruth's bedside. The confession, prayer for forgiveness, and kiss of reconciliation formed a touching scene. When brought again to her own room, Alice knelt and prayed, "Lord, keep me from hating and killing any body in my heart."

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

ENIGMA.

My whole is an old proverb of 15 letters.
My 10, 14, 5, 2, 6 is a propeller.
My 4, 12, 8, 15 is to appropriate.
My 1, 7, 4, 9 is an evil passion.
My 3, 12, 11 is a tool. M. A. S.

2.

ENIGMA.

My whole 11 letters give the name of a great poet.
My 3, 5, 4 is to permit.
My 7, 11, 9, 1 is to pack away.
My 8, 2, 6, 10 is a vehicle. RALPH B.

3.

WORD SQUARE.

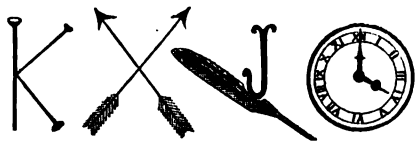
1. Not ardent.
2. A medley.
3. Unctuous matter.
4. Wasted. HOOKSET.

4.

CHARADE.

My *first* is sometimes necessary, but often a curse.
My *second* is dreaded in winter, but coveted in summer.
My *whole* is used for coughs.

5.



A bouquet of flowers. A. M. G.

6.

RIDDLE.

On my four feet I oft sustain you;
The first changed, I can still maintain you.
Again changed, I'm a source of wonder;
'Tis me, if you can silence thunder,
Or turn the tide, or jump over the moon,
Or empty the Caspian Sea with a spoon.
First I am wood, or iron, or stone;
Next, I am flesh, with fat and bone.
Lastly, I am, my worthy good man,
What you *can't* do, rather than what you can.

7.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A covered cart.
Slippery standing.
A favorite edible with children.
A personal pronoun.
An exclamation and two following letters.
A garden tool.
A great prophet.
A small insect.

The *initials* read downwards form a noble lady's name; the *finals* read upwards her title. BESSIE.

8.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My 1st is in flour, but not in wheat;
My 2d is in legs, but not in feet;
My 3d is in work, but not in play;
My 4th is in week, but not in day;
My 5th is in emblem, but not in sign;
My 6th is in yours, but not in mine;
My 7th is in push, but not in pull;
My whole are pronounced very beautiful.

SARAH CONVERSE.

Conundrums.

What kind of a key was it that unlocked the vaunted locks of England at the Crystal Palace? Yan-kee.

What relation is that child to its father which is not its father's own son? Daughter.

Who is the most popular man of letters in America? The mail-carrier.

When may a man be said to be sewed up? When he is "hemmed in" by a crowd.

Why should a rooster's feathers always be smooth? Because he always has a comb with him.

Why is a prompt scholar like the letter I? Because he is always in *time.*

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. The teeth.
2. "Under this sign we conquer."
3. Hazel—Pine—Oak—Beech—Maple—Larch—Cedar—Ash—Fir—Elm.
4. Wrong—Apple—Sugar—Hiram—Inca—Noun—Giant—Tornado—Outlaw—Newton. WASHINGTON—GERMANTOWN.
5. Jug-or-not.
6. Gap-Age—Pen.
7. Spar-row.

A LITTLE bit of a thing, who had just got back from a party, was asked by her mamma how she had enjoyed herself. "O mamma!" she said, "I'm so full of happiness, I couldn't be no happier, without I was bigger."

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A CAT SHOW.

They have had an odd exhibition in England; not a baby show, nor a bird show, but a cat show. Pussy has fairly displayed herself at last, and that beneath the glittering lights of the Crystal Palace. Probably the whole fifty species of the *genus felis* were here represented, from the wild cat of the wood to the Persian beauties, with their long, silken hair.

Pussy made a good exhibition, and drew to the Crystal Palace a great crowd of people. The English illustrated papers contain pictures of the prize tabbies. The following is a description of the Duke of Sutherland's wild cat:

The wild cat which was exhibited by the Duke of Sutherland was certainly the most remarkable specimen, and that to which the first prize was granted by the judges. It is probably not too much to say that this is the most terrible creature, despite its small size and limited powers, that we know of.

The puff adder, to which, in its venomous hatred of all who come near it, this wild beast bears not a little moral resemblance, alone approaches it in the suggestion of unceasing and unappeasable fury. It seemed, as it showed in the recess of its dark cage, to be the very incarnation of wickedness, and, as one would think, of misery. It was certainly a strange kind of creature to look at. It has fur of a tawny gray hue, with little or no marking on it. It has a sort of tuft in the middle of its back, which it seems able to depress or erect at will, and a tail which, unlike that of ordinary cats, does not taper towards its termination, but increases in bulk, so that the end is the thickest part of it.

It has immense and glaring eyes, a nose which is what we call in a human subject *retroussé*, and singularly defined and finished at the tip, while its ears, most expressive feature of all in animals, were depressed and crumpled to an extent which suggested a sullen persistence in malignity, which, in combination with the passionate fury of the eyes, were very terrible to see.

The other remarkable specimens were the Siamese cats, fawn-colored like pug-dogs, with black points, small, sleek, lively, and the tailless cats; a group from the Crimea, and one especially of the renowned Manx breed.

A POOR HEATER.

Generally, a man lighting his pipe at the pump, or putting things to wrong uses in similar ways, is suspected of being more in the fluid state than he ought to be, but sometimes simplicity and ignorance produce nearly as absurd effects as drink.

The Helena (Ark.) *Gazette* tells a story of a young man of that city who spent a few months in St. Louis last winter. It says that one cold day he walked into the Southern Hotel, and looking in vain for a stove, asked the clerk if there was no place where he could warm himself. The clerk, smiling urbanely, escorted the colonel to a register, and told him to stand on the grate and he would soon get warm. The "colonel" was much pleased. Later in the day, while perambulating about the city, becoming rather chilly, he espied a coal-grate in the sidewalk. Here, he thought, was another "heater," and he would improve the opportunity by warming his feet. A few minutes later a passer-by heard him ejaculate, "These things may do very well for a hotel, but they aint worth a cent to warm the city."

WASHINGTON'S POLITENESS.

Capt. Stephen Trowbridge, the oldest male inhabitant of Milford, N. H., tells the following incident of Washington's visit to that village in 1790. While the latter was walking about the town attended by a number of his officers, a colored soldier who had fought under him, and lost a limb in his service, made his way up to the General and saluted him. Washington turned to this colored soldier, shook hands with him, and gave him a present of a silver dollar. One of the attendants, who, like some men of to-day of copperhead proclivities, had a strong prejudice against the race, objected to the kindness thus shown. But Washington rebuked him sharply, asking if he should permit this colored man to excel him in politeness.

PROMPT APOLOGY.

The late Hon. Wm. P. Fessenden once made a remark which was interpreted as an insult to Mr. Seward. When informed of it, and seeing such a meaning could be given to his words, he instantly went to Mr. Seward and said, "Mr. Seward, I have insulted you; I am sorry for it. I did not mean it." This apology, so prompt, frank and perfect, so delighted Mr. Seward that, grasping him by the hand, he exclaimed, "God bless you, Fessenden, I wish you would insult me again!"

READING THE PAPER.

A Western editor, who wants his subscribers to renew their subscriptions, and who thinks that a good newspaper is a necessary adjunct to every well-regulated family, bursts into the following strain of fable and moral:

One took a paper, and his life
  Was happier than a King's;
His children all could read and write,
  And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
  While strolling through a wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown
  And killed him—as it should.

Had he been reading of the news,
  At home, like Neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
  Would never have happened him.

AN OLD MAN'S AFFECTION.

A Pittsburgh lady recently called upon an old man who had just lost his wife, with whom he had lived for forty years. She found him sitting, with folded hands, in his lonely room, and while engaged in conversation her eyes rested upon something bright and soft which lay upon his pillow. With a tremor in his voice he said, "Ah, madam, it is only my dear wife's old wrapper. You may think me childish, but at night I put the sleeves round my neck and it comforts me." Could human love find a more affecting expression?

A BOARDING-HOUSE TRICK.

At a certain hotel in Ohio, a large mirror is placed at the entrance of the dining-hall, which is so constructed that you see yourself a thin, cadaverous, hungry person; but when you come out from the table and look in the glass, your body is distended in the extremity of corpulence.

This surpasses Sidney Smith's artifice of the magnifying spectacles, to make cherries look as large as apples when he ate them.

POISONED BY OLEANDER.

It may surprise some readers to know that the oleander, so popular as a house and garden plant, is extremely poisonous. An Ohio doctor writes that he was recently called to attend a child who had eaten some small fragments of an oleander bush, that had been cut off. The symptoms were sudden and violent, and the results nearly fatal. Deathly prostration, sunken eyes, great pallor, incessant vomiting, extreme thirst and purging, were the predominating symptoms.

RARE EXOTICS.

A New Hampshire editor has been made the happy recipient of a handsome bouquet of flowers, upon the stem of which was pinned this legend: "Please accept these rare 'exhorticks,' culled by Rhoda." Despite all this, the prosaic editor wishes the "exhorties" had been "dandelion greens," for which he has a partiality.

THE MERCHANTS of Terre Haute, Ind., who do business upon corners infested by street loafers, have hit upon a novel plan of getting rid of their presence, which is worthy of being copied into other cities. After the loafers have comfortably established themselves, they hang out a placard inscribed, "Wanted, employment for these roosters." It scatters them more effectually than a sheriff's *posse* would.

"MY FRIEND, don't you know that it is very dangerous to take a nap while the cars are in motion?"

"Why, no," exclaimed the astonished individual, waking up; "why so?"

"Because this train runs over sleepers."

A CHINESE photographer in San Francisco, being upbraided by a lady customer because the picture didn't suit her, briefly replied thus: "No have handsome face; how can?"

IT IS a mistake to suppose the sun is supported in the skies by its beams.

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FIFTY YEARS AGO.
What changes in the world we've seen,
  Since fifty years ago, or so;
What revolutions there have been,
  A host of facts there are to show.
To travel fifty miles a day,
  Our fathers found a task indeed;
Two hundred now—or more—we may
  Be drawn by the fierce Iron Steed.
The BOYS then "dressed" in home-spun "CLOTHES,"
  With cow-hide shoes upon their feet,
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

THE MAIL-CARRIER.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

The hero of this sketch was possessed of many and rare virtues.

He was so truthful that I think I may say he never told a lie in his life, and so honest that you might have left a bag of gold in his way, and it would have been no temptation to him at all.

He was steady and industrious, always attending quietly to his own business, that of mail-carrier, and scorning to gossip about the affairs of his neighbors.

He was also remarkable for his good looks. He had a dark complexion, wavy black hair, and a fine hazel eye; two, in fact, one set on each side of his nose.

He had four legs, and a shaggy tail; in short, he was a dog, and his name was Mercury.

What a contrast to him in every respect was his fellow-citizen, Tobias Skinner! Instead of never having told a lie, it is doubtful whether he ever told the truth except by mistake, and as to his honesty, ask the hens! They could tell you who went prowling among their roosts moonlight nights, when everybody else was in bed.

He had no special business of his own, but if half the time and energy he spent in prying into other people's affairs had been devoted to some steady calling, he might have become rich long before he died.

And yet Tobias was not a dog, but a man! In person he was not ill-looking, except as his idle, thriftless and wicked habits had left their marks upon him. Such as he was, he was as well known throughout the village as Mercury, the mail-carrier.

One day, as Tobias was passing the Widow Pewy's small abode, he saw the old woman sitting near her window, very busy about something, he could not tell what; so he drew near and looked in. She was cutting apples, and stringing them to dry. He leaned on the window-sill and talked a little while, and then the widow invited him to come in and take a seat.

"Well, I don't care if I do," said Tobias; "it's as cheap settin' as standin';" with which highly original remark he entered and threw himself into one of Mrs. Pewy's flag-bottomed chairs.

"Apples is plenty this year," was his next remark. "Some folks as measured 'em by the quart last year, measures 'em by the barrel this."

"Jes so," returned the widow. "Now I myself hadn't enough last year for my own eatin,' let alone sarce and pies, and now I've got enough for my own use, and two barrels to sell, besides. Help yourself, Tobias, do. Try one o' them pippins, won't ye?"

"Thank you; don't care if I do; I'm partial to pippins, and yourn are uncommon fine."

"Well, I think they're passable, considerin'," said she. "Andrew sets every thing by 'em."

"No wonder," said Tobias. "Have you heerd from Andrew lately?"

"Yes, I hears once a week, reg'lar."

"Do tell! Likes his place, I s'pose?"

"Fust-rate; and, though I say it, they likes him, too—his employers, I mean. They tells him they wants nothin' but to have him keep on as he's begun."

"Want to know! Gets good wages, I s'pose?"

"Wal, I guess so," said she, with a knowing smile, and he don't forget his old mother, auther. I wouldn't have it get abroad," lowering her voice, "but he sends me money every quarter."

"You don't say so! I s'pose he don't resk it by mail, does he?"

"Lors, yes, and it never failed yet. I allers knows jest when to expect it, so I don't let it lay over in the office. Between you and I, I'm expecting some to-morrow, by the five o'clock boat. 'T aint every woman as has such a son as my Andrew," said she, wiping her eyes.

Tobias sat till the widow had finished stringing her apples, and then remarking that he "believed he must be going," bade her "Good-day."

He spent the remainder of the afternoon in

THE MAIL-CARRIER.

lounging about from house to house and from store to store, as usual, but, contrary to his usual custom, said not one word of what Mrs. Pewy had told him. This was not from a reluctance to betray the confidence which the simple-minded woman had bestowed upon him, and which, as he perhaps knew, she would have been equally ready to bestow on any other chance caller, but from motives which concerned himself alone. He was thinking how he might get that money into his hands! Not that the idea took definite form at first, but after he had dallied with the temptation, and turned it over and over in his mind, that is what it came to.

He went home that evening earlier than usual, and lay awake the greater part of the night, trying to hit upon some plan by which to effect his wicked purpose. There was no hope of taking the letter from the office without detection; it must, therefore, be abstracted from the mail before it reached the office, and the mail-carrier was only a dog! If the worst came to the worst, the dog could not testify against him.

He remembered that there were two keys to the mail-bag; he had seen them hanging side by side in the little post-office, often, and had been told it was to prevent delay in case one should get mislaid. To obtain one of these keys could not be difficult, and then he could easily unlock the mail, take out the letter—there were never more than a dozen at any time—lock it again, and no one be the wiser. The post-office was in a store where he was in the habit of loungiug hours every day, and not only he, but all the other loungers and good-for-naughts of the village, so that his presence would be less remarked than his absence. Every thing seemed to favor his scheme, and, in fact, he the next day managed to slip one of the keys into his pocket while the postmaster was waiting on a customer, precisely as he had planned.

The mail was brought to the village by a small steamer, which plied across the lake, and when it had tossed the little leather bag to the pier, went on without stopping, unless there were passengers to accommodate. The pier was in a lonely place, and the road leading from it for the space of half a mile was guarded by trees. At five o'clock Tobias, having first ascertained that there was no one near, stationed himself at a convenient point, and waited for poor Mercury; nor did he wait many minutes before he saw him trotting along with the leather bag in his mouth. "Good fellow! Good fellow!" said Tobias, cajolingly. Mercury returned the salutation with a little wag of his tail, and trotted on.

"Good fellow! Good doggy!" said Tobias, drawing from his coat-pocket a piece of beefsteak wrapped in paper, and holding it before him. Mercury loved beefsteak, and was not insensible to flattery, but he was now on official business, and private affairs must not be suffered to intrude, so, with one glance of his brown eyes at the tempting bait, he trotted on as before.

Then Tobias stood in his path, and held the beefsteak to his nose, at the same time patting and coaxing him. With a low, uneasy whine, the faithful dog made a gentle effort to pass, first on one side, then on the other, but, by moving with him, Tobias still kept in front.

The dog looked in the man's face. I do not know what he saw there, but, with one bound, he cleared a track for himself, and, at the same moment, Tobias grasped the bag with all his might, and tore it from the dog's mouth. He darted to a tree, intending to climb it, and unlock the little leather pouch at his leisure; but Mercury was too quick for him. He caught first his adversary's clothes, then his flesh, with a grip which made him cry out with pain. He seized a stake and tried to defend himself, but the usually quiet animal was now furious, and Tobias saw that it was death or surrender to one of them, and that that one was likely to be himself; so he prudently chose the latter alternative, and, dropping the bag, fled to the woods.

The victorious government official resumed his charge, and reached the post-office without further adventure. But when he reached it you may be sure there was such an excitement as that somewhat sleepy town had never witnessed before.

Tobias had reasoned that the dog could not witness against him; but did not the blood, the bruises, the flashing eyes, and, indeed, every hair of his body, bear testimony to the conflict? If he could not then tell his master and the wondering crowd the name of his assailant, he soon found a way to reveal it, for, the first time Tobias came to the office, he sprang at him in a rage, which he had never been known to do before; nor did he ever meet him afterwards without growling and showing his teeth.

This called forth two other circumstances; one, that Tobias had been seen coming out of the woods, torn and bleeding, on the night of the adventure, which he accounted for rather unsatisfactorily by saying that he had fallen from a tree; and the other that, when the key was reported missing, a young urchin declared he had seen him take a key from a nail, and put it in his pocket, but that at the time, he had supposed it belonged to him. The key never came to light, however, and will not be likely to unless some one goes to the bottom of the lake in search of it, for there Tobias had the shrewdness to throw it. Another link in the chain of evidence came from the Widow Pewy, which, as you and I know it already, I will not repeat. Taking all together, and connecting it with his former character, it was sufficient to fasten an odium upon him, of which he could not get rid, and which must have proved no slight punishment for his offence.

As to Mercury, he stood higher in the estimation of his constituents than ever, and had heaped upon him from every quarter those honors and rewards which that public official merits who yields neither to force, nor to the more insidious influence of bribery and corruption.

For the Companion.

HANNAH GORDON'S STORY.

By Alice Robbins.

When I first went to the Leavisses, they lived in great style. There was a butler, a lady's maid, two chambermaids, a cook, a porter and a gardener. I was nurse to the two children, Miss Alice and Miss Rosamond.

Mrs. Hoxey, the lady who owned all the property, had a good many relations. Among them was a very wild nephew, whom she particularly disliked. A great majority of her friends thought that Mrs. Leaviss was her own daughter, but she was not. She was only an adopted child, but one of the sweetest, most lovable ladies I ever met. I couldn't wonder that old Mrs. Hoxey loved her dearly, for, queer and crotchetty as she was, Mrs. Leaviss bore patiently with all her whims, and that for love's sake. I don't believe she ever thought of the money that might be coming to her. But if she did not young Dan Hoxey did. I think he hated Mrs. Leaviss, and the children, too; at any rate till they were grown up.

When I went there to live, an old nurse and a great favorite of Mrs. Hoxey had just been pensioned off. She lived in a nice little cottage out of town, and I was sometimes allowed to take the little girls there. Old Aunt Susan, as she was always called, had nursed Mr. Dan, and sometimes I met him at the cottage.

He was a hard looking young fellow, what some would call handsome, but never so to me. There was a very repulsive sneer on his lip when he talked to the children, and they always seemed anxious to get away from him, notwithstanding he often called them little angels and brought them toys.

It was easy to be seen that Mr. Dan was all the world to his old nurse. He had no mother, and he used often to bring her nice little things, and there was always a room ready for him at her neat cottage. Sometimes when we went there for a walk, almost at noon, he would not be up, and old nurse would make us walk softly, and talk about poor Mr. Dan being sick, and all that. But I knew that his sickness was always brought on by himself, through drinking too much.

However, nurse worshipped him, and she was always very sorrowful, because, as she said, his Aunt Hoxey was unkind to him. She seemed very fond of old Mrs. Hoxey, as well as Mr. Dan, and often brought in little baskets of mellow fruits from her cottage garden. Sometimes she gave the children nice little bouquets, but it always seemed to me, I can't tell why, that she held a grudge against them, for all her soft words.

For years and years I lived on, and though the children outgrew the need of me, yet Mrs. Leaviss always found that I could be useful in a great many ways; and as Rose and Alice became young ladies, and I had a good knowledge of dressmaking, my services were valuable.

Besides, Mrs. Hoxey grew very ill and exacting, and Mrs. Leaviss gave up nearly all her time to her. Once I remember Alice said,—

"How can you endure to be near her, mother, and she so cross?"

"Because, my dear," said her mother, simply, "she is the dearest friend I have in the world, and I am very fond of her."

"Fond of her!" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes, dear. She has been more than a mother to me. She took me when I was a poor little

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L M Hosford Oct70

orphan, and treated me as her own child. When your poor father died she took me home again, and we owe every thing to her goodness and kindness; you as well as I. Now that she is infirm, and ill, and impatient, I esteem it a privilege to care for her, and to wait upon her, and, indeed, to love her. She is one of the noblest women I ever knew."

"Will she leave you all her money?" asked Rose, who had appeared to be busy with a book.

"Rose! what a mercenary question!" exclaimed Mrs. Leaviss, and she actually turned pale.

"Dear mamma, don't look so. I only asked because I remembered, just then, that I heard Mr. Dan talking with old nurse one day, long ago, and he said so. You can't think how cross he looked when he said it. Then nurse shut the door, and they talked a long while together."

Now I knew that Mrs. Hoxey had made a will, and had given the bulk of her property to my mistress, for I was one of the witnesses, but I have always had the faculty of holding my tongue, especially if I was told to. I needn't say how glad I was, for I was sure that if Mr. Dan got the property he would sadly abuse it, and perhaps run through it in a very few years.

We were living very happily and quietly, when old Mrs. Hoxey died. It came sudden at the last, as death always seems to. My mistress was with her, reading aloud, when all at once, she said the room seemed to grow very still, and looking up, she noticed that Mrs. Hoxey's hand had fallen down.

Well, she was quite dead, poor old lady, and the house, and all of us were put into mourning. There was not much grief shown, except by Mrs. Leaviss. Her sorrow was real, poor lady, and it seemed so hard to her to part with her life-long friend, and to see her laid away in the tomb.

The girls, too, seemed to feel that they had lost a kind protector, though it wasn't to be expected that they should shed many tears, for since she had been confined to her room they had not seen her for months at a time.

On the very day on which the family assembled to hear the will, news came that old nurse had died suddenly. She had been at the house for some weeks, attending on Mrs. Hoxey, for, strangely enough, old as she was, her services in the sick room were quite invaluable.

Mr. Dan and several others of the family were there. I don't know what Mrs. Leaviss expected, but probably she supposed she would be remembered in the will in some way. What was our astonishment, then, that no will was to be found! The dear lady, after all her years of self-sacrifice, was left completely out in the cold, and every stick of furniture, and every dollar, and every acre of land were, of course, to go to that dreadful Mr. Dan.

I was watching him, and saw a look on his face which I didn't like. He wasn't in the least surprised, but my mistress and the poor girls so suddenly thrown into poverty! O, it was the saddest hour I ever knew.

Well, I couldn't tell you how dreadful every thing appeared after that. My poor mistress seemed almost dumb with grief, but the girls, they acted like angels. They never shed one tear over their altered fortunes, but both protested that they would work their fingers to the bone for their dear mother.

As for Mr. Dan, he offered them nurse's little cottage, rent free; and thus it is the wicked sometimes outwit themselves. My mistress, having nowhere to go, consented to accept the offer till she could do better, and in a week we were all there, and we filled it, I can tell you.

I wouldn't leave Mrs. Leaviss, and though the cottage had been well kept, I fancied it wanted a thorough cleaning. So says I, "Let me put you all in order here, and then, may be, I'll go and seek my fortune."

I am a famous hand at whitewashing, and I commenced at the garret. With a long, slim duster, I poked all the cobwebs out of the rafters, and in so doing, I let a string through—a common bit of white cording,—which I at once pulled at, of course. The rattling that followed made me curious, and I worked away till I had pushed through a folded paper, that set my heart to beating so furiously that I thought I should never breathe naturally again. Down I flew to Mrs. Leaviss, who was busy at work, Alice and Rose laughing outside at each other as they swept down the little garden walk. I can hear them this minute.

"My dear Hannah!" cried my mistress, as white as a sheet, "here is the will! Where did you find it?"

Well, if we didn't have a crying time of it, then, for a few minutes! The girls came in, and they cried, too, for sympathy, though the laughter of great joy was mixed with their tears.

It was an awful blow, of course, to Mr. Dan, and nobody questioned but what he had been the main cause of old nurse's sin, and that he supposed she had destroyed the document, but it seemed she had not dared do that.

The will left the bulk of the property to Mrs. Leaviss, and sundry bequests to poor relatives; on the whole, it was a very just will. Of course we took possession of the old house, and I never left the family. Alice and Rose are the most beautiful girls you ever saw, and better than all their mother's gold. Sometimes they are rash enough to say they wish they could have worked for her, but I think, on the whole, it is better as it is.

Mr. Dan disappeared, and it is to be hoped that his disappointment may make him a better man.

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

Chapter VII.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

The following Saturday the whole school set out, with Mr. Moss and the Professor at our head, to examine a ledge, where unusually fine quartz was said to be found, Mr. Moss being anxious to secure specimens for the cabinet.

The weeks had crept along into June. The foliage was all of the softest green; and the grass was more beautiful than the trees, even, the blades were so tender and fragrant!

No sooner had we left the village (which was named Mossville, too, as well as the academy) than we found the greensward abundantly interspersed with delicate wild flowers, while the fields on either side the road seemed made up of emerald and gold, so thickly were the bright-eyed dandelion blossoms scattered over them.

We had each of us a satchel or basket, with scissors, and hammers, and little spades, so that we might be prepared to gather up any thing suitable for our museum, whether vegetable or mineral.

Winter and Scranton had large baskets, and hatchets, and heavy hammers for more practical uses; and nearly all the boys had with them twice as many implements as would be needed. That we were happy, no one will doubt who has seen such a gay-hearted troop of school-children setting off on a holiday excursion.

Scranton had not been quite so attentive to Nellie since the affair of the acrostic, and had rather gone over to Winnie Winter, who admired him prodigiously, because he had taken Walter's part in the matter of the nugget.

Winter, on the contrary, had been more gracious to Nellie since she had taken his sister by the hand before the whole of the school, when he fancied himself so disgraced.

Winter was walking near Nellie and I, always keeping nearest me, for I notice that young gallants almost invariably walk by the side of the girl they *don't* think they are in love with, when there are more than *one* in the party.

Scranton and Winnie were a good way in advance of us, and Winter had taken advantage of his remoteness to tell us what a "splendid fellow that Scranton was. He was a gentleman, every inch of him, and he hoped he would get the *golden star*. He was sure *he* should vote for him, and hoped, if it was put to school vote, we should all vote for him, too!"

I'm sure I fully agreed with Winter, and was half angry, when Nellie said, in a faint voice, "That any body ought to be a gentleman, brought up as Scranton had been, and that people did not know whether they were good or bad until they had been tried by adversity."

"And then he is so generous," Winter went on, without seeming to hear Nellie's reply. "If any one of us is out of funds, he is almost angry if we do not use his money."

"His *father's* money, you mean," said Nellie. "I do not see that we are generous when we give away what costs no sacrifice to give. If he worked and earned his money himself, it would be generous to give it away, perhaps."

Winter was silent a moment, as if the distinction had not occurred to him, and I, wishing to change the subject, exclaimed, that "there was poor Ned Tryst walking alone by himself, and that no one had spoken to him since we left the academy."

"If Scranton is so good," said Nellie, "why does he not try to reform Ned Tryst? Goodness consists in doing something, not in being graceful and civil."

"Perhaps he never thought he could. Ned is a tough customer, bound to ruin."

"But he has great genius. What a wonderful drawing that was he made on the blackboard!"

"Was it? I am no judge of drawing."

"But you know when any drawing is a good copy or imitation. Didn't you see how each peculiarity of the head, and feet, and hands was brought out? It was almost equal to some of our best designers, in spirit. I heard the Professor say so himself."

"I dislike the boy, and so cannot, at least, ought not to speak of him, for I should not say any thing good of him," Winter returned.

After this it was evident Nellie had something unusual on her mind.

"Come away," she whispered; "I am going to speak to Ned Tryst. It hurts me to see him so shunned by every body."

"Well, it does not hurt me, then! He deserves to be shunned," I blurted out—for Nellie's weakness in that line annoyed me.

Presently Nellie left us, and, yes—my eyes did not deceive me—she was walking side by side with that miserable Ned Tryst, before the face and eyes of all the scholars.

In vain I beckoned and frowned, Nellie walked on as unconcernedly as if walking with a prince.

At first Ned was very shy of her, thinking that she sought his company to tease him, as all the rest of the girls did; but when she spoke kindly, and treated him as she would any young gentleman, Ned straightened up, and tried to look worthy of his company.

"I have brought along my sketch-book," Nellie said, "and am going to make a drawing of the ledge, when they all get to work upon it. Did you ever take lessons?"

"Who? I? No. *I* can't draw!"

"But you did that very cleverly on the blackboard."

"O, I am so sorry about that!" Ned answered, quickly. "I would give all the world if I had not done it."

"Then what made you?"

"I am sure I don't know. I like Mr. Moss, first-rate, and Miss Mondram, too. I wish you would tell her I did not mean to insult her."

"Why do you not tell her so yourself?"

"Me? Catch a weasel asleep!" with a shrug.

"But you are not ashamed to do right?"

"*She* wouldn't care if I was ever so sorry."

"But she would. It would make her very happy to know you did not realize that you were insulting and disgracing her. Do speak with her and apologize."

Ned Tryst whistled. "He was not one of that kind," he said.

"I am not so very much older than you are," Nellie said, "but I should be very sorry not to ask any one's forgiveness, if I had unintentionally injured them."

"Should you?" asked Ned. Then walked on some way, with his head down, as if thinking.

"I've good mind to write her a note—that would be easier than speaking," he said, looking away from Nellie, as if ashamed of his good resolutions.

"So it would; and I have some note paper in my sketch-book. Let us sit down, and you can write it while I rest a little, and then you can give it to her to-day, and it will be done with."

Without waiting for young Tryst to object, Nellie sat down upon a stone by the roadside, and took from the sketch-book some paper and a drawing-pencil.

"You can write upon the book," she said, and then she moved away under pretence of gathering some violets that were blooming there.

It was some time before Ned could write any thing, much more a note of apology. It was certainly new business for him to be engaged in, but he stammered through a few lines, and then folded the sheet and handed it to Nellie.

"I wish you would look it over and see if it will do."

The note read as follows:

Miss Mondram,—Nellie May says I ought to ask your forgiveness for putting you on the blackboard alongside of Mr. Moss. I didn't think you would care. All I wanted was to make the boys laugh. But I am sorry enough, you bet; for I got the plaguedest licking a fellow ever had, and I suppose it is all right. But I didn't mean to wrong you, and hope you will forgive me. Ned Tryst.

Ned watched Nellie's face very sharply, to see if she smiled when reading it; but Nellie said, very seriously, "she thought it would do, and she knew Miss Mondram would think better of him for having written it."

"Would you mind giving it to her?" Ned asked. "I aint used to such things."

"No. It will be much the best way for you to give it yourself. It would make her happier, and you will feel better when you think of it afterward."

It was evident enough that the hardest part of Ned's punishment was yet to come.

He thought to himself, that if it did not come handy to give it to Miss Mondram, he could tear it up, and let what would come, he never would try to ask her pardon again.

Perhaps Nellie read his thoughts, for seeing Miss Mondram approaching, she ran to her and begged her to come and speak with Ned Tryst, who had something special to say to her.

Miss Mondram came toward him very gravely.

"Give her the note now," whispered Nellie; and poor Ned plucked up courage and extended the paper.

Miss Mondram read the note twice over, and then held out her hand to Ned.

"I am glad you are sorry for this outrage, Master Tryst. You ought to be. You never can think how you have injured me."

Ned was a boy of quick feelings. When he saw the tears spring to Miss Mondram's eyes he realized how cruel he had been.

"I'm sorry—indeed, I'm very sorry," said he, kicking the stone with his boot. "I'm glad the Professor licked me. I wish he would lick me again if it would make you feel any better."

"If this learns you to be more thoughtful, we shall all be very glad to see you improve, Master Tryst. You don't seem to be a bad-hearted boy. How is it you do so many bad things?"

"I don't know. I can't help it."

"Yes, indeed, you can help it, and you *must* help it, or you will be ruined. Promise me you will begin to reform at once."

"The boys all hate me—and the girls too. Nobody has spoken to me to-day but *her*," nodding toward Nellie.

"And so it was she who induced you to write this note?"

"Yes'm."

Miss Mondram put her arm around Nellie and drew her tenderly toward her.

"You have begun a good work, my dear child; cannot you manage to complete it?"

"Don't you think Ned ought to have drawing lessons? Didn't you notice the expression of those drawings?" Nellie asked, timidly.

"Certainly I did. You have great talent, Master Tryst; try to improve it."

"Could he come into the drawing class?" asked Nellie.

"By all means. Come into the class. But understand that only *gentlemen* are admitted there."

After a while, when we had arrived at the ledge, Nellie brought me her drawing of the scene. It was very animated, the figures being very lively and natural.

"Do see the Professor and Mr. Moss hacking away at the stone—that is capital," I cried.

"Yes, so it is; Ned Tryst drew those."

And that was how we found out that Ned Tryst was born to be an artist.

To be continued.

For the Companion.

LOST IN THE BOG.

Donald was a poor man, for he never knew beforehand where the next week's provision was to come from.

Yet Donald was a rich man, for Heaven had bestowed upon him the gift of a merry heart. He sang all day at his work, and went home at night to cheer the drooping spirits of his wife, and entertain with games and stories his children, to whom he was better than a volume of the "Arabian Nights."

"Ah, Donald," his wife would sigh, and say, sometimes, "how can you go on so, cracking your jokes, when who knows how soon we may all be perishing with hunger?"

"Eh, but, Maggie, isn't it time enough to greet over our trouble when it comes?" Donald would reply, heaping more peat on the already glowing fire.

A simple philosophy, this, but, combined with the cheery firelight reflected from the cheerful faces of her "bairns," it seldom failed to comfort the good woman for the time being.

One stormy night, when, as Maggie said, the wind blew "as though it would blow the auld biggin into the loch," the little family were startled by what seemed to be the cry of a human voice mingling with the storm.

"What's that!" exclaimed Donald, springing to his feet, for his heart was ever open to the call of distress.

"I doubt it was naught but a howlet, or may be a loon," said Maggie.

"Ay, I'm sure of it," said Sandy, the eldest son, a boy some fourteen years of age. "I'm sure it was a howlet, for I heard one when I was coming through the woods the other night, so let us have the rest of 'St. George and the Dragon.'"

"May be you're right," said Donald, about to resume his seat; but the cry was repeated more distinctly than before.

"It's a cry for help," said Donald; "there! didn't ye hear it? Some poor body is lost in the morass; come, Sandy, make haste and fetch the lantern—quick."

"Surely, you'll not go out such a night as this," said Maggie. "Ye're clean daft to think of it, man, and to take the laddie with ye, too. That was no cry for help, or if it was, may was a warlock, tempting you on to destruction.

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Such things have been heard of afore now. There was auld Hughie Carr"——

"Warlock, or no warlock, I'll not run the risk of leaving a human being to perish in the bog," said Donald, striding out into the darkness, followed by Sandy with the lantern.

"Auld Hughie was found up to his neck in it, stone dead. I've heard my grannie tell the story, many a time," said Maggie, as she shut the cottage door.

Donald and his son, buffetted by the storm, pressed toward the marsh, shouting "hollo!" as they went, and by-and-by an answering cry came back, "Here! help!"

Following the sound, they found themselves sinking deeper and deeper into the yielding, oozy turf, and although Donald did not lack courage, he had been educated in the superstitions of his class, and it may be the story of auld Hughie and the warlock recurred to him unpleasantly, but if so, he kept it to himself, and did his best to encourage Sandy.

At last their efforts were rewarded with success. Just as it began to seem impossible to proceed further, the light of the lantern showed them a man on horseback, struggling in the marsh.

"Hollo, friend," quoth the rider, "I've been trying to follow your lantern, but it danced about like a will-o'-the-wisp."

"As to that, so did your voice," returned Donald, good-naturedly; "but give me your horse's bridle, and we'll soon be on dry land."

"Thanks," said the rider, when this was accomplished. "And now I shall have to trespass upon your hospitality for the night, for aught I see, for my horse is well nigh exhausted with floundering about in this quagmire, and so, to tell the truth, am I myself."

"You're right welcome to such accommodations as I can give ye," said Donald, leading the way to his cottage.

A small, rude shed served for the horse's shelter, and not till he was cared for, and the three had entered the cottage and stood in the light of the fire, could Donald see what kind of visitor he had brought with him. Even then he found it difficult to fix the precise rank of the auburn-haired, blue-eyed young man, who stood on his hearth, wrapped in a dripping plaid. However, he was a stranger, and unfortunate, which was claim enough upon Donald's good offices; so, without asking any questions, he hastened to bring him some of his own dry clothing, and bade his wife prepare him a dish of porridge, which was the only refreshment the house afforded. In a few minutes Maggie placed the steaming basin before him, remarking,—

"It's the best we have, but I fear me you'll think it but poor fare. I shouldn't wonder now if you was used to meat every day. You don't look to be just one of us?"

By "one of us" Maggie meant the peasantry, and she put a note of interrogation after it, but this the young man either did not notice, or chose to seem not to, for he replied, "I assure you I wish for nothing better than this, and I have had neither meat, nor any thing else, since breakfast this morning;" and he ate his porridge in a manner entirely satisfactory to his hostess, for all housekeepers, whether of high or low degree, are fond of having their cookery appreciated.

"Belike ye'll have been travelling a long way?" Maggie remarked again, anxious to learn something concerning her guest, but unwilling to ask a direct question.

"Well, yes, I've ridden a good distance, but should have been home hours ago, if I had not lost myself in the fen."

"May be you don't live so very far away, then?"

"My destination is Gowrie Castle, which I fancy cannot be very far from here."

"Not more nor six miles, and a level bit o' road, too," said Donald.

"So you have business at the castle?" observed Maggie, jumping at a conclusion, in default of any definite information.

"Yes. As you are such near neighbors, I presume you know all about the family," remarked the young man. "Do they seem to be popular among their tenantry?"

"The earl do; he's a splendid gentleman, and the countess is a bonnie leddie; but they do say the son is but a wild, rollicking neer-do-weel."

"And if they do, *you're* no call to speak ill of your betters," said Donald, reprovingly.

"It was my fault," said the stranger. "She did but answer my question, and I've heard much the same thing said of young Sir David before. Now, as I am somewhat weary, I will ask permission to go to my room."

Donald opened the door into a very small apartment, adjoining the one in which they were sitting, but when the guest found that it was the only sleeping-room in the house, excepting the loft, occupied by the children, he refused to take it.

"Let me wrap myself in my plaid—it is now quite dry—and lie down in front of the fire. I desire no better accommodations." And to this arrangement his host and hostess at length consented.

In the morning he declared that he had never slept better, and when he had taken his porridge with the family, drew out his purse, and offered to settle with his kind entertainers, but of this they would not hear.

"Let it be a debt of gratitude, then," said he, "for I owe you more than money can pay. You saved my life—I shall not forget it."

He soon found that he must increase his debt still further, for his horse was so lame that he decided to leave him behind, saying he could get another at the inn, which was only two miles distant.

"I will send for him in a day or two," he said; "or no—suppose you bring him to the castle yourself, when you think him fit to travel."

"So I will, sir," said Donald, "but how will I find you?"

"Inquire of the porter, at the gate, for Davie Campbell, the owner of the horse;" and the stranger said good-morning, and departed.

A week afterward Donald appeared at the lodge gate with the horse all saddled and bridled, and quite restored to health.

"Is one Davie Campbell within?" he asked of the porter, who seemed to him a very great man indeed, in his fine clothes,—so great that he feared he would hardly own to being acquainted with his friend Davie.

The porter stared.

"This is his horse, and he bade me fetch him to the castle," said Donald, apologetically.

The porter turned to another gayly-dressed man, who came lounging that way, and said, "He wants to see one Davie Campbell, the owner of that horse," and then both men laughed immoderately. "Some jest at the bottom," said the porter to his companion, opening the gate. Then he bade Donald leave the horse with him, and gave manifold directions as to how he should find the person he wished to see, which so confused poor Donald, that he would fain have gone away without seeing him at all, but this the porter would not hear of, and while they were discussing the matter, the porter's companion suddenly exclaimed, "He's coming now."

Off went his hat and off went the porter's hat, but Donald saw only a group of gay gentlemen approaching, and no one whom he knew at all.

But there was one there who knew him—a handsome young gentleman, with blue eyes and auburn hair, his clothes glittering with jewels and gold lace, for it happened to be a gala day.

"So you have come, my good man, and brought me my steed all safe and sound," said he, stepping forward, smilingly, holding out his hand.

It all flashed across Donald, in a moment. His friend, "one Davie Campbell," was no other than Sir David, son of the Earl of Gowrie. He remembered, now, that the family name was Campbell. And he had allowed Sir David to sleep on his floor, and his wife had called him a "neer-do-weel," and taking it all together, he was so shocked and embarrassed that he could hardly look up.

But this soon passed away, when Sir David introduced him to his friends, as the man who saved his life; and then he said, "My father will wish to thank you for what you have done," and led him away to the castle.

When Donald went home, and told his family what had befallen him, they thought it more wonderful than any story he had ever told them yet, not excepting the legend of "St. George and the Dragon."

Nor was this the end of it, for the grateful young knight gave Donald a comfortable house and a well-stocked farm, so that he never more knew want all his days, and Maggie had "meat" as often as she pleased.

Nor was Sandy's share in the night's transactions forgotten, for Sir David had him educated at his own expense, and in due time took him into his service.

TREASURES IN THE TIBER.

Time is called the Destroyer, and so he is, but when we think of the thousands of his trophies, once supposed forever lost, which he affords men the opportunity to discover as his years roll on, we may almost call him the Restorer:

The bed of the river Tiber is to be thoroughly excavated. An Italian association has been formed for this purpose, at the head of which is Signor Alessandro Castellani, and in co-operation with him will be many artists, antiquaries, and other learned men of Europe and America. The project delights the Italians, who have an almost boundless idea of the treasures buried under the yellow mud of the river. For 3,000 years, they say, every revolution has added its tribute to the hidden mass. The statues, diadems, and armor of the unpopular emperors were flung into the Tiber. When the enemies of Rome were at its gates, the despairing inhabitants cast their treasures into the stream to baffle the invaders' cupidity. Fires, inundations, the wrecking of precious-freighted galleys, and the spoils of ruined temples and palaces, have helped to accumulate this store of wealth. All these relics, buried for ages, will be brought to light by modern energy.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE AFTER-GUARD'S YARN.

In the year 1808, I entered the naval service of the Hon. East India Company as a ship's boy. When I joined the guardship in Bombay Harbor, I was only ten years of age, but I was an orphan, having lost my father, who had also been in the service, and my mother, who had been dead some years.

It so happened that, at the time of my joining, a squadron was fitting out to escort an agent of the government on a political mission to the court of Persia. I do not remember the names of all the ships,—it was only a small squadron—but I can recollect that the Commodore was an officer of the name of Corbett, and that he hoisted his broad pennant on board a six-and-thirty gun frigate, called the *Nereid*. You will soon learn the very sufficient reason why I have never forgotten the name of the Commodore and of his ship.

I was at once despatched to the *Sylph*, a small brigantine of not more than one hundred tons, and carrying eight guns, all six or nine pounder carronades. The day after I joined her, the squadron sailed for the Gulf, and the little *Sylph* went as one of the number.

Well, we had a fine breeze up to Ras-el-Jebel, or Cape of the Hills, as the Arabs call Cape Mussendom, which, as you know, is the great headland that forms the north-eastern extremity of Arabia. We then passed in company through the Straits of Ormuz, still with a fair wind, but hardly had the squadron entered the Persian Gulf, when the wind chopped round, and a gale began to blow right in our teeth.

"Ah," said some of our old hands, "we are going to have a taste of one of the old gulf's 'nor'-westers.'"

And, true enough, we did have such a good taste that I have never forgotten the flavor. It blew hard for a week, and, on the second day, we had lost sight of the entire squadron.

When the nor'-wester showed signs of hauling off, and we were able to set a little canvas on the brigantine, not a sail was in sight.

A sharp lookout was now kept, not only for one of our ships, but also for any piratical craft. In those days, the Persian Gulf was infested with pirates. The coast to the south of Ras Mussendom was actually, and is still, to this day, called the "pirate coast," and so greatly had this plague increased in those waters, that the trade in native vessels was almost annihilated.

It will scarcely be credited in these days, when piracy at once meets its deserts, that the Bombay government, under orders of the Court of Directors at home, had issued peremptory instructions to the officers of the Indian navy that they were not to attack or *molest* piratical vessels on any account, and were only to fire a gun in self-defence, after first having been fired upon! But such was the case.

Not a sail was sighted, of any sort, until the island of Kenn, on the Persian coast of the gulf, appeared on the horizon. At the same moment that the lookout man hailed the deck with the announcement of the island being in sight right ahead, he added the unwelcome news that two Arab dhows were standing towards us, about two points on the port bow.

The *Sylph* was close-hauled to the wind, while the strangers came down upon her with the wind right aft, and with all their canvas bellying out in fair, white fields. As soon as Lieut. Graham, our commander, saw these great vessels, each twice the tonnage of his little command, he had his suspicions about their designs.

All our crew were piped to quarters, the guns were cast loose, the magazine opened, and the arms passed up from below. Soon our preparations for the conflict, which was pretty generally apprehended to be imminent, were complete, and then we watched the dhows as they neared us rapidly.

All our doubts would soon be at rest, and not a seaman on board the *Sylph* but was rejoiced in the prospect of a fight with pirates.

Such was the view of the matter taken by the gallant tars, as I gathered it from the mouths of the older hands.

But what made Lieut. Graham, our young and brave commander, look so pale and ill at ease? It was not fear, for he had a well-earned reputation in the service as a brave officer, and had saved the life of a seaman, only a few days previously, by jumping overboard at great personal risk. No, it was not fear, but it was the "instructions" which he had received from his superiors before sailing. He was, in effect, bound hand and foot for slaughter. Owing to the great superiority of the enemy in numbers and power, the salvation of his ship, and all hands intrusted to his care, rested in his ability to open fire *first*. The first broadside was every thing, for, if well directed, it would, in all probability, cause the dhows to sheer off, or would seriously cripple them.

As an English officer, and for the honor of the flag, he dared not fly, and yet, if he wished to save his commission, he must not raise a hand to save himself from death, until, perhaps, it was too late.

Was ever officer placed in so fearful a predicament?

A few minutes of agonizing suspense passed; not a gun was fired on either side; Lieut. Graham obeyed his instructions to the letter, and it seemed as though the pirates knew what these were. The dhows passed within gun-shot, within pistol-shot, within the throw of a biscuit. Boy as I was, I watched with horror the near approach of the great dhows, with their white, chunam-washed hulls, in which I could see a dense horde of fierce-looking cut-throats,—pirates from the renowned stronghold of Ras-al-Khaimah.

There was a terrific shock as the Arab craft struck the *Sylph*, one on the bow, and the other on the quarter, while almost at the same instant our decks were covered with the swarthy mob. It was too late now to use the guns; while the sailors, hardly recovered from their astonishment at the appalling turn affairs had taken, found themselves overpowered, and fighting, not for glory, but for existence.

The murderous gang of stalwart Arabs poured in a two-fold flood over the confined decks of the brigantine, and, solely by the weight of their onset, drove into one dense mass, like a flock of sheep, the band of Englishmen. These, animated by their officers, strove by almost superhuman efforts, to break through the crowd of savages, but it was like combating against a stormy sea. A general massacre ensued. I found myself hurled down the fore-hatch, which was open, on to the lower deck, where two other sailors were lying, half stunned.

Diving down through a small opening in the lower deck, the covering of which we quickly removed, we secreted ourselves in a small store-room, which opened with a sliding door. The storeroom was almost under the forefoot of the ship, and I could hardly breathe in the stifling atmosphere; the space was so confined also, that my companions and myself quickly threw out some of the stores to make a little more room; as we had replaced the small hatch in the lower deck, there was no occasion to keep the sliding door shut.

We had scarcely been down there a minute, when we heard a heavy fall overhead on to the hatch, and then a groan. Concluding it was one of our countrymen, one of my comrades went up to the opening, and asked, in a cautious undertone, who was there.

A feeble voice at once replied, "It is I, your captain." With some difficulty the hatch was again moved on one side, and Lieut. Graham was lifted down. The unfortunate officer was covered with wounds, and it seemed impossible that he could live many hours. We did all in our power to staunch the flow of blood, and placed him in a sitting posture in the store-room. Every moment, we expected that the pirates would commence to search the ship, for the comparative silence overhead told us that they were masters of the *Sylph*.

We could hear them swinging the yards as they trimmed the brigantine's sails, and now and then we thought we could distinguish a scream of some wretch in his agony. So passed an hour. At length, suddenly, the sound was heard of many feet rushing to and fro on the upper deck.

What could it all mean? Could they be about to search the hold, or—and a slight gleam of hope flashed, like a ray of sunshine on a stormy sea, over our despairing hearts—could it be deliverance from some quarter?

The noise increased; the pirates appeared to be making more sail on the little craft. A short time of intense mental anxiety elapsed, when, to our rapturous delight, the boom of a distant gun clanged on our ears. Rescue from a cruel death was at hand, and we all, even the half-dying lieutenant, poured out from our hearts a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty.

Soon another gun thundered with its majestic note over the summer sea; then a third; each

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time the sound drew nearer, and the solitary reports increased to a brisk cannonade. We were startled at last by a round shot that smashed through the ship's side over our heads, and quite close to us. A few minutes more elapsed; we ventured out of our place of concealment, and, approaching the small hatch, slightly lifted it, so as to listen better.

Hurrah! the pirates were leaving the ship, and we were safe. Of course, we remained in our place of concealment until, soon after, we were overjoyed at hearing once more the well-known accents of the English tongue. We were free!

Throwing up the covering of the small lower deck-hatch, we sprang up, and found that our deliverers were the officers and crew of H. M. S. *Nereid*, Com. Corbett in command. And that was the reason, sir, added the sailor, why I never forgot the ship's name, and that of her captain. A sight I shall never forget met our eyes as we stepped up once more on the upper deck, and breathed the pure air of heaven.

Not a man had been left alive; the bloodthirsty miscreants had butchered all the survivors from the fight before rejoining the dhows, on seeing escape was hopeless.

Well, the *Nereid* and the little *Sylph* chased the dhows, overtook them, and, within five hours of the time the pirates boarded us, we fired broadsides into them until we sank both of the rascally craft, with every soul on board.

As to Lieut. Graham, he recovered from his wounds, was tried by a court-martial for the loss of his ship, and was, of course, honorably acquitted, for he pleaded his "instructions."

THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

If we look into our school books for the distance from us of our great source of light and heat, we shall find it put down at about ninety-five millions of miles. It has, however, of late been satisfactorily concluded that this distance is too great, by at least, three millions of miles.

"Well," our readers will perhaps say, "a million or two more or less is of no importance in such vast numbers. We might as well go to the length of a hundred as of ninety-five millions."

The question is really of more importance than most persons might suppose. And is it not wonderful that we can find out the sun's distance at all? We have no magical line or compass that will stretch so far. Is it not even audacious to attempt to measure the great orb of day, when we are afraid to look him in the face lest we be blinded? It was, indeed, in this way that the great astronomer, Galileo, lost his sight.

How, then, can the feat be accomplished?

Some of our readers are acquainted with the principles of land-surveying, and know that it is by measuring base lines and triangles that we learn the distance of remote objects. The same plan is adopted in sky-measurements. The favorite method for the sun has been for two observers, at opposite points on the globe, to watch the transit of Venus, when this planet seems to crawl like a fly across the sun's visage.

The diameter of the earth forms the base, and the points of contact, when the planet leaves the edge of the solar disc and touches it again, the points of two triangles, which may be measured. Observations were made of the transits of Venus in the years 1761 and 1769, but the observers were not sufficiently careful, and the results differed greatly. Some calculated the distance to be more, and some less than ninety-five millions of miles. It was by comparing and correcting these in 1822 and 1824 that Encke determined on this number, which has been considered correct till lately.

Since then various other methods of calculation have been devised. One is by the speed of light. The first calculation was that light travels at the rate of 194,600 miles in a second. Foucault's experiments, however, showed that light is not quite such a fast character as is supposed. He set the velocity down as low as 185,-300 miles a second. As, then, the light of the sun requires only about forty-nine seconds to reach us, the sun must be only about 91,400,000 miles away.

Another plan was by observations on Mars, which marred equally the old estimate, and led to about the same result.

A difficulty in observing the transit of Venus across the sun arises from the fact that just as the dark spot leaves the edge of the sun's bright disc it is prolonged, so that instead of a circle it takes the shape of a pear. Hence it is difficult to determine the exact moment at which the edges of the planet and the sun touch each other. This is because to our sight bright objects appear larger than they are, and dark objects on a bright background smaller, as the light encroaches upon them.

Bearing this fact in mind we perceive that Venus being larger than it looks, its outline leaves that of the sun a little later, and touches it again a little earlier than it seems to do. Recent observers have noticed a fine line between them, when the planet is apparently somewhat removed, and this line is now understood to be the true point of contact.

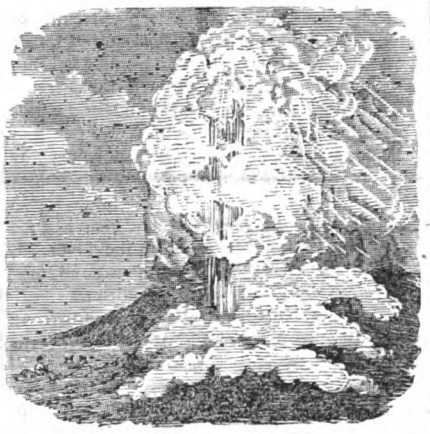
Several astronomers, both in this country and in Europe, have now corrected the old observations of the transit of Venus in 1761 and 1769 on this principle, and their conclusions agree closely with those derived from other methods of calculation, that the sun is not more than ninety-two millions of miles distant, and may be half a million less.

According to Sir John Herschell, this correction corresponds to the apparent breadth of a human hair at a distance of 125 feet, or of a gold sovereign (or a half-eagle piece) at eight miles off, where, of course, they could not be distinguished by the naked eye. It shows to what extreme nicety astronomical calculations are now brought.

Another remarkable circumstance about the new distance assigned to his solar majesty is that Prof. Symth, Astronomer Royal of Scotland, finds it recorded in the great Pyramid of Egypt. He considers that this pyramid was intended for an observatory, and that astronomical calculations were recorded in its dimensions. If this be true, the ancients knew more about the sun and stars than modern scientific men have known till quite recently.

A transit of Venus is to take place in 1874, and great expectations are cherished from the observations to be made of it by the most skilful astronomers, and the best instruments. After that, we shall probably know to a nicety how far the solar light and heat has to travel before they cheer and warm us every day. Whether it be ninety-five or ninety-one millions of miles—in either case we cannot but adore that Infinite Being, who contrived such a stupendous and glorious dispenser of life and happiness.

THE GEYSERS OF ICELAND.



Iceland, the rugged country of the extreme North, presents a novel and interesting field to the traveller:

"In wondrous union here combined
Extremes of heat and cold we find,
Frozen lakes and boiling fountains,
Icy valleys, burning mountains—
An awful though mysterious blending
Of frost, and snow, and fire contending."

The stranger on approaching Iceland is awe-struck with the grandeur and solitariness of its natural scenery.

Before him rise gigantic peaks of ice of dazzling whiteness. At the foot of these luminous peaks, flickering in the sun, or glaring in the cold light of the moon, black rocks rise out of the sea, like the fabled towers and castles of the Titantic giants, making the scene inexpressibly solemn by contrast. It is said that the gloominess of the atmosphere and the majestic calmness of the mountains sometimes hold the stranger spell-bound, a feeling of awe coming over him, that he is unable to resist or to control.

On a summer's day in calm weather, the atmosphere is so clear that the brilliancy of the mountains becomes painful to the eye.

But the scene of splendor is subject to sudden changes; the sky becomes overcast with wandering clouds. The majestic serenity and brightness melt away, and sea, sky and mountains become dark and terrible at the approach of the storm.

The name of the country—Iceland—is well founded, as almost one-sixth of the area is covered with ice mountains.

We may mention a curious fact in this connection, before speaking of the boiling springs of this remarkable land. Iceland is almost yearly visited by great icebergs, that come breaking away from the Polar seas. On these floating islands which touch the coast, may frequently be seen white polar bears, involuntary passengers from the far regions of eternal winter.

The Icelanders assemble to attack them, whenever they are discovered approaching the shore. Those that are not killed go back to their native haunts when the season changes and the ice returns.

The most wonderful of the natural features of Iceland—wonderful because they are rare—are the Geysers or boiling springs.

They are about one hundred in number, and cover a section in the south-western division of the island. These springs are intermittent, sending out fountains and jets of boiling water, the vapors filling the atmosphere around, and forming billowy clouds, which may be seen from among the mountains miles away.

The principal of these boiling fountains is called the Great Geyser. When quiet, this tempestuous cauldron presents the appearance of a circular mound, some forty feet in height, with a diameter of from fifty to sixty feet. In the centre of this mound is a well ten feet in diameter, and about eighty feet deep. This well is filled with water, except immediately after an eruption, by which it is left partly empty. At intervals of an hour and a half, a rumbling noise like thunder is heard under ground, and the water heaves up, overflowing the mound.

The great eruptions of this Geyser, which take place at intervals of about thirty hours, present a magnificent spectacle to the eye. The coming of an eruption is announced by a rumbling sound, like distant thunder, and by loud explosions, similar to the firing of cannon under ground. The whole mass of water then rises into a column, to the height of from one hundred to two hundred feet, jet following jet, while great clouds of vapor envelop the liquid streams in dense masses, and, rolling away in airy mists, mingle with the sky.

The Icelanders make practical use of the lesser springs. They cook their food by the heat of the steam, they wash their clothes in the boiling water, and perform their own ablutions in the delightful vapor baths which some of the low fountains afford.

The people of Iceland are the descendants of the old Northmen. They are quiet in manner, seemingly reserved and cold. But their moral qualities are of a solid cast, and their temperate habits and consistent piety deserve the highest praise. Hardened by almost continual strife with the elements, the Icelander learns to do his duty, and does it as a matter that admits of no question, let the event be what it may. They spend the long winter evenings in reading the Bible, and rehearsing the noble traditions of the hardy and storm-daring race.

Their hospitality is a matter of principle. When a stranger arrives at a farm-house, he must knock at the door, and then call loudly, "*Her se Gut!*"—"God be with you!" He will receive as a response, "*Gud blessi thig!*"—"God bless you!"

He is then invited to come in, and, whether he be rich or poor, the best that the house affords is set before him. In fact, the Icelanders take so much satisfaction in making others happy, that they save their choicest luxuries to set before strangers. If you offer an Icelander payment, he will say,—

"No; I expect the same hospitality of you if I ever make you a visit."

The words of Christ in respect to acts of unselfish friendliness, sacrifice and hospitality, find a literal interpretation here, as well as the words of the apostle in regard to the entertainment of strangers.

We present an illustration of the reception of a stranger at an Iceland country home.

A LIVING NEWSPAPER.

A wise man among us says, "A fresh man is better every day than a damp newspaper!"

Some men who have intelligence and good memories are like living and walking newspapers; and these are the men to travel with, or to be instructed and entertained by at home.

There is hardly a limit to the knowledge the human mind can gather and retain by industry and a cultivated memory. Try to be as wise, as ready and as versatile as your favorite paper, and you will find a welcome every where.

A CORRUPTION OF NAMES.

Some time ago, we spoke of the singular forms of names in various countries, and of the extraordinary meanings that many of them have, though all the while they are of unmistakable historical significance; and we promised to return to the subject should we fall in with any matter that should promise the public a little amusement, and perhaps a little instruction.

The English have a habit of murdering their best names in the matter of pronunciation. They carry this so far that an American often finds it as difficult to understand them as to understand the French.

The tendency of English pronunciation is to shorten words and phrases, as if life and breath were too brief or valuable to be used in uttering syllables and sounding letters.

Thus, if ever you should visit the fine old town of Shrewsbury, so famous in Shakespeare and in Farquhar, and even as much so in history, because it used to be, as it were, a provincial capital, and is so near the Wrekin—if, we say, you ever should visit the English Shrewsbury, you will be amused on hearing many of the natives, if not most of them, call their place *Sewsbury*. Not even a syllable is gained by this act of killing two consonants—but then *hr* is dropped, and is not that something to be accomplished by a worthy people who have a special abhorrence for letters?

What we call Leominster, giving the lion his full share of the sound, the English call Le'm'ster; and Delamere they have reduced to Del'mer. Perhaps one of the queerest of these transformations is that which has converted Christ's Oak into Crepage, the name of a village, we think, in Shropshire.

The names of great cities fare no better than those of small towns, little villages and hamlets. Lunnon for London, and Brummagen for Birmingham, used to be very common, and are corruptions not yet obsolete.

An acquaintance of ours who visited Brougham in the great lord's time, told us that his host always said Lunnon and Brummagen, and that he laughed at the formal pronunciation of those names.

By the way, the name Brougham is pronounced in English as if it were one syllable, the sound being as if the word were Broom. Lord Chancellor Eldon called the man who was in time to become chancellor himself, Mr. Bruffum, and was told that the name was Broom. In this country, it is almost universally pronounced as if the spelling were Bro-em.

What is now called Herrock, originally was Heyrick. It was borne by one of the sweetest poets of the language, Robert Herrick, who was a clergyman in the seventeenth century.

Beaulieu is corrupted into *Bewley*, and the change is warranted by the pronunciation of the word beauty.

What we call Rotherhite, the English call *Redriff*, and a most puzzling disguise they have made of it. A stranger never would recognize the one name in the other.

Warwick they call Warrick, dropping the w. Greenwich in their mouths is Grinidge, an awful case of word-murder.

Some of their corruptions of French names for persons are amusing, as Danglems for D'Angoulemes, Bergamys for Bergamots, Bong Grecians for Bon Chritiens.

Noting these changes, one is led to suppose that John Browdil was not far wrong when he spoke of Saracen's Head (an inn) as Sarap's Head, and that he only compromised to English usage, which seems, in many cases, to give to each place or thing the name that does *not* belong to it.

HOW TO GET UP MUSCLE.

Prof. Lowell once thanked a young Yankee farmer for allowing him to look on while he was shearing sheep,—an operation new to the scholar. Young Jonathan, holding up his head like a king, replied, "If you'll take off them are gloves of your'n, I'll give you a try at the practical part on't!"

The professor says, "I never saw any thing handsomer than those brown hands of his, in which the sinews stood out, tight as a drawn bow-string, as he handled his shears. How much more admirable is the tawny vigor, the badge of fruitful toil, than the crop of early muscle that heads out under the forcing glass of the gymnasium!"

Boys, the best gymnasium is one that pays while it strengthens. The plough, the scythe,

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the spade, the axe, the plane, the saw, are the best implements to strengthen the muscles, and to keep them strong.

A TERRIBLE RIDE BY FOUR BOYS.

The little fellows who figured in the following incident deserved the fearful shaking and dusting they got. It is to be hoped that their fright and hurts will cure them (and a good many others who read this) of the dangerous and careless practice of playing on and about steam cars:

A singular, and what might have been a tragic incident, occurred recently on the Hudson River Railroad. An extra locomotive was ordered from Poughkeepsie to New York, and, just before it started, four little boys, who were playing about the depot, supposing it was a switch engine, and only going a little way down the track, climbed stealthily upon the wooden guard just above the bumper on the rear of the tender.

This guard is only six inches wide. Three of the boys sat down upon the guard, with their legs hanging over, and the fourth got astride of the iron link which protrudes from the bumper.

They could not be seen by the men upon the engine, which moved on, and continued increasing its speed until it was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, as was ordered. The boys were in a terrible situation.

They dared not climb to the top of the tender, for fear of losing their balance, and their cries were drowned by the noise of the engine. Over bridges and on the edge of precipices they were whirled, the tender surging to and fro, the dust filling their eyes and noses, and almost choking them to death, and entirely obscuring them from view of the flagmen and trackmen who were passed.

The locomotive was signalled at New Hamburg, a man having seen the boys on the rear of the locomotive when it left Poughkeepsie. The poor little boys presented a sorry sight, as they were covered with dust from head to foot.

The boy who was astride of the link was unable to walk when taken off, his legs being awfully chafed by the motion of the engine. The hands of the other boys were blistered terribly, and the blood oozed out from under their finger-nails, so tightly had they grasped the woodwork of the tender.

They were nearly exhausted, and could have maintained their position but little longer, when they would have probably been instantly killed by the fall. They were taken back to Poughkeepsie, where the incident had become noised about, and a large crowd of people was in waiting at the depot to see them when the train they were on arrived.

NOBLE ACT.

The brave fellow who performed the noble and difficult deed described below ought to make a mark in the world. It would be hard to find an example of such remarkable strength and resolute daring in a mere boy. The *Maryland Republican* says:

Daniel Wirt, aged sixteen, a student at St. John's College, from Virginia, went to the College Creek, several days ago, for the purpose of taking a bath, and while there, two boys—one a son, and the other a nephew of Prof. Dashiell, of the college—came to take a bath also, but went in some fifty yards below him.

After some time had passed, young Wirt missed the boys, and supposing that something was wrong, ran to where their clothing was lying on shore, and observed the hair of one of them appear above water and then disappear. He swam to the spot and dived, finding them near together, not unconscious, for they clutched him as he approached them.

He disengaged himself, and seizing a lower limb of each of the boys, raised them to the surface. The water was fortunately only eight feet deep, and holding the boys in this way, he managed, with their additional weight, to walk towards the shore on the bottom, some ten yards—coming to the surface at intervals to breathe.

The boys that were saved were ten and fourteen years of age. It appears that Dashiell, the youngest of the two, who could not swim, went beyond his depth, and his cousin, in attempting to assist him, had been dragged down with him. Wirt's idea, in attempting to save them both at once, was that if he only undertook one at a time, the other would drown in the meantime.

We also learn that some two years ago, young Wirt saved the life of a colored man from drowning in the Rappahannock River, by diving and bringing him to the surface. All persons, who are in anywise acquainted with the fearful risk of saving a person from drowning, will readily agree that young Wirt possessed great coolness and bravery upon this occasion, when he saved the lives of two boys near his own age, alone and unaided. We have no doubt that the College Faculty will take some note of the matter, and give to the young man that meed of praise so justly deserved for his noble action.

WRITING COMPOSITIONS MADE PLEASANT.

If young people are never taught to compose for any other reason than that they *must*, the chances are against their becoming good writers. A teacher sends to the Maine *Journal of Education* some hints for making the exercise interesting, as well as useful:

To an older class this question was proposed: "Why is Asiatic Turkey the most interesting country on the globe?" A few suggestive hints were given to the class that many of the events recorded in the Bible happened in this country, etc., and not a single member of the class failed in preparing an exercise of considerable length and merit.

Again, one day I called my school to order just before its close, and remarked to them that I would read a short story in verse, and they must reproduce it in their own language three days after. I required close attention, and read Saxe's humorous poem, "The Dapple Mare," to as attentive an audience as ever listened to a reader. One or two of the school were absent at the reading, but they came to me afterward, and requested the article to be read to them, that they might take part in the exercise.

When the day came, not a single scholar was unprepared, but all had written the exercise as required. I do not think one of the school had ever seen the poem. When a class of fifty scholars will all *voluntarily* perform an exercise of this kind that is not required by the school board, but only at the suggestion of the teacher, it must be the dread and dislike of writing compositions has been removed.

FUN OF A "GOOD DINNER" AT SEA.

A correspondent of the *Bristol County Republican*, who has lately been to Europe, doesn't think much of high living, if one has to take it on the "high seas." He has facts on his side, too.

Everybody has heard of the princely style of living on the Cunard steamers. But what are four meals a day, with a dinner which requires an hour and a half to go through the courses, to one who is nauseated at the sight even of the most delicious dish? The attempt to keep up style is a melancholy farce after the first day. Only the captain and the few who have "travelled the seas over" really enjoy these meals.

There is an atmosphere of brine, or steaming oil, or something peculiar to the close cabins of steamships, which permeates every thing, and it is my impression that it is this nauseating smell which produces half the seasickness. It would make one sick on land to live in it three days.

During rough weather, and indeed at all times, for the ocean is never quiet and the great vessel never ceases to roll, sitting at the table is a ludicrous experience. The dishes are fenced on by fastening four strips of mahogany about three inches high lengthwise with the tables, with occasional cross pieces. Castors and glasses hang from a swinging shelf above. Frequently a lurch of the vessel sends crockery and contents upon one side of the table, and sometimes in your lap, while the return roll takes them back to the other side decidedly mixed.

It was not an uncommon sight to see a waiter on the cabin floor carving a turkey upon a platter which he was steadying between his knees. It was so cold that most of the passengers wore overcoats or shawls at their meals. Such is "style" on the high seas in a regular Cunarder.

TOO GOOD COMPANY FOR HIM.

There is something deeply suggestive in such an acknowledgment from wicked people. Virtue is its own protection in the sense that the devil is afraid of it, and of the God whom it serves:

One evening a lady who belongs to the editorial staff of one of the leading dailies in New York had been detained by office duties until rather a late hour. Living on the Heights in Brooklyn, but a short distance from Fulton ferry, it was not much of a venture to go home without escort, and so she started. On the boat, standing outside, enjoying the refreshing breeze after a day's toil, she perceived a gentleman (?) in rather close proximity to where she was leaning over the guards, but said nothing.

"Are you alone?" said he, as the boat neared the slip.

"No, sir," said the lady, and without further interruption, when the boat touched, she stepped off.

"I thought you were alone," said the fellow, stepping to her side again.

"I am not," replied the lady.

"Why, I don't see any one; who is with you?"

"God Almighty and the angels, sir. I am never alone!"

"You keep too good company for me, madam. Good-night;" and he shot for a Fulton Avenue car, then nearly a block away.

The heroic woman was permitted to "keep to the right, as the law directs," and enjoy that full measure of quiet satisfaction one always feels from keeping good company.

A SLEIGH-LOAD ON FIRE.

The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Union* describes a rather disastrous adventure of some ladies who last winter undertook to go sleighing independent of gentlemen:

Three ladies had arranged a sort of leap-year sleigh ride. To insure comfort, one of them had provided two hot bricks, carefully wrapped in cloths, which were deposited in the body of the sleigh, after which they got in, and away they went, laughing and jingling over the snow.

In a very short time, one of the excursionists remarked that she "smelled smoke," but nothing was thought of it. A few minutes later, at the corner of Tenth and Messanie Streets, the odor became so strong that the fair riders became alarmed, and lifted the lap-robe, when the smoke rolled out in dense volumes from the vicinity of their pedal extremities, and almost instantly flames burst forth. One of the ladies leaped from the sleigh, her feet caught in the robes, and she was dragged for some little distance, fortunately without sustaining any material injury. Another, more prudent, grasped the reins and stopped the horse, when the flames were speedily subdued. The result was, three dresses, three sets of skirts, &c., two fine robes and a sleigh ride, completely spoiled, and three estimable ladies badly scared.

It seems that the cotton and newspapers in which the bricks were wrapped ignited, and of course the fire was directly communicated to all inflammable material adjacent. The ladies returned crestfallen to their homes, wiser if not happier, and over a cup of Bohea passed resolutions discountenancing hot bricks as partners in a sleigh ride.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

We read of young heroes and heroines, boys and girls, who have displayed fortitude in times of public calamity, or who have done deeds of daring in war. The world also has its home heroes and heroines. The boy who works in the mill to support a poor and unfortunate father is a home hero; the girl who sacrifices the common pleasures of youth to assist an overburdened, or an invalid mother, is a home heroine, and each, though unknown to the world, is peculiarly remembered by God, and cannot fail of reward. The Providence *Journal* recently reported a touching incident of this kind of heroism:

A little girl, only eleven years of age, applied to the superintendent of a Rhode Island cotton mill for work. She pleaded for employment that she might aid her sick father. She had been in the mill but a few days, when her hand was caught in the machinery, and so severely injured as to lose several of her fingers. On being released by the stopping of the machinery, instead of indulging in cries, the little heroine eagerly asked, "Will this stop my working for my sick father?"

THE WATCH.

"Watch" is from a Saxon word signifying "to wake." At first the watch was as large as a saucer; it had weights, and was called the pocket clock. The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in a record of 1542, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron-gilt, with two plumette of lead." The first great improvement, the substitution of the spring for weights, was about 1556. The earliest were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and required winding twice a day. The dials were silver or brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of $1,500 in our currency, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

SOUTH AMERICAN CLIMATE.

Here is something in the way of air and weather that beats California. Cordova, (in the centre of the continent, half way between Chili and Uraguay) must be a good place to "dry up and blow away" from:

Prof. Gould, who has gone to superintend a new observatory, founded by the government of the Argentine Republic at Cordova, in his remarks about the climate gives a few particulars which exemplify its extreme dryness. "A bowl of water," he says, "left uncovered in the morning, is dry at night; ink vanishes from the inkstand, and becomes thick almost by magic; the bodies of animals, left exposed, dry up, instead of decomposing; and neither active exercise, nor exposure to the sun's rays, causes perceptible perspiration."

A USELESS MAN AND HIS USELESS WEALTH.

One way to waste money is to *hoard* it.

An old Dutch miser in Pennsylvania, whose biography would have delighted Mr. Boffin in his counterfeiting days, recently died so wealthy that it required a four-horse team to remove the specie from his dwelling, where it had been accumulating for over half a century. For many months before his death, people were employed to watch the house to keep off housebreakers; the money had lost its use, its interest, and all but its romance, by the miserly ignorance of that miserable old heathen.

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHY IN ENGLAND.

American geography is at a discount in England; the people in that little kingdom having very little idea of the vastness of the New World. An American lady being at a dinner-party in London, was asked by a lady beside her,—

"How far is Philadelphia from Pennsylvania, please? I have school-friends in both places, and I've been hoping they'd meet, if they're not too far apart!"

A FLIRT THAT HAD A HEART.

A gay Tennessee belle had gained the reputation of being most emphatically a "girl of the period." She kept her lover in a state of despair, having refused him many times. She was esteemed faithless and frivolous; but the time soon came for her to redeem her character. One day there was a terrible railroad accident, and the rejected lover had both legs crushed off. The apparently heartless girl devoted herself to his consolation, and married him on crutches the first day the doctors allowed him to go out.

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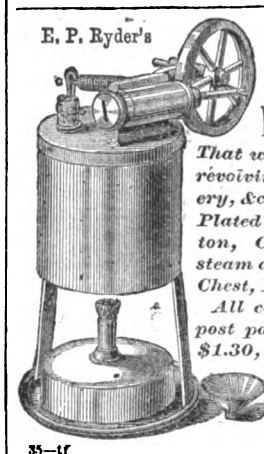

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THE LOVED AND THE LOST.

"The loved and lost!" Why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our outward road.
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and, loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing.—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God Himself their Lord, their Judge and King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these, and lo, we mourn!

Ask the poor sailor when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasure strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When, lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then, pitying, spake: "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel, he, too, must share?"
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way, rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach;
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down,
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

REBUKED AND REFORMED.

Probably the judgment of the good man who gained such a victory in the following case told him that his method of mingled severity and friendliness was the best for the kind of character he had before him. Such modes of rebuke could not be managed by a timid person, nor would they succeed with every offender:

A man who boarded lumbermen, away in Minnesota, made it a law of the house that there should be no swearing in it. If there was a place or a class where this would seem an impossibility to be carried out, it was here. But good Mr. L. was not a man to retract his own words. His accommodations were too good to be lightly thrown away, and the rule was generally observed.

Prompt notice was always given to delinquents, and a few angry, discarded ones determined "to match the old man." They sent a notorious, powerful pugilist there with his horse, giving him various instructions as to his method of procedure.

With many oaths, he ordered Mr. L. to put up his horse. The man complied, but insisted that the other should go with him. Bestowing the greatest attention upon the horse, he did not fail to talk earnestly to the man respecting his sinful course. He paid little heed, and was about starting for the house.

"Stop!" said the man; "you cannot go into my house. You have made yourself lower than the brute, and you must stay with your horse, and take his fare. You, a man created in the image of God, thus to degrade yourself! No, my dear, lost brother, you must stay here, to-night, with your more noble horse."

"Struck dumb with shame and amazement, the man said he "guessed he had better leave," and, mounting his horse, rode away. That keenly-pointed sermon, and the good man's earnest, Christian appeals, did not leave him until he became a better man. He is now an itinerant preacher among those same lumbermen, doing them much good.

ANOTHER WORLD.

"There's a world that is better than this, Robin Ruff,
And I hope in my heart you'll go there,"

sung a sweet voice, and there was a sermon in the strain of the quaint old ballad. Something better awaits all God's children, and time is hurrying to make the golden promise good. A religious writer touches tenderly but aspiringly upon the theme:

"There is another and a better world," exclaimed an actor on the stage at Drury Lane theatre, on an evening in 1778. Then the drama of the human life ended, the curtain fell, and John Palmer never spoke again. He died suddenly, while in usual health, immediately after uttering these words of the play, and that thrilling testimony, so strangely spoken, and yet so true, rung solemnly through the souls of that startled audience, gathered, with gleaming lights and stirring music, into the house of vanity and mirth.

The actor spoke the truth: there is coming another world, better and brighter, holier and more enduring far than this. It will be a painless, sorrowless, deathless world; a new, beautiful, immortal world; a grand, sublime and eternal world; a world into which will joyously enter the gathered glory of all ages; a world where Christ shall be the King of kings, and where with Him, the good alone, crowned with glory, and clad in robes of spotless white, will, in unalloyed bliss, and inconceivable endless life, reign forever, even forever and ever. This other and better world is "the world to come," the kingdom of God and of Christ," the "new heavens and new earth." Reader, will you inherit that world?

CELEBRATED ORGANS.

Boston takes honest pride in her fine instrument in Music Hall, and Brooklyn and Chicago each has its fine organ. Perhaps our readers may like to know something concerning the grand pipe instruments in the old cities of Europe.

Some of the continental organs are celebrated for their size and magnificent tones. At Tours the organ has sixty stops; at Weingarten, sixty-four; at Stuttgardt, sixty-eight; at Hamburg, seventy; at Prague, seventy-one; at Seville, the same number; at Frankfort, seventy-four; at Meiseburg, seventy-five; at Rotterdam, seventy-six; at Lubeck, eighty-two. Remembering that a stop comprises a long row of pipes, we shall be prepared to understand how complex must be the internal arrangements of an organ containing seventy or eighty stops. Most of the pipes are made of metal, a combination of tin and lead, with sometimes a little antimony added; the others are made of wood. Some are square, some are round, some are open at the top, others closed. Some are of stupendous size, thirty-two feet high by thirty inches or so in diameter; they emit a gigantic rumbling growl, very Polyphemus-like, rather than a musical tone. At the other end of the scale are pipes scarcely an inch long, with a diameter analogous to that of a barley-straw, and a note such as that of a tiny bird. Some costly curiosities have been made on the Continent in the way of organs, such as the Duke of Mantua's organ, in which the keys, pipes and bellows were made of alabaster; another, in which glass was used instead of alabaster, and one in a convent at Madrid was made of solid silver.

Those at Haarlem, Rotterdam, Freyburg, Milan, Weingarten, Stuttgardt, Seville, Frankfort, with the Madeleine, and two or three others at Paris, are exceptionally powerful. Some owe their power to one peculiar stop or set of pipes; some to the number of such sets; some to the effective balancing of one set against another; some to the excellence of the arrangements for the supply of wind at a high pressure. Some organs will literally make a church tremble, by the amazing power of well-speaking pipes thirty-two feet in length.

I HAINT STOLE NOTHIN'.

It is not always pleasant to be taken for somebody else, particularly when it is for a worse person than yourself, though sometimes people are unavoidably caught so through ignorance. The following story of the man in the wrong box is amusing:

During the session of one of our courts, while the judge and jury were at dinner, a young man from the "kentry," being somewhat anxious to see the manner in which justice was meted out, walked into the court-room, and, as he afterwards expressed himself, took a squint at all the seats, and, seeing that there wasn't nobody in the nice one, with a railin' all around it, thought he would make sure on it before the fellows got back from dinner.

In five minutes after the crowd entered the room, the judge rapped on the desk with the butt of his jackknife, and, with a dignified frown, cried,—

"Silence in the court!"

"Silence in the court!" echoed the squeaking tone of the broad-shouldered constable, leaning on the rail in front of his Honor, who immediately resumed the occupation of picking his teeth with a pin.

"Silence in the court!" echoed the squeaking and shrill tones of a small, red-nosed constable near the door; and the latter speaker commenced elbowing the crowd right and left, to let them know that he was around.

"All ready?" asked the judge.

"All ready," replied the attorney.

"Command the prisoner to stand up," said the judge, "while the indictment is being read."

The broad-shouldred constable walked up to the prisoner's box during the apparent momentary absence of the sheriff, placed his hands on the shoulders of the young man, and exclaimed, "Stand up!"

"What fur?" said the astonished young farmer.

"To hear the charge read!" said the constable.

"Wal, I guess I can hear what is going on without standing, as well as the rest of them," was the reply.

"Stand up!" roared the judge, in a burst of passion;—he had just bit his tongue while picking his teeth—"young man, stand up, or the consequence will be on your head."

The victim came upon his feet, as if under the influence of a galvanic battery, and looking round the court-room, and noticing that all eyes were upon him, with an expression of a rabid man toward a bowl of water, he hung his head in confusion and mortification, and was nearly deaf to the words of the indictment; but he heard enough of long, complicated, tangled sentences, to learn that he was charged with stealing, embezzling, or pilfering some house, or somebody, he couldn't tell exactly which.

"What does he say to the charge, guilty or not guilty?" inquired the judge, peeping over his spectacles, with a look cold enough to freeze a man's blood. "Guilty or not guilty?"

The man ventured to look up, hoping to find a sympathizing eye, but all were cold and unfriendly.

"Guilty or not guilty?" again vociferated the judge, in a tone that plainly denoted impatience.

Then the broad-shouldered constable, being rather a humane man, stepped up to the prisoner, saying,—

"You had better say not guilty, of course. If you say guilty, you don't stand no chance this term, that's sure; and if you say not guilty, and wish at any future stage in this case to change your plea to guilty, you can do so without any injury to yourself! Therefore, I advise you to say not guilty, and stick to it as long as there is any chance."

Jonathan's feelings had been simmering some time, and now they fairly boiled over, and, with a look of innocent and determined resolution, he swung his arms about his head, and exclaimed,—

"What in all nature are you fellers tryin' to dew? I haint been stealing nothin'. I haint, sure!"

Just at that moment, the front door opened, and the sheriff, with the genuine prisoner, walked into the room, and proceeded at once to the box.

The court saw at once its mistake, and tried to choke down its effects with a frown, but it was no go! The crowd burst into a hoarse laugh, that fairly made the windows rattle; and the young man left the room, exclaiming, as he passed the door, "I knowed all the time I hadn't stole nothin'!"

AN ALPHABETICAL PUZZLE.

We published in our issue of Sept. 7th an alphabetical puzzle, consisting of five columns of letters, by which, under certain conditions, a person's name could be ascertained. A correspondent shows that the table, which we copied, was incorrectly printed, and sends us the following as the correct lists:

A	B	D	H	P
C	C	E	I	
E	F	F	J	
G	G	G	K	
I	J	L	L	
K	K	M	M	
M	N	N	N	
O	O	O	O	
Q	R	T	X	Q
S	S	U	Y	R
U	V	V	Z	S
W	W	W		T
Y	Z			U
				V
				W
				X
				Y
				Z

The following is the manner of using the table and the solution:

Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is contained. If it be found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns, and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time, in this way the whole can be ascertained. For example, take the word Jane; J is found in two columns, commencing with B and A, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet, their sum ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, and stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed B, D and H; these are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet, which, added, give the fourteenth, or N, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unaquainted with the foregoing explanation.

VICTORIA'S PROSPEROUS REIGN.

That the true glories of rulers are glories of peace and mercy is acknowledged in history, as well as taught in moral philosophy. The following passage, by a graceful writer, represents England's present Queen with an enviable fame in comparison, even, with the best of the royal women who held the throne before her time.

It was the glory of Elizabeth's reign, that, for the first twelve years no man was put to death for a political offence. It was the merit of Queen Anne, that in her reign of just twelve golden years no man was put to death for a political offence. It is the larger happiness of Queen Victoria, that in a reign now counting six-and-thirty years, no man has suffered death for a political offence.

In her serene and prosperous days—serenity but rarely broken by domestic strife, prosperity but rarely checked by foreign war—the darker usages of power, with all the passions they excited in the past, are fading from the habit of our thought. The wheel, the "maiden" and the boot are gone. The block is an antiquity. The axe, lanthorn and the sword are hung on racks. A prison lodging is a place for daily crowds to pass through. Queen Victoria visits and revisits every part of her great fortress; marks the spot where Anne Boleyn fell; inspects the chamber where the nine-days' Queen was lodged; regards the rugged beauty of the Norman keep; and finds, with royal Windsor in her thought, the noblest monument in her realm is still Her Majesty's Tower.

HOW TO MAKE A QUARREL.

The way a thing is said (or answered) often has more to do with the effect of it than the matter or meaning. There are disagreeable people in the world who always have an insolent grunt or a rough reply ready for every ordinary remark made to them. A Western paper says:

Two old fellows down in Kentucky, that had been the best friends in the world for over thirty years—never had a cross word, and would do any thing for each other—got into a top buggy wagon, and started down to Lexington on business. You see they lived about twelve miles out of Lexington. One was named Burr, and the other Clark. About six miles from Lexington they passed a tract of land belonging to a man named Baker. It had a brook running through a gully on it.

"Tom," says Burr, coming to the gully, "if Baker wanted to build a pond all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"Yes," says Clark, "but Tom don't want a pond."

"Well," replied Burr, raising himself up, "I didn't say he wanted a pond, did I? I said if he wanted a pond all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"Well," exclaimed Clark, firing up in his turn, "I didn't say that you did say he wanted a pond, did I? All that I said was that Baker didn't want any pond."

"Well," shouted Burr, in an angry tone, "I didn't say that you did say that I said that he wanted a pond, did I? I said *if*—IF he wanted a pond, all he would have to do would be to throw a wall across that gully."

"Well," said Clark, now thoroughly enraged, "you are a blasted old fool, and I won't ride with you any further. Stop the wagon."

So Burr stopped the wagon, and Clark walked all the way to Lexington, six miles, before he would ride with him. That was seven years ago, and the foolish men have not spoken to one another since.

A THIEF CAUGHT.

"A bull in a china shop" is supposed to be a sadly out of place as any example known, but the following proves that, in certain circumstances, a snake in the cupboard can nearly match him. A Texas correspondent of a New York paper gives the following snake story:

One night my wife and myself were awakened by a noise from the shelf which contained our small store of crockery, followed by a crash, which showed that a great portion of our cups and plates had been flung to the floor. Springing up to discover the author of this "attack upon China," I found a large snake in a somewhat unpleasant "fix."

He had crawled upon the shelf, attracted by a number of eggs which were scattered about. One of these he had swallowed, and, in order to get at the next, he had put his head and a portion of his body through the handle of a jug, which happened to stand between the coveted delicacies. The handle was just open enough to let his body, in the natural state, slip cleverly through, but not sufficient to let it pass when puffed out by the egg. In this position he had swallowed the second egg. His snakeship thus found himself unable to advance or retreat; and in floundering about to escape from this novel stock, had caused the accident which had aroused us. I of course proceeded at once to execute summary justice upon the interloper, but the eggs he had swallowed were a dead loss.

WAYS OF PUNISHING AND REWARDING.

Penalties and favors sometimes consist wholly in *the way* they are given—a wrong manner may make one seem the other.

A teacher can render almost any thing a reward or a punishment to his pupil by his own manner of considering it. For instance, I once had an empty seat placed at my side in the school. I soon perceived a child that was mischevous and idle. I said, "Come here and sit by me; you are too naughty to sit among good children; I cannot trust you at a distance from me till you are better. The child cried bitterly at what he deemed a punishment, and soon behaved well enough to resume his former seat. Not long after, I saw another whose diligence and attention gave me peculiar pleasure. I called him, with a smile, to sit on the *same* seat. "Come to me," said I; "I love to have you near me when you are so good." The smiling happiness of the child sufficiently testified his comprehension of the *spirit* of my arrangements.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

This young man, who should have adorned the highest walks of literature and genius, perished in intemperance. The son of Coleridge, the nephew of Southey, the favorite of Wordsworth, the friend of Prof. Wilson, dear to a wide and renowned circle of friends, gifted by nature with the finest mind and the tenderest heart, endowed with education that ripens genius, deeply combined with religious feelings, the crown of princely natures, what might he not have been!

What did he become? Alas, what a beacon to warn!

At Oxford his extraordinary powers of conversation procured for him numerous invitations to literary fashionable parties, which were all

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reality wine parties. He knew that he was expected to talk, and talking was his delight. On whatever subject, literature, politics or religion, he could hold forth by the hour in strains that held his hearers spell-bound in wonder and admiration. Amid such scenes the habit of wine-drinking overmastered him, unnerving his will and smiting him with moral paralysis.

He struggled at last against his chains, but only too late and too ineffectually. And on another tombstone must truth inscribe, Genius in Rains through Wine the Destroyer.

THE NOBILITY OF KNOWLEDGE.

It is impossible to be in the colored regiments, or to be associated with any of the institutions for their education since the war, and not notice the elevating influence of knowledge. One of the chaplains of our dark regiments had a body-servant named John Green. One morning John entered the tent to make the fire. His task was soon done, the chaplain still slumbering, as John supposed.

And now the man began to study the lesson set him the night before: "Thou God seest me." He began to spell the first word: T-h-o-u. "John Green," he said to himself, "what is that? What did master say that was?" Looking and hesitating a while, he at last uttered, "*Thou.* John Green, you have it."

Thus he spelled and pronounced through the sentence, stumbling considerably at the two-syllabled word, "seest," but finally deciphering the whole and reading it. Then, stretching himself up to his full height, he exclaimed, "John Green, you have it. You can read. JOHN GREEN, YOU ARE A MAN."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A NATION OF FISH EATERS.

Mr. Brooks writes from Japan that the national food is fish. There is not an ocean or river creature that the Japs do not eat, even sharks, and the uglier the more appetizing. And most of the fish sold are not dead fish, but living, jumping, wriggling fish. You buy an eel all squirming. The fish-market men bring their fish to market in water tubs, and the fishermen keep a huge bamboo water fish-tank on each side of the junks, into which they throw the creatures that they haul up, or in. So much is thought of the fish here, that on a certain festival day, every family that has had a boy born during the year hangs out a great painted fish to boast of it.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A sad and touching incident occurred in Dorchester Co., Maryland, a short time ago. A little boy having ventured near some burning brush on a lot of land about being cleared, his clothes caught fire, and he fell amidst the flaming grass. His cries of agony were soon heard, but before assistance could reach him his flesh was shockingly burned. The child was found on his hands and knees, vainly trying to escape the devouring element. During the four hours that intervened between his rescue and his death, his sufferings can scarcely be imagined, as he was conscious to the end. But his last words were, "Father, kiss me; I cannot move my lips. Please give me water. Do not cry, mamma."

THE POOR OF NEW YORK.

Not long ago a lady missionary, who is accustomed to see much want and misery in the dark places of New York city, visited a damp cellar basement in Stanton Street. There she found the heart-broken wife of a drunkard, who is now confined on the Island. Three little children, one an infant, depended on her for food and clothing. The woman stated that she earned $1 68 per week by making overalls at six cents a pair, hand-made, which she has to carry on foot from her home down to a place near Fulton Street, not being able to pay car fare for herself and bundle. Out of this scanty income $4 per month is paid for rent.

HOW QUICK A DOG LEARNED.

As I was walking out one frosty morning with a large Newfoundland dog, I observed the animal's repeated disappointment on putting his head down to drink at sundry ice-covered pools. After one of these disappointments, I broke the ice with my foot for my thirsty companion. The next time Tiger was thirsty, he did not wait for me to "break the ice," but with his foot, or, if too strong, by jumping upon it, he obtained water for himself.

Here seems to be an example of dog ability to learn from observation.—*Rev. J. C. Atkinson.*

BREAK-NECK BOTANIZING.

A gentleman who has been studying botany in the Sandwich Islands describes the pursuit of the science there as somewhat difficult and perilous. On one of his trips he was obliged to descend a deep incline at an angle of seventy degrees, by swinging from the roots of one tree to the branches of another, and this with a gorge beneath him two thousand feet deep. But he was rewarded by finding a magnificent violet, with snowy-white waxy flowers, some of them nearly half an inch in diameter, and exquisitely perfumed.

DON'T FRET.

An old farmer, who had to tip off and put on a load of wood twice on his way out of the woods, and found it tipped over by a bad place in the road the third time, showed true philosophy when he looked at the wreck, and saying, "Wal, I guess I won't fret about it, I sha'n't feel so well if I do," went to whistling merrily, and to work putting matters to rights.

KITTY'S LESSON.

Come, Kitty, learn your A, B, C,
Don't be a pussy dunce;
Here are the blocks, now point to A,
And do be good for once.

Now, Kitty, stop! you must not play,
For school time has begun;
And mother says when we're in school
Is not the time for fun.

This is round O, and that is P,
It stands, you know, for Purr;
Here's M for Mouse, and R for Rat,
F for your own soft Fur.

Now show me S—big, crooked S,
The first in Spoon and Shoe.
You naughty cat! don't chase your tail;
O dear! what shall I do?

I'll put you in the corner, puss,
And make you "toe the mark!"
If that don't teach you to behave,
I'll keep you in till dark.

Fie, pussy! fie! I'm very sure
You'll never know your letters.
We'll go and have a merry romp;
Leave learning to our betters.

For the Companion.

STORIES ABOUT HUGH.

Little Hugh's mother had a new sewing-machine, and Hugh was determined to run it. Every time he had a chance he would steal into the sitting-room and make the wheel go round as fast as he could, till his mother heard the noise and ran in to stop him.

She talked to him and whipped him, but neither talkings nor whippings did any good.

One day when he had been punished and set down hard in his little arm-chair, his mother said, sadly,—

"Why can't you mind me, Hugh?" and Hugh sobbed,—

"I *could* mind you, mamma, if it hadn't got a wheel. But it has, and I can't help turning it, 'cause I never had a wheel to play with in all my born days."

"If you had a wheel of your own, do you think you could keep away from my machine?" asked mamma.

"I guess so," sobbed Hugh, "if it was a pretty big one."

So the next time Hugh's Uncle Charlie came to see them, mamma asked him to fix up a wheel for Hugh in the woodshed. Now Uncle Charlie worked in a machine-shop, so he knew all about wheels. And better still, he had brought three in his carpet-bag—two little ones and one nearly as large as the one on the sewing-machine.

Hugh wondered how Uncle Charlie happened to bring them. He forgot that mamma sometimes wrote letters to him.

However, there were the wheels and some nice leather belts besides. Uncle Charlie put them up in the shed and made a little treadle for Hugh to turn them by. Hugh called it a "foot handle."

After that Hugh amused himself very much with his wheels, and let his mother's machine alone.

She was very glad of that, and found time to make Hugh a cunning little suit of buff linen, to wear to the picnic. It was a school picnic, and Hugh had never been to one before.

Papa took the whole family to the grove in the carriage—baby Willie and all. And Hugh drove the horse! There were a great many children at the picnic, and Hugh had a fine time, playing, and swinging, and eating lunch under the trees.

He had a game of croquet all by himself, with two balls, a mallet and one wicket.

He played Copenhagen, too, for the first time in his life, and when little Bel Allen slapped his hands on the rope, he threw both arms around her waist and hugged her. All the people laughed, but the more they laughed the more he hugged her, till both children tumbled over the rope and rolled into the ring.

Everybody laughed so loud then that Hugh was frightened and immediately ran back to his croquet.

He didn't want to go home at all when papa came to call him. But when he saw his mother get into the carriage, he thought it best to go too.

That night when mamma undressed him, she found the little buff pants sadly soiled. There was a great cherry stain on one knee, a black spot of wheel grease on the other, and grass stains behind.

Hugh didn't feel at all troubled about it till Sunday came, and he found he could not go to church. "I think I shall *have* to go," said he, after paying grandpa a visit in the other part of the house; "'cause I promised grandpa I would, and I don't want to promise him a lie."

"Then you shouldn't have promised," said mamma.

Hugh went out and climbed into the carriage. He stowed himself away on the back seat and waited. Grandma discovered him just as she was getting in. He would not get out, so mamma came to the door with baby Willie in her arms.

"Come, Hugh," said she, "you must wait till next Sunday, for you know I have been too busy this week to get you ready, and you want to look nice when you go to church."

"Can't I wear those clothes I wore last Sunday?" asked Hugh, peeping out of the side window.

"They are too thick for to-day," said mamma.

"Well," pleaded Hugh, "can't I wear those yellow ones, with the sherry stain on one leg, and the wheel oil on the other, and not go in?"

"No, indeed," said mamma. "Now get out of the carriage directly, for grandma is waiting."

Hugh scrambled out, and shed a few tears as the carriage rolled away.

But when baby Willie was asleep, he went and sat in mamma's lap. She showed him some pictures, and told so many stories that the time passed quickly and pleasantly after all. He was surprised when he saw grandpa and grandma come home. MABEL DEANE.

FUN WHILE MAMMA IS OUT.

"O here! Come, Dannie, let us have some fun with the water. Polly has forgotten to empty our bath tub. She is too busy to mind us now, and mamma is out."

Dannie is perfectly willing to accept John's invitation, and the two begin a lively splashing.

"Let's make soap suds of it," says Dannie; and he gets the soap, and swashes the water into a white foam.

These two little boys have just eaten their breakfast, and are ready to begin the day's business; and business with them means mostly mischief. Their clothes are all spick and span clean, and usually the first "business" is to take the stiffness out of them. Here, at the bath tub, is just the place. John is a little bit careful of wetting *his* clothes, or pretends to be, for he stands off at a good distance and leans forward rather daintily to the paddling; but he doesn't mind Dannie's clothes, and Dannie himself doesn't care a snap; he "likes to be wetted." He always envies the ducks.

"Let me give you a shower, Dannie," says John. He takes up the great sponge filled with water and squeezes it over the top of Dannie's head.

Fido hears the jolly uproar, and thinks that he too must have some fun. He begins a desperate frisk with the dolls and playthings.

But lo! mamma suddenly enters. What do you suppose she will do with those little bodies of mischief?

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

CHARADE.

My *first* always implies increase;
The miser's motto it has been.
My *second*—will it ever cease?
'Tis but another name for sin.
My *whole* with kindness may bring back
The straying youth to virtue's track.
F. E. FRY.

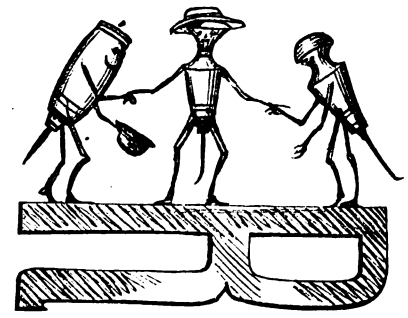
2.

BIBLICAL SQUARE WORD.

An ancient man.
A beautiful bird.
A plain in Syria.
A Bible word signifying "he is numbered."
ISOLA.

3.

REBUS.



LUCIUS GOSS.

4.

TWELVE CONCEALED ANIMALS.

"Old Abe" was a famous eagle.
I must go at five o'clock.
You must angle in some other place.
Do good to all men.
A craw-fish, or crab bit him.
Col. Thompson arrived last night.
My cigar-holder is all amber.
A Mexican; Don Cantelo penned it.
Was it a woman or a man?
Did you see how the falcon eyed the rabbit?
I cut off his thumb, ear and nose.
Do you say so upon your word of honor?
I. M. W.

5.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in wool, but not in sheep;
My *second* is in night, but not in sleep;
My *third* is in play, but not in toy;
My *fourth* is in lad, but not in boy;
My *fifth* is in hurry, but not in run;
My *sixth* is in jolly, but not in fun;
My *seventh* is in cane, but not in staff;
My *eighth* is in smile, but not in laugh;
My *last* is in tidy, but not in neat;
My *whole* is something good to eat. C. O.

6.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The *initials* give a planet, and the *finals* another.
1. A territory.
2. A lake in the United States.
3. A group of islands.
4. A mountain in Asia.
5. A lake in Ireland.
6. A lake in the United States.
7. A mountain of Palestine.

7.

BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with words pronounced alike, but spelled differently:
Jane was —— some ribbons when she heard that her friend was ——.
Mr. —— uses a ——.
She looked —— from carrying the heavy ——.
His wife —— tears while he —— wheat.
CORA.

Conundrums.

What sport is like girls' gossip? Dears-talking.

Why are you wrong in saying that my sister's name is Mary? Because it's a lie sir—I mean Eliza.

When is a newspaper the sharpest? When it is filed.

Why should one never expect generous treatment from a Japanese daimio? They are all two-sworded (too sordid).

When is a bad pun not out of place? When it's in a rebus (in Erebus).

Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? He eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. "Haste makes waste."
2. Walter Scott.
3. Cool, Olio, Oils, Lost.
4. Liquor-ice.
5. Pink, A rose, Jonquil, Four o'clock.
6. Seat, Meat, Feat
7. Van, Ice, Cake, Thou, Opq, Rake, Isaiah, Ant, VICTORIA, THE QUEEN.
8. Flowers.

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THE PROGRESS OF POPULATION.

An ingenious American has sought to look into futurity, in respect to the probable increase of his country's people.

He seems to have done so to some purpose, so far as relates to figures, making it appear that in the year 1950 there will be in the United States 179,000,000 persons.

This seems a large figure, as by the estimate our population is to be more than quadrupled in a period at the close of which all who are now living, will not be dead.

We almost daily hear of people who are more than eighty years old, and often of those who are ninety.

As there are men living who remember well the national census that was taken in 1790, it is certain that there will be men in 1950 to remember that which was taken in 1870. The number of the latter will be much the larger, not only because the population will be vastly greater, but because it is the tendency of human life to increase in extent. The average of life is beyond what it was, and it will increase in the future.

That it is not unreasonable to suppose there will be a population of 179,000,000 here in 1950, will appear from the fast increase of our numbers.

The population of the country in 1790 was about 3,500,000. It now exceeds 88,000,000, being an increase of about 85,000,000 in eighty years.

Thus our numbers are about eleven times as great as they were in the early years of Washington's presidency. Were the same rate of increase to go on, our population would, in 1950, be about 420,000,000.

But no such increase as that can be considered at all probable. It is possible, but nothing more. Even were that to be the number, the American race would be not so great as the Chinese race sometimes is said to be. But we have very little confidence in Chinese figures, which are like figures of speech,—more shady and specious than solid and satisfactory.

HOW TO HANDLE GUNS.

The following rules should be observed when you take a gun into your hand: Whenever you take a gun into your hands, inquire if it is loaded. Should there be no person to answer you, if the gun is a muzzle loader, place the butt on the ground outside the left foot, having previously fixed the hammer at half cock, and holding the muzzle in a forward direction, clear of your person, draw the ramrod and insert it gently in the barrel. If there is a charge in it, you will feel the thud of the ramrod upon it, while the rod's upper end will project about three fingers' breadth above the muzzle. Should the piece not be loaded, the ramrod will sink right down, and the broad metal end will soon announce the empty barrel by the tap against the breech plug. Never handle a loaded gun except for the purpose of discharging it; and never, at any time, either in jest or earnest, point a gun, loaded or unloaded, at any living thing you don't deliberately intend to kill.

SINGULAR ESCAPE OF A HORSE.

A remarkable sight was witnessed Monday morning by the passengers on two trains of the Harlem Railroad. As the down train, due at Twenty-sixth Street at 11.30 A. M., was approaching the high stone bridge that spans the valley between One Hundred and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and had entered upon the high walled grade that leads to the bridge, a spirited young horse was discovered trotting unconcernedly on the track, ahead of the engine, going in the direction of the bridge. At this moment an upward bound train approached, thus blocking the animal's retreat in either direction. The dilemma of the horse became strikingly apparent in his dilating nostrils and glaring eyes. Although advance and retreat were alike impossible, one alternative remained. Rearing his head with a toss of defiance at his advancing foes, the animal suddenly turned and plunged headlong from the bridge, falling a distance of nearly thirty feet. He alighted safely on his feet, and trotted off as if nothing unusual had happened.

ANSWERS EASILY MISUNDERSTOOD.

The inundation of 1771, which swept away a great part of the old Tyne Bridge, Newcastle, was long remembered, and alluded to with emphasis as "the flood." On one occasion Mr. Adam Thompson was put into the witness box at the assizes. The counsel asking his name, received for answer, "Adam, sir—Adam Thompson."

"Where do you live?"

"At Paradise, sir."

(Paradise is a village about a mile and a half west of Newcastle.)

"And how long have you dwelt in Paradise?" continued the barrister.

"Ever since the flood," was the reply, made in all simplicity, and with no intention to raise a laugh. It is needless to say that the judge asked for an explanation.

AN OLD TEAMSTER.

The *Riverside Echo* (Portland) says:

On one of the coldest days in the month of January, Nathaniel Parker, of Durham, ninety years of age, was master-teamster in moving a barn nearly one mile, which required fifty yokes of oxen.

His shrill and clear voice could be distinctly heard giving such orders as "teamsters to your oxen—make them put up their cuds—bring them up to the bow—strain out—all together—put up your near string—your off string," etc.

He has lived on the same farm for sixty-nine years, and has had a family of thirteen children, of whom nine are now living. His mother lived and died at his house a few years since, at the advanced age of one hundred and fourteen years.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

If a young person will begin and persevere in learning by heart, say, four lines of good poetry every day, there will be laid up in the treasure-house of memory fourteen hundred and sixty lines in a year. So of facts, and various kinds of information. All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist of farthings. Life is made up of moments, and a succession of well-spent moments makes a well-spent life.

LONG AGO, before Paris became the mistress of modes, Milan gave the fashion to the whole world, (hence our word milliner) and she still retains some pretensions to her old right.

SOME ONE wishing to be witty on a gentleman with a large mouth, asked him "if he had a long lease of that mouth of his," when he was good-humoredly answered, "No, I have it only from (*y*)*ear* to (*y*)*ear*."

A SCHOOL COMMITTEE in a frontier district are reported to have summed up their opinion of an examination which they had attended by making to the pupils this address: "You've spelled well, and you've ciphered good, but you haint got still."

"I WISH I was a little French girl," said a ten-year-old. "Why?" asked her mamma.

"Because then I should know two languages."

"How so?"

"Why, you know that I can speak English now, and French would make two."

TO OTHER ITEMS about Emperor William is to be added the report that his majesty is a practical printer. All the members of the royal family of Prussia are required to learn some trade, and William chose typography as the most desirable craft, and spent three years at the case.

A PENITENT Baltimore genius relieves his overcharged conscience in the following unique epistle to the Treasurer of the United States: "Mr. Treasurer of the United States, I inclose the sum of three dollars in hear, which belongs to the U. S. Govenant which I have ronged them off."

A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN of rose-tinted honey was lately contributed by a London firm to the South Kensington Museum. On inquiry, it proved to be the result of an experiment instituted by a lady. Having a swarm of bees in a hive with a glass cover, she noticed that after making two small pieces of comb they ceased to work. She then began to feed them with honey mixed with water highly colored with cochineal, and scented with rose-water. The result was thirty-three pounds of rose-tinted honey.

"THE RED SHANTY BOYS," in preparation by H. A. Young & Co., is said to possess a degree of merit not often displayed in "juveniles." It is the work of a new writer, a young clergyman, who prefers to withhold his name from the public for the present.

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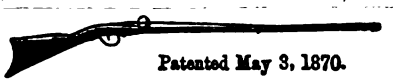

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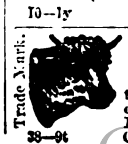

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For the Companion.

THE DOUBLE WEDDING PARTY.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP I.

Dave White was one of the blackest men that was ever made. But his white eyes, and teeth, and red lips—the lips were turned wrong side out—relieved the blackness of his skin.

He was the very soul of good nature and kindness, and managed to get a good laugh out of the hardest work, or the roughest fare. He was very tender of his wife, Sukey, always getting his own day's work done in time to help her, and so they generally left the tobacco field for the cabin, before the other hands.

As they were more thrifty than most of their fellow-slaves, they always had chickens or molasses to eat with their corn bread. They came honestly by these luxuries, for they were both really Christians, and obeyed God fas ar as they knew His will. Indeed, Dave called himself a preacher, although the young blacks, who did not know enough to reverence his office, said,—

"Hi, wees can howl and bark as good 's Bruder Dave, in de meetin'!"

But those who scorned his preaching liked his molasses, which Sukey kept in an iron pot, under the bed, and from which many borrowed, but forgot to return. Sukey had fallen into the way of saying, when she lent from her sweet fountain,—

"When I lends 'lasses to a sister, I *gives* it to de Lord; and den if ever I gets it back, I takes it as a present from Him. So dat keeps me allers easy 'bout it."

Sukey had no children, so she did what she could for the poor little neglected things whose mothers were overworked, or sick, and whose fathers were not so good as her Dave, whom she thought not only the best, but the handsomest man on the plantation. I wish you could only have seen him!

When, after their master's death, they were separated, Dave to remain with a neighboring planter, and Sukey to go to Georgia, it almost broke their hearts, and they promised, amid tears and sobs, "Neber, neber to forget one and anoder."

But years passed away, and they had heard nothing of each other. Sukey had been bought from her owner by a free man, who had made money as a barber, and who wanted her for a wife; and Dave had consoled himself, by this time, by marrying—slave fashion—a pleasant little woman, owned by his master, who allowed no real marrying on his plantation. Both were well suited and happy, while still remembering each other. Sukey was presiding over her own little home, which had a parlor, with a carpet and a sofa, and Dave doing his own work and half of his second wife's by day, and trotting and singing to his four little babies, by the light of the pine knot in his cabin, at night.

A few days before his last Christmas in slavery, his young mistress came into his cabin with a letter in her hand.

"Dave," she said, "do you remember Sukey?"

Dave threw his great, brown hand over his heart, and rolled up his eyes till only their white was seen, and cried, "'Member her, miss? I reckons I'll 'member her long's I's got sense to 'member de Lord I loves. What's 'bout her, missie?"

"Here's a letter to father, asking leave for her and her new husband to visit you this Christmas; and father says he can trust you to have company, because you've given him *your word* not to run off."

A TRUE STORY.

Dave laughed and cried, and Lottie seemed as much pleased as he did with the prospect of such grand company, and said, innocently,—

"I's allers wanted to see his other wife."

Sukey and "Mr. Johnson" were almost as near as the letter, and appeared next day.

The poor, innocent creatures laughed and cried in their joy at the meeting of two such old friends.

"Mr. Johnson" and Lottie kept in the background, a little, while the former husband and wife talked of old times and old friends. The thought of jealousy never entered either heart.

Dave was a most hospitable entertainer. He said, with a loud laugh,—

"Well, I's had two wives and no weddin' party; I reckons I'll have two weddin's in one on Christmas day."

Sukey put on no airs, but when "Mr. Johnson" brought apples, and raisins, and sugar from the town, and when Dave had killed six or eight chickens, she rolled up her sleeves, and went to work with Lottie to get a Christmas dinner. And such a dinner it was! Many of the people from the other cabins were invited to the feast; and such as were not, and even the young folks from the big house came up and peeped in at the door to see them eat it, and to hear their noisy and grateful mirth over it.

Sukey was charmed with the children, and begged the Christmas gift of one of them; but Dave said, with a sly wink,—

"I'm expectin' to move to Bosting, up North, mighty soon, and I must take 'em all wid me. Ef de good Lord had given me ten more, I wouldn't have none to spear, dey's so mighty precious to my heart. Now I see how the Lord 'vides up His gifts 'mong His chil'n. He's gin Bruder Johnson a fine barber's shop in Savanny, and he's gin sister Johnson a parlor wid a carpet, and a soffy into it. Now, ef I didn't trust my Father, I'd say 'twas hard dat you got all such things, when poor me don't own even hisself, nor yet de hoe dat he hoes wid. But look a har! See dem four babies a shinin' dare 'cross de table. Dem's worth more'n de barber's shop, and de carpet, and de soffy, all put togedder. I's satisfied wid de Lord's dealin's, long's He'll spar' Lottie and de chil'n to me."

The two turkeys and eight chickens vanished as if by magic, and before the company began at the pie and molasses, poor, grateful Dave—who called this his double weddin' party—stopped them to ask a second blessing and to sing,—

"Wake up, my lazy soul,
And shout wid Gabriole,
Glory to de King!"

After they had finished the pie, and corn-cakes, and molasses, and the nuts and apples which "Mr. Johnson" had provided as his "shar' of de feast," the table was cleared off by the aid of the outsiders, who ate up the leavings as they worked, and the happy festival wound up with a prayer meeting. The time was largely occupied in singing songs of thanksgiving, many of which were impromptu with poor Dave, and followed, line by line, by the company in the following style:

"I bress de Lor' dat I has lived
To see dis day, dis day;
And grab de hands ob dese dear friends,
From fur away, away."

After another day's visit, "de grand folks" departed "to skear up a new home to de North," but not till Sukey had changed all the children's names to "Johnson," and for this compliment each one received a pair of stout shoes.

Soon after this came the day of freedom, but its sun rose too late to cheer poor Lottie's eyes. She had died, and left Dave with five little ones, one of them but a few weeks old.

But still his kind heart did not fail him; he was "bound for to stan' by de chil'n de Lord give him." And, as his fellow-servants and friends were making such preparations as their poverty would allow, to get to the North, he resolved to accompany them.

So he baked up a quantity of corn bread, and put a bottle of molasses into a basket with it for the older children; and then he made a gallon jug of tea, with milk and molasses, to feed the new baby on in the cars. He tied whatever poor things he could find about the children, and then set off, his only baggage consisting of two feather beds, which his own hens had yielded him, with an iron pot, and teakettle, and a frying pan tied up inside of them.

And, strange as it may seem, the baby thrived on the tea, and they all reached their Northern home in safety, and set up housekeeping.

As the oldest child was but eight years old, Dave had to be housekeeper and nurse, and it seemed hard to tell who was to earn a living for them Just as matters looked the darkest, one of the kind neighbors lost her baby, and she came in tears to Dave, saying,—

"I can't no how live in dis yere strange city without a baby to comfort me; give me little Patty for my own."

But Dave replied, "If de good Lord had meant Patty for your own He would ha' sint her to you, sister. He gin her to me, and I don't nuther gin away, nor *sell* chil'n."

"Then lend her to me, bruder, and you may come in and see her every day," said his friend, in a pleading tone.

So Patty found a mother, and a good home for the present. Then Dave secured work, and as he had to go to it very early, he always rose before day to cook, and scrub, and wash. After this he gave the children their breakfast, set out the bread and molasses for their dinner, and left little Charry to keep the three younger ones off the stove till night. A neighbor usually stepped in, once in a while, to see that all was right.

But Bruder Dave did not mean to live this way always. He said, "De Lord, dat has *took two wives away from me*, will sartin give me *one to keep*." You shall hear again how his expectation was fulfilled. J. D. C.

For the Companion.

A TRUE STORY.

About fifteen years ago, a party of young men had gathered in an upper room of a warehouse in a Western town.

People going by saw the lights, and heard the cheering and shouts of laughter, and nodded to each other good-humoredly. "The boys are getting on well with their plan," they said, for the town was a small one, where everybody knew his neighbor, and took a kindly interest in him; and the military company which "the boys" were going to form was a matter of public pride and interest.

There were about thirty or forty of the young men. They had most of them been at school together at John's Academy, and now were clerks in the town, salesmen, students of law or medicine.

There was the heartiest good feeling among them, therefore, when they met to adopt their Constitution and by-laws. They had been drilling all winter in private, and were to appear in public for the first time on Saturday, in their new uniform. It was a gorgeous uniform, chosen from a dozen patterns sent by the Eastern manufacturer. It fairly blazed in crimson and gold. They had kept it a secret from every one, even fathers, and mothers, and sweethearts, so that the grand display on Saturday would break with more effect upon the dazzled eyes of the townspeople.

Now, all this was before the war. The military ardor which prevailed like an epidemic in the town did not mean patriotism or self-sacrifice, but only a little agreeable vanity, and a great deal of cordial good fellowship, fun and kindly feeling.

Some more weighty sense of the constraints of honor, too, rested upon the young fellows, with their swords and glittering epaulettes; some increased stricture of obligation to bear themselves as men, gallant and chivalric in soul as well as body. Many of the wise elders of the town, therefore, lent their help to the undertaking, and old Col. Storrs, a retired army officer, accepted the post of captain, and gave himself up zealously to the work.

The organization had been rather lax until to-night, when the by-laws had been definitely adopted.

"Number 9 seems to me superfluous, captain," objected Ned Moore. "The Company pledges itself to attend the funerals of all members, saving and except such as may have suffered the penalty of the law, or laid violent hands on themselves. That appears to me more melodramatic than necessary. There are not likely to be any suicides or murderers among us," glancing about, with a laugh, to his companions.

"The rule is customary in such organizations," said the colonel, dryly.

The rule remained, therefore, in spite of Ned's jokes, which caused a good deal of laughing.

Ned was the youngest of the boys, the merriest, most genial young fellow in town. Everybody knew his frank, handsome face and curly hair. He was book-keeper in one of the iron-mills, and, out of his small salary, supported his mother. But the money was a small matter, compared to the fun, and jollity, and tumultuous affection which he brought into the poor widow's life. "The last years of my life," she used to say, "have all the warmth and brightness that were missed out of the others.

L M Hosford Oct70

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Ned ran down the stairs of the hall when the meeting was over, singing "Lilly Dale" at the top of his voice. He had a clear tenor, which was the delight of everybody who loved music in the town.

"That's right!" said Joe Wilson; "come up to the house, Ned; the girls are at home, and we'll have a little singing. You're in voice to-night."

"All right! What do you say, Charley?" For Ned and Charley Hill seldom spent an evening apart.

"Bother the girls!" muttered Charley; "they're a bore. Their rattle-de-bang pianos set my teeth on edge. Some of the fellows are going to have an oyster supper down at Brice's, and I promised that we 'd join them."

Ned hesitated. "Is Phillips to be there?"

"Yes. He asked the crowd."

"Then there's sure to be liquor and squabbling. I promised mother I'd keep out of men's parties this winter, particularly where there were cards or drinking. We'd better go to Wilson's."

"O, never mind Wilson! Come along!"

Ned laughed and nodded. "Charley has made an engagement for me, Joe. I'll come up to-morrow evening, and sing with the girls. I'll go around and tell mother not to sit up for me, Charley, and will be after you in five minutes."

The boys went on. Nobody laughed at Charley for "running home to mother." Not even Phillips thought him in leading-strings. The lads were neither coarse nor vulgar, as Mrs. Moore thought. They were manly enough to appreciate her manly boy.

She followed him to the door. "Good-night, my son. God bless you!"

"Good-night, little mother. I'll be at home by eleven, at the latest."

There could be no harm, she thought, in a party of intelligent, clear-minded boys, tired with the day's work, meeting to sharpen and strengthen their wits together over a well-cooked supper.

Nor would there have been, perhaps, if the poor, foolish lads had not essayed, like some of their foolish elders, to try the poison which makes them feel as gods, and act as beasts.

"I say, Brice, let's have champagne," cried Phillips, when the supper was over. "Let's have the pop of the corks, just for to-night." For Phillips had made one or two journeys to New York, and affected the reckless humors of a juvenile Anacreon.

Ned Moore rose. "I must go, Phillips. I promised to be home early."

"Not till you have tasted Brice's dry wine. Not a step."

"I can't touch liquor, you know, Phillips. It makes a fool of me. I don't want to stay and be a Pilljoy."

"You needn't touch it. Sit down! Sit down!" shouted a dozen voices.

Ned sat down. The pleasant, easy-going fellow, they all knew, was no obstinate spoil-sport. Presently he tasted the wine to please the others. He had been quite correct. He could not bear liquor. Phillips might sip and tipple all night, and be comparatively cool and sober in the end, but a single glass made a fool of Moore; the second made him a madman.

Nobody had ever known him so witty. He kept the table in a roar. The means of such fun was there in abundance, and they urged him to drink more.

When Charley Hill drank, he grew surly. "You've had enough," he growled. "You'd better go home, Moore, to your mother. I wish she and Clara Wilson might see you as you are. I'll call on Clara in the morning, and tell her how and where I left her sweetheart."

Now, in fact, Ned cared more for his old chum, Hill, than for all the Claras in the world; but he was in no mood to be jeered about a woman, so he faced Hill, white with drunken rage.

"You play the spy, do you? Coward!"

As I have said, the liquor made Hill surly. He was roused at once, and struck Ned full in the face. Ned was the slighter of the two, and fell heavily to the ground. He sprang up and closed with him, and was thrown again and again, before their companions could separate them.

"He's a little fellow beside you!" cried Joe Wilson, holding Ned back, trembling and colorless. "Shame on you! Shame, Hill!"

Hill stood, dumb and sulky. But the liquor and defeat had driven Moore mad.

"Let me go! Am I to bear a blow? Let me go, Joe! I never was struck before."

There was a dangerous gleam in his eyes, that frightened the boys. Phillips motioned Joe to take him out. He led him into the cool air outside.

"You shall not touch Hill, Ned! You don't know what you're doing, boy. Why Charley is the best friend you have in the world," wiping the white foam from his lips. "Come, let me take you home."

"I'll go home alone. Go in! I want neither help nor advice." He turned off, and Joe thoughtlessly went in.

Hill had already repented. "I'll go after him and make it up," he said, rising and going out. The door closed behind him.

"It's curious," said Phillips, "that one or two glasses of wine should make such an idiot of that fellow Ned."

There was a sharp cry outside, then a dull, heavy thud on the ground, and then silence.

When the men rushed out, Ned Moore stood, sober and motionless, looking down at his old friend, Charley, who lay before him quite quiet, with blood oozing from wounds upon his head. He had been violently knocked down, and, as he fell, his head struck the curb-stone, inflicting a mortal wound.

I began to write this story (which, but for the change of names, is altogether true) simply because I thought it ought to be told to the thousands of boys who will read it here. But when the remembrance of the day of pain that followed comes upon me, I feel that I must be content to set down the facts as briefly as may be.

The dead boy was taken to his own home. Where his friend had gone who had killed him, no one knew. In the confusion, he had disappeared. It was curious how strong the remembrance was with every one, now, how near the friendship had been between the two boys. Even the mother of the dead boy placed the guilt where it belonged.

"It was the wine that did it," she said. "I have no anger against Ned. He would have given his life for my poor Charley."

But the police were not so lenient. There was talk of malice being proved by his watching outside for his friend. Still, their search was of the feeblest, and singularly unsuccessful. "They are giving him time to escape," people said, under their breath.

It was a gray, cold day in November, the fogs lying heavy in the valleys. Late in the afternoon, Joe Wilson, mounted on a strong, swift horse, left the town by the by-streets, and crossed the hill to the south. Just before sunset he met Ned Moore, wandering aimlessly by the side of the river.

He rode up to him, and, dismounting, stood beside him.

"I thought I'd find you hereabouts, on our old hunting-ground. I've brought you this horse, Ned, and all the money I could raise. You had better keep in the hills for a day or two"——

But he saw that Moore did not hear him, though his eyes were fixed on his face.

"I've been waiting to hear," he said. "Is he—is he dead?"

Joe did not speak.

The boy turned his back on him, and stood looking in the river.

"Nobody blames you, Ned," Joe whispered. "Charley himself, if he were alive"——

"It's not Charley," said Moore, with the same dry, hard tone. "He knows how I loved him—he'll forgive me. It's mother I think of—mother. It's all over with me now."

"No, no! There are plenty of chances yet. Take the money, old fellow, and the horse. You'll start all fair again."

Ned went on as though he had not heard him. "Tell the boys it was the liquor. Don't let it ruin their lives as it has mine. Good-by, Joe." He held out his hand.

Joe wrung it heartily. "Good-by, Ned. God bless you! Now mount at once."

Moore shook his head, and, turning away, walked to the edge of the river, drew out a pistol, and, before Joe could reach him, fired and fell.

"It's all done and over!" he muttered, groping with his hands a moment, and the next, lay still and dead upon the pebbly beach.

And, in closing, I can only repeat the last words of the unfortunate young man:

"Tell the boys it was the liquor. Don't let it ruin their lives as it has mine."

ANECDOTES ABOUT OVER-EATING.

To show what gluttons people may unconsciously make of themselves, producing derangement in the system which they cannot account for, the following conversation between Abernethy and a gentleman farmer may be introduced:

"Do you make a good breakfast?" inquired Mr. Abernethy.

"Pretty good," answered the patient.

"You lunch?"

"Yes, I take luncheon."

"Do you eat a hearty dinner?"

"Pretty hearty."

"You take tea, I suppose."

"Yes, I do."

"And to wind up all, you sup, I suppose?"

"Yes, I always sup."

"Why, then, you beast," said the surgeon, "go home and eat less, and there will be nothing the matter with you."

This eminent but eccentric physician was remarkable for the stress he laid upon over-eating as a cause of disease, and was fond of addressing his patients in such words as these: "Your stomach being out of order, it is my duty to explain to you how to put it to rights again; and in my whimsical way I shall give you an illustration of my position, for I like to tell people something that they will remember. The kitchen, that is your stomach, being out of order, the garret (pointing to the head) cannot be right, and every room in the house becomes affected. Repair the injury in the kitchen, remedy the evil there, and all will be right in parlor and chamber; this you must do by diet. If you put improper food into your stomach, you play the mischief with it, and with the whole machine besides."

The Duke of York once consulted Abernethy, who treated him with the greatest indifference. The duke, astonished at his conduct, said,—

"I suppose you know who I am?"

"Suppose I do," said the surgeon; "what of that? If his Highness of York wishes to be well, let me tell him he must do as the illustrious Duke of Wellington often did in his campaigns—cut off the supplies, and the enemy will quickly leave the citadel."

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

CHAPTER VIII.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

The Monday following our excursion to the ledge, as Nellie and I were sauntering along our favorite path by the brook, we came unexpectedly upon a party of three persons lying upon the grass under what was called the big birch tree.

One of the group was Ned Tryst, as any body could see. Another was one of the boys who had been concerned in the blackboard outrage; but the third was a stranger, and an ugly looking man at that.

Nellie was always timid when action did not involve moral courage. She was the first to catch sight of this group, and call my attention to it.

"Hush!" she said, pressing my arm. "What can Ned Tryst be doing with such a rough looking man?"

The fellow was rough enough, to be sure—badly clothed, and wearing a mottled beard and side whiskers that concealed the greater part of his face. His shaggy eyebrows hid the eyes, but his whole expression was as savage as a polar bear's.

The man was talking earnestly, as we came up, gesticulating with his hands, and once shook his fist as if in a great rage.

As the party did not notice our approach, we retraced our steps and should have forgotten the circumstance, perhaps, if the man had not again appeared.

We had made the circuit of the pool, and had sat down upon the trunk of an old tree to sketch the pretty waterfall, formed by the brook tumbling into the pool, when we saw this man talking earnestly to Ned, who was now alone with him.

They approached slowly, with their heads down, and the man was saying,—

"We'll give it to him. We'll learn him to lick fellers for a little harmless fun!"

Ned looked up and saw us—or rather Nellie—and such a mean, sneaking, frightened look as came over his face at the sight!

"Good-evening, Master Tryst," Nellie said, kindly.

Ned bowed and tried to smile, but he did not look at all comfortable.

The man stared at us in an impudent way, as he walked slowly by with both hands in his pockets.

"What gals are them?" we heard him ask Ned.

Nellie looked after the retreating figures thoughtfully, then turned her troubled eyes upon me.

"What do you suppose that mischievous fellow is up to now?" she asked, in dolorous tone.

"I don't know—and what is more, don't care," I answered, peevishly; for I was apt to get out of patience with Nellie's *proteges*.

"That is not the right sort of feeling to have, pet," Nellie said, gravely. "Perhaps you don't know that Ned is almost alone in the world, and his guardian does not look after him as he should. Suppose he was your brother, away from home, and tempted to evil, as he always seems to be; wouldn't you be thankful to any body who would try to influence him?"

"Well, isn't there the Professor, who is paid for thrashing him?"

"Perhaps he is of the kind that need pleasant words more than blows. I don't think *I* could be whipped into being good," Nellie answered.

"No, nor I. But they said Ned bore his whipping like a hero."

"The more's the pity. One ought to feel the disgrace of such a punishment. It is no compliment to bear lashes with indifference," returned Nell.

We went on, sketching in silence for a little time, then Nellie closed her sketch-book.

"I am going to look after Ned Tryst," she said. "They are seeking to play some game upon the Professor, and this man is urging them to do it. Did you hear the man say, 'We'll teach him to lick fellers for a little harmless fun'?"

"Yes; but Nellie, what is the use of putting our fingers into a vice? We shall only nip them and get no thanks."

"I do not want any thanks, but such as my own conscience will give me," Nellie said. "But I cannot stand by, and see such a boy as Ned go to ruin, without doing what I can to prevent it. He has a world of genius, if he can be guided right."

We returned to the boarding-house, and after tea was over, went into the parlor, as was the custom among the boarders, for an hour's chatting before the study-bell rang.

As we passed in, Ned Tryst came down the stairs with his cap on, and was about opening the street door, when Nellie placed her hand upon his arm.

"Come in here, Ned. Please come in; I want to show you the drawing of the brook and pool."

Ned hesitated, as if reluctant to refuse her any thing.

"I've an engagement," he said, presently. "I can't go into the parlor to-night."

"But I wish you to help me a little about the figures; you are so clever in that line."

"Wouldn't to-morrow do?"

"I'm afraid not. But I won't keep you ten minutes."

Ned laid his cap on the table, smoothed his hair with his hand, and went into the parlor with us.

Nellie sent me for the sketch-book, and the two were soon absorbed with the drawing.

Ned had a wonderful gift in giving expression to figures, as we have already intimated.

"I could not make that man look bad enough," Nellie said, alluding to the one who had been sauntering with Ned when we made the sketch.

"O, what made you put *him* in?" Ned asked, quickly. "He isn't fit for a picture!"

"No; but he was fit to be in your company," Nellie answered, fixing her eyes upon him.

Ned colored deeper and deeper.

"I hope you are not planning any mischief to our good Professor," Nellie said, softly.

The quick, scared look that Ned gave her, betrayed every thing.

"I never thought *you* would listen, Miss Nellie," Tryst cried out, angrily.

"I did not listen. I could not help hearing. I am sure I was sorry enough to hear it at all," she said.

Ned stood a moment, looking down thoughtfully.

"If I was sure you wouldn't tell, and get me into more trouble, I'd like to ask your advice, Miss May," he said, looking up in a troubled way.

"I will be your friend—be sure of that—if you will only be true to yourself."

Ned's lips moved as if he was trying to speak, but he didn't.

"Do trust me. What is this man going to do to the Professor? What does he wish *you* to do?" asked Nellie.

Ned glanced furtively around the room, to see who was observing them, then bent his head nearer the drawing, as if consulting with her about it.

"It is this way, miss. That man wants to Callithumpion the Professor."

"Wants to *what?*" cried Nellie, in dismay.

"Perhaps girls don't callithump folks?" Ned asked, in a shamefaced way.

"I should rather think not," was the answer. "It is an awful word."

Ned laughed lightly.

"But you ought to see it done—indeed, you ought. It is the best fun out."

"What is it like?" asked Nellie, naively.

"O, you see, we all get old pans, and kettles, and drums, and tin horns, and stove-pipes, and any thing that will make a noise—the worse the better; and we wait until the folks are all asleep, and then we get under the window of somebody we hate, and let drive."

"Make noises on them, I suppose?"

"Exactly. And it *is* a noise! If you could only just hear it once, miss! The horns toot,

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the drums rattle, and the old tin pans and stove pipes make such a din! It's grand!"

"But what does that man want to callithump the Professor for? He does not belong to the school."

"'Cause the Professor licked his brothers. Them two boys that—that—you know, miss, what I mean—them's his brothers!"

"What good does he think it will do for him to go and insult the Professor in that disgraceful way? O, Ned, I hope *you* would not consent to do so mean a thing?"

Ned moved uneasily.

"I thought you confessed to Miss Mondram that you deserved your punishment for making those figures on the blackboard," Nellie said.

"I told him at first I wouldn't join him, but he made me promise," Ned answered, sulkingly.

"He made you! Such a loutish fellow as that influence you! O Ned, something is wrong, or you would not keep company with a person like that."

"Well, something *is* wrong," Ned cried out, desperately. I am afraid of that man. I borrowed five dollars of him last term, and I can't pay him. He just lords it over me ever since, and makes me do all his dirty work." Ned's lip trembled as if he was ready to cry.

"And if this was paid, could you get rid of him?" asked Nellie.

"O dear, yes. I sold my knife and some other things to raise the money, but there wasn't but four dollars, so he would not take it. I believe he wants me to be in debt to him, so he can use me. I do, indeed!"

"If it was all settled, would you promise never to speak to him again?"

"It can't be settled. I've asked my guardian for the money a good many times, but he won't give it me. He's real tight with me, my guardian is!"

Poor Ned! He was crying, now, and no mistake; but he was ashamed of his emotion and turned his head away, as the tears fell that he was too proud to wipe away.

Catching Nellie's eye, I motioned her to look out the window. The man we had seen in our walk was leaning over the garden wall, looking impatiently toward the boarding-house, as if expecting some one to join him.

Ned saw him just then, and started to go out. Nellie followed him into the hall, and thrust a bill into his hand.

"Here are the five dollars, Ned. Papa gives me plenty of pin money, so I can spare this just as well as not. Promise me you will go and pay this fellow in the garden there, and tell him you are done with him forever."

Ned could not understand at first. He held the money in his hand awkwardly enough, trying hard to refuse it. But Nellie would take no denial.

"I will look out the window and see you pay him," Nellie said.

This gave Ned courage. He walked straight toward the man and held out the bill, then laid it on the stone wall and came away. The man shook his clenched fist at him in a towering passion. Ned looked like a prince when he came back into the parlor, and we all laughed when we saw the man creeping away from the garden like a snared thief.

Then Nellie wrote a little note to the Professor to tell him that the Callithumpions were coming to serenade him that night, and Ned Tryst took it over to the Professor's house himself.

About eleven o'clock, when every thing was quiet in our vicinity, we saw a black mass approaching the Professor's, which was next the boarding-house.

We knew very well what was coming then, and our hearts stood still, as I am sure Ned Tryst's did, who was leaning out the window above us.

"Them's the Callithumpions," whispered Ned. "Aint I glad I aint there?"

Then there came a preparatory scraping, as if all the cats in the neighborhood were giving a concert.

At that moment the Professor opened the door, with the astrals in full blaze, shining directly upon the piazza. There stood the great, loutish fellow, with his two brothers, all with fish-horns at their mouths, while other low creatures were prepared to add to the tumult as best they could. The Professor greeted them like the gentleman he was.

"W[illegible]k in, my friends, walk right in. I am very f[illegible]d of music, but we will have the serenade [illegible]ter you have done me the honor of partaking [illegible] of the refreshments I have prepared for you."

The[illegible] were all obliged to go in, one after the other, [illegible]he Professor shaking hands with each one an[illegible] looking him squarely in the face. The [illegible]able was handsomely spread with silver, and e[illegible] glass, and abundantly provisioned.

It was a sorry hour for the unfortunate Callithumpions, who began to understand what it was to overcome evil with good.

There was no more music that night.

The next morning several boys were missing when the roll was called, and as they were not seen in the school-room again, it is to be presumed they were ashamed to face the noble Professor they had designed to insult for doing a disagreeable duty.

To be continued.

THE LOST PEDLAR.

About once a quarter, a peddler came to Llangadam. There were no railways in Wales at the time of which I write, except colliery tramways; no penny papers; and, accordingly, in an out-of-the-way village like Llangadam, the people thought the peddler a most important personage for news as well as wares.

A little crowd gathered round him as soon as he put down his pack, and hung upon his lips. He had nothing to pay for board and lodging during the day and night he remained in Llangadam; the village folk almost fought with one another to secure the excitement of his company.

The peddler was a general favorite, not merely because he could freshen the stagnant life of the village with his news and stories, but because he was such a good-natured old fellow, always ready to do a good turn for anybody.

Christmas was the name he went by; whether it was his Christian or his surname I cannot say, but it suited him admirably. He was just the hale, ruddy, white-haired, merry-eyed old fellow that artists draw for Father Christmas; only the peddler had no beard, and wore blue ribbed stockings, corduroy breeches, and a snuff-colored coat and waistcoat instead of a fur-trimmed robe, and a low-crowned hat instead of a wreath of holly.

With all the boys and girls of Llangadam, the peddler was a special favorite. Whenever he came to the village, he had one of his deep pockets filled with elder popguns, reed whistles, carved bones and cherry-stones, and other toys of his own workmanship, not for sale, but to give away to the youngsters.

We swarmed round him, like flies round a sugar-barrel, as soon as he made his appearance in the village, to get his toys, and hear his tales. Christmas had been a soldier in his youth, and for five years a captive in a French prison.

We were never tired of hearing him tell of his life in the French prison, though we could not understand why he was not as indignant as we were when he told us of the starvation allowance of bad food he got, and the filth, and suffocating heat, or pinching cold of the prisoner's sleeping-places.

During one of his stays at Llangadam, Christmas had promised to make me a pair of wooden nutcrackers in the evening. I was to call for them next morning at John Clark, the village weaver's, where Christmas had taken up his temporary abode,

"Here's your crackers," said the weaver, when I called. "Christmas was off by daylight, though he sat up half the night, after he'd made your crackers, talking to my poor old mother, just to cheer her up a bit. He's a good man; yes, sure. He thinks about other people; yes, indeed. It's a pity that he's none belonging to him to think about him. He's getting too old to go about the country; yes, indeed. He might meet a low blackguard on the mountains, and have a knock upon the head."

The idea of Christmas, who had been in real battles, being knocked down by a sneaking tramp, seemed to me very ridiculous; but that very afternoon, Christmas' hat, battered and blood-stained, was brought into the village.

A man coming over Cefn Bryn had found it in a lonely hollow, into which it seemed to have been thrown or to have rolled, since there were no footmarks near it, although the ground was swampy.

On higher, stony ground, about a hundred yards off, there were some splashes of blood, and the horn head of Christmas' broken staff; but the ground was so hard there, being simply outcropping rock, that it gave no clue as to what had become of him.

Search was made that day and the next, but no trace of Christmas could be found. We heard, however, that a tall black man, with a bruised face, had been seen hurrying along with a big bundle, by a woman who lived at a solitary farm-house, about a mile from the place where Christmas' broken staff was found; and the general opinion was that this black had murdered poor old Christmas, because he would not allow himself to be quietly robbed, and buried his corpse in some out-of-the-way place, perhaps pitched it over the cliffs into the sea.

There was great grief in Llangadam and Penddinas; but the people had their daily bread to earn, and so, when the second day had passed, the hunt for Christmas was given up. At least, the grown-up people went about their usual business; but the village children, as it happened to be a half-holiday, as soon as school was over, swarmed out to the lonely swamp and the blood-splashed rock on the mountain-side; most of them keeping very close together as they wandered round the swamp and rock.

We got tired at last of looking at the blood-stains on the rock, and the tangled, wet, wild vetches on which our old friend's hat had been found, and wandered towards the cliffs.

One of them stood out from the rest, and was known as the Ravens' Tor, because sea-ravens and cormorants made it a breeding and a roosting place. As we went prying about in the sandy hollows of the cliff, I heard myself faintly called.

It was some time before we could find out where the weak voice came from, but at last we discovered that it was from poor old Christmas, tied, neck and heels, and thrust into a cupboard-like niche in the rock.

Our pocket-knives soon cut away his cords, but the old man was so cramped and faint that he could not stand when he was released.

"Water, water!" he kept on moaning. We got him some from a rain-pool in the cliff, and then I stayed with him whilst Edward Edwards went off for help.

He came back with a crowd of children and some men, who put old Christmas into a blanket, and carried him to the nearest cottage. It was weeks before he was able to leave it, but he was so much liked that he had no lack of nurses and people to sit and talk with him.

It *was* the black man who had robbed him of his pack, and his money, and his watch; beating him brutally because he had made a stout fight, and then dragging him to the hole in which we had found him.

The constables tracked the black to Merthyr, but there they lost the scent. He took care, however, never to venture near Llangadam again. If he had done so, the people would have lynched him.

When Christmas was able to get about once more, a countryside subscription was made to buy him fresh goods, and the poorest cottagers willingly gave their pence.—*Good Words.*

For the Companion.

MY AUNT BELLMAINE.

By Alice Robbins.

I had always heard my Aunt Bellmaine called an oddity. Mamma would talk of her by the hour.

"But then, poor thing, she was so dreadfully disappointed," she always added, "that it seemed to unhinge her mind."

We knew what the disappointment had been, we girls, and had often talked it over. She had been engaged to be married, when, the very evening she wore her bridal dress, news came of a fearful accident, almost as bad as that of the ferry boat in New York, recently, and she was widowed, poor soul, before she was a wife.

They said she never shed a tear, but turned like a thing of marble, so deathly white was her face, and walked up stairs, put away her wedding finery, and never spoke of it again. Before that, she had been the life of the household, but since then, no one had ever seen her smile.

At that time, my own mother was a child of five, and this sister nearly twenty years her senior, for there was a large family of boys between. The young man had perhaps had a presentiment of his death, for his will was made, and two or three small houses and several thousand dollars became the property of my Aunt Bellmaine.

For several years, we had heard but little about her, and what we heard was not pleasant. She was keeping a small shop in the lower part of the great city of New York. We heard of her as mean and avaricious, ugly as a scarecrow, abrupt in manner, and every way repulsive; so that, when I was seventeen, and Lilly, my sister, was nineteen, having received a letter, inviting one of us to come and see her, we both demurred exceedingly.

One part of the strangely-written letter, however, touched my heart.

"I long to see somebody who is kin to me. Send one of your children—the one most willing to put up with the whims of a poor old woman, that I may look upon her and bless her before I die."

"I don't want her blessing," said Lilly, bridling. "I wouldn't go to such a place, to stay a week with such a woman, for twenty blessings."

Now, Lilly was the beauty of the family, and had been petted and spoiled by all of us. It was expected that she would make a great match some day, though how she was going to do it without going to the city, we none of us knew. But of course the thing was to be done, somehow.

"It may be that this is your chance," said mother; at which Lilly laughed, almost insolently.

"I'm not quite crazy, mother," she said. "If I can't go to New York to see people living in some sort of style, I don't want to go at all. Goodness, that old woman would drive me wild. I should never know what to do or say. No, I thank you; Nell may go if she likes; it would just suit her, she is so fond of curiosities."

"Poor old soul!" I said, pityingly, thinking of that sad sentence in her letter. "It must be so hard to have nobody to love one."

"Well, which shall it be?" asked mamma, dipping her pen in the ink, "or shall I write that neither of my daughters feels disposed to come?"

"Certainly not me," said Lilly, decidedly. I was in doubt.

"I should like to see New York, but if she is queer in her ways, and absurd in her dress, it will be dreadful to go round with her."

"She may be neither, my dear," said mamma, quietly, "and she may be both. I have not seen her for years. She never seemed, after her misfortune, to regard me in any way, so I have fallen into the habit of forgetting her."

I thought of that sad sentence again, and decided.

"I'll go. Poor soul! she sha'n't die without seeing one of us, when her heart seems to yearn for the sight." So Lilly laughed at me, but mother wrote.

In a few days came a letter, and the money to defray my expenses.

"Don't take your best things, child!" said Lilly, seriously. "I should just wear one dress, and take one, for, mark my words, you won't stay a week!"

"I shall take my very best," said I, smartly. "I don't care if she does live like a miser. She has been kind enough to invite me and pay my way; do you think I'd go to her like a beggar?"

Lilly laughed her provoking laugh—but, O, how pretty she looked!

"Wait, and see how you'll come back," she said.

My Aunt Bellmaine said she would meet me at the depot. It was a long and weary ride, over a day's travel, and I was thoroughly wearied out. I did not care, now, where I went, so I was insured a cup of tea, and a bed to rest on. But I was not prepared for my reception.

A woman, not so very old, dressed most becomingly in thick black silk, trimmed with costly lace, accosted me as I left the cars, and looked wistfully round.

"This must be my niece, Helen."

"And are you my Aunt Bellmaine?" I asked, in utter surprise.

"Yes, dear, and how tired you must be!" she said, in a sweet, soft, old voice. My carriage is waiting. We shall soon be home, and you will get nicely rested."

Such a carriage, so neat and luxurious, I had never seen in my life. I could hardly believe my senses.

"Hannah," said my aunt to a plain little woman seated in the carriage, "this is my niece, and I'm very glad she is pretty."

"If you call me pretty, I wonder what you'd say to my sister Lilly," I said, nestling back on the luxurious seat.

"Who declined to come?" said my Aunt Bellmaine, in a queer voice, and I knew the blood flew to my cheeks, for I remembered all the bitter things Lilly had said.

Hannah seemed pleased with me, and we drove along, I in a maze of doubt and wonder, till we stopped before a fine, brown-stone house, and I was led out, and led in, amid perfumes, lights, colors, pictures of great price, and fairly bewildered by the beauty and refinement about me. It was all like fairy land to me, and Aunt Bellmaine was as sweet and gracious as a princess. My supper was beyond all praise; my bedroom a perfect bower of neatness.

"What *shall* I say to Lilly?" I kept repeating to myself.

Well, I was satisfied, of course.

Every day, Aunt Bellmaine, attired in homely apparel, was driven down town, and precisely at four, she returned. Then began my pleasure. We drove everywhere, saw all the sights worth seeing, went to all the places of amusement that my aunt thought would please me, received company at home, some of the best and most intelligent people of the city visiting at my Aunt Bellmaine's; and so the days glided on, a succession of delights.

One day I went with her to the little shop—a veritable old curiosity shop, and as well worth seeing as any museum. There I learned what my aunt really was—an angel of mercy. All the

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poor and miserable adored her. They came to her with their little troubles, and she sold them goods at small prices, often lent them money, often paid their rent, and yet so keen were her faculties, so just she was, that even amidst all this poverty and misery, she lost nothing. On the contrary, her gains were steadily increasing, and she had invested so judiciously in land, that she was now enormously rich.

Well, my only longing now was to have Lilly there. Of course she was chagrined, mortified beyond expression at what she had lost, for I had taken the greatest pains to be circumstantial in all my letters.

One day, my aunt said,—

"My dear, though I shall never like your sister as I do you, suppose you ask her to come on and enjoy herself a little while? As for you, I am going to ask your mamma to give you to me. I am an old woman, and my days are numbered, so it will not be long that you will be chained to me, if the good God pleases."

Lilly came, but, with all her beauty, Aunt Bellmaine was always a little cold towards her. Aunt Bellmaine is dead, now, and, while I respect her memory, and love her more than any earthly thing, I try to use the wealth she left, as she and God would have me.

ASSURANCE.

When from the peeled husk of March, in bliss,
The pretty April comes to life and sings,
We know the sweet May, yet a chrysalis,
Will open soon her golden-plaited wings.

And when we see some warm heart cease to move,
Some fair cheek paling with the mortal strife,
We know that from this twilight of God's love
Will rise the glory of eternal life.

Alice Cary.

For the Companion.

ONE WAY TO CATCH A FOX.

It was several years ago, in the month of October, that my brother Will and I went to the lake to fish for togue trout. The togue are altogether a different fish from our little brook trout. They are caught, weighing all the way from five to thirty pounds. I have heard of monsters, captured by fortunate fishermen, that weighed forty pounds.

To land one of these lively fellows—a twenty pounder, say—big hooks are necessary and a strong line; it takes muscle, too. When hooked, they dart off with a plunge that might take a small boy off his feet. Will was one day jerked out of his boat by a large togue, that took his bait quite unexpectedly.

We caught three that afternoon, and when we reached home stood our poles, with the hooks and lines on them, against the "August sweet" tree, an apple tree where we always left them. We had used pieces of fresh meat for bait; and as it was quite late when we reached home, Will forgot to take the bait from his hook.

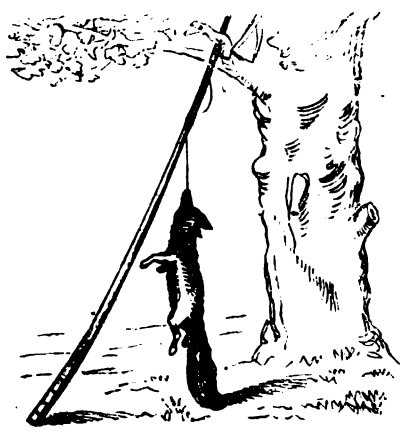
In the night a cry in the yard woke me. It sounded something like the whine of a dog. I heard it several times, and finally went down to the kitchen door and looked out. After listening awhile, and not hearing the cry repeated, I went back to bed.

The first thing I heard in the morning was a call from Will.

"Come here! Come quick!" he shouted.

I jumped up, dressed in a hurry and ran down stairs. Will was standing near the apple tree as I rushed out, rubbing my eyes.

"Here's a catch!" he exclaimed.



Catch, indeed! Lo, there was a fox hanging at the end of Will's fish-line!

It was not a common yellow fox, either, but a gray, of the sort hunters call "cross grays."

"That's a curious fish," said I. "How came he there?"

"Plain's day," said Will. "Bait left on the hook; this fellow comes along in the night, smells it, jumps up to catch it, and so catches himself. The hook is well set in the gristle of his nose. He isn't dead, either, only shamming. Keep quiet, and you'll see his eyes slyly open every few minutes."

"It must hurt him terribly!"

"Hurt him! Well, yes. But he has grit to hang there still, and pretend to be dead, with that hook in his nose."

His great bushy tail almost touched the ground, but his feet did not. He was hung.

"What shall we do with him?"

"Kill him."

"That seems too bad. He's suffered so much."

"Well, we might keep him awhile, and chain him to the apple tree. We can take our girting chain. That's pretty strong."

The "girting chain" was a small chain with little brass rings in it, which we used to *girt* the steers and oxen with, to see how much they measured round their *waists*.

I ran into the house for the chain. Will fastened it carefully round the fox's neck, and then to the apple tree. The cunning fellow never stirred during the whole time. As soon as we had the chain secure, I held him up, and Will tried to take the hook out of his nose. That made his muscles quiver in spite of his strong self-control. We finally succeeded in working it out. The moment his feet touched the ground the fox made a desperate spring, but the chain checked him with a snap. We gave him an empty barrel for a kennel, and threw in an old pair of trousers for his bed.

The next thing thought of was how to get food for him.

Foxes are meat-eaters. They catch a good many rabbits. (Boys call them rabbits, but hares is the right name.)

"Why not get rabbits for him? There are lots of them dodging about down in the bush piece."

That afternoon we took our bow guns and went to the bush lot to hunt rabbits. We shot two, and threw one of them to Master Reynard. He hardly deigned to look at it. Perhaps his nose was too sore. It had swollen a good deal. The hare, however, was partly eaten before the next morning.

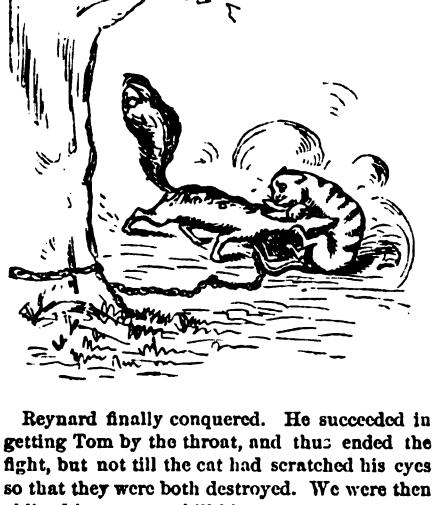
We fed the fox on rabbits for several days, but it took so much time to hunt them, that we conceived the plan of setting the bow-guns like this, in some little path where the rabbits went back and forth: A string was fastened to the lock of the gun, then drawn tightly across the path and tied to a short stake. The rabbit in running along the path would push against the string, unspring the bow, and receive from the arrow his death wound.

It was cruel to kill them so, but we did not think of that. All we considered was the easiest way to get meat for *Trout-hook*, as we called the fox, in memory of the way he was caught.

A rabbit would last Trout-hook a couple of days. When the winter days came, a large cat came creeping from the woods and prowled around the barn and other outbuildings. It was not a wild-cat, exactly, but a domestic cat that had wandered from some house and taken up an independent life.

The first time we saw him, he was sitting near the barrel, watching Trout-hook eat a rabbit—watching as if he wanted a share. But Trout-hook did not seem inclined to divide his rations, and gnawed away, with now and then a sinister glance at his feline visitor. Presently, the cat ventured toward the food with cautious steps and extended nose. Reynard waited till Tom (why is it that all gentlemen cats are called Thomas?) was just taking a taste of the fresh meat, then jumped at him with a sharp yap. Tom drew hastily back, spit and struck with his paw. When the fox had finished his meal Tom gnawed the bones that were left. After this first interview, we saw the cat there every day. Sometimes he would get into the apple tree, and this always set the fox to barking at him.

They hated each other most fervently; and one day in February there came an awful battle. What brought it on we never knew. We heard a great outcry, and rushed from the house to see what was the matter. The two were in most desperate conflict. Such a howling, and scratching, and biting, and yapping! The fur flew well!



Reynard finally conquered. He succeeded in getting Tom by the throat, and thus ended the fight, but not till the cat had scratched his eyes so that they were both destroyed. We were then obliged in mercy to kill him.

ROYAL NICKNAMES.

There is a tendency in the human mind to bring down great men to the common level, and the use of nicknames is one of the means taken to effect this not very amiable end.

Many of the Kings of England are almost as well known by these often disparaging appellations as by their real titles. William Rufus, second of the Norman Kings, is said to have been so called from his sanguine complexion. It is a curious fact that even the greatest historians seldom speak of him as William II., which is his true title. He is still Rufus, or the Red King, as he was almost eight hundred years ago.

King John was known as John Lackland, which is a literal translation of Jean *Sans terre*, given him because of the smallness of his possessions in his minority, the title being a common one to youths who inherited no fiefs.

Edward I. was called *Longshanks*, from his tallness,—and yet we read that when his coffin was found, a few years ago, it seemed to be comparatively small, and not such as a very tall man should have.

Henry VIII. is known as "Bluff King Hal," which gives a favorable impression of him, bloody fellow though he was. His subjects called him "Old Copper Nose," because he caused copper to be used in certain silver coin. The silver plate wore off from the King's nose stamped on the coin, leaving that feature of a very coppery hue, not unlike the relative character of the King. The popular humor soon took advantage of this nicknaming both the King and the coin. No doubt he avenged himself in turn by hanging some of their number, for it was a dangerous thing in those days to take a monarch by the nose.

"Bloody Mary" was the appellation bestowed upon Queen Mary of England, eldest daughter of Henry VIII., from the execution and burning of Protestants during her reign.

Richard III. was called Crookback, because one of his shoulders was higher than the other. He was also known as the "hog," because, as Duke of Gloucester, his cognizance was a white boar.

William III. had a number of nicknames. He was a small man with a very prominent nose; hence his enemies sought to disparage him by the title of Hooknose. Cromwell was sometimes called "Red Nosed Noll." It would seem that it was a common thing in old times to take liberties with the large noses of big men.

All appellations of this kind were not disparaging to the sovereign's character. Thus: Queen Elizabeth was known as "Good Queen Bess," and Anne, last of the Stuart sovereigns, was called "Good Queen Anne," though some of her subjects called her "Drunken Nan," as she was supposed to be addicted to the use of heavy wines and strong cordials. Charles II. is known as the "Merrie Monarch," as he led a fast, jovial life, which was a source of public misery.

George III. was often spoken of as "Farmer George," because of his plain, unsophisticated manners, and from his rural tastes, and his resemblance to a prosperous farmer. William IV., who had served in the navy, was known as "William the Sailor," or "William the Tar."

Some of our Presidents have been given nicknames by which they still are known. The first of these,—President Jackson, who came into office in 1829,—was popularly known by the name "Old Hickory," an appellation given him by his soldiers, from the rough and unbending character of the man.

President Harrison was cheered as "Old Tip," because he defeated the Indians in the battle of Tippecanoe.

President Taylor was called "Rough and Ready," which had the merit of representing his readiness, but he was not an unpolished man.

President Buchanan was sometimes called "Old Buck," but the nickname was not sufficiently characteristic to prove enduring.

President Lincoln was spoken of as "Old Abe" and as the "Rail Splitter," but the nicknames will never become historical.

President Grant used to be called "Unconditional Surrender Grant," from well-known reasons. Whether the nickname will pass into history, or be speedily forgotten, cannot now be determined.

Thus public opinion gives men of position names suited to their characters. It is to be regretted that popular opinion of public men is often found to be very low.

IRISH BULLS.

I say *Irish* bulls, because poor Pat is not the only one who blunders in this laughable way.

A genuine bull carries with it an instant of bewilderment, and we share in the confusion of the perpetrator. This description of the happy conclusion of a duel is a good specimen. "The one party received a slight wound in the breast; the other fired in the air, and so the matter terminated."

And you know Sir Richard Steele meant to do the polite thing when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. "If, sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there all night."

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-gallery, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "let me suggest that if you all go into the room at once, it will not hold you!"

In a debate on the question of the Irish Union, one of the members concluded an eloquent speech in its favor by saying "it would convert the barren hills into fruitful valleys." At a crowded lecture, one evening, a young lady, standing at the door of the church, was addressed by an honest Irishman: "Indade, miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full!"

A handbill in Dublin, announcing a public meeting in that city, stated that "the ladies, without distinction of sex, are invited to attend." An enterprising furrier intimates to such ladies as desire genuine furs, that he will make muffs, boas, &c., *out of their own skins*."

An Irish crier at Ballinasloe, being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the court."

One of the richest *practical* bulls we ever heard was about a poor Irish peasant, who was floundering through a bog on a small, ragged pony. In its efforts to push on, the animal got one of its feet entangled in the stirrup. "Arrah, my boy!" exclaimed the rider, "If *you* are going to get up, it's time for *me* to get down."

You remember that son of Erin who, passing a neglected burial place, gravely declared, "Well, thin, Pat, so long as I *live*, I'll niver let the likes of this happen to *my* grave; *I ll pull the weeds meself first*."

An Irish girl who has lived for years in the family of a friend of mine, being asked if it was really necessary for her to attend so many funerals, replied, earnestly, "Sure, mum, if I don't go to their funerals, do you think they'd come to mine?"

Even their epitaphs are not free from blunders.

"Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea, and never found."

"O, cruel death! how could you be so unkind
To take him before, and leave me behind?
You should have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor."

KATE S.

SNAKES EN FAMILLE.

Dr. W——, who, besides being an excellent physician, is a very close observer of nature, upon one occasion noticed that a snake emitted a hissing sound, as he approached. It turned out that he had disturbed a mother-snake, and that she was calling her young together at the approach of a supposed enemy.

The snake opened its mouth, and the family of children ran into it as fast as ever they were able.

The doctor then slew the snake with his walking cane, and made a *post-mortem* examination with his pocket-knife.

He found in the body of the snake a large sack not unlike the bladder of fishes, in which

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was stored some forty little snakes. What was peculiar about their condition was, that they were all packed heads and tails, although they had all come in head foremost.

It must have been a very clear-headed family that could arrange themselves in such an orderly way notwithstanding their excitement and alarm. It is certain they all came home *straight*, and when their mother called them, obeyed the summons without stopping to ask "why," or to beg for a little more indulgence.

The more closely we examine the habits of all living things, the more we are compelled to acknowledge the design and adaptation in their structure and habits that indicates their creation by a Superior Intelligence.

THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

At the time we write there are reports that the Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, is thinking of abdicating the throne, and of retiring into private life, to seek that peace of mind which a throne does not afford. The Emperor has reigned twenty-three years.

The reason given for the Emperor's wish to retire from public life is, that he finds his position a very perplexing one, and that with no prospect of a change for the better, but with an almost certain prospect of changes for the worse that will require the highest prudence and statesmanship.

The Austrian Empire is composed of various countries and peoples. It is made up of German States, of Bohemia, and of many lesser communities. We do not include Hungary in this account, for that is a kingdom by itself, of which the Austrian Emperor is King. It is the conflicting interests of these different peoples and countries that make the empire so hard to govern.

In 1806, Francis II., Emperor of Germany, threw up that dignity—the old German Empire having come to an end—and formed the Empire of Austria.

Since that time it has passed through various troubles and changes, but has proved itself in the main equal to the task of maintaining its honor and unity. It came very near disruption in 1848, but Russia's aid saved it, bringing about the conquest of the Hungarians, who threatened its stability.

The war between Austria and Prussia, in 1866, proved unfavorable to the former. In his attempts to recover the ground then lost, Francis Joseph has done much to reform his empire, but without the success at which he aimed.

The cause of this lack of harmony lies not only in the conflicting interests of the different countries, but in the different races who inhabit the great divisions of the empire.

In each of these countries the opinion prevails that the people should be allowed to manage their own affairs, for example, as the people of our American State manage theirs. At the same time they are willing to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Emperor in all matters of national concern.

This difficulty might perhaps be satisfactorily settled, but that in some of these countries there are disputes as to which race shall hold local sway. This contention is much like that which now exists in some of our Southern States between colored men and white men.

Take, for example, the case of Bohemia. That country is large and importantly situated. Among its inhabitants are many Germans, who claim the ascendency on the ground that they are the more able and intelligent race, and better prepared to carry forward the work of government than are the native Bohemians. To this view, the latter, who form the majority of the inhabitants, object, and claim the right to rule in their own country. They know that German rule in Bohemia, however good it may be in Germany, would be a tyrannical business. There seems no way of making a satisfactory compromise, and yet to one race or the other ascendency must be given.

It is the same with other Austrian countries, each of which claims what Bohemia asks for, and what Hungary has, and has possessed for years. It is the success of the experiment of local government in Hungary, that makes the other countries anxious to share its privileges.

Thus the great empire is full of agitated communities. In addition to this, the German parts wish to join the German Empire. The government is involved in great financial troubles, and trembles in view of the danger of a war with Prussia. Is it to be wondered at that the Emperor, who is advancing in life, should wish to lay aside his thorny crown?

PILLOWLESS PIGS.—The *Irish Farmers' Gazette* states that three of the fat pigs at the Islington agricultural show died last week of apoplexy. It seems that these interesting creatures had been accustomed to pillows on which they rested their heads when not engaged in eating. The pillows in question, consisting of billets of wood, had unfortunately been forgotten, the pigs dozed off as usual after their meal, and such was their plethoric condition that they passed away in their sleep. It is stated as a fact that some of these fatted pigs require at times such stimulants as port wine and sal volatile to keep them up.

SAVED BY AN EIGHT-YEAR OLD BOY.

Such promptness and wisdom in danger as the little hero of the following story showed are not often seen, or often expected in mere children, though the best ways to act in such cases may be *learned* by almost every one even when very young. Read it as we will, the rescue here described was a notable providence.

A few days ago, while Mr. Warner, a prominent merchant of Hartford, was visiting at Woodbury, he went a fishing in the Pomparaug River, taking his little nephew, about eight years of age, named Eddy Loveland, with him.

After fishing along the banks for some time, he finally took position on the trunk of a tree which had fallen across the river, flung the hook into the water, and while waiting for a bite, slipped from the tree into the river. The water was deep, and Mr. Warner sank to the bottom.

He struggled manfully, but could not swim, and finding it imposible to rescue himself, he gave up all for lost. The little boy stood on the bank, and saw his uncle fall, but what could he do to save him? He walked out on the tree and peered into the water, but it was deep. Mr. Warner was at the bottom and he could not see him.

At length the little fellow seized the fishing-pole and plunged the end into the water. While moving it around in the river, the end struck Mr. Warner, who grasped it with the grip of a dying man, and holding fast to it, he was pulled to the surface by his nephew, and at last to the shore, where he was safe.

Mr. Warner says that he held up his arms in the water, but it was so deep that the boy could not see them, and while in that perilous condition, with hope gone, he said to himself, "I can't drown here among the hills alone," but concluded it must be so.

It was a remarkable escape, and Mr. Warner owes his delivery from a watery grave to the presence of mind and heroic exertions of his nephew, Eddy Loveland.

THE REWARD.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?
And through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper of the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse?
Who does not cast
On the thronged passages of memory's book,
At times, a sad and half reluctant look,
Regretful of the past?

Alas! the evil that we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's goodness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-man?

If he hath bidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and in an hour of need,
Over the sufferer, mindless of his creed,
Or home, hath bent—

He has not lived in vain, and while he gives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
Can henceforth part.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE BOX THAT WOULDN'T STAY STOLEN.

Sin is generally found out, but it isn't common that it takes so merry a way as this to report itself:

A thief in Calcutta lately stole a music box, thinking, probably, from its ornamented exterior, that it was a jewel case. Having got off safe with his prize, he made his way to Wellesley Square, where, in the shrubbery, grows a certain large and bushy shrub. Close to this shrub resides the Mallee who looks after the grounds.

The thief sat down in the shadow of the bush, and proceeded to pick the lock. The lock, however, was the spring to set the wheel going, so that all of a sudden the horrified thief heard his jewel case begin, in a lively manner, to play "The Wind that Shakes the Barley." He jumped up, flung the bewitched box into the bush and fled.

Meanwhile the Mallee woke, listened,—yes—his bush was resonant with sweet sounds. He sat up, cold perspiration burst out upon him; the bush which he had attended from its twighood, which he had watched with all a Mallee's pride, was certainly bedevilled.

The tune stopped—click, click—and then began "Mabel Valse." This was too much for the Mallee, who fled from the bewitched spot to the police inspector. Swiftly the pair returned to the garden, cautiously approached the tree just in time to hear the musical box, which had now gone through its *repertoire*, rattle off the last bar of a comic song. The inspector recognized the sound, dived into the bush, and extracted the musical box.—*Pioneer of India.*

FAST WRITING.

We commend to beginners in composition the excellent suggestion found below; "the best writing *distils from the pen—drop by drop.*" Don't be ambitious to write (or do any thing else) any faster than you can do it well.

Mr. Beecher's publishers have favored the world with an account of his habits in composition. "He writes," they tell us, "with inconceivable rapidity, in a large, sprawling hand, lines wide apart, and words so thinly scattered about that some of the pages remind one of the famous description of a page of Napoleon's manuscript—a scratch, a blot, and a splutter." This is, indeed, remarkable, but is far exceeded by the performance in that line of a famous Chinese novelist, who wrote with such fearful speed that, throwing the finished sheets over his head, they soon accumulated to a pile large enough to darken his windows, and threaten him with suffocation.

Horace, in one of his satires, makes fun of a contemporary poet, whose chief claim to distinction was, that he could compose two hundred verses standing on one leg. Horace didn't think much of the verses, and, we suspect, with good reason.

There are all conceivable habits of composition, and they range from the slow elaboration of John Foster to the race-horse speed of our doughty Southern countryman, Henry A. Wise, whose prodigious gubernatorial compositions are still remembered by a suffering world. Once sitting by James Parton, he observed, tersely, "The best writing distils from the pen—drop by drop." Sheridan once said to a friend who had a fatal facility with his pen, "Your easy writing makes terribly hard reading."

We would not have the young men of the country believe that in writing speed is all. Nor do we believe that Mr. Beecher makes any merit of his rapidity, though it seems that his publishers do.

ROSES AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

The following paragraph furnishes us a highly-colored picture of oriental luxury in ancient times, when people sometimes were literally intoxicated with perfumes, and suffocated with roses:

To enjoy the scent of roses at meals, an abundance of roses were shaken on the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses during meals descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal-times, they reclined on cushions stuffed with rose leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet-room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers, to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, hyacinths and narcissi, and walked about upon the flowery platform.

LORD BROUGHAM'S WHISPERS.

Whispering is a method of articulation by the use of only *part* of the organs of the voice. Some have cultivated it to great perfection. We knew a young preacher who had practised it as an art, till he could whisper words so as to be heard and understood (in a still day) a quarter of a mile. Lord Brougham, who used to go to hear the best speakers when he was a boy, said of himself:

Even thus early I profited not a little from the great leaders of the bar, and somewhat from great preachers, both masters of declamation and of pathos. From one whose eloquence was remarkable, and in pathetic passages, especially, I learnt a use of the voice which was thus impressed on my mind when very young, and which I have often employed in after life, namely, of dropping the voice at particular passages, to command general attention, or enforce silence.

It was from the use of this expedient that some, as Abercromby, (Dunfermline,) used to talk of "Brougham's whispers," alluding to my power of whispering through the House of Commons to the very door and wall. The preacher from whom I learned this had a very feeble voice, which probably suggested it to him. I certainly had not the same reasons.—*Memoirs of Lord Brougham, written by Himself.*

LOOKING OUT FOR HIMSELF.

It is not everybody that makes so good an overseer over his own bad habits as the following curious example:

The Swiss *Times* reports that a native of Fribourg presented himself, a few days ago, at the post-office at Lausanne, and asked for an order for one hundred francs. The clerk put the following usual questions to him:

"Who is the sender?"

"Jacques Mathieu, *poste-restante* at Estavayer."

"Is he your brother?"

"No, it is myself."

"Do you mean to say that you are sending a post-office order to yourself at Estavayer?"

"Yes, I am going there."

"But why can't you take it yourself?"

"Ah, there it is!" said the simple fellow; "you see, I know myself, and if I were to take the money with me, the probability is that it would never reach Estavayer, while, by sending it through the post-office, I shall be sure to find it on my arrival, where I shall require it."

MONEY IN HIS SKIN.

We can just remember an absurd nursery-story of a poor boy, who had nothing but an old hide, given to him by his godmother, and when almost starving, happening to beat the hide with a stick, he was amazed to see silver coins roll out of it. Of course he went on beating the hide, and became a rich man. We have forgotten what sort of a hide that was, but it must have been a horse-hide, and perhaps came from the ancestor of the San Francisco animal told of below:

The San Francisco *Call* says that one of the hostlers of the Central Railroad Company, while currying a horse which has been owned by the company for over three years, discovered a hard substance under the horse's skin, near the right shoulder, and called the attention of Dr. Crocker, veterinary surgeon of the Fire Department, to that fact. The doctor made a slight incision in the skin, and withdrew the hard substance, which proved to be an American quarter, bearing date of 1858. How the piece of coin came there, or how long it has been there, are questions yet to be answered.

AN EPITAPH ON ELLINOR BACHELOR.

AN OLD PYE WOMAN.

Bene A. Thin Thed Ustt Hemo. Uld yo
L. D. C. RUSTO! Fnel L. B.
Ach El Lor. Lat EL Y.
Wa S shove N. W. How—Ass! Kill'd I, N. T H
Ear T. Sofp, I Escu Star.
D. San D 'T Art. San D. K. N. E. W. E.
Ver —— Yus E – Oft He ove N. W. Hens He
'Dli V. 'D L. on geno
Ug H S hem A. D. E. he R. la Stp. Uf—fap
Uf F. B Y he. R hu
S Ban D. M.
Uch pra is' D. No. Wheres Hedot
H L. i e Tom. A Kead I R. T. P Iein hop esthatho
R. C. RUSTW. I.
L. L. B. Era is —— 'D.

ANSWER.

Beneath in the dust
The mouldy old crust,
Of Nell Bachelor lately was shoven,
Who was skilled in the arts
Of pies, custards and tarts,
And knew every use of the oven.
When she'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much prais'd;
Now here she doth lie,
To make a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust will be rais'd.

NEW POLICE DUTY.

Some people appear to have singular notions of the powers and duties of the police. In a notice of the earthquake in Wales, we read that "a lady, in the absence of her husband, much alarmed by the noise, went in great excitement for a police officer. We are not told what the constable was expected to do.

The Pope "excommunicated" a comet once. For an officer of the law to take an earthquake in hand would be as sensible, certainly

A BIBLE TREE.

Mrs. Samuel Delzell, a lady of Indianapolis, brought with her a sprig of acacia, cut from a tree in the Cathedral garden at San Augustine, Fla. The seed of the acacia was brought from Palestine by some of the Spanish crusaders, and afterwards cultivated in Florida for the beauty and fragrance of its blossoms. The sprig will be presented to a masonic lodge of Indianapolis.

The acacia is the tree (found in Asia Minor) of which Noah's Ark and the Tabernacle in the wilderness were built.

BIRDS, &C., THAT FOLLOW CIVILIZED MAN.

Previous to the settlement of California, singing birds, fragrant flowers and honey-bees were not to be found in the entire country. Now, however, in all parts of the State may be found many varieties of singing-birds, like the mock-bird, bobolink, larks, linnets, thrushes, Baltimore oriole, and the common robin, which always follow civilization. The forests in all parts of the State are filled with the honey-bee, and honey from Los Angeles county is an important article of commerce. And as for fragrant flowers, California can now beat the world.

DIFFICULTIES OF SOUTHERN TRAVEL.

On the Florida, Atlantic and Gulf Central Railroad, the other day, the locomotive encountered a huge black bear on the track. Bruin was violently displaced by the cowcatcher, but the train did not stop to inquire into damages. Recently, the up train from Brunswick some thirty or forty miles from that place, ran over a large alligator in the act of crossing the track, severing his head from his body and inflicting corresponding damage on his caudal appendage.

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THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

With teeming thoughts and memories
We started on our way,
As in the east the rosy light
Proclaimed the new-born day;
Slow rolled the cumbrous coach along
O'er road as rough as drear,
And brought us to the spot at last,
To memory so dear.

And there it stood, the Old Homestead,
Just as it stood of yore.
The green vines climbing up its sides,
And blooming round the door;
The birds sang in the same old trees,—
Their melody the same
As when, at first, beneath their shade,
Long years ago we came.

The sloping roof, moss-covered o'er,
The windows low and small,
The modest picket fence, the lawn,
Our boyhood days recall;
Not far away, among the trees,
The village church is seen,
And farther down the winding road,
Appears the village green.

We see the distant, sleeping hills,
The forests where we played,
The same green, tempting meadows where
Our childish footsteps strayed;
And in the vale the little stream
Runs on in ceaseless flow,
And looks, and foams, and laughs, and sings
The same as years ago.

Behind the church, where yonder elm
Its lengthened shadow throws
Across the old familiar way,
The village dead repose;
With measured tread we take our way
Adown the grassy lane,
And tread, once more, the sacred spot
We may not tread again.

Since last we trod those shady walks,
Long years have come and fled,
And most who gathered with us then
Are numbered with the dead;
And other footsteps now are heard,
And stranger faces dwell
Within the little cottage home
In youth we loved so well.

Deem it not weakness if the eye
The feeling heart betrays,
For here are sleeping those with whom
We walked in other days;
The good, whose noble virtues blessed
And beautified their lives;
The loved, whose pure affection still
The lapse of years survives.

How like a dream of yesterday
The whole of life appears,
As here we stand upon the steep
Declivity of years,
And trace in each familiar scene
Some vision of the past,
As o'er the present by-gone years
Their golden shadows cast!

Dear Father! hear, to-day, the prayer
Of thankfulness we raise,
And sweeten memory with love
The remnant of our days!
And when at last life's journey done,
[illegible]
The shining shore we see,
"Beyond the silver" may we find
A better home with thee!

Fall River News.

AN HONEST FACTORY-BOY.

There was a lad in Ireland who was put to work in a linen factory, and while he was at work there, a piece of cloth was about to be sent out, which was not as long as it should have been; but the master thought it might be made the necessary length by a little stretching. He therefore unrolled it, taking hold of one end himself, and the boy the other. He then said,—

"Pull, Adam, pull!"

"I can't, sir."

"Why?"

"Because it is wrong."

Upon this, the master angrily told the lad he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home; but that boy became the learned Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke.

Adam Clarke well knew the privations of poverty in his youth, and what it was to be unloved and uncared for. To acquire knowledge, he sacrificed many of the amusements of childhood, and to keep his conscience clear, and his soul unsullied, he was content to bear reproach.

We can fancy him, on the night after the incident we have told occurred, going to his scantily-furnished room, and falling upon his knees, to weep and to pray before God. Such adherence to principle, at costly sacrifice to himself, was not uncommon in his boyhood; but, though he suffered somewhat in his worldly interests, his faith in God was firm, and he carried a hopeful heart and a firm, manly face before the world.

God answered his prayers. It is always so. After a long struggle against the seeming accidents of fortune, the poor boy arose to positions of honor and influence.

Once, in advanced life, he was asked to write in the album of a friend in Liverpool. He had been thinking of the struggles of his youth, and of the mercies that came to him in answer to prayer. He wrote:

"I am neither forsaken of God
Nor abandoned by man;
I see the dawn of a new day,
The first of a spring that shall be eternal;
It is advancing to meet me."

He was repaid at last. There is no truth surer than this, that God "is near unto those who call upon Him."

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

An incident of changed circumstances in the conditions of two men was learned during the progress of the prison investigation recently. The individuals were the warden of the prison and the last convict called before the committee, Andrew D. Wells. Wells remarked just before leaving the chapel that the new warden, Mr. Botelle, had once worked for him; now he was in the prison under charge of Mr. Botelle. The circumstances were that several years ago Mr. Botelle was in the employ of the Wells, Wilcox & Co.'s Machine Works, and at that time he was under the employ of the man who is now a convict in the prison over which he has charge.

A ROBBER BEHIND THE TAPESTRY.

During the last century, a strange adventure happened in Bath (Eng.) to a lady then well known in wealthy London society:

Her house, *i. e.*, her home of summer resort in Bath, contained tapestried chambers. The walls of the one in which she slept were hung around with designs from heathen mythology, and the finest piece in the room was that hung over her dressing-table. It represented Phœbus driving the chariot of the sun. The figures and horses being life size, it filled up the whole space between the windows, and the horses were concealed behind the high, old-fashioned Venetian looking-glass; while Phœbus, himself six feet high, looked down, by night and day, upon his mistress at her toilet.

One evening, Mrs. R. had an unusually large party at home. She wore all her amethysts. On retiring to her room, about four o'clock in the morning, she took off all her jewels, laid them on the table, and dismissed the weary maid, intending to put them away herself, but, before doing so, knelt, as usual, to her prayers.

While engaged in her devotions, it was a habit with her to look upwards, and the face of Phœbus was generally her point of sight, as it were, and the object on which her eyes most easily rested.

On this particular night, as usual, she raised her eyes to Phœbus. What does she see? Has Pygmalion been here at work? Has he filled those dull eyes with vital fire? Or is she dreaming? No. Possessed of wonderful courage and calmness, she continued to move her lips as if in silent prayer, and never once withdrew her gaze, and still the eyes looked down on hers.

The light of her candle shone distinctly on liquid, living orbs, and her good, keen sight enabled her, after a cleverly-managed scrutiny, to see that the tapestry eyes of Phœbus had been cut out, and that, with her door locked, and the servants in bed in their distant apartments, and all her jewels spread out before her, she was not alone in her room.

She concluded her prayers with her face hidden in her hands. We can all imagine what those last prayers must have been! She knew there was some one behind that tapestry; she knew that the bells and screams were equally useless, and she lay down in her bed as usual, and waited the issue, her only omission being that she did not put away her jewels.

"They may save my life," said she to herself, and she closed her eyes.

The clock struck five before a sound was heard, and then the moment arrived. She heard a rustle, a descent from behind the tapestry, and a man stood at her dressing-table.

He took off his coat, and, one by one, he secured the jewels beneath his waistcoat. What would be his next move? Would it be to her bedside, or the door, or window? He turned and approached her bedside; but, by that time, she had seen enough, and again closed her eyes, resigning herself to the Providence whose protection she had just been craving. The man was her own coachman.

Apparently satisfied, by a brief glance under his dark lantern, that he had not disturbed her, he quietly unlocked her door and left her. For two hours—they must have seemed two days—she allowed the house to remain unalarmed, her only movement having been to re-lock the door which her living Phœbus had left ajar.

At seven in the morning, she rang her bell, and ordered the carriage round immediately after breakfast. All this was according to her usual habits. On the box was a man who had cost her a night's rest, and, most probably, all her jewels. However, she drove off; she went straight to the house of a magistrate.

"Seize my coachman," said she, "secure and search him! I have been robbed, and I can hardly think he has had time to disencumber himself of the jewels he has taken from me."

She was obeyed, and she was right. The amethysts were still about him, and he gave himself up without a struggle. All he said was, "I wish now I had killed her. I meant to do it, only she was so good, I hadn't the heart."

It is most probable that, after this exciting episode, the tapestry of that bed-chamber was remorselessly condemned, and the eyeless Phœbus was consigned to oblivion.

WONDERS REVEALED BY THE MICROSCOPE.

Some of the wonders revealed by the microscope are as remarkable as the old tales of giants, genii and enchantment. Says the *Methodist:*

Think, if you can, of atoms so small that whole colonies can live in one drop of water, and swim around as freely as whales in the ocean; and that it would take many millions of them together to be as large as the head of a pin. Imagine these specks of life swimming around in the water, chasing other creatures, smaller than themselves, for food! They are almost too small to think of. You would never think of looking for beauty in these little creatures, but they are most exquisitely formed and colored. Many, not so large as the head of a pin, are as perfect and beautiful as a flower, and just as nicely adapted to their life, in every particular, as a human being is to his.

Many creatures in the sea look so much like flowers, that, in olden times, they were supposed to be flowers; but, studied by the help of the microscope, they are seen to be animals, though as beautiful in color and shape as the loveliest flowers that grow. One kind is called the sea lily, and there are anemones, daisies, and other flower names. But each one is a hungry little animal, waving around in the water, not to look pretty, but to catch something to eat, to stuff into the eager mouths they always have.

How do you suppose the sponge you have to use with your slate at school spent his time when he was alive, before he was torn from his home for your use? Do you see those little hills on him, each one of which has a hole in it? Well, he spent his time in drawing in the water through the tiny holes all over him, and, after he had snatched all that was good to eat, spirting it out again through all these little volcanoes.

Why, he made a regular fountain down there at the bottom of the sea! I would not be surprised if your father wears some pieces of sponge for shirt studs and sleeve buttons. You ask him if he wears the fashionable "moss agates;" and, if he does, you just tell him it is nothing but flint, with pieces of sponge turned to stone in it.

TWO-TEN.

Miss Burdett Coutts, a noble-souled, generous-hearted woman, the wealthiest commoner in England, who yearly gives away a fortune, has recently received the title of Baroness from the Queen. A correspondent of the *Golden Age* relates the following amusing anecdote of a recent visit of the new baroness to one of the fashionable shops of Paris, which illustrates the truth of the time-worn adage that we cannot always judge a person correctly by appearances:

Of course she is a well-known and most welcome customer at all the fashionable shops in London, but she is not so familiar a *habitue* of the shops of Paris. During a visit to this latter city, not very long since, she learned the death of a distant relative, and she went to purchase mourning to the shop, the *Trois Quartiers*, a large dry goods establishment, something like, "to compare great things with small," our own Stewart's.

She asked for mourning dress goods, and was shown by one of the attentive shopmen to the proper department. "Please show this lady mourning stuffs," he said, "two-ten."

Miss Coutts made her selection, and then asked for mourning collars; the clerk who had waited on her accompanied her to the proper counter. "Please show this lady mourning collars—two-ten," said he, and left her. From this department she went to look for mourning pocket handkerchiefs, escorted by the clerk, who passed her over to his successor with the request, "Show this lady pocket handkerchiefs,—two-ten."

As she had still other articles to buy, she was escorted from counter to counter, department to department, and everywhere these cabalistic words, "two-ten," were repeated by one clerk to another.

Struck by the peculiarity of this refrain, she asked the proprietor, as she left the establishment, "Pray, what does two-ten mean?" I noticed each clerk said it to the other in your shop."

"O, it is nothing," he replied; "merely a password that they are in the habit of exchanging."

But Miss Coutts was not satisfied with this explanation. Her woman's curiosity was piqued, and she resolved to unravel the riddle. So in the evening, when the porter, a young boy, brought home her purchases, after paying her bill, she said, "My boy, would you like to earn five francs?"

Of course, he had no objection to do so, and only wanted to know in what way he could do it.

"Tell me," said the lady, what does 'two-ten' mean? I will give you five francs."

"Why, don't you know, ma'am?" said he, evidently amazed at her ignorance; "it means, keep your two eyes on her ten fingers."

The mystery was solved at last. All the clerks of the Trois Quartiers had taken the richest woman in Great Britain for a shoplifter!

She tells this story with great gusto, and one of her friends, to whom she related it in Paris, repeated it to me.

I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO.

"I've got orders—positive orders—not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth, who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon!

"Come, don't be so *womanish*—come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come, show 'em to us, if you can. Show us your orders."

John took a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a neatly-folded paper. "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper and showing it to the boys. They looked and read aloud:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked man. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you. They are God's orders, and by His help I don't mean to break them."

EELS ON A JOURNEY.

The *Delaware County* (Pa.) *American* says: A gentleman who has resided a number of years on the margin of the Delaware, informs us that it is an interesting sight in the month of April to watch the emigration of eels. The fish, which are all young, only some four or five inches in length, advance in uniform order in a grand procession, within a foot or two of the shore, and usually three abreast. They migrate from salt water to the upper parts of the river, are about three days passing, and keep up a uniform speed day and night. They proceed in as close proximity to the shore as possible, in order to escape their enemies, catfish, rock and perch. The old fishermen never fail to observe this interesting spectacle.

THE POETRY OF TRADE.

A Philadelphian, recently on a visit to a neighboring town, says the *Ledger*, was attracted by a very neat little covered vehicle. It was painted in fancy colors, neat but not gaudy, tastefully lined with gilt, and altogether a "turnout" which would attract attention. It seemed a fancy casket for elegant trifles, fancy bread being the grossest possible conception for a carriage so fairy-like. On application to the natty looking proprietor of the establishment, he turned back the covers of the carriage and revealed boiled lobsters! But such lobsters, perfect in their artistic arrangement, reposing on snowy napkins, they seemed to woo the observer, and to say, "Come, eat me." The "merchant" who put up his lobsters in that style understood how to make business. And that is both the poetry and the common sense of many commercial transactions. The true way to secure customers is to make your calling attractive, both in the things you produce and the way you produce them.

BEING LAUGHED AT.

When I was quite young, I had a cast in my eye that quite disfigured me; but I so dreaded physical pain that neither the entreaties nor bribes of my parents could prevail with me to have an operation performed. But on my way to school one day, I overheard two of my schoolmates making fun of me on account of my eye, and all the rest joined in the laugh at my expense. I went home that evening fully willing to have the doctor sent for, to do what he pleased with my eye. I could stand any thing rather than be laughed at.

If your fear of being laughed at always worked out as much good as in this case, it would be a very wholesome feeling; but the fact is, that for betraying young men into evil, and for withholding them from good, there is nothing so powerful as this same fear of being laughed at.

SNOW-SHOES.

In Alaska everybody uses snow-shoes in the winter, and those accustomed to their use can travel thirty or forty miles a day with them. The Norwegian snow-shoe, which is the most popular where it is known, is a different thing from the snow-shoe of the American Indian. It consists of a thin strip of wood about four inches wide and ten feet long. This is turned up a little in front, and has a piece of hog-skin, with the bristles attached, fastened to the under part of the rear of the strip, so as to prevent it from slipping back. The wearer does not lift them from the surface of the snow, but slides them along as he travels, and when descending a hill he puts them to the same use as the runners of a sleigh, and glides down at great speed. He uses a pole to assist him in ascending eminences, and, unwieldy as these may seem, he can travel rapidly with them.

A HAPPILY CONSTRUCTED ORGAN.

Highly Intelligent Member of Church Musical Committee (to new applicant for organist's position)—Our organ is one of the finest in the world. No trouble in playing on *that* organ, I can tell you!

Applicant—How many stops has it?

Mem. of Com. (who can't see what difference that can make)—Stops! Why, I never took notice of *that*, I'm sure. Let me see,—there's one after the first hymn, any way; and—well, I don't see why you can't *stop* whenever you please, —that is if the singing aint going on.

A DENTAL REMARK.

Neighbor S. is a blacksmith; he has a little four-year old. S. was at work at his forge, the other day, making harrow teeth, and had about thirty piled up beside the anvil, when bub came in and stood watching the job.

"Pa, what's them?"

"Those are harrow teeth, sonny."

S. worked away, not noticing the boy, until he heard a laugh, when he looked up and heard him exclaim to himself, "Ho, ho! what an *awfully mouf!*"

DISSOLVED.

A Dutchman, the other day, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the latter, so he referred to the dictionary, and was satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Honty said, "Dey must have very hot vedder dere in New York; I ret an agount of a meeting vere all de peoples had melted away."

A SCHOOL GIRL in Fernandina, Fla., a few nights ago, turned down the wick of her kerosene lamp, and as it continued to smoke she placed a book on the top of the chimney. In a moment a fearful explosion took place, which set fire to her dress, to the curtains, and to the adjacent woodwork, and she was fatally burned—dying the next morning.

A WELL-DISPOSED BLACK SNAKE joined the worshippers in a Petersburg (Va.) church, and, finding the pews all full, took a seat on a rafter. But when, after the benediction, he came down to go out, there was dismay in the congregation.

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"INNOCENT" KITTY.

Queen Bess was a bird, and sang in her cage
  To rival the lark in the skies:
And Princess Pussy-cat sat on the rug
  Winking her innocent eyes.
    "More chick-chick-chick-weed;" Bessie demands,
      Drooping on golden wing;
    Making quick passage over her house,
      From floor to painted swing.

So I lifted her down, and opened the door;
  (Kitty sat winking in state:)
Then left her to run for the chick-weed
  That grows by the garden gate.
    A shower of song follows after:—
      Puss purrs, and looks Innocence's self;
    "I could trust you, my Princess Kitty,
      Side by side with Bess on the shelf."

I came back with the cold, green leaflets,
  To refresh my little singer;
She's no longer singing!—my Kitty
  Has helped herself to a dinner!
    She sits on the hearth rug, winking,
      Looking up with innocent eyes;
    But her feathered moustache shows she's
      Been catching game larger than flies.

My dear, hypocritical Kitty!
  You've had free lectures and dinner;
But, in spite of your innocent eyes, miss,
  You are naught but a miserable sinner!

Cambridge Chronicle.

For the Companion.

ANNA'S RIDE.

Anna's mother was ill, and when good Mrs. Adams called, one day, to see her, she said, "You must let your little girl come and spend the day at my house with Willie and Fred, and I will see that she is well cared for, if you will trust her to me."

"O, do let me go, mamma," cried Anna, "and take dollies, too, so they will not disturb you; please say yes, mamma, won't you?"

So mamma gave her consent, and it was arranged that Anna should be sent for the next morning, if the weather was pleasant.

The next morning Anna had hardly finished dressing her dollies, when Masters Willie and Fred walked into the parsonage, saying their team was at the door to take Miss Anna home with them.

Anna ran to the window to see the team, and what kind of one do you suppose it was?

I doubt if you can guess, so must tell you that all she saw was a little wheelbarrow, about as large around as a bushel basket, painted blue, and as neat a carriage as needs be, if it was not exactly elegant.

Anna thought it would be very funny to ride in it, so we put her hat on, and she was soon ready to go; and as she was a chubby little girl, almost five years old, she filled the barrow nicely. Then her horses, as she called the boys, started with a prance, and mamma threw a kiss from the window to her little girl, saying the ride made her think of the story in "Mother Goose," about the boy taking his wife home on a wheelbarrow. But mamma was not afraid her little girl would have a fall, for she knew that Willie and Fred were careful boys.

Mrs. Adams' house was about a mile from the village, and there were beautiful grounds and a fine garden, besides which the boys had chickens, guinea-hens, pet lambs, and other things out doors to show Anna, with a fine lot of playthings in the house to amuse themselves with and to please their little visitor.

It was nearly dark when Mrs. Adams herself brought Anna home in her carriage, and she made a pretty picture, for she was twined with evergreens and flowers from head to foot, and looked like a little wood fairy.

"O, mamma," said she, as soon as she came in, "see how the boys trimmed me up! We went into the woods and they *winded* the evergreens around me, then called me the Queen of May. We had a nice time all day, but wasn't you lonesome, mamma, without your little girl to take care of you?"

Yes, mamma did miss Anna, but had been resting, and was glad her little girl had had a happy day. "And," said she, "did you have a good ride in the wheelbarrow?"

"O, splendid, mamma, and I *rided* all the way only up the long hill. Sometimes Willie was the horse, and then Fred would be, and they broke me a stick from the bushes to whip my horses with, and then they *runned*, and pranced, and laughed all the way there, but said they wern't tired a bit."

But Anna was tired, and soon went to bed to dream, perhaps, of her ride in the little blue wheelbarrow.

C. H. W.

ABOUT TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Nellie is such a kind-hearted, unselfish little girl that everybody loves her. She seems to be always thinking of what she can do to make others happy.

If grandma loses her spectacles, up jumps Nellie, saying, "I'll look for them," and runs up stairs, down to the kitchen, into the parlor, and all over the house, until she finds them. Then grandma gives her a loving look, and very likely a kiss, and says, "Thank you, my dear little Nellie."

When father comes home, he finds his dressing-gown and slippers all ready for him by the grate. Then he sends a loving glance to Nellie, and sometimes says, "I know the little fairy who anticipates my coming."

When Willie is fretful, or teasing his mother while she is busy, Nellie knows at once what to do. She gets one of her pretty picture-books, seats herself in her rocking-chair, takes Willie on her lap and amuses him, until mother has finished what she was doing, and Willie has become pleased and has forgotten his unhappiness. Then mother looks approvingly upon her, and says, "That's right, my dear little daughter."

Sometimes aunty drops her spool or her thimble. Nellie springs to pick it up; and for that, too, she gets a smile of love, and "Thank you, darling."

The servants like to see Nellie come into the kitchen. She is always ready to oblige them, too; and many a "Thank you, Miss Nellie," she hears from them.

And so she goes through the day, exchanging loving acts for loving looks and words, and is as happy as a little girl can be.

Not so with her sister Bella. No one ever hears of her offering to do any of the kind deeds that make Nellie's day so bright. If asked to do any thing she always has a headache, or her foot hurts her, or she is busy, or she has some other excuse for not doing it. She seldom receives a loving or approving look. Her father never thinks of calling her his little fairy, nor her aunt her little darling. All are kind to her, but they cannot love her as they do Nellie.

The servants do not like to see her in the kitchen. After she has gone out they say, "Wish Miss Bella would stay in the parlor."

Nellie scatters seeds and gathers flowers all the day, while Bella wounds and is wounded by thorns.

Of course Bella is very unhappy. She always looks either cross or sad. A selfish child cannot but be unhappy. But it is her own fault. If she would do as Nellie does, she would be happy as Nellie is.

AN HUMBLING THOUGHT.

Philip, King of Macedon, when attending one of the Olympic games, fell down in the sand; when he rose again, observing the print of his body in the sand, he cried out, "O how little a parcel of earth will hold *us*, when we are *dead*, who are ambitiously seeking after the whole whilst we are living!"

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 5, 16, 3, 25, 10, 1 is a solution of salt and water.
My 11, 21, 2 is a vegetable.
My 18, 7, 19, 24, 20 is a part of a door.
My 22, 16, 12, 13, 14, 17 is a small fire arm.
My 15, 23, 6 is a compensation for services.
My 4, 9, 2, 19, 8 is a plant of Scotland
My whole is a proverb.

E. H. LEGGETT.

2.

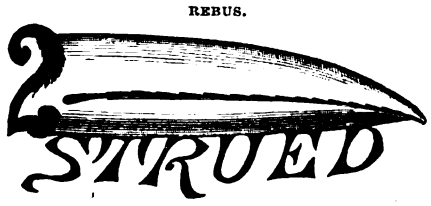
CHARADE.

My *first* is awarded to the brave and true
Who boldly fight or save the shipwrecked crew.
My *next* the forest king, his roar
Is terrible resounding on the shore.
My *whole*, like my first, near the heart
Is often worn when friends and lovers part.

G. J. BELL, JUN.

3.

REBUS.



4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

An interjection.
An unpleasant insect.
A fish.
A game.
An Italian painter.
The founder of a great city.
A river in Scotland.

The *initials* and *finals* will give the names of two romantic lovers who lived in the eleventh century.

LIZZIE BRIDGMAN.

5.

BIBLICAL SQUARE WORD.

A village of Palestine.
An ancient man.
A mountain which overlooked the promised land.
A medicinal plant.

ISOLA.

6.

CONCEALED ANIMALS.

Can you play blind-man's-buff, Alonzo?
Does she feel kindly towards you?
A Cincinnati German girl shot herself last week.
John came late to-night.
When you go to the prairie, do get me some of those beautiful flowers.
Go to Dundee; run fast.
King Leo pardoned great criminals.
See the cow sneeze bran off her nose.
I think buff awnings are pretty.
Leave the pan there.

J. M. W.

7.

BLANKS

Pronounced alike but spelled differently.

1. —— until I can find the —— of this.
2. I will —— you if you pull another ——.
3. Do —— cut through the ——.
4. That —— is as white as ——.
5. Is Pope —— a —— Pope?
6. He drove a —— through the ——.
7. I saw him —— it near the brick ——.

W. J. C.

Conundrums.

When is an English word like a tree? When it has a root.

What title do I name when I ask a person to make a bet? Do-wager.

Why do fans in church sometimes disturb the preacher by the noise they make? They are wind instruments.

Why is an empty cabin like a bird of the poultry class? Because it is a chanticleer (shanty clear).

Why is buttermilk like something which never happened? Because it hasn't a curd (occurred).

What part of speech is kissing? A conjunction.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Ad-vice.
2. Adam, Dove, Aven, Mene.
3. "Honor all men."
4. Mouse, Goat, Mustang, Dog, Rabbit, Colt, Lamb, Antelope, Ram, Coney, Bear, Pony.
5. Wild Honey.
6. Arizona, Pontchartrain, Loo Choo, Ararat, Neagh, Erie, Tabor.—A PLANET, ANOTHER.
7. Dyeing, dying. Kane, cane. Pale, pail. Sews, sows.

IT IS not the worst thing in the world to be speaker of the British House of Commons. The salary attached to the office is $25,000, and the incumbent, upon his retirement, is created a Viscount, and pensioned off to the extent of $20,000 per annum.

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FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

"Deserves our hearty recommendation." *N. Y. Musical Review.* "Unexceptionable in taste and style." *Dwight's Journal.* Soundest, clearest, best book for the piano." *Phil. Eve. Bulletin.* "Will supersede every other of the kind." *Worcester Spy.* "Possesses merit not claimed by other works." *Cleveland Herald.* "Common sense, plain talk and brevity." *Boston Journal.* "Presents many new and important ideas." *N. Y. Tablet.*

No long, dry lessons, nor wearisome exercises, but sprightly studies throughout, and charming melodies for practice at every step. It is all that can be desired. Price $3 75. Sent post paid, for the retail price.

AS **Richardson's New Method** leads all others as an instruction book for the Piano-forte, so

CLARKE'S NEW METHOD for REED ORGANS

Is the most popular of all books used in learning to play on these favorite instruments.

Mr. Clarke is a fine musician and brilliant organist, and, in this work, displays good taste as well as talent in combining good music with well graded and thorough instruction.

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" " " 2. PIANO-FORTE GEMS.

The Marches, Quicksteps, Waltzes, Polkas, Mazurkas, Schottisches, Redowas, Galops, Quadrilles, Simple Airs, Piano Pieces, and Four Hand Pieces, which comprise this great collection, were carefully selected from an immense stock, each one being known to be popular and very salable.

Price of each book, in Boards, $2 50; in Cloth, $3; and Full Gilt, $4. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of retail price.

The "Gems" and "Pearls" of Song.

A FULL LIBRARY OF VOCAL MUSIC!

Many songs enjoy a transient popularity, and—are forgotten. Others acquire a permanent reputation, and continue to sell largely for many years. Such ones will be found in the books entitled

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GEMS OF SACRED SONG,
GEMS OF SCOTTISH SONG,
OPERATIC PEARLS,
SHOWER OF PEARLS, (Duets) and
SILVER CHORD.

All of the above are bound uniformly with the instrumental books of the HOME CIRCLE SERIES, and resemble them in containing an immense amount of valuable music, at one-tenth of the "sheet-music" price. Each book costs, in cloth, $3 00; in boards, $2 50; and full Gilt (for presents) $4 00.

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C. H. DITSON & CO. New York.

THE FOLIO, FOR OCTOBER, is greatly enlarged and improved. It now gives three pieces of music, complete, (which cost one dollar and twenty cents in sheet form) a superb portrait of Theodore Thomas, and thirty columns of original reading-matter, all for ten cents! The FOLIO has increased its circulation more than ten thousand copies since last January. This is a remarkable event in journalism and demonstrates the fact that the people are not slow to see the advantages of buying their music in this form. The FOLIO is edited by DEXTER SMITH, the well-known song-writer, and published at one dollar a year by White, Smith & Perry, Boston. Specimen copies are sent free to any address. $1 per year.

FURNITURE.

P. F. PACKARD & SONS,

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WE WILL SEND

The Companion free to January, 1872,

to all new subscribers sent us during the months of November and December.

We do this so that our friends may commence work at once for the paper.

The circulation of the Companion is now over 70,000 copies weekly. We hope by the close of 1871 to issue each week over 90,000.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

For 1872.

The Volume of 1872 will furnish a rich treasury of reading, that will be of real interest, and of permanent value. With its unequalled corps of writers, it will be varied, fresh, vigorous and instructive, seeking in a striking and effective manner to mirror every thing that will improve and lend a charm to youth,—and not to youth merely, but to readers of maturer years.

Besides charmingly written STORIES that will serve to convey wholesome, every-day truths, and carefully edited SKETCHES of ADVENTURE, the new volume will be more practical than that of the present year in some of its departments, and greatly enriched by the best possible articles for family reading.

Letters of Travel, HISTORICAL ARTICLES, Observations in NATURAL HISTORY, will form distinct features of the new volume.

Sketches of Home and SOCIAL LIFE, and TALES of STRUGGLE against life's hardships that illustrate the results of aspiration and perseverance, will be given.

Also, **Biographical Articles,** and Sketches from HISTORY and BIOGRAPHY, picturing the thrilling or prominent incidents in the lives of noted persons, that led to their success, or to their ruin.

Scientific Articles, also TALES OF ADVENTURE, that leave the mind almost unconsciously intelligent concerning facts in natural history, and of countries but little known.

Articles on the PRESERVATION OF HEALTH, Selections for Declamation, Religious Articles, Illustrated Stories for Children, Games, Puzzles, Rebuses, will add interest to the volume.

And last but not least, intelligent and carefully prepared EDITORIALS, upon topics that for the moment occupy public attention. These will aim to give in a clear, incisive manner, that will interest both old and young, truthful and comprehensive views of passing events in Social, Political, Literary and Religious Life.

We announce among the Contributors to the COMPANION for 1872 the following well-known writers:

Rev. Edward E. Hale,	Mrs. H. B. Stowe,
Prof. James De Mille,	"Sophie May,"
S. R. Ashbury,	Mrs. L. C. Moulton,
Hezekiah Butterworth,	Mrs. E. H. Davis,
Mr. Chas. Barnard,	Mrs. Helen C. Weeks,
Rev. Theron Brown,	Mrs. C. W. Flanders,
Ruth Chesterfield,	Mrs. M. A. Denison,
Miss L. S. Hopkins,	Mrs. S. S. Robbins.

The features of the volume for 1872 that will attract particularly both boys and girls, will be

A Story in Five Chapters, by MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

A Serial of great interest and literary excellence, by Mrs. M. A. DENISON.

A Stirring Serial for Boys; being a Story of Western Adventure, full of thrilling incidents, but unobjectionable in every respect.

Also, **A Series of Articles** for Boys who leave the healthful influences and restraints of country homes for the temptations and dangers of business life in our cities.

—:o:—

Terms.—Yearly subscriptions **$1 50** in advance.

Any Person, *not wishing a Premium,* who sends his own name, and that of a NEW SUBSCRIBER, can have two copies for **$2 60,** in advance.

Any Person, *not wishing a Premium,* who sends his own name, and those of TWO NEW SUBSCRIBERS, can have three copies for **$3 50,** payment in advance. Additional copies for *new* subscribers, sent for by the same person, will be furnished for *one dollar* each.

☞ It sometimes happens that the paper is addressed to the member of a family, and at the close of the subscription year the parents of the subscriber wish the name changed to that of a brother or sister *in the same family.* When this change is desired it should be mentioned definitely—and it should also be remembered that we do not consider the brother or sister whose name is sent under such circumstances, a *new subscriber.*

☞ THE EIGHT added pages that we give our readers this week, are filled with offers of Premiums for New Subscribers, to the Companion, that in variety and value never have been equalled by any Publication in the country. We hope our friends will find these offers sufficiently attractive and liberal to induce them to make more than ordinary efforts to increase the circulation of the paper.

Over $2,000 in Gifts!

Seventy Valuable Presents

To be given to Subscribers to the Companion.

These **Presents** will be given to the **seventy subscribers** who secure the **seventy** largest numbers of new subscribers between **Nov. 1, 1871,** and **July 1, 1872.**

1 **Seven Octave Piano,** cost . .	$475
6 **Waltham Watches, Gold,** Hunting Cases, cost	100
6 **Gold Watches,** (Swiss Lever,) cost of each	50
3 **Weed's Sewing Machines,** cost of each	60
2 **Elegant Parlor Desks,** cost of each	30
8 **Presents in Cash,** each Present, .	25
6 **of Prang's Remarkable Chromo,** "Launching of the Life Boat," cost of each	15
8 **Silver Waltham Watches,** Hunting Cases, cost of each . . .	20
6 **Silver Watches,** Swiss, Open Faces, cost of each	10
8 **Croquet Sets,** cost of each . .	12
6 **Webster's Unabridged Dictionaries,** cost of each	9
10 **Gold Tipped Rubber Pencils,** cost of each	3

THE PRESENTS OFFERED ABOVE

will be given next July in addition to a Premium for each new subscriber.

As expressions of respect from the Publishers, to those subscribers of the Companion who are the most successful in enlarging its circulation.

The Piano is from the manufactory of Messrs. Guild, Church & Co., of this city. It is in rosewood case; range, seven octaves; has French top dampers; overstrung base; ivory front and bushed keys, and solid rosewood mouldings. Its tone is of great purity and sweetness. An elegant present! Further reference is made to it on page 350 of this paper.

The beautiful Gold Watches are those of the justly celebrated Waltham Watch Company. They are full jewelled, with expansion balance, and are enclosed in elaborate hunting cases. They are warranted as good time keepers. A most valuable and useful present! Further reference is made to these watches on page 350 of this paper.

The Weed Sewing Machine, of which we offer three as presents, is a two-thread, lock-stitch machine, and is universally acknowledged as one of the best in use.

This makes over Seventy Presents that we shall give our subscribers next year. No publishers in the country offer such liberal Gifts. Their value is over $2,000,—an extraordinary inducement to secure NEW names.

The Seventy Presents will be given to the SEVENTY SUBSCRIBERS who secure the seventy largest numbers of new names, NO MATTER WHICH OF THE PREMIUMS or COMMISSIONS they may receive for their new subscribers.

Remember, whether you get a Present or not, the premiums given will pay handsomely for each subscriber you may secure, and you have almost a sure prospect of an additional and most gratifying PRESENT —**If you persevere.**

TO THOSE WHO OBTAIN NEW NAMES.

Send your new names as you get them. Always send the payment for each subscription with the name. We do not receive a new subscription unless payment is made in advance.

You may send for a premium for each new subscriber as you send the names, or you can complete your list and then select your premiums, as you may prefer.

If you send for your premiums after your list is completed, be sure and send us the name and post-office address of each new subscriber you have sent, so that we may see if they all have been received by us, and been entered upon our books correctly.

Specimen copies of the Companion, Circulars, Cards or Premium list, will be sent, if you wish them as aids in getting new names.

Subscriptions to the Companion can commence at any time during the year.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS

Who received Presents last July.

The names of subscribers to whom we gave Presents last July, are given below.

The number of new names that secured the Piano last July was Two hundred and thirty-seven. Miss Maud Lincoln, of Newton Centre, Mass., sent that number, which was the largest sent us by one subscriber to the COMPANION. She received the piano, and is charmed with its beauty and excellence. Besides the Piano, a Premium was given for each of her 237 new names.

One hundred and twenty-five and Eighty-six were the next largest numbers of new names, and these secured the American Organ and the Conservatory Organ.

Seventy-eight was the largest number, and Forty-three the smallest number of new names that secured Presents of Gold Watches, last year.

Forty-two new names, and Forty, and Thirty-nine secured the three Sewing Machines offered last year.

Thirty-six was the largest number and Twenty-one the smallest number of new names that secured $25 in cash.

Twenty-one was the largest and Eighteen the smallest that secured a Silver Watch.

The smallest number that secured a Present was ten new names. The 10 Croquet Sets and remaining Presents were distributed among subscribers who sent numbers ranging from ten to eighteen new names.

As will be seen from the above statement, our friends were most liberally paid for their friendly efforts in behalf of the paper,—as besides these handsome and costly presents, they received Premiums for each new name they sent us.

Here are the names and places of residence of the subscribers who received the Presents this year:

Piano.—Maud Lincoln, Newton Centre, Mass.

Organs.—Organ No. 1, H. L. Baldwin, Lawrence, Kansas; Organ No. 2, Clara Van Vleck, Palo, Mich.

Gold Watches.—W. L. Seymour, Brooklyn, N. Y.;—Allan Lincoln, Newton, Mass.;—O. H. Adams, McMinville, Oregon;—Frank A. Palmer, Tuftonboro', N. H.;—Arthur Herrick, Gloucester, Mass.;—Kate Brearly, Jackson, Mich.

Sewing Machines.—Edwin Arnold, Lapeer, Mich.;—C. L. Lang, Lansingburg, N. Y.;—Mary L. Dorsey, Princeton, Ind.

Cash Presents, $25.—Mary A. Fuller, Centreville, R. I.;—H. M. Fletcher, Newport, N. H.;—Althea Finch, Bridgeport, Conn.;—Mrs. J. Bates, West Norwalk, Conn.;—A. Jay Scott, Preston, Ohio;—Mrs. Sallie J. Wright Huntsville, Texas;—Joshua Richards, Nova, Ohio;—H. B. Hall, Dover, Ohio.

Silver Watches.—George M. Hagans, Morgantown, Va.;—E. O. Tuck, Gloucester, Mass.;—Nellie Taylor, Hull Prairie, Ohio;—G. H. Tucker, Durham, Me.;—Fred. A. Fields, Oberlin, Ohio;—Fred Mittenberger, Columbus, Ohio;—W. T. Love, Ottumwa, Iowa;—Martha Damon, Corunna, Utah;—Mary C. Frazer, Lawrence, Kansas;—L. O. Northrup, Ridgefield, Conn.

Croquet Sets.—W. H. Griffeth, Macon, Ill.;—J. M. Crawford, Indianapolis, Ind.;—Henry A. Wilcox, Uxbridge, Mass.;—R. Brown, Milwaukee, Wis.;—Frank Burbank, Brighton, Mass.;—Wesley H. Wightman, Des Moines, Iowa;—Arthur L. White, North Walton, N. Y.;—Charles D. Wicker, Lima, Ind.;—Annie Osgood, Centreville, Cal.;—G. W. Hibbard, Jefferson City, Mo.

Gold Tipped Pencils.—H. L. Wilcox, Fredonia, N. Y.;—H. G. Peabody, Chester, Pa.;—Kate Gifford, New Haven, Conn.;—H. T. Moss, Cheshire, Conn.;—Fred. A. Rose, Brooklyn, N. Y.;—Charles R. Safford, South Royalston, Mass.;—Levi A. Shove, Warren, Conn.;—Charles Taylor, New Albany, Ind.;—J. S. Knowlson, Troy, N. Y.;—Edward Noyes, Boston, Mass.

Silver Pencils and Gold Pens.—Charles Ransom, Plattsburg, N. Y.;—John Atchison, Rochester, N. Y.;—George A. Knepper, St. Paul, Ohio;—M. Carpenter, Grand Rapids, Mich.;—Lucy V. Groves, Yarmouth, Me.;—Georgiana Morrill, Arcade, N. Y.;—Mary W. Morton, Evansville, Ind.;—Fannie E. Snow, Brecksville, Ohio;—V. W. Johnson, Saugatuck, Mich.;—Ada A. Campbell, Fayette, Me.

Porte Monnaies.—Robert Finlay, Elizabeth, Pa.;—Lizzie McGinty, Marshfield, Mo.;—Eugene Rowe, Fairhaven, Ct.;—D. P. Simons, Eau Claire, Wis.;—Nellie M. Hollister, Lee, Mass.;—E. T. Wells, Middletown, Ct.;—J. R. Stowe, Fort Wayne, Ind.;—W. M. Turner, Uncle Sam, Cal.;—J. W. Barnes, Perth Amboy, N. J.;—Craver B. Cline, Victor, N. Y.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

The Companion given with other Publications.

We will send to any person, the Companion, and either of the Publications given below, at the following reduced rates. Payment must be made in advance.

Harper's Weekly and the Companion	$4 80
Harper's Bazar and the Companion	4 80
Harper's Monthly and the Companion	4 80
Lippincott's Magazine and the Companion	4 80
Galaxy and the Companion	4 55
Peterson's Magazine and the Companion	2 95
Godey's Lady's Book and the Companion	3 85
American Agriculturist and the Companion	2 55
Advance and the Companion	3 30
Sunday Magazine and the Companion	4 10
Good Words and the Companion	3 55
Arthur's Home Magazine and the Companion	2 85
New York Observer and the Companion	3 55
The subscriber to the Observer must be a new one to that paper	
Zion's Herald and the Companion	3 55
Moore's Rural New-Yorker and the Companion	3 80
Watchman and Reflector and the Companion	3 55
The subscriber to the Watchman must be a new one to that paper.	
Hearth and Home and the Companion	3 95
Appleton's Journal and the Companion	4 55
The Nursery and the Companion	2 70
The Independent and the Companion	3 55
The subscriber to the Independent must be a new one to that paper.	
New England Farmer and the Companion	3 55
Christian Union and the Companion	3 55

The subscriptions to these Publications can commence at the time they are sent us. We do not furnish Specimen copies of any of them. They need not necessarily be ordered to the same person, or the same Post-Office as the Companion. Our responsibility ends when subscribers receive their first number.

☞ **Remember** that we offer the Premiums on the following pages for sale, as well as for New Names.

HOW TO WRITE

Your Letters to the Companion.

Three things should always be stated by a subscriber who sends money by letter to the Companion.

1. *The amount of money enclosed in the letter.*
2. *The name of the subscriber who sends the money to pay his subscription, should be written in full and very plain.*
3. *The name of the Post-Office, and of the State to which the paper is sent, should invariably be given.*

For example:—Suppose Walter Lawrence, of Knoxville, Ohio, wishes to send one dollar and fifty cents to pay in advance for his Companion. If he is a bright lad, and his father tells him how to write in a business way, he will word his letter somewhat like this:

Knoxville, Ohio, Dec. 14, 1870.

GENTS:—Enclosed is one dollar and fifty cents to renew subscription of Youth's Companion, sent to Walter Lawrence, Knoxville Post Office, Ohio.

Yours &c., WALTER LAWRENCE.

To Perry Mason & Co., Boston, Mass.

If he wishes to send one or more new subscribers, he should write in this form.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 14, 1871.

GENTS:—I enclose six dollars for the Youth's Companion, to be credited as follows:

William Jones, Cambridge, Mass.,	Old Subscriber,	$1 50
Aaron Stacy, Cambridge, Mass.,	New Subscriber,	1 50
Thomas A. Fogg, Somerville, Mass.,	New Subscriber,	1 50
George C. West, Norfolk, Conn.,	New Subscriber,	1 50
		$6 00

For premiums I want "Package No. 1"—a pocket knife—and a Beautiful Pencil. Postage Stamps enclosed.

Yours, &c., WILLIAM JONES.

To Perry Mason & Co., Boston, Mass.

SUGGESTIONS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Always give the name of the Post-Office from which you take your paper, when you write to the Publishers to pay for the Companion, or for any other purpose. We cannot find your name on our books unless you do this.

When you wish the paper stopped, notify us by letter. Be sure and do this, and thus save yourself and us annoyance. Of course you will also be sure that all arrearages are paid.

In sending money, checks on Boston, New York or Philadelphia, made payable to the order of Perry Mason & Co., are best for large sums.

Post-Office Money Orders can be obtained in all city post-offices, and in many of the large towns. Their cost is slight, and the money is sure to come safely.

When a Post-Office Money Order cannot be obtained take your letter unsealed to the post-office, and tell the Post-Master you wish it *Registered.* Buy the stamps for the registry fee, *and put them and your postage stamp upon the letter yourself. Then put the money in the letter in the presence of the Post-Master and take his receipt for it.* The registry fee is small and your money can hardly fail to come safely. Every Post-Master is obliged to *register* a letter if requested to do so, and to *give his receipt* for the amount of money it contains.

RECAPITULATION.

1. **Give name of Post-Office.**
2. **Notify by letter whenever you wish the paper stopped,**
3. **Send Money by Post-Office Money Order, if possible.**

ELEVEN REASONS

For Subscribing for the Youth's Companion.

1. It is so carefully and discriminatingly edited, that it is a *safe* paper for Young People.

2. Not only is it safe, but it is wide-awake, bright and attractive.

3. It will be read with as much interest by the older as by the younger members of the family—for it is really a Family Paper.

4. This is because of the large amount, and great variety of matter given in its columns. It is printed in small type, and an enormous amount of reading is crowded into its eight pages, *more* than in some large weekly papers.

5. It gives in one year enough reading to fill fourteen books of ordinary 12mo size, that could not be purchased for less than $21.

6. Its articles are most of them original. They are from some of the finest, most brilliant and well-known writers in the country.

7. It is issued each week. Fifty-two numbers are received, not twelve; as with the Monthly Magazines.

8. Its price, if paid in advance, is but $1 50 by mail. The Monthly Magazines cost from $1 50 to $2 00.

9. It gives its subscribers for this small sum more than three times the amount of reading in a year that the largest monthlies give for $2 00.

10. It is high toned, instructive, entertaining, and furnishes from some of the most elegant and the costliest writers, the choicest quality of reading for a merely nominal price.

11. It is the most varied and comprehensive Youth's Publication in the Country.

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The Companion Premium List for 1871 & 1872

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. 151 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Any person who may not obtain new subscribers, but may WISH TO PURCHASE articles offered in the accompanying list, can have them at the prices named as the value of each Premium. The Premiums can be sent by mail, or by express. They are all of them carefully selected, of the very best quality for the prices given, and are many of them offered at lower rates than the usual retail prices for such articles in the retail stores.

PREMIUMS

Offered for New Subscribers to the Companion For 1871, 1872.

These Premiums are given by the Publishers for new subscribers, not to new subscribers.

No person sending his own name as a subscriber can receive a premium for it.

Any person after subscribing for the Companion and paying the full subscription price, can then receive premiums for all the new subscribers he may send us.

Remember to send the Postage Stamps.

SECTION 1.

For One New Subscriber.

For one new subscriber, payment one dollar and fifty cents in advance, sent us by a subscriber to the Companion, we give either of the Premiums named in Section one of this list. Postage to be paid by the subscriber who receives the Premium.

The Young Adventurer;

Or, the Hero of Falcon Island. This is the story of a boy who attempted to imitate Robinson Crusoe, but whose romantic dreams were dispelled by the matter-of-fact duties of a solitary life. The world is full of boys of roving tastes, with whom Robinson Crusoe is a model hero. This is just the book for them, painting as it does, true to nature, the practical side of an adventurous life. The book is humorous, intensely interesting, and beautifully bound and illustrated. Given for one new name. **Postage 16 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

Gilbert Starr.

By Glance Gaylord. This is the story of a passionate but generous spirited boy, who protected an injured orphan at school, and who ultimately found in this school-mate his truest friend. The sentiment of the book strikes home to every noble feeling of a boy's soul. It is pathetic and emotional, like all of Glance Gaylord's books; but while it stirs the inner life it enobles, and while it enchants and absorbs the mind, it improves the heart. Illustrated. Given for one new name. **Postage 20 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

Gilbert's Last Summer at Rainford.

By Glance Gaylord. A manly, vigorous book, awakening strong feeling at once, and holding the reader almost spell bound to the end. The strong feelings and impulses of youth are here depicted with a master's hand, and examples of boy heroism are so vividly brought before the mind, that once to read is long to remember. Illustrated. Given for one new name. **Postage 16 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

The Golden Motto;

"Or, he will conquer who thinks he can." An excellent story, showing that aspiration and persevering efforts, are one of the principal sources of success. The incidents are striking, and awaken the sympathies of the reader, carrying with them a certain moral conviction that is not readily effaced. Given for one new name. **Postage 16 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

Driven to Sea.

This is one of the best books of adventure for boys we have ever seen. In the history of one eventful year in the life of Norris Seton, are described Crossing the Line, a visit to Juan Fernandez, perils from mutineers, from hunger, thirst, and savages, and various adventures and mishaps on land and sea. There is not a dull nor an objectionable chapter in the book. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 20 cts.**

A Thousand Miles Walk Across South America,

Not only gives facts that may be relied upon respecting the people and natural resources of South America, but it gives personal incidents and adventures of a striking character, that occurred during one of the most remarkable excursions ever made by a young man. The book is illustrated. **Postage 20 cts.**

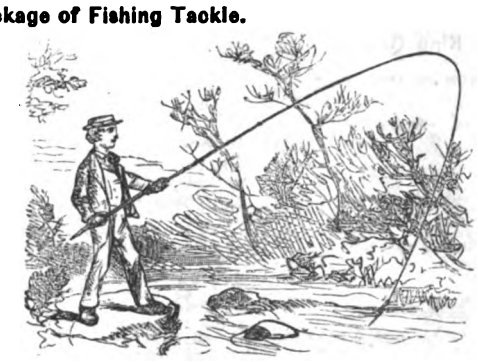
The Australian Wanderers.

Or the Adventures of Captain Spencer, his horse and dog. The book is a very fascinating volume, and contains more wonderful incidents respecting animals, birds and reptiles, than we have found in any similar work, upon Australia. Illustrated. Given for one new name. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale for $1.50.

Motto Chromos.

These cards are of a religious character, representing various rich compositions of flowers and crosses, each bearing a different motto, such as "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet;" Little children love one another;" Walk in Love;" Love is the fulfilling of the Law;" God bless thee," etc. They are very beautiful. There are three cards in a set, mounted on bristol board. Size of board, 7 by 9 inches. One set given for one new subscriber. **Postage 4 cts.** We offer each set for sale at 75 cts.

Package of Fishing Tackle.



This will make any boy's eyes sparkle, who delights in fishing. It contains three hooks for Pickerel, or other large fish; the hooks of different sizes, and ganged to bright silver gimp. Besides these, are two hooks for Trout or Perch, attached to hair, or gut snell; four hooks of different sizes, attached to linen snells, for either salt or fresh water fishing. There are also four linen lines of varied sizes and colors; the whole making just the assortment for the kinds of fishing most enjoyed by boys. Given for one new name. **Postage 9 cents.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Fishing Rod.

We offer a Fishing Rod, the length of which is ten feet. It is jointed, and divided into three sections, so as to be taken apart and easily carried. It is light, and neat in style. Given for one new subscriber. We offer it for sale at 75 cts. Express fee to be paid by subscriber.

An Amusing Game.

This is a box **Wooden Jack-Straws**, and consists of plain sticks or straws, with a large number of other pieces of various shapes, such as guns, lances, arrows, &c. It is said that light wood Jack-Straws are superior to any others made. Directions for playing are sent with the game. Also, in the box will be enclosed the curious MAGNETIC FISH, a METALLIC BOOK-MARK, and a PRETTY IVORY PHOTOGRAPH CHARM. Given for one new name. **Postage 15 cents.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

A Neat Portfolio.

This is well made, with two pockets, for writing paper and letters, — and with blotting leaves. — It has lapel with lock, so that it can be fastened Its size is 10 by 8 inches. It is covered with dark embossed cloth, and is a very convenient and desirable writing Companion. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 12 Cents.** We offer it for sale at 65 cts.

Little Prudy Stories.

By Sophie May. These well established favorites among books for little girls, are too well known to need description. They are unequalled. Either volume given for one new name. **Postage 12 cents.** We offer either volume for sale at 75 cts.

Little Prudy's Cousin Grace.	Little Prudy.
Little Prudy's Story Book.	Little Prudy's Sister Susy.
Little Prudy's Dotty Dimple.	Little Prudy's Captain Horace.

Little Prudy's Flyaway Series.

Both dainty wit, and childish wisdom, amuse and delight the reader in these volumes, by Sophie May. Either of them *are given for one new name.* **Postage 12 cents.** We offer either volume for sale at 75 cts.

Little Folk's Astray.	Prudy Keeping House.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

Almost every person wants among the books of the family library, a copy of this wonderful Allegory. This, that we offer, for one new subscriber, is very neatly bound, and attractively illustrated, and is also enriched by valuable explanatory notes. Given for one new name. **Postage 12 cts.** We offer it for sale for $1.00.

A Beautiful Bible, No. 1.

This is an English edition, with gilt edged leaves and enamelled covers; of neat size, suitable for carrying to Sunday School. It has a gilt clasp. Given for one new name. **Postage 13 cents.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Six Napkin Rings.

These are six White bone NAPKIN RINGS, that look as well as ivory. They are of a very neat pattern, and are numbered from one to six. Given for one new name. **Postage 12 cents.** We offer them for sale at 75 cents.

Book Slate, for School Use.

This is the Silicate Book Slate, with two slate surfaces — size 5 by 8½ inches — such as is used in all our schools. It is neater and more convenient than the ordinary slate, looks like a thin book, — is very light — is more easily carried, and is every way more desirable. With it we also give an elementary DRAWING BOOK. It has four leaves, made of same material as the erasable tablets. The lessons and figures for drawing are printed at the top of the page. The learner copies upon the tablet below, and all drawings can be easily erased. Very convenient for beginners. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 8 cts.**

Stencil Plate, etc.

We offer a STENCIL PLATE, for marking clothing. It can be cut in Old English writing, or in Roman letters. Ink and brush are given with the plate. Enclosed in a neat box, with printed directions. Just what is needed in every house, and by every girl. In addition to the Stencil Plate, will also be given a handsome **Penknife**, and an **Ivory Photograph Charm**, very pretty and curious. This is a valuable Premium for one new name. **Postage 18 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.00.

Package No. 1.

This contains a neat, and well made PORTE MONNAIE — a POCKET DIARY for 1872 — a METALLIC BOOK MARK — a PENKNIFE — and an IVORY PHOTOGRAPH CHARM. The Diary has gilt edged leaves, and contains several pages of printed matter, in which is a small Calendar for 1872. The Penknife, and other articles are attractive. This package is a very liberal Premium. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 18 cts.** We offer the package for sale at 75 cents.

Package No. 2,

Contains a neat box that holds eight PENCILS of SLATE, of the size of the leads in a pocket pencil, and about three inches in length. With these is a WOODEN HOLDER, in which the pencils of slate are placed, so as to be used like a lead pencil. It is a neat and convenient arrangement. The package also contains a five inch IVORY FOLDER — a PENKNIFE with white handle — a pretty PORTE MONNAIE, and a four paged ERASABLE TABLET. Given for one new name. **Postage 18 cents.** We offer the package for sale at 75 cents.

Package No. 3,

Contains an Ivory PROPELLING POCKET PENCIL, very neat and delicate — a BOX of LEADS — a handsome PORTE MONNAIE — a TURTLE SHELL POCKET COMB, enclosed in a case — a neat POCKET ERASABLE TABLET, with five pages, very convenient — and an IVORY TOOTHPICK. Given for one new name. **Postage 15 cents.** We offer this package for sale at 75 cts.

Package No. 4,

Contains a small, well finished, and powerful HORSE SHOE MAGNET, very entertaining and instructive — a pretty POCKET COMPASS, with needle nicely poised, and enclosed in a brass case, protected by a cover and glass — an IVORY PROPELLING POCKET PENCIL, with box of leads — a pair of very neat PEARL SLEEVE BUTTONS — and an IVORY TOOTHPICK. Given for one new name. **Postage 18 cents.** We offer this package for sale at 75 cts.

Package No. 5.

This is made up for girls, and contains a beautiful Scotch Wood NEEDLE BOOK, lined with red silk, with pockets for Needles, and white flannel leaves — a cluster of three pretty little CORNELIAN CHARMS, a HEART, an ANCHOR, and a CROSS — a pair of delicate PEARL SLEEVE BUTTONS — and a Scotch Wood TATTEN SHUTTLE. Given for one new name. **Postage 18 cents.** We offer it for sale for 75 cts.

Package No. 6.

This package is also for Girls, and contains a beautiful little Scotch Wood POCKET WORK BOX, shaped like an egg, opening at the centre, and holding a Thimble, and Spool for Thread. It is made for convenience in travelling, or in visiting. The package also contains a pretty Scotch Wood PIN CUSHION, with red velvet border — and an attractive CHARM for the neck. Not a large number of articles, but very pretty and desirable. Given for one new name. **Postage 9 cents.** We offer the package for sale at 75 cents.

Package No. 7.

Another package for Girls — a useful as well as a desirable package. It contains a small BOXWOOD CASE, that encloses a WINDING TAPE measure, such as is always needed by ladies for domestic use. The tape is just a a yard in length, is divided into inches and half inches, and is wound up in the box by a little brass crank. The package also gives a STEEL BOOT BUTTONER — a neat white handle PENKNIFE — and a very pretty CORNELIAN CHARM, in the shape of a book, for the neck. Given for one new name. **Postage 9 cents.** We offer the package for 75 cts.

Package No. 8,

Contains a BOXWOOD POCKET RULE, with brass joints, a neat and useful article — a pretty STEEL CORK SCREW, jointed and polished, for the pocket — a SHELL POCKET COMB, enclosed in Case — A Steel RING FOR KEYS — and a small HARMONICA. The Harmonica is about an inch and three-fourths long, and has from six to eight notes — not a first class musical instrument, but still large enough to keep the family awake. Given for one new name. **Postage 15 cents.** We offer the Package for sale at 75 cts.

Don't forget to send the Postage for your Premiums.

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Package No. 9.

This is a package of Games, &c., and contains the following: "Tom Thumb's Comical Fortune Teller," The Chopped up Monkey," "Maji Divination Cards," and two packages of Parlor Fireworks, which can be used with perfect safety,—"Parlor Meteors"—and "Imperial Slow Match. These are given for one new subscriber. **Postage 15 cts.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Package No. 10.

Contains a metallic Blow Top, that is made to turn with great velocity by blowing through the tube inserted in it, and is so painted and marked as to look very prettily when it is running. The Package contains also, a shrill Policeman's Metallic Whistle—a box of Magic Bottles, that *will* assert their centre of gravity—and a small circular Pocket Looking Glass. Given for one new name. **Postage 18 cents.** We offer the Package for sale at 75 cts.

Package No. 11.

This contains what is called a Wire Puzzle—a most intricate and difficult puzzle, that will amuse and perplex, and *outwit* ninety-nine out of one hundred persons. It is made of two connected rods of pretty red bone, upon which are strung twelve large, white bone rings, that are connected with each other by a flat rod, and wires. It is a very ingenious game. We also give a very pretty and convenient Pocket Microscope, that magnifies several hundred times, and serves many purposes of use and amusement, besides making a capital Sun Glass, such as all boys like to have. The Package also contains the well known and popular Chinese Puzzle, with a book of diagrams. Given for one new name. **Postage 18 cents.** We offer the Package for sale at 75 cts.

Handsome Premium.

Prang's pretty chromo—"A Piper for two Nut Crackers"—presents a happy family of two red squirrels and a robin—not quite the "Peak Family of Bell Ringers," but as pretty and as musical. This sweet and favorite little picture has already made many children happy at Christmas and birth-days, and robin still sits with his tiny bill apart, as fresh in song as ever, to make other children equally delighted and happy. The jaunty red squirrels are as bright looking as ever, nibbling away at their wild hazel nuts, and keeping time with red-breast's tune. The pretty scene is a whole cage of pets on paper. Size 6¾ by 8¾ inches. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 10 cents.**

Popular Songs.

We offer from the collection given below, all of which have been recently published, and are now among the most popular parlor songs, *either two* for one new name. **Postage 8 cents.**

Yes or No.	*Hackleton.*	Good-bye—song & chorus.	*Thomas.*
Bells across the Hudson.	"	Ruby Spray.	*Loesch.*
Little Mischief.	*Keller.*	Lillie Bray.	*Smith.*
Little Sister 's gone to Sleep.	*Christie.*	Kiss the Little Ones at Home.	*Wellman.*
I 'm the Merriest Girl, &c.	"	Mollie Adair.	"
O Sing to me the Auld Scotch Songs.	*Leeson.*	Happy Hours of Long Ago.	*Keller.*
The School-house in the Lane.	*Christie.*	When will Papa Come?	*Percy.*
Now 'tis Bed Time.	*White.*	All will yet be Well.	*Covert.*
I Hear Thy Sweet Voice Calling.	"	Alone in the World.	
		Home by the River.	
In her little Bed we laid her.		Beyond the Clouds.	
Come, Birdie, Come.		Little Clo.	

Motto Cards.

These publications are particularly designed to ornament the walls in Sunday Schools. They consist of Scripture mottoes and moral sentences, illuminated in the most gorgeous and elegant style. We give either two of them for one new subscriber. **Postage 4 cts.** We offer either two of them for sale at $1.00.

God is Love.	Size 6 x 20.	Walk in Love.	Size 6 x 20.
Glory to God.	Size 6 x 20.	Seek Me Early.	Size 6 x 20.
Stand up for Jesus.	Size 6 x 20.	Trust in God.	Size 6 x 20.
Love one Another.	Size 6 x 20.	I am the Good Shepherd.	Size 6 x 20.
Thy Will be Done.	Size 6 x 20.	Remember thy Creator.	Size 6 x 20.
Rejoice in the Lord,	Size 6 x 20.	Watch and Pray.	Size 6 x 20.

Singing Books for Sabbath Schools.

These books need no praise to those who are familiar with them. They are great favorites in Sabbath Schools all over the land, as well as in the family. In board covers. We give two of them for one new name. **Postage 20 cts.** We offer them for sale at 35 cts. each, or $1.40 for the four.

New Golden Chain.	The Golden Censer.
Fresh Laurels.	Bright Jewels.
Pure Gold.	

Package No. 12,

Contains the following Games, &c.—The most Laughable thing on Earth,"—Which is the largest?" an optical delusion,—The Vanishing Photograph,"—and one package of Parlor Fireworks, which can be used with perfect safety,—"Flashes of Magic Papers." Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 15 cts.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Package No. 13,

Contains the Games,—"Three Merry Men,"—the "Wonder," or the Invisible Photographs,—one package of Parlor Fireworks, that can be used with perfect safety, "Sprangles and Scintillations," resembling fine frost work, or snow flakes, very beautiful—and the "Magnetic Fish," that goes into convulsions when placed upon the hand. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 15 cts.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Package for School Use.

This contains a Box of Crayon Pencils, in which are six Pencils of different colors; with this box are two Lead Pencils, large size and of good quality; a Rubber Head for the Pencils to erase pencil marks; a pretty Pen Holder; six golden colored Pens, and six common steel Pens. A very useful premium for one new subscriber. **Postage 15 cts.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

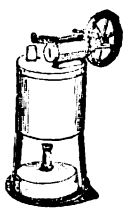
A Photograph Album, No. I.

This is a neat Album. It will hold fifty pictures,—has gilt-edged leaves, and a gilt clasp. This is a pretty and a sufficiently costly Premium, to pay for the time spent in securing one new name. **Postage 18 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.00.

Rewards of Merit, for Teachers' Use.

These are in sets of ten. They are like all of Prang's cards, beautifully colored, of attractive designs, and finely executed. Four sets will be given for one new name. **Postage 4 cts.** We offer for sale five sets for 80 cts.

No. 1. Gold and one color, similar to No. 1.
" 2. Printed in one color.
" 3. Motto Rewards, blanks for names.
" 4. " " no blanks.
" 5. Ornamental Picture Rewards, blanks.
" 6. " " " no blanks.
" 7. Picture Rewards, Gold, small pictures.



Steam Engine.

We still offer the Miniature Steam Engine, for one new subscriber, payment in advance, sent by a subscriber to the Companion. This a perfect machine,—a *bona fide* Engine. It is carefully made, its parts nicely adjusted, and so put together that they can be taken apart for examination, and put together again by almost any lad of nine years. There is not the slightest danger in using it, as it cannot burst. **Postage 30 cts.** We offer the engine for sale at $1.00.

Steroscope Views.

We offer some fine Steroscope Views. The subjects are, most of them, well known, and such as are always pleasing. Either five of the list given below, we offer for one new name. **Postage 2 cents.** We offer these views for at 15 cts. each.

No. 210.	Frost Work.	Rail Road, Mt. Washington.
" 611.	Frost Work.	Train on Summit Mt. Washington.
" 164.	Trout and Frost Work.	View from Bunker Hill Monument.
" 223.	Trout and Frost Work.	Mt. Washington, from Giant's Cave.
Tip Top House.		Profile, Franconia Notch.
Profile House, Franconia Notch.		Summit of Mt. Washington.
Water Station, Mt. Washington.		Farm Yard.

Game of Ring Quoits.

Ring Quoits is a very agreeable game, for both sexes and all ages. There are two Stakes, and four heavy metallic Rings. The play consists in throwing the Rings so that they encircle the Stakes. We offer the game for one new subscriber, payment in advance. Express fee to be paid by subscriber. We offer it for sale for $1.00.

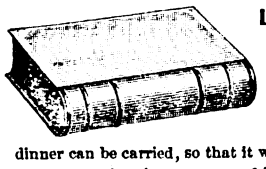
Illuminated Scripture Texts.

1. Scripture Texts, or Bible Verses, in gold, with brilliant oil color pictures. Put up in envelopes of 10 assorted cards.
2. Scripture Texts, richly illuminated in style of the Old Church Manuscripts. Put up in envelopes of 12 assorted cards.
3. Scripture Texts, in elegant Modern Church style; a very tasteful publication, richly illuminated. Put up in envelopes of 12 assorted cards.
4. Attributes of Christ. Bible quotations, illustrating the attributes of Christ, executed in four colors and gold. Size of card, 2½ by 4½. Twelve cards in an envelope.
5. The Ten Commandments, in elegant Medieval Church style. Put up in envelopes of 12 cards.
6. Motto Chromos. These consist of Crosses, Flowers, etc., with Mottoes, beautiful in design and coloring. Three cards in a set, placed in an envelope.

We give either two of the above sets of Illuminated Chromos for one new subscriber. **Postage 4 cts.** We offer either two of the above sets for sale at 70 cts.

A Box of Wooden Puzzles.

This contains three wooden puzzles, all of them ingenious and difficult. They are the white wood Block Puzzle,—the Star Puzzle, of black walnut,—the Carrol Puzzle. For boys, or persons who enjoy trying to solve the mysteries of block puzzles, this box should have great attractions. **Postage 18 cents.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.



Lunch Box.

This is a very handsome box of enamelled tin, with bright gold-colored edges, and stripes on the backs. Many scholars remain all day at school, taking their dinner with them. In this box the dinner can be carried, so that it will be as nice and fresh when it is wanted at noon as when it was prepared in the morning. This is a very pretty, as well as convenient Premium. We offer it for one new subscriber, payment in advance, sent us by a subscriber to the Companion. **Postage 30 cts.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Paint Box.

This Box contains ten colors, with three brushes, and directions for the use of the colors and brushes. It is nicely made, and the colors are neatly moulded and in good order. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 16 cts.**

A Music Roll.

This is very convenient for carrying music, is of enamelled cloth. Given for one new name. **Postage 20 cts.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Album Cards in Oil Colors.

These are Prang's beautiful Chromos, perfect in drawing, brilliant in colors, and executed in the highest style of the Lithographer's art. There is nothing of the kind superior to them. They are of the size of common card photographs, and put up in envelopes containing twelve cards. We give either two of these sets, or twenty-four cards, for one new name. **Postage 6 cts.** We offer either two of these sets for $1.00, or either one of them for fifty cents.

Wild Flowers of America,	9	different sets.
American Sea Mosses,	3	"
Views in Central Park, N. Y.	3	"
Butterflies of America,	5	"
American Wood Mosses,	2	"
American Autumn Leaves,	5	"
American Cultivated Flowers,	2	"
American Fruits and Blossoms,	2	"
Humming Birds of America,	2	"
American Singing Birds,	4	"
Roses,	2	"
Language of Flowers,	5	"

Beautiful Spar Necklace.

This is delicate as Pearl, and very pure and becoming. The globules, are gracefully graduated in size, and shade from the clearness of crystal into a beautiful snowy white, that is very pleasing. Given for one new name. **Postage 15 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.00.

Pretty Locket and Fancy Box.

This is a handsome gold plated Locket,—very heavy plate. It is durable, and cannot be distinguished from solid gold. In fact it will wear as long as gold. It holds two pictures. We also enclose the Locket in a beautiful Fancy Box, in gilt, with Picture on the cover. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 6 cents.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Sleeve Buttons.

These are of a medium size, handsome pattern, and gold plated. The plate is heavy and durable. The Buttons are enclosed in a beautiful Fancy Box, in gilt and colors, very attractive. Offered for one new subscriber. **Postage 6 cents.** We offer them for sale at 75 cts.

Pearl Sleeve Buttons.

These are genuine pearl Buttons, well made, neat and durable. The Pearl Sleeve Buttons are enclosed in a beautiful Fancy Box, in gilt and colors, very attractive. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 6 cents.** We offer them for sale at 75 cts.

Silver Thimble.

We give a silver Thimble, neat pattern, for one new subscriber. With this will be given an Ornamented Fancy Box, very beautiful. **Postage 9 cents.** We offer it for sale at 62 cts.

Napkin Ring.

This is an attractive pattern, of *heavy silver plate*, that is almost as durable as the solid silver, and cannot be distinguished from it. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 9 cents.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Porte Monnaie.

Very handsome, of morocco, well made with divisions for bank notes, postal currency, postage stamps, &c. A finely made and useful Premium. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 9 cents.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Pocket Knife.

This is an English Knife of unusually handsome pattern, has a white handle, a large and a small blade, is made of good steel, and is well finished. A very choice Knife. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 2 three cent stamps.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Beautiful Pencil.

This is one of the prettiest we have ever seen. Heavily gold plated and durable. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 6 cents.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Game of Authors.

This is an improved Game, having a new feature which adds largely to the interest of the players. The cards are lithographed in oil colors and have fancy backs. Also, in the box will be enclosed the curious Magnetic Fish, and six beautiful Album Cards, in oil colors, of Roses. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 4 cents.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Toilet Cushion Patterns, No. I.

These are attractive flower designs, in bright colors,—worsted work. Size of pattern, 12 inches square; size of figure, 5 by 5½ inches. Given for one new name. **Postage 9 cts.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

Initial Stationery. No. I.

We offer a box of Initial Stationery, containing one and a half quires of extra quality, assorted American Note Paper, with envelopes to match. Stamped with any initial desired. Given for one new subscriber. **Postage 8 cts.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

A Harmonica.

This is what boys are eager to get, and is a very sweet toned instrument, having a range of at least two octaves. Given for one new name. **Postage 15 cents.** We offer it for sale at 75 cts.

The reader will remember that we give as before stated either of the Premiums offered in section No. 1, for one new subscriber, payment in advance, sent us by a subscriber to the Companion; or any two, three, four, or the whole of them for the same number of new subscribers.

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SECTION 2.

For Two New Subscribers.

For two new subscribers, sent by a subscriber to the Companion, payment $3.00 in advance, we will give either of the following Premiums in Section No. 2. Postage to be paid by the subscriber who receives the Premium.

The Illustrated Library of Wonders.

No more valuable series of books for Young People has been published for many years. They are by distinguished French authors, are of the highest scientific merit, and not only this but they are so simply and attractively written, as to be exceedingly popular among young readers. We give either of the following volumes of the series for two new names. **Postage 16 Cents.** We offer them for sale at $1.50 per volume.

Wonders of Optic.	Thunder and Lightning.
Intelligence of Animals.	Great Hunts.
The Sun.	The Moon.
Wonders of Heat.	Egypt 3300 years ago.
Wonders of Pompeii.	Bottom of the Ocean.
Wonders of the Heavens.	Wonders of Architecture.
Wonders of Glass Making.	Wonders of the Human Body.
Wonders of Bodily Strength & Skill.	Lighthouses and Lightships.
Wonderful Balloon Ascents.	

Standard English Poets.

These attractive volumes are London editions, are beautifully bound in bevelled boards, with gilt ornaments and colored lettering. They are worthy the taste of all who read and enjoy the great masters of English verse. Either volume, by the following authors, will be given for two new subscribers. **Postage 16 cents.** We offer either volume for sale at $1.50.

Pope,	Gray.	Goldsmith.
Shakspeare.	Scott.	Moore.
Burns.	Campbell.	Southey.
Milton.	Wordsworth.	Kirke White.
James Montgomery.	Chaucer.	Scottish and English Ballads.
The Book of Humorous Poetry.		

The B. O. W. C. Stories.

These stories have been remarkably well received Prof. De Mille proposes to complete the series in six volumes; three are already issued, the titles of which are given below. The Companion readers, especially the boys, were delighted with the serial story published in this years' volume, written by the author of these books. These volumes possess the same attractive qualities that characterized that story, and are full of striking incidents, and adventures. Illustrated. Either volume given for two new names. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer for sale either volume for $1.50.

The "B. O. W. C."
The Boys of Grand Pre School.
Lost in the Fog.

The Elm Island Stories.

These Stories, by Elijah Kellogg, have been greeted with unusual favor by the young people. They are practical, and yet very graphically written. Illustrated. Either volume given for two new names. **Postage 16 cents.** We offer either volume for sale at $1.25.

Charlie Bell, the waif of Elm Island, shows that the author knows what boys are made of. He evidently is dealing with real flesh and blood, not counterfeits.

Lion Ben, of Elm Island is thoroughly in earnest and a very striking character.

The Ark of Elm Island, a book of stirring interest and fine moral tone.

The Boy Farmers, of Elm Island. The adventures of Fred Williams and his brother, in this book, make it as interesting as Robinson Crusoe.

The Young Ship Builders, of Elm Island, is the fifth of the series and is perhaps the most amusing.

The Hardscrabble, of Elm Island, shows the Elm Island boys grown up and following trades.

Beautiful Bible, No. 2.

This makes a very fine gift book, as it is beautifully bound, with illuminated cover, and thick gilt metallic rims, and clasp. Given for two new names. **Postage 12 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

One Year in My Life.

Young girls are fond of castle-building, and have many grand dreams of future life. But few get possession of their castles, or find their dreams fulfilled; yet, like the heroine of this story, they are quite content with their lot. The love making gives spice to the story. Illustrated. Given for two new names. **Postage 16 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

The Judge's Sons.

Good looks and pleasant manners are always winning; but truth and sturdy honesty are far better, and are sure to lead in the race for success and honor. Young people will find true pictures of life in the experiences of the Judge's two sons, so opposite in character and destiny. Given for two new subscribers. We offer it for sale at $1.35. **Postage 20 cts.**

Susie's Spectacles.

These spectacles were meant for the eyes of the mind, and very wonderful spectacles did they prove, enabling the little wearers to look within. The book—a story of home life—abounds with wit, humor, odd characters, and healthy moral lessons. Illustrated. Given for two new names. **Postage 16 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.35.

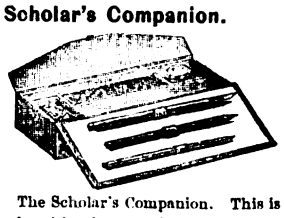
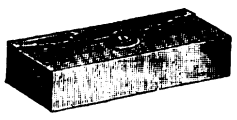
Notes on Matthew.

By Rev. N. M. Williams, D.D. An admirable commentary for the family or the Sabbath School teacher. Brief but comprehensive, and treating thoroughly all difficult passages. Given for two new names. **Postage 20 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.50

King Arthur,—a Poem.

By Lord Lytton. Lord Bulwer Lytton was not willing to leave to Mr. Tennyson the sole honor of preserving in rhyme the legends of King Arthur. This new poem by him is full of life and power, and a worthy companion to the Idyls of a King. Given for two new names. **Postage 20 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

Scholar's Companion.

The Scholar's Companion. This is a very convenient article for school use by either boys or girls, and has a very large sale among our city scholars. It is a neat box about eight inches long, three wide, and one and three-quarters deep. It is stout, and well made; is fastened by a key, and contains a Sponge, an Inkstand, a Pen-holder, Lead and Slate Pencils and two small apartments, for "nicknacks." The accompanying cuts show how it looks when closed or open. We offer it for two new subscribers. **Postage 35 cents.**

A Beautiful Rifle.

Reed's American Rifle is one of the latest novelties for the amusement of young people. Its use in target-shooting is both safe, and very fascinating as a field sport. There is nothing objectionable about it. It is a Rifle; but no powder is used. It sends a ball with great force and accuracy; but there is no explosion. It is made of black walnut, and is shaped like any other rifle. The stock is nicely finished, is silver mounted, and a wooden ball is propelled by an elastic cord on the top of the barrel, instead of inside. The ball is projected with great velocity and precision. For pleasant and healthful amusement, this rifle has become a favorite with persons of all ages. Its retail price is $1.75. We will send it for two new names, payment in advance, sent us by a subscriber to the Companion. Express fee to be paid by subscriber. We offer it for sale at $1.50.

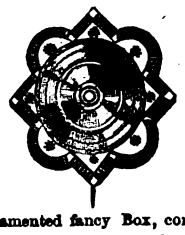
A Useful Package for Ladies.

This contains a Ladies' Companion, with neat leather cylinder case, with cover, enclosing Thimble; Small Scissors; Stiletto; and Tape Needles. The Package also contains a Book of Needles, of colored leather, in which are five papers of Needles of different sizes and of good quality; also, a tape and two darning needles. Given for two new names. **Postage 27 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.75.

Pretty Bracelet.

This is a jet imitation, and plated gold bracelet,—very pretty. It is enclosed in a beautiful fancy Box. Given for two new names. **Postage 12 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

Box of Jewelry, No. 1.



This is a beautiful ornamented fancy Box, containing a Bosom Pin of plated gold, of neat pattern; a pair of gold plated Sleeve Buttons,—very pretty; a beautiful Bracelet, gold plated ornaments, and in imitation of Jet; and an Ivory Photograph Charm. These are of course less expensive and not so durable articles as other sets of Jewelry that we offer, but they are very attractive. Given for two new names. **Postage 12 cts.** We offer the Box of Jewelry for sale at $1.50.

Bosom Pins.

No. 1.

No. 2.

We offer two beautiful, gold-plated Breast Pins, of unusually neat and desirable patterns. They are of heavy gold plate, very durable. The cuts give an idea of the patterns, but not of their beauty. Enclosed in a pretty Fancy Box. We offer either of the Pins for two new subscribers payment in advance, sent us by a subscriber to the Companion,—or we offer both of them for four new subscribers. **Postage 6 cents.** We offer either one of the Pins for sale at $1.50.

Charles Reade's Works.

Mr. Reade leans to the sensational style, but the works offered below have a high moral aim. He holds the reader even when the story is most extravagant. Either of the following are given for two new subscribers. **Postage 16 cents.** We offer either of them for sale at $1.00.

Peg Woffington, is one of his best. It is simple and natural and full of life and humor.

Never too Late to Mend, led to important reforms in Prison discipline, and is a work of great power.

Foul Play, is an improbable story, but full of exciting scenes. It is perhaps the favorite with young readers.

Put Yourself in his Place, caused intense excitement in England, and no one of Mr. Reade's works shows such power in painting terrible scenes.

George Eliot's Novels.

Since Thackeray and Dickens have passed away Mrs. Lewes, (Geo. Eliot,) holds probably the first place among living novelists. Given for two new names. **Postage 16 cents.** We offer either volume for sale at $1.00.

Adam Bede, was her first work, and in many respects her best. It is a story of great power, and wonderful sweetness and pathos. Its lessons are natural and healthful.

Felix Holt, is more exciting, and ambitious, than Adam Bede, but not quite so natural and pleasing.

Romola, is a picture of Italian life centuries ago. It is fascinating, and its descriptions of moral and religious struggles show a marked and accurate knowledge of the human heart.

The Mill on the Floss. Its power lies in its wonderful delineation of human passions.

Thackeray's Works.

Thackeray was the sharpest of observers, and a most faithful painter of fashionable life, with its vices and false masks. He was master of an English style unsurpassed in purity and beauty. We give either of the following works by him, for two new subscribers. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer either volume for sale at $1.25

Vanity Fair. Its portraits are drawn to the life, and its satire is terrible.

Henry Esmond, and The Virginians. These are interesting to American Readers, as they treat of familiar persons and events.

The Newcomes, is the most popular of Thackeray's Novels, and it deserves to be, for its tone is more cheerful and its influence more healthy than the others.

Charles Dickens' Works.

We give either of the works of Dickens named below—of the Diamond edition of Osgood & Co.—for two new subscribers. Each volume contains sixteen full page illustrations. **Postage 16 cents.** We offer either volume for sale at $1 50.

Pickwick Papers.	Our Mutual Friend.
David Copperfield.	Nicholas Nickleby.
Martin Chuzzlewit.	Dombey and Son.
Old Curiosity Shop.	Little Dorrit.
Bleak House.	Barnaby Rudge.

Miss Mulock's Works.

Miss Mulock's power lies in her clear, strong portraits of character, and in the healthful and elevating tone of her works. Either of the following are given for two new names. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer either volume for sale at $1.50.

A Brave Lady.	A Woman's Kingdom.
A Noble Life.	John Halifax.
Christian's Mistake.	Head of the Family.
Motherless.	Fair France.
Olive.	A Life for a Life.

Bush's Commentaries.

These Commentaries are too well known to require special notice. Their author was one of the best biblical scholars in America, and has put his learning into his works in a very popular style. There is nothing in the English language to fill their place for Sunday School teachers. We give either of the volumes for two new names. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer either volume for sale at $1.50.

Genesis, 2 vols.	Exodus.
Leviticus.	Numbers.
Joshua and Judges.	

Tennyson's Poems.

Harper's Edition, Illustrated, complete in one volume. Tennyson is the favorite among English Poets. No one has surpassed him in exquisite melody of verse. Given for two new subscribers. **Postage 16 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

Longfellow's Poems.

Almost every boy and girl knows some of Longfellow's poems by heart. They are common property in all American homes. This is the Diamond edition. Given for two new subscribers. **Postage 16 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

Whittier's Poems.

"Snow Bound," "Among the Hills," "The Tent on the Beach." These are the three latest of Whittier's Poems. They are also his best We give *either* of them, not *all* of them, for two new subscribers. **Postage 16 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

The Playground and the Parlor.

By Alfred Elliott, London. A complete compendium of the Games and sports most popular among boys. Descriptions are given in detail of out door sports, and games and plays for the parlor, accompanied by the rules by which each game is governed. These descriptions are written so that they cannot fail to be understood, and many of them are accompanied by engravings to illustrate the manner in which the games are played. Given for two new names. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.75.

For Public and Parlor Readings.

This volume contains choice specimens of wit and humor, found in American and English literature, and adapted for public readings. The collection is by Mr. Lewis B. Monroe, and is made with discrimination and good judgment. It will be found of service either to amuse the family circle, or for the entertainment of a public audience. Given for two new names. **Postage 24 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

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Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood.

By George Mac Donald. A book for older readers. One cannot lay down this story of simple parish life without feeling stronger in principle, and in good-purposes, and with better views of human aspirations and aims. Given for two new names. **Postage 28 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.75.

The True Robinson Crusoe.

One of the most satisfactory books of authentic Shipwrecks, Captivities, and Adventures that we have examined. It has twenty admirable engravings. Given for two new names. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

Wilkie Collins' Works.

This is an English edition of the works of one of the most noted, skillful, and popular writer of fiction. It is printed in clear type, and handsomely bound in light, flexible cloth covers, suitable alike for the library and drawing room, and for use during travel. Given for two new names. **Postage 16 cts.** We offer them for sale at $1.25 per volume.

No Name.	Hide and Seek.
Woman in White.	Antonina.
The Queen of Hearts.	After Dark.

Well Known Books.

These are English editions, well bound, and printed on toned paper. They are works that should be in every library. Either volume given for two new names. **Postage 28 cts.** We offer them for sale at $1.25 each volume.

Adventures of Don Quixote.	Adventures of Gil Blas.
Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature.	1001 Gems of English Poetry.
Boswell's Life of Johnson.	Complete Works of Goldsmith.
The Spectator.	Cruden's Concordance.
Extraordinary Popular Delusions.	

Library of Travel.

JAPAN — This is the initial volume of a series of books now publishing by Scribner, entitled "The Illustrated Library of Travel and Adventure." It is edited by Bayard Taylor, and is elegantly illustrated by thirty engravings. An American traveller recently pronounced Japan to be the most beautiful country in the world; it certainly is one of the most curious and wonderful, as this captivating and carefully edited volume admirably illustrates. Given for two new names. **Postage 20 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

Books of Adventure.

The three following are large books, and finely illustrated. Either volume given for two new names. **Postage 28 cts.** We offer them for sale at $1.50 per volume.

A Voyage Round the World, by Will. G. Kingston. This is a vivid narrative of a boy's experience who had an inborn love of adventure.

My First Voyage to Southern Seas, by Mr. Kingston, is full of exciting scenes, — descriptions of Sailor life, birds, animals, fruits, &c.

Old Jack, The boys will vote unanimously that an old sailor's life like Jack's, is well worth telling and reading.

Books for Boys.

The next four volumes are by R. M. Ballantyne, who has long been a favorite with the young people. They are finely illustrated. Either volume given for two new subscribers. **Postage 20 cts.** We offer them for sale at $1.50 per volume.

Ungava, a tale of Esquimaux land, gives an acquaintance with Northern life, and prepares the way for the more noted works of Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes.

The Young Fur Hunters, keep up familiarity with Aretic life in another region, and introduces wild Indian life, and many adventures.

The Coral Island, is a story of boy Crusoe life, showing what ingenuity and energy can do.

Martin Rattler, gives an insight into Brazillian modes of living and the vast forests of that far off nation.

Irving's Works.

Either volume of the "People's" edition of Washington Irving's works elegantly printed, will be given for two new subscribers. **Postage 20 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

Knickerbocker.	Bracebridge Hall.
Sketch Book.	Crayon Miscellany.
Goldsmith.	Alhambra.
Traveller.	Wolfert's Roost.

Madame Schwartz Works.

Two Swedish ladies are certainly charming the world, Nilsson by her voice, and Madame Schwartz by her pen. These volumes, as pure in purpose and sentiment as those of Fredricka Bremer, are among the most engaging fictions of the season, and rank with those which can be safely recommended. Either volume given for two new names. **Postage 20 cts.** We offer them for sale at $1.50 per volume.

The Wife of a Vain Man.	Guilt and Innocence.
Birth and Education.	Gold and Name.

The Young Deliverers.

This is an interesting story by Rev. Elijah Kellogg. It is intended to illustrate "courage to dare, fortitude to endure, enterprise to accumulate, and prudence to retain," — qualities very desirable, and that should be cultivated by all young persons. The story is thrilling in its details, and is enlivened by frequent humor. Given for two new names. **Postage 16 cents.** We offer it for sale for $1.25.

Arthur Brown; or, the Young Captain.

A volume of Adventure on land and sea, both thrilling and humorous, in which Mr. Kellogg seeks to show that benefits conferred on others, usually excite gratitude — and often verify the promise, "cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days." Given for two new names. **Postage 16 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

Life of Alfred the Great.

By Thomas Hughes. An in interesting and instructive Biography of one of the greatest of English kings. Mr. Hughes has carefully gathered all that can be known of the good Alfred, and tells the story in his best style. Given for two new names. **Postage 20 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

The House on Wheels;

Or, the Stolen Child. This is also a French tale of a lost boy, who was carried away by a band of wandering gypsies, and who met with many strange and thrilling adventures in a "house on wheels." It is an exceedingly interesting story, elevated in tone, and strikingly illustrated by twenty-five engravings. Given for two new names. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale for $1.50.

Going on a Mission.

This is not a "Missionary book," in the special sense of the word, but is a well written story of home heroes and heroines, and illustrates the practical truth that one may go on a mission without crossing the seas. Given for two new names. Illustrated. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

Lady's Book of Etiquette.

A hand-book for the use of a lady in polite society. The volume gives useful directions for good manners, and presents the conventional rules of etiquette. We give it for two new subscribers. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

Up the Baltic.

This is the first book of the second series of Oliver Optic's Young America abroad. It is a fascinating book of travel and adventure in Northern Europe. Given for two new names. Illustrated. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

The Inn of the Guardian Angel.

This is a tale of French Tavern Life, thrilling in plot, and very richly illustrated with seventy-five engravings. Given for two new names. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale for $1.50.

Pink and White Tyranny.

By Harriet Beecher Stowe. This is one of the most widely read books of the season, and one that is making a very marked impression, showing, as it does, the value of true womanhood, and the evil results of a fashionable and an aimless life. It aims at a practical reform in domestic life, and deserves a place in every household. Given for two new names **Postage 20 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

Little Men.

This charming book retains the popular characteristics of "Little Women," with the added interest of a well conceived plot. All who learned the ways of "Little Women," will wish to know the more adventurous exploits of "Little Men." Illustrated. Given for two new names. **Postage 16 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

Hester's Happy Summer.

One cannot begin this book without reading it to the end. It is full of beauty and tender pathos; teaching how much happiness can be given to others by people of wealth; and that among the rich and fashionable are found many of the noblest lives of our world. Illustrated. Given for two new names. **Postage 16 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

The Talbury Girls.

A large family of sisters gives a wide variety of character and incident; and the author of this volume knows girls thoroughly, with their ambitions, their day-dreams, their petty meannesses, and their unselfish loves and sacrifices. The pictures of life are sometimes sombre, but the gloom gives way to light and beauty. Illustrated. Given for two new names. **Postage 16 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

The Trapper's Niece.

A story of western life, with a great variety of characters; rogues and honest people; shrewd men making fortunes, and ease-loving men, who make no headway. The panorama, with many pictures, is exciting and instructive. Illustrated. Given for two new names. **Postage 16 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

A Two Dollar Steam Engine, No. 2.

This is a double cylinder, double acting Steam Engine. It has four times the power, and runs four times longer than the dollar Engine that we offer in another column. Given for two new names. **Postage 40 cts.** We offer it for sale at $2.00.

Beautiful Worsted Slipper Patterns, No. 1.

This is in brilliant colors, and of attractive designs, of medium size. Just the thing for a present. Given for two new. **Postage 18 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

Toilet Cushion Patterns, No. 2.

These are beautiful patterns, the designs being mostly of domestic animals, executed in raised worsted and bead work, of brilliant colors. Size of pattern, 12 inches. The figures average in size, five to seven inches. Given for two new names. **Postage 15 cts.** We offer them for sale at $1.50 each.

Heavy Plated Gold Cross Charm.

This is very pretty. Enclosed in a pretty Fancy Box. Given for two new names. **Postage 6 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.00.

Silver Napkin Ring.

A very beautiful pattern. Given for two new names. **Postage 12 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

Pocket Knife, No. 2.

A costly three-bladed English Knife, very nicely finished, and well made, will be given for two new subscribers. **Postage 6 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

A Silver Fruit Knife.

This is of pure silver and of an attractive pattern. Given for two new names. **Postage 6 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.00.

A Gold Pen.

Of extra quality, and of the best manufacture. Given for two new subscribers. **Postage 3 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.00

A Gold Pencil.

This is a small but exceedingly pretty Pencil, of solid gold, and as valuable, useful and desirable a present as can be wished. It is given for two new subscribers. **Postage 6 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

Off to Sea.

A story of sea adventures for boys, — by the popular author, W. H. G. Kingston. It is illustrated by seven beautifully colored engravings Given for two new names. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

The Flower by the Prison.

A work of rare literary merit, teaching that in the humblest homes love and virtue create true happiness; and that in degraded hearts are germs of good, which may grow into rare beauty. Illustrated. Given for two new names. **Postage 16 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.25.

Songs of the Sierras.

By Joaquin Miller. The fresh and natural strains of the "Songs of the Sierras," display great wealth of genius, and the book seems destined to become the favorite poetical volume of the season. Given for two new names. **Postage 20 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

To avoid misunderstanding, we repeat, that for two new names, payment $3.00 in advance, we will give either of the Premiums placed under Section No. 2.

SECTION 3.

For Three New Subscribers.

For three new subscribers, payment $4.50 in advance, sent us by a subscriber to the Companion, we offer either of the following Premiums in Section 3. Postage to be paid by the subscriber who receives the Premium.

History of England.

All young people should know something of the history of the mother country. This volume, by Rev. James White, gives a history of England in a compact form and attractive style. Given for three new names. **Postage 24 cents.** We offer it for sale at 1.75.

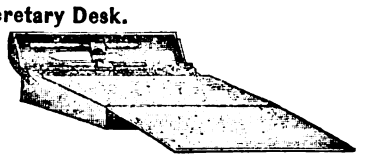
Stepping Heavenward.

By E. Prentiss, author of the "Flower of the Family," &c. This is a beautiful book, with a fascination far different from the tales of Dickens, or Reade, but scarcely less powerful. A good library book — A centre table treasure. For three new subscribers. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.75.

The Comprehensive Speaker.

This book contains the best known specimens of modern eloquence, together with many of the most vigorous, dramatic and humorous poems in the language. It is the best collection for the student, the scholar, and the public reader. Given for three new names. **Postage 28 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.75.

A Neat Secretary Desk.



This is covered with embossed cloth, ornamented in gilt — has two compartments, a pen-tray and inkstand. It will contain a supply of note paper and envelopes, pen-holder, and letter folder. The size is seven inches by nine. It is given for three new subscribers, and must be Sent **by Express.** We offer it for sale at $1.75.

The Wilds of Africa.

A Tale for Boys. By W. H. G. Kingston. This is an elegantly printed and illustrated work, as handsome and fascinating a volume, of its kind, as we have ever seen. It is a tale of Adventure in a part of the world but little known, describing African life with great skill. A very valuable Premium. Given for three new names. **Postage 32 cents.** We offer it for sale for $2.50.

The Story of Captain Cook's Voyages.

The famous discoverer of the last century, should be as well known by the young people of the present generation as he was by the older people who lived nearly a hundred years ago. This volume describes the celebrated Captain's famous voyages. It is an attractive book, is beautifully printed, and illustrated with a large number of elegant engravings. Given for three new names. **Postage 24 cents.** We offer it for sale at $2.50.

Lord Brougham's Autobiography.

In these volumes the learning, sarcasm, and vanity of the great English lawyer and statesman, are all conspicuous in the story of his life. Two volumes have been published — the third will soon appear. Each volume given for three new names. **Postage 27 cts.** We offer them for sale at $2.00 per volume.

Hand Book of English Literature.

This book, originally prepared for the Boston Latin School, is also intended for use in High Schools, and as a companion and guide for private students and the general reader. Given for three new names. **Postage 32 cents.** We offer it for sale for $2.50.

The Boy's Play Book of Science.

A valuable book by a scientific writer, showing how to perform brilliant and useful philosophical experiments. It is written in plain language, easy to be understood, and is illustrated by 470 engravings. Given for three new names. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale for $1.75.

Erasable Memorandum Book.

For THREE NEW SUBSCRIBERS, this book will be given. It contains ten tablets, from which pencil marks can be easily erased. It is beautifully bound in morocco, with gilt edged leaves, and gilt rims that stiffen the edges of the covers. It also has a pocket in one of the covers for currency, and a case containing a propelling and repelling pencil. It is just the size for the pocket, and is not only useful, but very beautiful. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.50.

A Photograph Album, No. 2.

Latest style, gilt edged, with embossed cover, and will hold fifty photographs. Given for three new subscribers. **Postage 20 cents.** We offer it for sale at $2.00.

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A Box for Boys, No. 1.

This Box contains — a Top, of medium size — a Regulation Ball, 9½ inch best make — a Two Bladed Pocket Knife, good steel, and well made. — 12 Glass Marbles. — 12 China Marbles. — 24 Common Marbles. These will be given for three new subscribers. **Express fee paid by subscriber.**

Pair of Superior Kid Gloves.

We offer for three new subscribers one pair of Bourdon's Paris Kid Gloves, of superior quality, such as sell at retail at $2.00 per pair. The assortment is of the staple colors, browns, drabs, and black, and range from 6¼, 6½, 6¾ and 7 inch sizes. **Postage 6 cts.** We offer them at retail for $2.00 per pair.

A Standard Stereoscope.

We offer a well made Stereoscope, with wood of black-walnut, leather hood, and lens of the best quality, a fine article. Given for three new subscribers. **Express fee paid by Subscriber.** We offer it for sale at $2.00.

A Beautiful Gold Locket.

This is a rich and attractive little gift, with settings for two pictures. Of a size half way between a "charm" and a lady's watch, this pretty circle of seven-eights of an inch in diameter, cannot but be acceptable to any young girl, whether worn as a simple ornament, attached to a chain, or as a casket containing photographs of friends. Given for three new names. **Postage 16 cents.** We offer it for sale at $2.00

A Beautiful Charm.

This is a Pearl Cross, tipped with gold, very delicate and chaste. It will be given for three new subscribers. **Postage 9 cents.** We offer it for sale at $2.00.

A Silver Pencil.

With Pen Holder and Gold Pen. This has an extension case, neat and convenient. It is given for three new subscribers. **Postage 6 cents.** We offer it for sale at $1.75.

A Pocket Knife, No. 3.

It has four blades, and is just such a knife as boys are "proud" to own. Given for three new subscribers. **Postage 6 cents.** We offer it for sale at $2.00.

Beautiful Bible, No. 3.

For three new subscribers, we offer a rich pocket English Bible, with heavy moulded covers — very richly and elaborately ornamented in gilt, with heavy metallic rims, and clasp. — Retails $3.00. **Postage 12 cts.**

Globe.

This beautiful little instrument is portable; so light that it may be taken into the hand for examination and study, and yet so perfect that it meets all the requirements of practical teaching and illustration. A very serviceable ornament for the study, and for the school desk, whether scholar's or teacher's. Given for three new names. **Must be sent by Express.** We offer it for sale at $2.00.

SECTION 4.

For Four Subscribers and Over.

The World at Home;

Or, Pictures and Scenes from Far Off Lands. London edition. A volume that brings the natural wonders of the world to the fireside. It describes the different races of men, the animals, the birds, the plants, and the insects, and is embellished with most beautifully printed engravings. It is perfect in its mechanical beauty. Given for four new names. **Postage 32 Cents.** We offer it for sale at $3.00.

The Sea and its Wonders.

This is a companion volume to "The World at Home." The fantastic forms and shining creatures that people the great sea, are here placed before the reader, in engravings that cannot be surpassed in accuracy and skill of execution. The binding is rich and substantial. A very suitable holiday present. Given for four new names. **Postage 32 cents** We offer it for sale for $3.00.

Robinson Crusoe.

A superb volume uniquely bound and embellished, and illustrated by one hundred large engravings. The book is as marvellous as the story — such an one as old Defoe never dreamed of in his most visionary days. The artist has left no striking incident untouched, and one may read the adventures of the shipwrecked mariner and his "man Friday" almost as well by the pictures as by the print. This is a book not only to be read for a single day, but to prove a lasting source of amusement. It contains over one hundred illustrations. Given for four new names. **Postage 36 cts.** We offer it for sale at $3.50.

Jefferson's Domestic Life.

A charming account of the private life of one of the greatest of our American Presidents. Given for four new names. **Postage 27 cts.** We offer it for sale at $2.50.

Piano Forte Instruction Book.

Richardson's New Method. This is universally acknowledged as the best book of Instructions on the Piano that has yet been issued. It embraces the generally accepted principles of all other Instruction Books, and at the same time introduces many new and important ideas. Given for six new names. It must be sent by express. We offer it for sale at $3.75.

Instruction on the Parlor Organ.

This is Clark's New Method for Reed Organs. It is a comprehensive system of instruction, and an improvement on all other methods for the simplicity and progressive character of its studies, exercises, scales, voluntaries, etc. It also contains an admirable selection of choice piece from favorite and popular authors. It is the most popular of all instruction books on learning to play on the organ. Given for four new names. **It must be sent by express.** We offer it for sale at $2.50.

Beautiful Present.

This is a child's heavy Silver-Plated Table Set, beautiful pattern, consisting of Knife, Fork, and Spoon, enclosed in a neat case, with velvet and satin linings. Given for five new names. **Postage by Mail 36 cts., or it can be sent by Express.** We offer it for sale at $2.25.

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These are collections of the best Music, consisting of Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, etc., etc., for parlor and drawing room recreations. They are almost indispensible to teachers, who need large and well selected collections. The music can be played on either Piano Forte, Flute, or Parlor Organ. There are four volumes. Either volume given for five new names. **Express fee paid by subscriber.** We offer either volume for $3.00.

Home Circle, Vol. 1.	Pianists Album.
Home Circle, " 2.	Piano Forte Gems.

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Here is a full library of vocal music. Many songs enjoy a brief popularity; others acquire a permanent reputation, and give pleasure in parlor and in concert room for years. The collections in these books are selections of the sweetest and most artistic melodies, that have become established favorites. There are seven volumes. Either volume given for five new names. **Express fee paid by subscriber.** We offer them for sale at $3.00 per volume.

Wealth of Gems.	Gems of Sacred Song.
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The cut indicates the character of a new Game that meets with universal favor. It is called Le Circle. As a field game, it is said to be unsurpassed. It is played with Mallets, is as easily learned as Croquet, but gives opportunity for more variety in the movements, and for the exhibition of greater skill. A very attractive feature is the swinging balls, twelve if number. The game has been before the public one year, but in that time has won for itself an enviable reputation, having been pronounced by well qualified judges as superior in many respects to Croquet. Its retail price is $6.00. A descriptive book accompanies the set. We offer the game for seven new subscribers. Express fee to be paid by subscriber. We offer it for sale at $6.00.

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We offer a fine toned, highly finished Flute, for sixteen new subscribers. **Express fee paid by subscriber.** We offer it for sale at $9.50..

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And wild birds on the water's breast."

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The Horizontal Steam Engine, No. 3.

This is acknowledged the prettiest toy of the kind yet invented. It has a heavy brass boiler, a safety valve, a steam chest, one inch stroke, and makes more than 1000 revolutions a minute. A perfect machine. Given for four new names. **Sent by express, fee paid by subscriber.** We offer it for sale at $3.50.

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This is a fine leather case, and contains four pairs of scissors—Embroidery scissors, Button-hole Scissors, one pair each of medium and full size Scissors. This will be given for four new subscribers. **Express fee paid by subscriber.** We offer it for sale at $2.50.

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This is a tiny cartridge Pistol, holding one cartridge, very pretty indeed, and well made; large enough to put in a good sized vest pocket, and yet will throw a ball many yards. Its size is 3¾ inches long. It is plated. silver mounted, with polished steel barrel. Given for six new names, **Express fee paid by subscriber.** We offer it for sale at $4.00.

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A beautiful pair of Gold Sleeve Buttons, of elegant design, and best of workmanship, will be given for nine new subscribers. **Postage 9 cts.** We offer it for sale at $5.50.

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This is a solid Gold Thimble, engraved, and very handsome. It is given for ten new subscribers. **Postage 9 cts.** We offer it for sale at $6.50.

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We offer the following articles of PLATED SILVER WARE,—extra plate,—manufactured by Rogers & Brothers. They are beautiful patterns, Express fee to be paid by subscriber.

Half a dozen Tea Spoons. Given for three new names. We can give either the Beaded, Tuscan, Gothic, Roman or Persian patterns, as may be selected. We offer them for sale at $1.50. Express fee paid by subscriber.

Half a dozen Table Spoons. Either the Beaded, Tuscan, Gothic, Roman, or Persian patterns, of extra plate, given for five new names. Express fee paid by subscriber. We offer them for sale at $3.50.

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Half Dozen Silver Plated Tea Knives. Hollow handles, of either the Roman, Persian, or Ivy patterns, as may be desired. Extra plate. Given for six new names. **Express fee paid by subscriber.** We offer them for sale at $4.50.

Silver Plated Butter Knife. This is a solid or flat handle, of the Persian pattern, very pretty, of double plate, and very durable. Given for one new name. **Postage 27 cts.** We offer it for sale at $1.00.

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We offer the UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER, family size, the retail price of which is $8.00—for twelve new subscribers. This wringer has the improved "Patent Double Gear," and the patent Stop, which serves to prevent the coggs flying apart, in wringing large articles. It is a durable and finely adjusted machine, and will give satisfaction. It is unquestionably a fine machine. **Express fee paid by subscriber.** We offer it for sale at $8.00.

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For twenty new subscribers, we offer a single-barrelled Fowling Piece neatly finished and well made **Express fee to be paid by the subscriber.** We offer it for sale at $12.00.

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This is a French Accordion, of the first quality, well made, with eight keys, and good tone. Given for five new subscribers. **Express fee to be paid by subscriber.** We offer it for sale at $3.00.

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A Sunday School Library.

Many of our Sabbath Schools wish to replenish their libraries, or to form new ones. We offer below a list, every volume of which we can recommend as not only of a character that will be eagerly read, but also as every way appropriate to the Sabbath School Library. There are 33 volumes in all. They are large books, as can be judged by their prices. We offer the whole number, the retail price of which would be $44.00, for forty new subscribers, and $60.00 in advance. Or we offer one half the number, 16 volumes, for twenty new subscribers, and $30.00 in advance.

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For the Companion.

THE RED HEIFER.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

"Marry? No, never—not if the king should come and beseech me on his bended knees," said I.

"Wait till the king comes," said my aunt, with a knowing smile. A very aggravating smile it was, too, for it seemed to signify that my grapes were sour; but I wasn't one to publish my private affairs on the guide-post where four roads meet, so I let it pass. The truth was I held some advanced notions about *woman's rights*, and to give up my independence, and even my name, and receive nothing in return but my board and clothing, seemed to me very much like Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.

No one ever had a better opportunity to carry out her views than I had, for, before I was twenty-five, my parents died, and left me in possession of a good farm, and a few thousand dollars well invested. I determined to remain on the homestead, and carry on the farm myself, although there were plenty ready to lend a helping hand. There was Squire Billings, for one.

I remember I was sitting on the south piazza, shelling beans, when I saw the Squire coming up the steps, hat in hand, his bald head shining in its fringe of hair like a goose's egg in its nest.

I was somewhat surprised, because, although I had always had a bowing acquaintance with him, he had never called upon me; but then, I had never been an heiress before, a fact which I did not take into consideration at the time.

I jumped up, and invited him into the parlor, but he begged to be allowed to stay on the piazza, and actually sat down on the seat beside me, and began helping me shell beans with his two fat, white hands. At first he talked about the weather and the crops, and from that he led on to my affairs, and had put me through a pretty thorough catechism, almost before I knew it. In general I was shy of answering questions, but the squire had a smooth, plausible way with him, that put folks off their guard. When he had found out all he wanted to know, he heaved a sigh, and remarked,—

"You have a fine place here, Miss Thankful, but it must be a great tax upon you to carry it on."

"O, as to that, Shillebah manages every thing I can't do myself. He's my right hand man."

"O—ah! And this Mr. Shil-la-lah"—

"Shillebah," said I.

"Certainly. And this Irishman"—

"But he *isn't* an Irishman—never saw the old country in his life. He's a born and bred Yankee."

"This person, then—this very excellent and responsible person—lives here with you, and carries on the place, you say."

"I said nothing of the kind, sir. He lives in that small, red house, yonder, with his wife and children, and works for me when I want him. I'm my own overseer."

"And a very capable one, no doubt. You never feel afraid, I suppose?"

"What of? thieves? Thieves generally go where there's something to steal, and I don't keep much money about me. As to silver, I've got just half a dozen tablespoons and a dozen teaspoons, and if any body wants those more than I do, they're welcome to them."

"I admire your courage," said the Squire, "but we're all liable to sudden illness."

"That's true, but I enjoy good health for the most part, thank Heaven; and when my time comes, I suppose I shall die, whether there's a house full of people round or not."

"Miss Thankful," said the squire, holding a bean-pod in one hand, and laying the other on the back of my chair, while he gazed in my face like a sentimental owl, "Miss Thankful, the Scriptures say it is not good for man to be alone."

"Well, if you're minded to seek a partner, I'm sure I hope you'll find a suitable one. As for me, I'm contented with my present situation, and have no idea of changing it." With that I shook the beans out of my apron into a milk-pan, and began sweeping up the pods, and putting them into a basket. And on this hint the squire took his leave.

THE RED HEIFER.

When it all came to my aunt's ears she was dreadfully vexed.

"He's a worthy man, and a man of means," said she. "What fault have you to find with him?"

"None at all; but that's very different from wanting to marry him; don't you think so, aunty?" said I.

"You may go through the woods, and take a crooked stick at last," said she, mournfully.

"I suppose I'm able to walk without a stick," said I, laughing.

"Well, well, I only hope you may never see reason to repent when it's too late," said she, shaking her head, and with a look which seemed to say exactly the reverse of her words, namely: that she hoped I'd live to be convinced of my folly.

"Never fear," said I, not a bit disturbed by my aunt's melancholy view of the matter, and resolved to adhere to my own views.

And I really believe I should to the end, if it had not been for the red heifer.

"What had the red heifer to do with it?" do you ask.

That is what I am going to tell you.

Shillebah and I sometimes disagreed about managing the farm. He had a great many notions about draining, and subsoiling, and I don't know what, and was quite too fond of tendering his advice when it was not asked. Not but that he may have been in the right sometimes, but it was necessary I should preserve my authority, if the farm all went to grass, as it came near doing by-and-by. I used to hear him mutter about "Women's farming," in a way that made my blood boil.

Well, it was one morning, as I was shaking a piece of carpeting out the second story window, that I saw the cows in the kitchen garden. I ran down stairs, and catching up a broom on my way, went in pursuit of them. They were docile creatures, all but the red heifer, and walked out as meek as Moses; but get the red heifer out I couldn't, notwithstanding I hit her a blow with the broom, every time I came near enough.

She was such an aggravating little beast, too. She would go straight to the broken place in the fence, and pretend she was going out, and then turn and look at me—then kick up her heels, and go plunging through the beds again.

I don't know whether it was fifteen minutes, or half an hour, that I kept up the chase, but, anyhow, it was till I was ready to drop, and the heifer was as fresh as ever. So I called Shillebah, who was in the field, behind the barn, ploughing.

The first words he spoke were, "I told you how it would be, mum."

He could not have said any thing worse if he had studied upon it for a week, for he had not only told me how it would be, but had engaged a carpenter to repair the fence, and the carpenter came, and I kept him so long making a trellis for the honeysuckle, that he had no time for the fence. Of course I didn't want to be reminded of this now, so I answered, rather sharply,—

"It's *my* garden, I suppose."

"Yes'm, it is your garding, and the farm is yourn—any body would surmise as much to look at 'em."

Meantime the heifer had walked quietly out, and Shillebah was putting some boards across the broken place. "'Taint much use," he said, "it'll all have to be planted over again; the critters might just as well have it now. Sometimes it seems to me as if the old gentleman couldn't rest in his grave, when I see how things is managed."

By the "old gentleman" he meant my honored father.

"Is it any business of yours how things are managed?" said I.

"No, it don't appear to be any body's business; more's the pity," said he; and from that we went on from one thing to another, till I ordered him off the premises.

"Do you mean it?" said he.

"I do mean it," said I.

"I'll go, then; but let me tell you, you won't get any body else to take my place at this season of the year."

"I'll do it myself, then," said I.

He went without another word, and I put on my sun-bonnet, and an old pair of gloves, intending to finish the ploughing. But what was the matter with the plough? Instead of going straight, as ploughs generally do, it jumped this side and that, in the strangest manner. Then the old horse, who had never shown a freak before in all his life, turned his head, took one long look at me, and stood stock still. I beat him; he didn't appear to resent it; I tried to drag him along by the reins; he didn't resist; he didn't do any thing, he just stood still. I sat down on the plough, and fanned myself with my sun-bonnet, and meditated.

If Shillebah wanted revenge, he had it.

"Let *me* try," said a voice.

I looked up, and saw a young man smiling down upon me. He wore a broad-brimmed palm-leaf hat, linen trousers and white shirt.

I got up off the plough, very much ashamed to be found in such a plight.

"Don't wait, I'll take the job; that is, if you can trust me," said he, still smiling.

No wonder he smiled, for, as I found out afterward, he had been watching me from the time I found the cattle in the garden, and had heard the whole quarrel between me and Shillebah.

"My name is Shadrach Sloper, and I live in the brown cottage."

"Thank you, sir," said I; and then I felt more ashamed than before, because that wasn't the right place to say thank you.

I had never seen this young man before, though I knew that a Sloper family had lately moved into our neighborhood.

"Well, I was glad to go into the house, and he called his boy, and the two finished ploughing the field in an hour or two, running every furrow as straight as a line.

This was the beginning of our acquaintance, but it wasn't the end; for the next spring, when I proposed to him to manage my farm by halves, he said, "Miss Thankful, I never do any thing by halves." So what could I do but let him take the whole, and myself with it?

I haven't changed my opinions about matrimony in general, one whit, but circumstances alter cases, and every body isn't like my Shadrach.

For the Companion.

THE DOUBLE WEDDING PARTY.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

Dave, after his arrival North with his motherless children, cooked, and scrubbed, and washed, and ironed, and nursed, and had a violent attack of rheumatism, all in one year. The neighbors who had come from Virginia with him, and who at first had been very kind, began to grow a little weary of looking after his children. So several of them proposed that he "pull de weed off his hat and hunt him up anoder wife."

"Dave drew himself up, rolled his eyes, and laid his great hand on his heart and said,—

"Sisters, dat are not de way I does! I never 'ticipates Providence. *I* never had to *hunt up* a wife! When I was young and gay, and like to get into high life and lose my soul, Sukey she come for to deal wid me, and bring me back to de Master. Says she, 'Dave, what can I do to save ye?'

"Says I, 'Ye can *marry* me!' And after a little while I give out at a prayer meetin' in Billy Dick's cabin, dat after dat time Sukey and me should reckon ourselves married, and should 'spect other folks to reckon us de same! Den I axed prayers of de brudren how't I might be a new man now, hinchforred and forever!" Dem prayers was answered, and dere never wasn't no happier folks den us, nor no usefuller, nor piouser, if I says it dat oughtn't to!

"Well, when de great Massa thought I was gittin' proud, and runnin' rank, and needed trimmin' down a little, He 'lowed a wicked law for to seperate Sukey and me as fur as de east is from de west, and from de risin' of de sun to de goin' down of dat same! I mourned for Sukey till I was so thin as an inch plank, and as pale as a ghost (!) But for all dat, I wasn't lef' to go round like a fool a hunting up anoder wife. I calls *that* beyont the dignity of a man! Bamby, my new missus says to me, says she,—

"'Dave, why don't you quit a mournin' after Sukey and take Lottie for your wife? She's lost her mother and sister, and feels mighty lonesome, and she's sort o' delicate like, aud needs some good, stout feller to look after her.'

"Now *that* seemed to me an openin' in providence; so I washed my face and hands, and went right out into de field where she was a gleanin' tobacco, like Ruth Boaz in de Bible.

"Says I to her, 'How does you git along on de road to Zion, sister?' And she says, 'I don't git along nohow, bruder. Sometimes I fears I isn't on de right road, even; and when I feels dat I

L M Hosford Oct70

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is, I stumbles, and falls, and gits discouraged, and haint nobody to help me up!'

"'Yes, you is; you got me to help, after dis, both in de 'bacco field and on de road to glory! I's gwine for to marry you, Lottie!' says I.

"The poor cretur was so overj'yed that she bust out cryin.' Well, you knows, sisters, how we lived for ten year! When the Lord tuk her, I trusted Him for to send me another; *and He'll do it.* He won't send *me* round on no such business as *huntin' up a wife!* Wives always comes right into my hand."

When spring came, "the rheumatiz let go," and Dave got good work again and returned the compliments he had had, by splitting wood and performing other gallant little services for "de ladies in de alley."

One night, in a storm, a poor wanderer from a distant State made her way to the city in great poverty, with a young baby in her arms. She inquired where any colored people might be found, and was directed to the place where Dave and his fellow-Virginians were packed like herrings in a box. She presented herself at one door and asked a shelter; but the poor strangers were afraid to take her in, "lest she might be a 'postor, or a thief, or an unbehaved woman of some kind." So, after a consultation, they decided to feed her and let her go.

But Dave had heard the talk, and came out of his door, when they laid the case before him.

"Take her in," said Dave, "for she's a stranger; feed her, for she's a hungry; clothe her, for she's a naked—mostly—and you'll get de reward from yer Father which art in heaven."

"We wants to be mighty 'spectable," said one good woman, "here 'mong strange white folks, and they might say we took in tramps and vagriants. We's made up our mind to help her a little and let her go, bruder."

"Pho, pho, sisters! You're as righteous as de Pharisees. Suppose de good Lord should only *help you a little and then let you go?* What, s'pose, would come of *you* den? Here, young stranger, come dis way. I'll find a bed 'mong my neighbors, and give you my pillow, same's I would to de great Massa if He'd come to me a weary in His journey."

The sisters all said, "Dat's mighty good of Bruder Dave; but den he isn't a *woman* wid a ripertation to look arter!"

You may be sure Dave's house was in any thing but an orderly condition, and showed plainly the want of a woman's hand. This poor, friendless young stranger was overwhelmed with gratitude for his kindness, and went to work in good earnest to set things in order. She made the poor place shine with cleanliness; she washed the garments Dave had been dabbling out before daylight; she mended the ragged clothes, and braided the children's crispy hair up into scores of little twigs, each of which she tied up with a white thread, till they looked like porcupine-headed imps! And she varied their food from corn bread and 'lasses to hasty pudding and milk, and soup, and occasionally pie and gingerbread; for she was a good cook, and soon Dave found that he couldn't get along without her!

The girl's history was a sad one, which we need not give here, as her future is all we care about now. She seemed very modest and humble, and seeing how suspicious the sisters were of her, she kept close by Dave's children and out of their way. She felt despised.

But sorrow breaks down all barriers. Very soon the stranger's baby died, and when "the sisters" saw the poor young mother's grief, they began to think how coldly they had treated her, and how meekly she had borne it. They took her to their hearts, and made her one of themselves; and the very ones who, a week before, had advised "Bruder Dave" to send her off, now advised him to keep her altogether!

"Sartin, sisters, I'll take your advice," he replied, "kase I's settled it a'ready in my own mind for to marry Vangie, she's so good to my chil'n; and it 'pears like Providence flung her right at *me;* so now turn to and help get up anoder weddin' party,—it'll be marryin' de Bible way dis time. 'Pears like Vangie ought to have a right smart of a weddin'.

"You knows yourselves, sisters, de weaknish of de female sect on de dress question, and can sympathize with Vangie under de pecul'ar circumstance of de case. She must have de prevlege of riggin' up like a bride to make up for de homely old man dat's to grab her by de hand at de holy alture of matumony,—though she, poor foolish thing, thinks I'm handsome! Both my other wives did; but I s'pose that's nat'ral with women—dey're de weaker vessels, 'pendent on us what's strong to bear de 'firmities of de weak! Now, sisters, most o' you was guesses to my 'double weddin' party,' and I shall 'spect you to help get up dis new weddin'. You mought begin operations by taking up a collection for to buy de wittles wid. Heaps of white ladies has give her wedding presents. One is a white dress, mashed up a little but no tmuch *wore*, and a lace bridal veil, wid orange blossoms atop on't.

"De ladies begun at de top of her, but dey gin out 'fore dey got so fur as de feet; she aint got no shoes and stocking, but quarter a dollar apiece from you will set her up in style; and when I gets ahead a little, I'll return de compliments; for de present, de rent, and de fuel, and de wittles for de family 'bout uses up all my surplish funds."

The "sisters" agreed to supply the bride with shoes and stockings, and to provide the feast and lend their chairs and dishes. One old man volunteered to supply Dave with a black coat and a venerable stove-pipe hat which he had received from a minister, whose duty it was to have given it away ten or fifteen years before; and "F. Jerry Washington," the dandy of the new come Virginians, and a gentleman's coachman, offered to lend the happy bridegroom one pair of his white driving gloves, and to stan' up 'longside of him.

If Dave had chosen to turn his home and his heart inside out for the amusement and the criticism of the world, as people of higher station sometimes do, his wedding would have been the sensation of the season! But the fame of it did not spread beyond the circle of his friends and employers. It was not even mentioned in the daily papers!

Perhaps the white ladies who gave the wedding outfit were a little roguish, if not they had very peculiar tastes! The bride, who was "black but comely," looked like a big negro doll dressed in all the crushed-up tarleton, flowers and tinsel to be found; and the finishing touch was put on with a long switch of jute hair, as black and as coarse as a horse's tail, which hung a good yard over, and from the top of the veil. But she was elegant in her own eyes and in the eyes of Dave and his friends; and that was all that was necessary. Dave himself "opened de sarvices" by lining out a hymn:

"Come, friends, and jine dis weddin',
So mighty, rich, and gay;
But don't set your heart on riches,
Kase de mought fade away."

He then read verses from a chapter he knew by heart, and asked the brethren and sisters to make a few remarks; but as they were late starting, the white minister appeared before any one had a chance to comply. During the ceremony Dave threw in an occasional remark, as "De Bible says 'taint good for man to be alone, and dat when he lose one wife he must hurry up right smart and get anoder."

Dave always gave free interpretation of Scripture to suit himself.

The minister made them happy, and then refused the new one dollar bill which Dave offered him for the service, and left, wishing them all happiness.

A great overgrown boy was sent off at once to spend the dollar in "nuts and reasons," articles left out—perhaps from necessity—of the bill of fare.

Then the eating, and talking, and laughing, and singing began, and Dave, who chose to be chief orator, related many pleasing little incidents connected with his former wives, and exhorted Vangie, in touching terms, "to immolate their zample, and be good as well as handsome;" and charged "the sisters" to "receive her in place of de two dear departed, one which is livin' and t'other dead!"

Then he surprised the party by reading a letter which had just reached him after months of travel, from Mr. Johnson and Sukey, sympathizing with him in the death of Lottie, and offering to send money, if he needed it, to keep all the little Johnsons comfortable and at school. The party all cried, till Dave said,—

"Dis am no time for hollerin, and cryin', but time for joy! We will close de sarvices of de evening by a pra'r meetin', after which our bruder, yellow Jim, will 'nounce de benediction, and we will retire 'peaceable to our homes, wid none to moles' nor make us 'fraid.'"

Vangie took up the drudgery of that poor home with a heart full of gratitude for the good friend God had sent her in her time of need; and she became a real mother to "the five little Johnsons."

J. D. C.

A CHINESE NECROPOLIS.

The City of the Dead at Canton is, perhaps, one of the most curious sights that can be seen—a city walled round and garrisoned, with streets laid out with rows of houses, the whole kept perfectly clean. In each little house there are one or more coffins, generally of mandarins, waiting for the lucky day to be pronounced by the soothsayer ere they can be consigned to the earth. Some have been there twenty years, waiting the favorable opportunity. The silence of the whole place is most oppressive, and a traveller could not help remarking the same, through an interpreter, to the Chinese guide who was conducting him through. "Ah," said he, "you should be here at night, and you would see a far different sight. All the spirits walk about, and conduct their business as usual. Why," said he, "these streets are quite full." He said he had never seen them; but, being sure of the fact, he never ventured out of his little cottage at the gate of the city at night. He firmly believed all he said.

SMILES AND TEARS.

Both swords and guns are strong, no doubt,
And so are tongue and pen,
And so are sheaves of good bank notes,
To sway the souls of men;
But guns, and swords, and gold, and thought,
Though mighty in their sphere,
Are often poorer than a smile,
And weaker than a tear.

Children's Hour.

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

CHAPTER IX.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

In July, we went on our annual excursion to what the villagers called the *Lily Ponds.*

These ponds or small lakes were situated a few miles from Mossville, and were among the most picturesque of our resorts.

Beside the boating, which we all so greatly enjoyed, we were accustomed, on these occasions, to have our individual gallants, who vied with each other in bringing out the most stylish equipages of the town.

Every thing that had wheels, and could be trundled by a horse, was brought into service. There were the doctor's one horse chaise, the blacksmith's open buggy, and the four yellow and red wagons. There was the deacon's family barouche, and, last and best of all, the merchant's four-wheeled carriage. The latter was drawn by a snow-white beast, such as one reads of in romances.

We were in a great flutter about this time. First, we wondered who would invite us, and next, we wondered which carriage our beau would take us in!

As Scranton was so fickle in his likings, we never could guess who would be invited by him, until his invitation was sent.

Next to Scranton, Walter Winter was in favor, but then, we knew he was too poor to indulge in expensive rides, and so did not expect attentions from him.

Horace Arlington was not in fashion that term, as he had been previously; and, take it all in all, we were what might be called *skimped* for gallants, most of the pupils being too youthful to understand how to escort ladies in a stylish manner; and misses in their *teens* are very fastidious.

There was one other subject that agitated us, and that was *dress.*

Don't think we had *nothing to wear!* On the contrary, there was not one of us but had plenty of respectable garments; but when a school-girl wishes to look *stunning*, she usually makes an effort to *borrow something.*

And a very miserable habit it is, too! The grief that it brought *me* will be seen.

Nellie decided to appear in a sky-blue costume, which was very becoming to her.

Our next-door neighbor declared in favor of green, and borrowed my spring kids to match her dress.

No. 4 asked if I would be so kind as to lend her my white Swiss dress, which I did.

No. 18 had no gaiters that were not more or less stubbed, and, as a matter of course, borrowed my go-to-meeting ones.

Miss Prig, a tall, sallow girl, that nobody liked, borrowed my gypsy hat, with the daisy wreath around it, and her room-mate took my light parasol.

By the time all the toilets were completed, I was glad to settle on a modest gray dress for myself, with a hat to match, relieved by a tuft of grasses and bright berries.

Now, if I have a weakness for one thing more than another, it is for riding in an elegant carriage, and I made up my foolish mind that, let who would invite me to that excursion, I would not accept if he went in a shabby, open wagon, which was the common vehicle of the place.

The merchant who owned the four-wheeled carriage and white horse had a son, not so attractive as he might have been. Indeed, if the truth must be told, he was not a jot more than half-witted. The poor fellow knew his infirmity, and was very shy of inviting us, so that when we wished any attention from him, we were obliged to give him a pretty strong hint to that effect.

I, naturally enough, supposed that Prince, as we called him, would use his father's carriage, and determined to coax him into taking me. In less than twenty-four hours after this resolution, he had engaged me, and my heart was at rest in regard to the *style* in which I should go.

The morning of the excursion was faultless. The sun was up in season, and blinked its brightest. Arrayed in our best bibs and tuckers, we swarmed into the parlor, and waited for the carriages to come to the door.

The barouche had been chartered by the Professor, Mr. Moss and the lady teachers, and was soon on its winding way.

Then up drove Prince in that abominable red buggy!

I could not believe my eyes, I really *couldn't*, and for full five minutes I stoutly refused to budge an inch. But as the order of exercises was all written out, and a school always has to do every thing in a funeral-like procession, I was compelled to scramble into the buggy, and be toted off by Prince, who, it seemed to me, looked more simple and self-complacent than ever!

I knew Scranton had invited Nellie. It made me vexed that he did so, when I knew well that she liked Winter better, and that I liked Scranton myself. I could not help looking back to see Nellie handed in. Would you believe it? There were the carriage and white horse that I had sighed for, and there was Scranton, in faultless toilet, bowing like a Chinese mandarin to the girl in blue, who tripped into the carriage as if such splendor was all a matter of course.

Something fell upon my heart like ice, and the burden grew colder and heavier every time I heard their merry voices behind me. It was the fiend *Envy* that had taken possession of my soul, and, O, how miserable, how wretched it made me!

"I thought you would have taken your father's handsome turnout, Prince," I said, curtly.

"Yas," drawled Prince, "I s'pose yer did! Dad 'll get a lot of money for that are team to-day. Yer see, I could get this 'ere buggy for almost nothin', and they'll take their pay out of the store, tew!"

This sentence filled up the measure of my disgust. I had sold myself for less than a mess of pottage, and was justly punished.

I would not go to the ride with Winter, who had invited me in a gentlemanly way, because I was sure he would be in a wagon. He was driving his sister, in a carriage nearly as stylish as Scranton's, and how cosy and cheery they looked!

Once or twice, when I glanced backward, they waved their handkerchiefs at me; and Nellie, too, had tried some pleasantry when the white horse pressed close to our buggy; but I was too much chagrined to respond just then, for I fancied they were all making sport of me, of my escort and the buggy!

Nothing good can live in the poisonous atmosphere of envy. O, girls! O, boys! Shut the doors of your hearts, and bolt them within, whenever you hear that stealthy foe approaching! I would not live that day over again for untold gold.

Prince did not seem to mind my being reticent. He was so absorbed in whipping the stupid beast he drove, and keeping his switch from getting entangled in his reins, that he had no time for conversation himself.

In due time the *lily-pond* was reached, where boats awaited us. When we were standing on the shore to take our places, Nellie came up, redolent with happiness, and, twining her arms about me, endeavored to kiss my cheek.

I broke away from her embrace. I could not endure it, all for that fiend, Envy. And it hurt me to see her tripping away with Scranton just as if I had not refused her!

Winter and his sister came up and asked me to go in the boat with them, but I declined, and joined that disagreeable Miss Prig, instead.

Prince made himself very agreeable to Miss Prig, who tittered at every thing he said. Then he plashed water all over the hat she had borrowed of me, and spoiled the daisy wreath that I liked so much. It was his way of being funny!

The lilies were abundant and very beautiful. They seemed to reproach me, as they lay on the unruffled water, with their white petals upturned to the sun.

I took one of the half-open buds, and held it to my lips. It seemed as if just from the hands of the Creator, with the perfume of heaven still in its moist cup.

Sin never harmonizes with purity! The cool, fragrant petals stung me, and I flung the bud out into the water again, and refused to take those Prince gathered for me into my hands, so he was compelled to give them to Miss Prig.

Her room-mate amused herself by pulling the lilies with my light parasol handle. After a little, the long, tough stems got twisted into the hook, and she had to drop the parasol into the pond to prevent herself from being pulled over the edge of the boat.

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I was so miserable, I felt a kind of glum pleasure in seeing her distress at the accident, for she knew very well that I used it with my pearl silk, and that it could not be replaced.

Just then Scranton's boat came nigh us. Nellie was sitting like a queen, with a garland of lilies around her beautiful head. She flung a kiss at me from the tips of her fingers, but I turned my head, and devoted myself to Miss Prig!

At last, the boating was over, and, O, how glad I was! If I could only get home before Nellie, and have my cry out all by myself, it would be all I could ask, for my heart was full to bursting, and I knew the tears must come.

All the party, except myself, were in the very gayest spirits. The chatting and laughter well nigh drove me mad, and I begged Prince to take me home at once.

Miss Prig had no beau of her own. She had gone, with several others, with a *driver*. Conceive my dismay when the buggy was brought round, to see that lady plump herself into it, at Prince's request, he having found her so much more gracious to him than I had been.

Prince pulled forward the cushions, and crowded himself in between us, where he kept pulling at the reins, and crooking his elbow into my ears, like the clown he was!

Along the road over which we were passing, there was a half-mile or more of race-ground, where it was decided, jocosely, to put the mettle of our heavy beasts to the test.

The only really spirited animal of the party was the white horse driven by Scranton, and it was because it was so given to shying and speed that the owner had refused to let his son drive him on this occasion.

Perhaps Prince did not understand his father's objection at the time he gave such a ludicrous excuse for our shabby outfit. I learned the truth myself when it was too late.

I have told you how timid poor Nellie was of personal danger. No sooner was the race commenced, than it became evident Scranton had all he could do to manage the white horse. The animal flew over the road like mad, sometimes shying at a stone, sometimes rearing upward and plunging headlong forward, until it came to the place where we were stopping to see the fun.

As Scranton's carriage came toward us, I saw how pale Nellie was. She sat with her feet braced against the carriage, as rigid as marble.

The look of agonizing appeal she gave me, swept the evil demon from my heart. I am thankful that all my love for the poor child came back to me at that glance. Ah, had she died, and I hating her!

Just beyond us, the road shelved to the right, and the descent, some feet, was rocky and precipitous.

I suppose Prince anticipated this danger for them, and tried, in his awkward way, to quiet the animal by the sound of his more familiar voice, for he shouted at the beast as it came up, and whirled his hat before its eyes as it flitted by.

His mistaken kindness was terrible in its results, for the horse threw itself forward, with tremendous strides, to the shelving bank, then reared upon its haunches, and there came a crash!

To be continued.

For the Companion.

THE BOAT-RACE.

Tom Noyes was the only one who had heard the news. He had mounted a stump in the play-ground, and every boy in school had gathered around him.

"Yes, a watch. A silver watch, worth forty dollars. None of your medals! I heard Judge Stirling read to father out of the records of the meeting myself, 'that it had been resolved that a prize of a watch should be offered at the close of the agricultural fair to the best rower on the river, under the age of fifteen.' The judge said, 'I think it quite as necessary we should attend to the physical development of our boys as to our cattle, and I hope my boy may win the race.'"

The boys at that all looked at Carrol Stirling, who colored, and sniffed the air loftily.

"Most of the boys here can pull a good stroke," said one.

"Yes," continued Tom. "But each boy, who rows for the prize, is to go out alone in a light Tuckerton skiff. The course is from Hobbs' landing to Dow's point, and the race is to wind up the fair, so we'll have a rousing audience."

"Where are we to get Tuckerton skiffs?" said John Clark.

There was an appalled silence. The boat-house was full of leaky skiffs, and old, battered canoes in which the boys had learned to paddle about. But which of them could be depended on in a crisis like this? Tom had information here, too.

"Adams has a half dozen skiffs for sale. Brought 'em up from below. They're light and cheap—just made to carry one. I shouldn't wonder if he'd had this race in his eye. He told me he'd sell them for fifteen dollars apiece. Where are you going, Paul Foley?"

"Going to look at them." Foley had a quick, quiet way of doing things that took the breath out of the other boys.

"Whew!" whistled Noyes, "I didn't think *he'd* run."

"Why?" piped a very small boy. "Paul rows as well as any of you."

"But he can't buy the boat. *Can't*, that's all, poor fellow!"

Which seemed likely enough, for Paul's father was the village blacksmith, and every body knew what a strain it was on him to send his boy to this school, which was so much the best in the county that the charges were proportionally high. Paul's clothes were always coarse, and he had never been known to have a dime of pocket money.

"No, the beggar can't waste much money on himself, that's a fact," said Carroll Stirling, jingling the silver, with which his pockets were always filled. "Why didn't you tell Adams to set aside the best of those boats for me, Noyes?"

"I didn't think. Let's go down and do it now," and a crowd of boys eagerly followed Stirling, watching, as they had often done before, with admiring envy, the boy who could pull from his pocket a handful of money, and buy what he pleased.

They found Paul Foley busy, examining the boats, sounding timbers, peering into cracks, testing paint, while Adams stood by, smoking.

"Hillo, Foley! You going to race?" cried Stirling.

"I think so. Why?"

"To tell the truth, boy, I didn't suppose you could afford to patronize Mr. Adams, here. He puts the tariff on pretty stiff," nodding to the old man, with all the assurance of purse pride. "Of course the watch is a great object, for you. It's a chance to get one you may never have again. But before one throws out a herring to catch a whale, one must have the her ring, eh?"

Paul made no reply, but went on coolly examining the boats. Stirling, looking carelessly around, said, "Which is your best, Adams? Highest priced?"

"This costs the most, sir, on account of the gilding and"——

"All right—that's mine. And here's your money;" strutting loftily away.

"That boat's not well made," said Paul.

"It's not of the best build, but it is the highest priced, on account of the gilding and color. Will you take one of these, Paul?"

"No, sir; I haven't the money, now. But when I get it, as I mean to do, I want a better boat than any of these. They're built for sale, and not for use. I'll ask you to look for one for me below."

"There's a fellow who knows what he's about," said Adams, looking after him as he left the shop.

Another fellow, who knew what he was about, came up at the moment. It was Tom Noyes. Now Tom's father never gave him pocket money, but Tom's porte-monnaie was always full—nobody knew how. To be sure, he was always engaged in pitching pennies, playing billiards or quoits at ten cents a game. But who would guess he could make out of such things so lucrative a business? He also inspected Mr. Adams' boats, and chose one.

"I say, Adams, I want you to let me put up this skiff to raffle. Price twenty dollars; tickets twenty-five cents. That's an advance of five dollars on your price, which you make; and you allow me four tickets for selling the rest. The boys make the boat, or one of them will. So it's all a merry-go-rounder. What do you say?"

"All right, Mr. Noyes. You know how to make the mare go without money, I see."

"That I do!" laughing as though highly flattered.

The race was not to take place until September. Almost every morning Carroll Stirling was to be seen in the boat with some other fellow; but generally the other fellow was rowing, while Carroll lay in the stern and smoked. In the evening it became a common custom for his admirers to gather in his room to debate the matter, and the debate was usually enlivened by a bottle or two of wine.

Tom Noyes' raffle came off, and Tom won the boat. "He always had *such* luck!" the boys said. Of Paul's plans no one knew any thing. Except while in his classes, he disappeared from school. One day the mystery was solved.

"Who do you think I saw out at old Dodson's to-day?" said Noyes, breathlessly, arriving on the play ground. Why, Foley! In the harvest-field! Hard at it with the men. He's been working for him, Dodson tells me, all summer, at off hours, and does a man's work at that. There's a go for you!"

It was a "go" which nobody could understand, and Foley was not exactly the boy whom one could question. The boys, some of them, made a point of strolling along the road, past Dodson's harvest-field, and were rewarded with a sight of Paul, who nodded and laughed to them.

"The fellow has not the sense of shame in him!" Stirling said, with disgust.

The last day of the fair had almost reached its close. The afternoon was cool and bright. The banks of the river were lined with spectators, good-humored and friendly, ready to cheer and be pleased with any thing "the boys" might do. Flags fluttered; bands played. The eight competitors (all of them from the one school) sat in their gayly-colored skiffs, in their tight-fitting flannel sculling dress, ready for the signal.

"That's your boy Carroll, judge, is it not?" asked Mr. Noyes. "In red?"

"Yes. I don't like the looks of his boat. It is an uncouth shape about the bows and stern. The boy'll pull against odds."

"Yes." But the other gentleman thought that the "odds" against the boy did not lie in his boat alone, but in his flushed face, bloodshot eye, and tobacco-scented breath.

"Who's that fellow?" cried one of them, as a boat shot past, and they caught a glimpse of a tanned, manly face, and bright, steady eyes. "What a fine, athletic build! There's health and steady habits for you! The boat, too, is the most skilfully shaped on the river."

"That's old Foley the blacksmith's son."

"How does he call his boat? 'Fair Play?' That's good. Ah! how's this?"

There was an island in the middle of the river, and the ordinary course of boats lay in the deeper and longer channel around it. It was possible, however, by poling, to pass through the shorter channel on the other side. One boat, hitherto somewhat behind the others, suddenly shot into this by-way.

Shouts of "Unfair! Foul! Foul!" rent the air from either side.

"Who's that?"

"Noyes," replied the school-boys, with a roar. "He's always tricky."

There was but one boat of the seven that had taken the fair course, that had any chance of winning, in spite of this trick. It darted ahead of the others, and came out beyond the island neck and neck with Noyes.

"Is it Carroll's?" demanded his father. "Gentlemen, is it my boy's boat that is gaining?"

"I think it is," said some one who held a glass to his eyes; "the boys are dressed so much alike that it is difficult—Ah! Noyes is behind—a length—two lengths! Whoever the fellow is, he pulls a fine stroke. Two lengths, and he will be in. If it is your boy, you may be proud of him, judge."

But the next moment the judge was doomed to disappointment. The winning boat passed the stake, and shouts went up for "Foley! Foley! Fair Play, forever!"

"It is the blacksmith's son, after all," said Judge Stirling, turning away.

Twenty years after the boat race, Paul Foley, now a middle-aged man with a whitening beard, was strolling about the grounds surrounding his country house, one summer morning, with a man whom he had engaged as a private secretary the day before. Foley was a member of Congress, a lawyer with a practice larger than any other in the State; a man whom hard work, hard sense and unflinching fidelity to the highest principles had raised to his present position.

The man beside him was of apparently double his age, a bent, feeble creature, upon whose features dissipation had set its worst mark, and whose clothes betrayed poverty. He crept along in the shade, beside his genial companion, answering him in monosyllables, until, entering a boat-house, in which a dainty yacht was moored, his eye caught sight of a worm-eaten old skiff, carefully placed on a scaffolding.

"'Fair Play!' So you have the old boat, still, Mr. Foley?"

"Yes. I like to keep those remembrances of our school days. [illegible] foul trick that Noyes played us that day, eh, Stirling?"

"Yes. Tricky Tom! No wonder he played defaulter, at last, and barely escaped the penitentiary. You've had the best luck of us all. Yet I had the money, and Tom knew how to turn every thing to his advantage. Yet you take me in now out of charity! Well, some men always pull a winning oar. I don't understand it. It's luck, I suppose."

The judge was silent, and soon left the boat-house, so that the sight of the skiff might not vex his companion. But we are sure that any of our boy readers can tell us what is the winning oar.

AN IRISH HIGHWAYMAN.

Dr. W., the Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage, and with his own sleek and well-fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish post-chaise and the unbroken *garrons* used for drawing these crazy vehicles.

One part of his route was through a wild and mountainous district; and the bishop being a very humane man and considerate of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill and walking to the top. On one of these occasions he had loitered to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance, and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance. Perceiving this, he hastened to make up for lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed when a fellow leaped from behind a heap of loose stones, and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demoniac yell, demanded "Money!" with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling.

The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stowed it away in a capacious rent in his tattered garment, than with another whirl of his bludgeon and an awful oath, he exclaimed,—

"And is it with the likes of this I'm after lettin' you off? a few paltry tin pennies. It's the goold I'll have, or I'll scatter your brains. Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, like a Quaker in the ague, but lug out your purse, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying, in tremulous accents, "My good fellow, there it is, don't ill-use me—I've given you all—pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you plase; as sure as I'm *not* a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must sarch for your note-case, for I'll engage you have a little paper payable at the bank; so hand it over, or you'll sup sorrow to-night."

It was given up; a glance at the road showed that all hope of assistance from his servants was unavailing; the carriage had disappeared; but the bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait awhile, or may be I shall get angry with you. Hand over your watch and sales, and then you may trudge."

Now it happened that the divine felt a particular regard for his watch—not so much from its being of considerable value, but because it had been presented to him by his first patron—and he ventured to expostulate.

"Surely, you have taken enough; leave me my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done."

"Who axed your forgiveness, you ould varmint? Would you trifle with my good nature? Don't force me to do any thing I'd be sorry for, but, without any more bother, just give me the watch."

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and regrasped the formidable weapon as though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chains and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said,—

"And now be off with you, and thank the blissed saints that you lave me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger hurt."

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and having no weight to carry, he set off at what equestrians term a hand [illegible] scarcely, however, had he re[illegible] of the precipitous road, when he [illegible] his persecutor running after him. He endeavored to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he in a race with one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as highly tempered steel!

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop, I tell you! I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenceless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a stand-still. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of his former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression, as he said,—

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"And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat—laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig—put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead; and with a loud laugh ran off, as though his last feat had been the most meritorious of his life.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage; the servants could not repress their laughter at seeing their master in such strange and motley attire; but there was in his face such evidences of terror and suffering, that they speedily checked their risible inclinations, particularly when they learned by a few brief words the danger he had undergone.

"My dear W.," exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for mercy's sake take off that filthy jacket and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied. "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left me to pay our expenses to-night. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am!"

"Never mind your watch, or any thing else just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it!"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the direction of the wretch who robbed you."

The obnoxious garment was removed; the young lady was about to place it under the seat, when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and, on examination, found secreted in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocket-book, purse and silver, of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined; they reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteaus had escaped the dangers of the road, the bishop was able to speedily attire himself canonically. Before the party retired for rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken, after a desperate resistance—the notice of the police being attracted by the singular appearance of a man of his station sporting a new black coat, and covering his shaggy, carroty locks with the well-powdered and orthodox peruke of the right reverend the Bishop of Cashel.

A TRIP IN CHINA.

I found myself, some years since, an adventurer on the Chinese soil. In the autumn of 1862, it was my good fortune to visit the once famous city of Soo-chow, in the heart of the silk-producing districts, of which it was the luxurious metropolis. I say *was*, for its splendors have now departed. Civil war, in its most terrible form, has here done its deadly work.

But before I speak of these things, let me give some account of our journey. We started from Shanghai. It was a mellow morn, with a deep, golden sky. The bells of numerous European ships were ringing their melodious music over the water, as my companion and I proceeded to the E-ho wharf, and signified to the waterman our wish for a river-boat.

"Hi-ya!" shouted one in pigeon-English, "What for wautchee walkee too muchee early, ga la!"

The other boatmen now approached the wharf, screaming like American hackmen.

"Hi-ya! Come mi boat, savr! Mi see you first! Mi *sau-pau* more bettah, capin!"

When these vociferous wretches ceased, so that we could trust our own ears, we engaged Ningpo Sam, and the rest disappeared beneath the canopies of their crafts, and left us to em-

The boat [illegible] gorgeous in its colorings of scarlet, white and blue. It was destined to be our home for several weeks during our inland cruise.

The shipping and forest of junk-mast [illegible] about Shanghai at last faded out of sight astern, and after a quiet sail we at last came to the city of Kah-ding, whose mossy walls loomed up before us in airy desolation and shadowy grandeur.

This city, once the seat of the Taipings, a valorous people, who, for a time, successfully rebelled against the tyranny of the Imperialists, had lately been wrested from the insurgents by a combined British, French and Imperial force.

I shall never forget the scene of horror that met my eyes as I approached the city. A hideous, seething multitude of unfortunate wretches were grouped and huddled together in every position of death, starvation and loathsome disease. Scattered here and there amongst them were the headless and mutilated bodies of victims who had been tortured and put to death by the merciless mandarins. I could not write one tithe of the fearful tales I heard of the wholesale execution of men, women and children.

Within the Taiping territories were the walled cities containing the granaries of the country. When these fell into the hands of their enemies, the people had to starve. Famine was still doing its work when I arrived. I saw one poor, dying woman, with a dead child in her arms. The woman's hopeless, imploring gaze haunts me yet. I ran to the bunk to obtain what food was cooked in the boat, and brought it to her. It came too late. She was unable to move, but the children around her tore it up like young wolves.

Our way for nearly one hundred miles led through a labyrinth of streams, creeks and lakes, in which the main river seemed to be lost, with here and there a picturesque ruin on the banks, noting the decay of the "flowery kingdom."

On the fourth day of our journey from Shanghai, we entered the silk districts, and feasted our wondering eyes on the great expanse of mulberry groves. Two hundred miles square in this part of China contain nothing but mulberry gardens. The scene was one of exquisite beauty, and proved an exception to the desolations of the war.

At noon of the same day, we struck the grand canal.

All have heard of the Great Wall of China. I would like to know how it is that the world knows so little of that eighth wonder of the world, the Grand Canal of China. The Suez Canal, regarded as one of the triumphs of modern science, is a mere stream in comparison. This astounding work of the great Mongol emperor is a hundred feet wide, twenty-five feet deep, six hundred and fifty miles in artificial length, and has banks or sides of solid marble.

Turning out of the Grand Canal, we at last found ourselves rapidly approaching the old city of Soo-Chow. Piles of brick and heaps of ruin were the remaining features of its magnificence, and the once powerful Taiping chiefs. The city everywhere displayed the desolations of war. The days of its glory were gone. Where once gayety held her court, were the implements of warfare in its most cruel form, and beggary, distress and *graves*.

Strolling one evening about the city, we fell in with a street exhibition of great popularity in China,—a Chinese representation of Punch and Judy. We were attracted to this by the great merriment of the audience, whose screams of laughter, from both old and young, indicated that it took but little to amuse a Chinese. The show consisted of a man, whose upper works were converted into a Punch and Judy institution, *a la Chinois*. Instead of stuffed figures and an open stage, the former used a transparent screen, on which he produced very comical shadows. He made these dark little figures go through all sorts of singular and amusing antics, but how he did it we cannot say, for when he was questioned on the subject, he was very reticent, and seemed to convey the idea that it was all the work of some magical art. We give a picture of this remarkable character.

The Taipings are an interesting people. Before they were subdued by the Imperialists, they had abolished slavery, the buying and selling of women, and the custom of cramping the feet. They punished drunkenness as a crime, prohibited opium-smoking and head-shaving. Their whole code of laws, for a half-civilized people, was equitable and wise.

After spending a week at Soo-chow, we set out on our return to Shanghai.

On our way back, we met with an odd adventure, that offered us an opportunity for the display of gallantry. Upon a lovely little creek, we fell in with a house-boat, and a mandarin gun-boat, lying side by side, the crews evidently engaging in an angry dispute.

As we came fairly abreast of them, three young girls, dressed in Tartar costume, came to view, and appeared at once surprised and pleased at seeing a strange boat near. They began talking together in a very earnest manner, and suddenly flew to their own boat on the shore, and paddled for ours. They related to us, through an interpreter, the following story:

They were the daughters of a Tartar officer, who had fallen during the war. They had been followed and watched by the officer of the gun-boat, who wished to persuade them to accompany him to his chief, and who was resolved that they should not return to their relatives in Shanghai. They begged our protection, and a passage to the city.

Night came over the river, dark and still. The ladies remained with us, the mandarin, evidently suspecting their purpose, watching them from the shore. As darkness obscured the river, he approached us. We, however, stole away under the cover of midnight, and safely brought the fair damsels, on the day following, to their friends in Shanghai. We give a picture of these Tartar girls.

DERANGED SOVEREIGNS.

Reports have been current for some time past that the Queen Regnant of the British Empire has lost her reason. These reports, we suppose, originated in the fact that her Britannic Majesty has lived a very retired life for some years, and that her seclusion has been owing in part to ill health.

There would have been but little credence given to the rumors, had not the public mind been prepared to entertain them by other circumstances connected with the history of the British Royal Family.

Queen Victoria is a granddaughter of George III., who had several attacks of insanity, and the last years of whose life were passed in seclusion, because he had become incurably insane.

George III. was the eldest son of Frederic, Prince of Wales, and grandson of George II. He ascended the throne in 1760, when in his 23d years. Five years later he had an attack of madness, though it was only known to the world that he was ill, which, outside of the palace, was supposed to be sickness of body rather than of mind. He soon recovered, and for a long time his reason was not apparently disturbed.

Almost a quarter of a century later, in 1788, he had so severe an attack of madness, that it was impossible to keep the fact from the world. Unusual measures were taken for carrying on the government, and very bitter party disputes grew out of the unsettled condition of public affairs, owing to the King's illness. After some months the monarch recovered his mental health, and retained it for some years; but at the beginning of the present century he had another severe attack. From that he recovered, or at least sufficiently so to attend to his ordinary duties. At length came the final attack, in or about 1810, which lasted for life, the King being confined at Windsor Castle, where he remained till January, 1820, when he died, in the eighty-second year of his life, and the sixtieth of his reign. It is a remarkable fact that the British sovereign who lived longest, and who had the longest reign, was during one-sixth of the years of his sovereignty a madman.

These facts in the history of her grandfather have made the English people more ready to believe that Queen Victoria may have become insane.

There is a popular theory concerning insanity, that while the children of a lunatic may escape the mental disease under which their father suffered, it is sure to "come out" in his grandchildren.

This theory has been applied to the case of Queen Victoria. Her grandfather was a madman on four several occasions. Her father never was insane. Therefore, she may become insane.

Accordingly, more than thirty years since, there was a report that her mind was diseased. That report has been repeatedly revived since her marriage. We think that there have been almost a dozen such reports, half of which have been circulated since she became a widow, almost ten years ago.

The only English sovereign (George III. was a British sovereign) who became insane was Henry VI., a monarch of the Lancaster branch of the Plantagenet family. His maternal grandfather, Charles VI. of France, was a lunatic. Queen Victoria is not descended from Henry VI., but she is descended from his mother, through Henry VII., (Tudor) and so from the insane French King of five hundred years ago.

THE CHICAGO CONFLAGRATION.

Perhaps no event of our time has excited a more profound sensation than the great fire in Chicago, on the 9-10th of October. Not even at the most exciting period of the secession war was the country more moved than by the news that came from the fiery scene. At one time it seemed probable that not a single building in the city would be left unburned, and this, doubtless, would have been the case, but for the change of the wind, and the opportune rain storm that began at three o'clock on the morning of the 10th.

All accounts agree that the loss is tremendous, and it is no exaggeration, we think, that puts the value of the property destroyed at over $300,000,000. Chicago was a very wealthy place; and as it was a grand business centre for a flourishing country, it necessarily contained a vast amount of valuable property that is easily destroyed by fire,—property that is in constant use, and which cannot be dispensed with by active communities, and yet the kind that receives the least attention during the attacks of raging fire.

The course of the fire was such as to destroy an immense number of dwelling-houses, whereby a hundred thousand persons were deprived of homes, and reduced to want and absolute poverty. Any thing like this is unknown in our country, though, unfortunately, great fires are by no means uncommon with us.

It is somewhat remarkable that this calamity should have fallen upon the youngest of our first-class cities. Chicago, gigantic as it was,—and as soon it will be again,—is but a child in point of age. It is a city of to-day, and may be said to have had no yesterday, though its to-morrow will doubtless be a grand and eventful one.

Forty years ago, there were only about a hundred inhabitants at Chicago. Ten years later, the number had increased to almost five thousand. In 1850, the population was not quite thirty thousand; but in 1860, it had increased to the number of one hundred and ten thousand, nine hundred and seventy-three. The census returns of 1870, showed it to be two hundred and ninety-nine thousand, two hundred and twenty-seven. At the time of the fire, it was supposed to be about three hundred and thirty-five thousand. The taxable property was about three hundred millions. The taxable property, however, very imperfectly represents the pecuniary value of a city, and this is especially true of an active business city.

It will be seen that *all* Chicago's growth has taken place in forty-one years, and that nine-tenths of its growth is the work of only twenty years; while the place trebled its population in the last eleven years of its existence. The increase in business must have been at a greater rate.

Boston had attained to the American old age of two centuries before Chicago was fairly entitled to be called a hamlet. Village it certainly was not so recently as 1830.

Take it for all in all, Chicago may be said to be the most remarkable instance of growth known even in America. Even San Francisco, though watered by golden streams, is but a slow place in comparison with the Illinoisan city. When San Francisco began to grow, Chicago had only about twenty-eight thousand inhabitants,—and in twenty-two years, Chicago has become more than twice as populous as her Pacific rival.

There was something about the place that made every one in it active. We have known of the success of men there who could not even be held up anywhere else. They caught the business fever. The consequence of this was a high-strung public sentiment, by which every one seemed to be influenced. Chicago appeared to be always in a state of excitement.

The same causes that made Chicago great in so brief a period, will lead to her speedy recovery

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from the unparalleled disaster that has come upon her. She will become greater than ever, and in three years,—perhaps sooner—few evidences of the great fire will be visible, even to discerning eyes.

WHAT IS "A COLD?"

There is a fast and funny lecturer in one of our prominent medical colleges; an earnest, sturdy man, very learned in his profession, and very fond of young people. This good gentleman defined *a cold* to be *a checked perspiration.* Now there are ever so many learned doctors living and working to-day who would not be fully satisfied with this terse, quick definition. No matter for that. If it doesn't express all the truth, there is some truth in it, and enough for the present. Let us look at it a moment.

When the body is in a sound condition, in what we call "first-rate order," there is always a certain amount of moisture passing off from the skin. Ordinarily, we are not aware of this, and therefore it is called "insensible perspiration." But that it is a fact is easily proved by enveloping a part of the body, as the chest, for instance, in some material impervious to moisture, as oiled silk, or thin India rubber cloth. In a very short time, the enclosed part and the inner surface of the covering will be found dripping wet. The fact is proved, also, by other experiments.

Now, this function, so natural to us, serves as a means of carrying off with the moisture a good deal of waste material from the body, which, if retained, makes us uncomfortable, and more or less sick. It cannot be suddenly and completely checked, and remain so, without evil resulting. It *is* commonly checked, in proportion as the circulation of blood is from any cause so deranged as to flow too little to the surface.

One common *cause* of this derangement is exposure to cold, either prolonged, or *brief and sudden;* and one common *effect* of this checked flow of blood to the surface (and, consequently, checked perspiration,) is what we call a cold. The injury is probably less from the perspiration being checked than from the balance of the circulation being lost; of which the checked perspiration is only one result. G. H.

A BILLION.

A note comes to us from a young lady, who says that her dictionary defines a billion to be a million of millions. Thus:

1,000,000
1,000,000
———
1,000,000,000,000

She asks, "How, then, is it, that, according to the notation in the arithmetics, the number occupies but ten places?" Thus:

1,000,000,000

The difficulty, which is one frequently met by teachers, may be briefly explained. There are two methods of numeration, the French and the English. The French method, which is the one in common use on the continent of Europe, has been adopted by the mathematicians of the United States. An English billion is a million of millions, occupying in figures thirteen places. In fact, it was an old English custom to speak of imaginary numbers, such as we call billion, trillion, &c., as millions of millions. A French billion is a thousand millions. Thus:

1,000,000
1,000
———
1,000,000,000

which occupies ten places in figures.

According to the French, Continental and American method of numeration, each denomination beyond millions is a thousand times the preceding. Thus a trillion is a thousand billions.

STORY OF A MOCKING-BIRD.

The mocking-bird, as well as the parrot, seems to understand the wishes of one who has charge of it, and to mourn the absence or decease of its keeper. The Nashville *Banner* has the following touching incident:

A very curious incident, illustrative of the power which can be exercised over the animal creation by kindness and careful training, occurred but a few days ago, at Scottsville, Ky. The sister of officer Harry Mansfield, of this city, had raised a mocking-bird, which she had taught to go and come at her call, and, in return for all the kindness bestowed upon it, it exhibited a peculiar fondness for her.

Last Monday week, Miss Mansfield was taken ill, and, to while away the tedium of the sick room, she had her little pet brought to her bedside, and day and night it cheered her with its sweet carols, bringing to mind many happy thoughts of field and meadow, sunshine and song. As her illness grew more alarming, and day after day brought no relief from suffering, the warblings of the little songster rather served to annoy than to please her; and so, turning wearily on her pillow, she said to him, "Birdie, hush! you worry me."

Strange to say, the words seemed to be understood, for immediately the song was hushed, and the bird retired within itself, as it were.

On the next day the lady died, leaving, it would seem, a command of silence upon the bird, which will never be broken; for, although several days have elapsed since, and every effort has been made to induce him to sing, he refuses to respond with song to any lips but those of his own loved mistress.

WHITE-OAK GAS.

Among the manifold uses, as food and fuel, in which trees prove their value, we hear of the milk of the cow-tree and the candles of the tallow-tree,—to say nothing of pine knot and birch-bark torches; but the following is the first case we ever knew of a *gas-tree:*

In January last, Messrs. Wallace and Nathan Salisbury, of Cortland county, N. Y., went on to Mt. Topin to procure white oak timber. Having selected a tree that would answer their purpose, they commenced chopping it down. The tree was two feet in diameter. When they had cut in about four inches on the east side, their attention was called to a peculiar sound issuing from the tree. Their first impression was, that it contained a swarm of bees. On striking a couple more blows, the small chips and dirt commenced flying from the stump. On putting the hand down they discovered a strong current of gas issuing from a fresh crack in the stump. The odor was like that of confined air.

This blowing continued for full five minutes, when for curiosity they applied a lighted match; to their astonishment the gas ignited instantly, and burned at least five minutes, with great heat, and a blue flame like that of alcohol. After the gas had all escaped they finished chopping down the tree.

They found a hollow in the stump about six inches in diameter. Their conclusion was, that the gas was light carburetted hydrogen, and had formed from the gradual decay of the wood.

The only reason why such curious results are not often seen from hollow trees is probably because the hollow is scarcely ever air-tight. The production of gas from rotting wood is common and well known.

THE BOTTOM KNOCKED OUT OF A CANAL.

The New York *Express* describes a strange accident which occurred last summer in the Morris and Essex Canal, near Broadway, N. J.:

A boat was passing along, when the driver heard an unusual rumbling noise, like that of muffled thunder, and looking ahead, he saw in the canal, about a hundred yards beyond, the water seething and boiling like a whirlpool. Though stricken with fear, he crossed in safety the dangerous eddy, but had not gone many yards when he was startled by an unusual noise, and turning, discovered that the bottom of the canal had given way, and in a short time his boat was on dry land. The water in the canal, for a distance of a mile and a half, had in a wonderfully short time disappeared in a cavity, of which the dimensions of the opening were forty feet in diameter. No outlet has been found for the water, although all the creeks and streams have been examined.

Above the canal in a wood, three apertures were found, averaging in diameter twenty by twenty-five feet. In these holes and cavities rocks and trees were swallowed up. The tops of the trees were visible to the eye, while the trunks were entirely buried in the earth. Fissures were made on the surface below the canal, to the extent of hundreds of yards. All endeavors to fill up the cavity have failed.

It is supposed that the lime in the limestone rock, of which the ground under the canal in that region is composed, has been secretly burning for years by "spontaneous combustion," and thus left an immense hollow underneath. The trickling of water through lime rock will set it on fire.

"THE OLDEST MAN NOW LIVING."

In country funerals where there is no one to superintend the arrangements professionally, the person in charge frequently happens to be one who cannot repeat the simplest sentence in public without blundering. In such instances, the announcement to the mourners is likely to be marvellously *mal-apropos* and absurd:

In one of the Dutch churches in a rural village on the Hudson, a good old man was acting in capacity of master of ceremonies at the funeral of a highly-respected citizen. As customary on such occasions, he invited the assembled mourners to view the body of their departed friend, and in the following language: "All can now have the pleasure of looking at the last remains of the oldest man now living in the town of S——. Pass up the aisle and down the right hand alley."

THE ANCESTOR OF THE PEACH.

The peach was originally a poisoned almond. Its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and the fruit was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transplantation and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

And so it is said that the useful, healthful and much devoured tomato was once the "deadly nightshade." Education is a good thing. Good has been brought out of evil by it thousands of times.

TAUGHT TO SPEAK.

It is not every son that has such a father as this great man had, but then Demosthenes did not learn oratory of his father:

Soon after the birth of the great British statesman, Sir Robert Peel, his father, the first baronet, rising daily in wealth and consequence, and believing that money in those peculiar days, could always command a seat in Parliament, determined to bring up his son expressly for the House of Commons. When that son was quite a child, Sir Robert would frequently set him on a table and say, "Now, Robin, make a speech, and I'll give you this cherry." What few words the little fellow produced were applauded, and applause stimulating exertion, produced such effects that before Robin was ten years old he could address the company with some degree of eloquence. As he grew up, his father constantly took him every Sunday into his private room, and made him repeat, as well as he could, the sermon which had been preached. Little progress in effecting this was made, and little was expected at first; but by steady perseverance the habit of attention grew powerful, and the sermon was reported almost verbatim. When, at a very distant day, the senator, remembering accurately the speech of an opponent, answered his arguments in quick succession, it was not then known that the power of so doing was originally acquired in the old Drayton church.

WHAT IS A "CARAT?"

The carat is an imaginary weight that expresses the fineness of gold, or the proportion of pure gold in a mass of metal; thus an ounce of gold is divided into twenty-four carats, and gold of twenty-two carats fine is gold of which twenty-two parts out of twenty-four are pure, the other two parts are silver, copper or other metal; the weight of four grains, used by jewellers in weighing precious stones and pearls, is sometimes called diamond weight—the carat consisting of four nominal grains, a little lighter than four grains troy, or seventy-four and one-sixteenth carat grains being equal to seventy-two grains troy. The term of weight carat derives its name from a bean, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree called kuara. This bean, from the time of its being gathered, varies very little in its weight, and seems to have been, from a very remote period, used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India, also, the bean is used as a weight for gems and pearls.

"UPSETTIN' SINS."

Dr. McCosh, (now President of Princeton College) tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins."

"Bruder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you aint got de hang of dat ar word. It's *be*settin', not *up*settin'."

"Bruder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, and if dat aint a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

EATING DOG MEAT.

The Indians of Arizona are exceedingly fond of dog meat, eat it on great occasions, and lay it before distinguished visitors, be they white or red. The Apaches consider the flesh of mules a great delicacy, and will go further, fight harder, and lie more to obtain it than they would go, fight and lie even to scalp a white man, and yet they are the most blood-thirsty and cruel of all the tribes.

A THOUGHTFUL POLICEMAN.

During a recent fire, an old woman was very anxious to go through a street which was considered at that time "dangerous," but all her efforts were unavailing. At length she pushed one of the policeman aside, when that worthy preserver of the public peace said, "Now, marm, you can't pass; if you do you'll be killed, and then you'll blame us afterwards."

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WHO IS THY FRIEND?

Who is thy friend? The man that shares thy pleasures
In banquet-hall or beauty's witching bowers;
He that will dance with thee to folly's measures,
And make no reckoning of the squandered hours—
To whom the revel and the game are all?—
These are the friends that help men to their fall.

Who is thy friend? The man that shares thy pride,
Thine hour of glory, or thy day of gain;
Who stands in every triumph by thy side,
And never finds that triumph false or vain,
But shapes his doctrine as thy humor goes?—
These are the friends misfortune turns to foes.

Who is thy friend? The man that for his winning
To power or place hath need of thine or thee;
Who will not fear thy risk, or blame thy sinning,
So it but speed his fortune's growing tree;
Whose praise is large, whose promise larger yet?—
These are the friends that fail us and forget.

Who is thy friend? The man of truth and trust,
In gladness near, in sorrow nearer still;
To thy faults generous, to thy merits just,
Thy help to every good from every ill,
Whose love for the world's hate might make amends?—
Alas for it! this life hath few such friends.

Who is thy friend? The best, the least regarded,
In faith unfailing, and in love unchanged
Through all thy changeful years, though ill rewarded,—
Give Him thy heart, so long and far estranged;
And from the broken reeds of earth ascend,
To seek in heaven thine everlasting Friend.

Frances Browne.

AN UNEXPECTED RESPONSE.

Paris was at one time as much noted for its atheism as for its gayety.

A certain person, alike celebrated for his eloquence and for his scoffings at every thing pertaining to religion, was, on one occasion, announced to deliver a discourse in defence of his opinions. His fame, as well as the interest manifested in the subject, were instrumental in bringing together a vast concourse of people.

The speaker entered upon his subject with his usual eloquence and energy. In the course of his remarks he exclaimed, "We are told by the clergy and canting hypocrites that all infidels are harrassed by fears of an approaching future. Sirs, I stand here before you to-night a witness to the falsity of the assertion; for even I, although a leader among those who espouse infidel doctrines, can proudly exclaim, I fear no evil."

At this point, a little boy, sitting in one of the front seats, said, in a voice tiny and timid, yet so sonorous and distinct as to be heard throughout the vast edifice, "But, sir, you have never entered the valley of death."

The effect produced was electric. The flowery orator, nonplussed, was hissed in disgrace from the stage, and the little defender of God's Word was borne triumphantly from the building upon the shoulders of the enthusiastic populace.—*Methodist.*

SETH TWIGGS AND HIS BAD NEIGHBOR.

Faith in human nature is always amiable and generous, whatever may be said of its correctness, and very few cases can be named where "good for evil" between man and man is not the best rule. A writer in the *American Agriculturist*, long known under the quaint title of "Tim Bunker," thus states how a farmer dealt with his neighbor's conscience:

"I could 'a' got along well enough with turkey shootin' ef he hadn't gone down to the store and bragged on't," said Seth Twiggs, rapping the ashes out of his third pipe, as he stood by my garden fence.

"You don't say that Jake Fink killed your turkeys, dew ye?" inquired Tucker.

"Yes, he did, and bragged on't tew. Ye see I kept turkeys, and Jake also; and sometimes Jake's got into my garden, and sometimes mine into Jake's field. Sometimes he'd bring in a bill for damaged corn, which I allers paid like a Christian man. Sometimes I druv his turkeys home, and asked him to take care on 'em. But I never thought o' killin' on them, more'n I wud one of Jake's sheep. And now the critter's killed five of my young turkeys, and hadn't the face to come and tell me on't, like a man, but went down to the store and bragged on't, as ef he'd done suthin' kind o' grand."

"He is as mean as dirt to destroy property in that way," said Tucker.

"I shouldn't 'a' thought so much of it," said Seth, puffing away at his pipe, "ef they had been in the habit of getting into his corn. But I don't s'pose they'd been there more'n once afore this whole summer. I had allers started 'em off into the big field in the morning, so as to keep 'em on my own land."

"Better shoot some of his," said Tucker, "the next time they come up this way."

"No, I sha'n't," said Seth; "that would make tu fools instead of one, and one is plenty enough in this neighborhood."

"Sue him, then, I guess?" inquired Tucker.

"No, I sha'n't, while my pipe and tobacco lasts," said Seth. "The last cure for any evil is a law suit. It don't help a good neighborhood."

"Well, what does?" asked Tucker.

"Doing about as you'd be done by," said Seth. "You see, Jake Fink and I have been neighbors ever since we were boys, and are like to be till we go intu the grave. I paid his bill for corn damaged by turkeys last year; it's fair that he should pay my bill for turkeys killed this year."

"And s'pose he don't do it?" inquired Uncle Jotham Sparrowgrass, who came up hobbling with his cane as we were talking.

"Don't do it!" exclaimed Seth, with a big puff of smoke. "I should like to know how he's gwine to get rid on't. It's plainer than a pikestaff. If I pay him for damaged property, he ought to pay me, and he must see it. If he don't pay for them turkeys, why, I've got Jake's conscience on my side, and he'll be hearing them turkeys gobble in his dreams till he does the right thing."

"You'll cut his acquaintance, then, I guess," said Uncle Jotham.

"No, I sha'n't," said Seth. "I shall be a little more attentive to Jake than ever, allers inquire after his health, and watch opportunities to do him a kindness. I shall pile the coals of fire right on tu his head, and make him sweat. If his cattle get intu the mire, I shall help 'em out. If his turkeys come over to my place, I shall drive 'em home, carefully. If he wants my team in logging time, he can have it. If he's sick, I'll visit him and watch with him. I'll make him ashamed of his unneighborly conduct, and wish that every shot he put intu my turkeys was in his own skin. Ye see, if I get cross and quarrelsome, I'll lose my hold on Jake's conscience, and make him think that I deserved to have my birds killed. If I am neighborly, I make him ashamed of his conduct, and every one of them turkeys haunts him till he does right."

"And s'pose he haint got any conscience?" inquired Tucker, doubtingly.

"All I have got to say on that point is that God don't make folks in that way."

So Seth Twiggs marched off in a cloud of smoke, just as confident that he could get the start of Jake Fink as Jake was that he had the best of the bargain when he killed his neighbor's turkeys.

HAPPY DYING.

The serene end of a useful and devout life is an important witness to the value of religion.

"The chamber
Where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged above the common walks of life,
Quite on the verge of heaven,"

and such dying scenes exert a salutary influence, for they are evidence that, even in life's extremity, religion will stand the test.

Volumes have been written to portray the triumphs of devout men in dying. But it is less how we die than how we live, that furnishes the evidence of a happy immortality. It is a devout and useful life that brings heaven near at the final hour, and the Christian may die silent, and yet be a victor.

A writer in *Appletons' Journal* has made a collection of dying testimonies, which present the death of a Christian in a cheerful aspect. We give an extract from the article:

The protomartyr beheld God's glory and died, and in all ages have there been those who have supposed that they saw celestial visions at the parting hour.

"The celestial city," said Payson, "is full in my view." "This is heaven begun," said Thomas Scott. "I breathe the air of heaven," said Stephen Gano. "Christ—angels—beautiful—delightful!" were the last words of Dr. Hope.

"I see things that are unutterable," said Rev. Mr. Holland. "They praise Him! they praise Him! What glory! the angels are waiting for me!" said Dr. Bateman. "O, those rays of glory!" said Mrs. Clarkson. "O, the greatness of the glory that is revealed to me!" said Lady Hastings. "Do you see," said Edmund Auger, "that blessed assembly who await my arrival? Do you hear that sweet music with which holy men invite me, that I may henceforth be a partaker of their happiness? How delightful it is to be in the society of blessed spirits! Let us go! We must go! Let me go!"

A SHOWER OF FROGS.

The fact that small animals sometimes "rain down," shows that they must first contrive to *go up*, somehow. How large a creature, or creature's egg, can be drawn up by *evaporation* we do not know, but it is evident that there is power enough in "water spouts," or cloud-whirlwinds, to carry far into the air living things of considerable size, and then the attraction of large masses of cloud, and the force of atmospheric currents may keep them suspended and carry them many miles over land:

The phenomenon familiarly known as the "rain of frogs" has been ridiculed and contradicted by certain scientists; nevertheless there is abundant proof to show that it has occurred, and probably will again.

In 1864 the writer, in company with some fifty other travellers, had personal experience of the fact. We were in Arizona, not less than twenty miles from any stream, pond or water. The day was extremely sultry, and we had halted to let the animals graze, and rest for an hour or two. Not a living thing besides ourselves and horses was in sight, and certainly no frogs were hopping over the rich, tufted gramma-grass, which covered the ground for miles in every direction.

Suddenly a dense black cloud made its appearance, and it soon began to discharge a copious rain upon our unsheltered heads. The drops were very large, and the water quite warm. Nearly every person wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, which proved a great protection against the rain as well as against the sun.

Our attention was soon arrested by the pelting of something which struck our hats like hail, but which proved to be frogs, and in less than two minutes the grass was fairly alive with those creatures. Several of the party took some from their hat rims.

Our unexpected visitors were all of one size, about a quarter of an inch from nose to rump, very lively, and apparently in the best condition. Their fall had been broken by the springy, resilient nature of the grass. It is not probable that several hundred thousand, perhaps millions, of the frogs had suddenly been hatched into life in the ground by the rain, or, if they had, that in their infantile glee they jumped five feet eleven inches from the earth to the top of our heads, merely to show how the game of leap frog could be played, nor had they any such caudal appendages as are generally attached to juvenile rana.

They came from above, in company with the rain, and this fact was made clear by holding out the hand, and seeing them fall upon it, as well as finding them on our hat rims. The eggs from which these reptiles sprung had undoubtedly been drawn up into the atmosphere by the action of a waterspout. This instance is cited to show that other things besides vapor are translated from earth to atmosphere by certain well-known and accredited developments of natural laws.—*Aylmer (Canada) Enterprise.*

"JUST TWELVE."

So many minutes "by the clock" is supposed to be a very exact way of stating time, but the following shows that it is not always safe to use it. Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, was conducting a suit at the bar in Hillsboro', brought by a stable keeper to recover damages for a span of horses which a customer had overdriven:

It became necessary to show the jury the time of starting and the time of arrival. Many citizens were brought forward, among them a tall, bony, slab-sided, lanky, sleepy-looking fellow, who officiated as hostler at the stable. I give you the substance of the concluding portion of the examination.

"What time, sir, did I understand you to say it was when the horses were driven up to the stable?"

"Just as I was goin' to dinner."

"What time was it when you went to dinner that day—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time was it when you went to dinner the day before—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what time did you go to dinner a week previous—by the clock?"

"At twelve"

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, sir, will you be good enough to tell the jury what time you went to dinner three months before the last date—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all, sir," replied the counsel, with a gleam of satisfaction on his face and a glance at the jury, as much as to say, "That man has settled his testimony, gentlemen. And so we all thought, till, just as he was leaving the stand, he turned to his questioner with a curious, comical expression on his face, and drawled out, "That ere clock was out o' kilter, and has stopped at twelve for the last six months."

There was a general roar in the gallery where I sat. Mr. Clark sat down, and I noticed that the judge had to use his handkerchief just then.

SAD EFFECT OF QUICK TEMPER.

The fiery Southern nature has been responsible for many a deed of blood, but Southern boys and Southern men are not the only ones who fly in a passion and strike without thought. Be careful.

A couple of young men, students at the East Alabama Male College, a few days ago were playing with an apple, throwing it at one another, when, it seems, one threw the apple rather too hard, and it struck the other in the head. He seized a chair, and felled his opponent to the floor. He lay there some minutes, and not moving, his companion picked him up and laid him on the bed. Thinking he had not seriously harmed him, he told no one about the occurrence, making some ordinary excuse when questioned about his absence. And not until just before the young man died did he let it be known what was the matter. The physicians were at once summoned, but it was too late. The fractured skull had rested on the brain too long, and death ensued. He could have been saved if assistance had been called in time.

HOW TO CURE STAMMERING.

Lute A. Taylor, editor of the La Crosse (Wis.) *Leader*, who has been an inveterate stammerer, writes as follows about the way to cure the habit:

No stammering person ever found any difficulty in singing. The reason of this is that, by observing the measure of the music, by keeping time, the organs of speech are kept in such position that enunciation is easy. Apply the same rule to reading or speech, and the same result will follow. Let the stammerer take a sentence, say this one: "Leander swam the Hellespont," and pronounce it by syllables, scan it, keeping time with his finger if necessary, letting each syllable occupy the same time; thus, Le—an—der—swam—the—Hel—les—pont, and he will not stammer. Let him pronounce slowly at first, then faster, but still keeping the time; keeping time with words instead of syllables, and he will be surprised to find that, by very little practice, he will read without stammering, and nearly as rapidly as persons ordinarily talk or read. Then practise this in reading and conversation until the habit is broken up. Perseverance and attention is all that are necessary to perform a perfect cure.

FIGHT WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

A Minnesota paper says:

As a Norwegian girl, living some four miles from this place, was walking along the road, she passed directly in front of and very close to a huge rattlesnake that was just coming out of the grass into the road. This uncourteous action seemed to make his snakeship very wroth, and he immediately sounded the battle alarm by rattling his gong.

The girl well knew that sound, and turned to ascertain the exact location of her ugly foe, which she soon did, and, instead of running, screaming or fainting, looked about for something with which to defend herself. She could find nothing; nor had she a long time to look, for the snake, with eyes glistening, and rattle in motion, mouth wide open, and his tongue darting back and forth, was close upon her.

But she was pluck to the backbone, and did not propose to surrender the field without a fight. In fact, a retreat was now out of the question, for the snake was within arm's reach of her; so, keeping her eye steadily on the snake's head, she commenced the fight with her foot, moving it back and forth, up and down, in every direction, the snake following the motions with his head, to get a chance to bite.

This performance lasted perhaps but a minute,—hours to her—when, by a quick movement, she got the advantage, and down came the foot and heavy shoe upon the snake's head, where she held him until he was dead. She then found a stone, and pounded off the rattles to keep as a trophy. There were nineteen rattles, and she says it is the largest rattlesnake she ever saw.

REPAID.

About twenty-five years ago, a young man from Kentucky took a horseback ride to Virginia, where his father came from, and on his way he met a man and his family moving West, so poor that they were almost reduced to starvation. He had compassion on the wretched group, and gave them a twenty dollar bill with which to reach their journey's end.

In about fifteen years the young man received a letter from the man he had befriended, saying that he was a prosperous merchant in southern Kentucky, and enclosing a twenty dollar bill to repay his loan. After another ten years, which included the rebellion and its termination, the same young man was elected to the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature, and being a man of talent and influence, was chosen Speaker, defeating the contest for which he had noticed the stranger, and one of the other party, was his strongest supporter. His curiosity was aroused by this, and he asked the man's motive, as he never had to his knowledge seen him before.

"Sir" replied the member, "you will recall, when I mention it, a little scene that occurred when you were a boy, on your way to Virginia. It was you who saved my wife from starvation. She has told me time and again that never did a morsel of food taste so sweet—so utterly delicious, as that you gave her then. She was but six years old at that time; but when she saw your name, during the late canvass, among the prominent probable candidates for speaker, she 'laid down the law' as to how I was to vote. This is all. Neither she, nor her father and mother, brothers and sisters, nor myself can ever forget you."

A VERY IGNORANT DOG.

Here is a case in which, as in the story of Shylock, it was supposed that a Solomon had come to judgment. We think that the court were satisfied in respect to the true situation, though not exactly in the way that the judge anticipated.

Judge Cush once had a dog case, in which the ownership of the canine was in dispute. The evidence was conflicting, and the judge became confused.

"Stop!" said he, "stop right there. We'll settle this matter very shortly. You, Mr. Clerk, hold on to the dog. You, Mr. Plaintiff, go out into the far corner of the room out there. You, Mr. Defendant, come into this corner up here. Now both of you whistle, and, Mr. Clerk, let loose the dog."

So said, so done; but the dog sprang between the legs of the bystanders, and "scouted" out of the door.

"Very extraordinary! very extraordinary!" said the judge. "I can't understand that. Mr. Clerk, on the whole, as the plaintiff couldn't prove his case when I gave him the chance, I may enter judgment for the defendant."

SAD RESULT OF A JOKE.

A correspondent of the Clarksburg (West Virginia) *Conservative* says:

A fatal accident happened on Leading Creek, which is a sad warning to those who are in the habit of playing jokes on children.

A Capt. Ford happened near Mr. Jesse Hornett's home, with a panther skin, and seeing a little boy, about twelve or fourteen years of age, a son of Mr. Hornett, in a skirt of woods near the house, donned the skin, with the intention of frightening the little fellow; but, as soon as the boy saw what he supposed to be a panther, he ran to the house, and took down his father's

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rifle, and went in pursuit of the panther. He did not have to go far before he espied him. The boy rested the rifle on the fence, and fired. The man-panther gave a dying shriek, and, with a convulsive spasm, fell over, mortally wounded. The little fellow did not see his mistake until he went up to the wounded man. Ford lingered two days, and then died.

SAVING GOLD.

A correspondent who visited a United States assay office, says:

Even the cracks of the floor and the clothes of the workmen were filled with the auriferous, but almost impalpable grains. Lest any should be carried off unwittingly by the feet, the apartment is paved with a kind of movable grating, or "universal scraper." The garments used by workmen, when worn out, are reduced to ashes for the assayer, and old crucibles, chimney-flues, wooden implements, old boots, all things, in short, having contact with gold, go to the common receptacle, whence the precious atoms may be extracted. Even where the workmen wash their faces, a little strap is arranged to stop the golden sediment.

Let every one be as careful as that to save his time or his character, and we should hear of no wasted lives.

WONDERS.

Lewinhœck tells us of an insect seen with a microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with branches, leaves and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve.

The mites make five hundred steps a second.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows in a meadow.

A CURIOUS LETTER.

Friends stand I A man is contempt

Sir, your bearing ridicule are ambitious

friends disposition; the world whilst the

ANSWER.

SIR:—Between friends, I understand your overbearing disposition. A man even with the world is above contempt, whilst the ambitious are beneath ridicule.—*Book of Five Hundred Puzzles.*

AN UNCOMFORTABLE YOUNG ONE.

John D. Fries, of South Coventry township, Pennsylvania, is trying the experiment of raising an eagle hatched by a hen. The Pottstown *Ledger* gives the following account: About a month ago, while on Nice's hill, he saw a large bird fly up from a lonely place among the rocks. Proceeding to the spot he discovered two eggs, of nearly the size and appearance of turkey eggs, which he picked up, brought home, and placed under a sitting hen. About two weeks ago the eggs were hatched out, and Mr. Fries was astonished to find that they were eagles. The old hen must have been considerably surprised, too, for she spluttered about, and trampled upon one of her rare progeny and killed it. The other one will probably grow up, and do well. Eagles sometimes carry off chickens, and it would be rather a joke if this specimen should some day gather up the old hen that hatched it and fly away with her.

NO GRANDMA IN IT.

"O, mamma! Uncle Ned has got an awful lonesome old house!"

"Why, Joe," said his mother, "I thought it was a very pleasant, cheerful house."

"But you was mistaken, mamma. There isn't any grandma to that house, and so when the mamma's out shopping there's nobody there to *love little children.* I think a house is awful that hasn't any grandma in it, don't you?"

"Yes, darling, I do," said his mother; "and we wouldn't give our grandma away for all the big house, and fine furniture, and lovely pictures of Uncle Ned, would we?"

"I guess not," cried the loving little fellow; "it's just like having two mammas to have a grandma."

QUIET FAME.

Lowell thus exquisitely draws a lesson from *the footprints* and rain spots of the sandstone: Perhaps it was only because the ripple, and the raindrop, and the bird were not thinking of themselves that they had such luck. The chances of immortality depend very much on that.

BLOWING THEIR SKINS OFF.

A new machine for taking off the hide of dead cattle will shortly be tried at Buenos Ayres. The operation is short, sharp and decisive, requiring only a minute for each hide. Cold air is forced by a pump between the flesh and the hide, and the thing is done.

BEAST AND MAN ARE BROTHERS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Little one, come to my knee!
Hark, how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses;
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited,
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me;
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened;
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt in the stormy dark,
That beast and man were brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me payment!
Hark, how the wind is roaring;
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring!

For the Companion.

PHIL'S GUN.

"I wis' I had a little gun," sighed Phil. "O, I *do* wis' I had!"

As this was about the ninety-ninth time he had said the same thing, his mother took no notice of it, but his grandpa, who was in the room, said, "A gun! Sho! What would you do with one if you had it?"

"Fire it off," said Phil. "Shoot birds and el'phants."

"They wouldn't like it," said grandpa, soberly.

"Well, robbers, then," suggested Phil.

"We don't have robbers about here," said grandpa.

"Rats!" cried Phil. He knew grandpa hated rats.

Grandpa laughed, and said perhaps he could find a gun in the woodshed, so Phil followed him out to see.

They found a stick, which grandpa soon whittled into the shape of a gun. Phil was as much pleased as if it had been a real one. Then grandpa bade him good-by, and went away.

Phil played a long time with his gun. He put it over his shoulder, and marched around, imagining himself a brave soldier.

By-and-by, the thought occurred to him to fire his gun. He thought it would be fine fun to have it "bang," and astonish his mother. But he didn't know how to do it. After thinking awhile, he concluded that the right way must be to put fire to it,

He went into the kitchen to get a match. No one was there. Mamma was sitting up stairs with grandma, and Kate was out of doors, spreading clothes on the grass.

Phil couldn't reach the match-box, so he thought he would get a bright red coal from the stove. He opened the stove-door, and took out a nice large one with the tongs.

He carried it out in the shed, and held it close to the large end of the gun. He waited awhile, but the gun didn't go off; so he tried the other end.

That did no better. The wood burned black, but the gun would neither bang nor blaze.

At length, Phil was angry, and called it an "old thing." He threw the coal down among the chips, and went up stairs to his mother, crying because his gun "wouldn't go off."

Mamma pitied him, and said he must wait till he was old enough to have a real gun. "Then papa will teach you how to fire it," said she.

"O, I know how to do that, now," said Phil. "That's easy 'nough if the gun will only go."

"How did you do it?" asked mamma.

"O," said Phil, "I just took a great red coal out of the stove, and carried it out in the woodshed, and"——

"Why, Philip Hathaway!" exclaimed mamma, jumping up; "I shouldn't wonder if you had set the house on fire!" and she ran down stairs as fast as she could.

Grandma dropped her basket of mending, and followed, with Phil at her heels.

He was dreadfully frightened, without knowing exactly why.

The chips on the floor had taken fire from the pretty, red coal, and Phil had been so long telling his story, there was already quite a brisk little blaze among them.

Mamma seized a pail of water, and poured it over the fire, and Kate, who had just come in, brought another, so, in a few minutes, it was all put out. But there were great black places on the floor, to show where it had been.

When it was all over, Phil burst out crying, and for a long time refused to be comforted.

His mother took him in her lap, and talked to him very soberly about the mischief he had done. She showed him how dangerous it was for little children to play with fire, and Phil promised he would never do it again.

When grandpa heard the story, he was very sorry, and said he ought to have explained it to the little boy, but Phil knew that no one was to blame but himself. He knew better than to touch the coal.

One day, grandpa brought home a little toy gun, painted red, that would snap so loud it quite startled Phil, at first. He gave it to Phil, saying, "There, that is to help you remember your promise never to play with fire."

Phil thanked him very much, and promised to snap it at every rat he saw. He is very happy with it, but never tries to set it on fire.

MABEL DEANE.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD'S PRAYER.

One dark, stormy night, mother woke up. Hark! who is talking? The wind is blowing. It is not that. Who is talking? Mother did not speak; she kept still to hear what her little girl said. Alice was not fretting; she was not worrying. She was not afraid of the dark or the wind. How do you know? I will tell you what she was saying—saying all to herself in her snug little cot by mother's bed: "God, take care papa, mamma, I. *Good* God, take care papa, mamma, I. *Dear*, grand God, take care papa, mamma, I. God, take care birdies. Dear God up in the sky, I love you, I do, do;" and with that the little voice died away, and she fell asleep again.

HOW HE PROVED IT.

We hear that the absurd theory of the earth's rotation has at last been exploded by a German farmer in Berks county. He told his neighbors all along that he didn't believe any such foolishness as that about the world turning over every day, and he said that he would prove that he was right. So he placed a pumpkin on a stump, and sat on the fence watching it for twenty-four hours, and his neighbors sat there watching it with him. Sure enough, the pumpkin did not roll off, and the whole party went home, convinced that the rotation business was a humbug Thus it is that we make advances in science.

NUTS TO CRACK.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

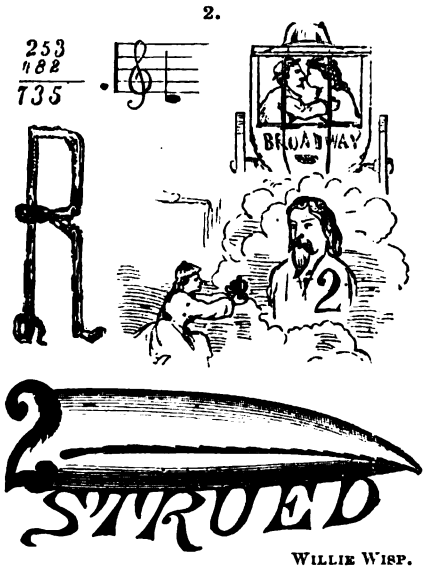
CHARADE.

There's a sweet little dell
Clad in tenderest green,
Where a soft rippling brook
Flows green rushes between.
'Tis the haunt of my *first*,
And the home of my *whole*.
While the sound of my *second*
Above it doth roll.

The tall ferns bend over
My *first's* timid head,
As he nestles secure in
His soft, mossy bed.
My *second* at intervals
Falls on the ear,
And blends with the sound
Of the brook singing clear;

While my *whole* dwells there ever,
And lifts her slight form
Secure from the ravage
Of wind or of storm.
She's the nymph of the spot,
And the brook thinks so too,
As it mirrors her form,
With its cup of pale blue!

2.



WILLIE WISP.

3.

BIBLICAL SQUARE WORD.

A favorite flower.
A prophet who induced the King of Judah to renounce idolatry.
A celebrated Arabian city.
A tower called the "tower of the flock." ISOLA.

4.

ENIGMA.

My 2, 3, 4 is a girl's name.
My 5, 6, 1 is a boy's name.
My whole is one of the United States. A. L. P.

5.

ENIGMATICAL FLOWERS.

Domestic animals and part of the face.
A girl's name and a costly mineral.
A white substance and a boy's favorite play.
Two-fourths of a hollow pipe and part of the face.
One-third of a vegetable and writing-fluid.

W. J. C.

6.

HIDDEN AUTHORS.

I thought it would make the man smile.
Mary's cotton umbrella was blown away.
By-and-by Rondeaux will be played.
Philip opened the door for the mayor.
Can you make a good anagram?
Try one of Gillott's pens before you despair.
A poet should write some poetry.
Would you stop at Palermo or Elba?

7.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. What holds a pretty girl's hand without squeezing it. 2. A brute. 3. Once a year.
The *initials* and *finals* give the name of an insect.

8.

RIDDLE.

A sparkling mineral white and clear,
Crushed till as smooth as flour,
I help in making good pea-soup,
Keep food from turning sour;
Rubbed on a crack will make it smart,
Do wondrous things besides,
And make the boys look very grim
By spoiling all their slides.

UNCLE STEPHEN.

Conundrums.

Why are tallow chandlers accounted the worst of mankind? Because all their works are wicked, and all their wicked works are brought to light.

What is the difference between Newport and Saratoga? In the one you go into the water, in the other the water goes into you.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a fountain! One is heir to the throne, the other is thrown to the air.

Of what crime is a carver most guilty? Of stealing his knife.

What parts of the body are most useful to carpenters? The nails.

When does a man impose upon himself? When he taxes his memory.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. "Each pea helps to fill the peck."
2. Medal-lion.
3. By an oversight, only one-half of the rebus was given last week; we give the whole in this column.
4. Ah! Bee, Eel, Loo, Albini, Romulus, Dee, ABELARD, HELOISE.
5. Cana, Abel, Nebo, Aloe.
6. Buffalo, Elk, Tiger, Camel, Prairie-dog, Deer, Leopard, Zebra, Fawn, Panther.
7. Wait, Weight; Beat, beet; Not, knot; Flower, flour; Plus, pious; Stake, steak; Kill, kiln.

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TALKS ON DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.

Grace Greenwood.

Spending last winter in New York, with a literary lady who is as lovable as she is intelligent, and whose charming receptions are one of the pleasantest things in that city, I had the rare pleasure of meeting many noted persons whose names are household words all over our land, and among them was Grace Greenwood.

The Concord sage, and the white-haired, reverend, yet active and genial Bryant, and the florid, big-brained, warm-hearted traveller, Bayard Taylor, I was glad to *listen* to—at a respectful distance. But when my friend said, one evening, to her husband, "Grace writes me that she will be here to-morrow, to spend the Sabbath," and then said to me, "Grace Greenwood, I mean; have you ever met her?" my heart beat very quickly in pleasant anticipation of her coming. Grace Greenwood! Why, I had known her and loved her, at least her writings, ever since I was ten years old.

Those dear books, bound in red, with such pretty pictures—"History of My Pets," and "Recollections of my Childhood," were the most precious volumes in my little library. Any one who has had pets and lost them, (and the one follows the other, for pets always come to some tragic end) will delight in these stories.

And then the *Little Pilgrim*, which I used to like next best to the *Youth's Companion;* and in later years her spirited, graceful poetry; her racy magazine stories; her "Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe;" her sparkling letters to the *Tribune*, full of reliable news from Washington, graphic descriptions of prominent men and women, capital anecdotes and atrocious puns;—O how glad I should be to look in her face and to shake hands with the authoress who had given me so much pleasure!

Well, she came. I heard the bell ring, just when she was expected, with a vigorous pull, and, as the door opened, heard her say, in a jolly, soothing way, "*Don't* get into a passion," to the man who was swearing at her big trunk. And then I ran away, not wishing to intrude, and waited impatiently for dinner and an introduction to my well-beloved heroine.

Grace—Mrs. Lippincott—is a tall, fine looking lady, with a commanding figure and a face that did not disappoint me, as faces so often do which you have dreamed about. She has dark hair, brown rather than black, which is arranged in becoming puffs round her face; and such *eyes!* large, dark, magnetic, full of sympathy, of kind, cordial feelings and of quick appreciation of fun. She talks much and well. If I should repeat all the good stories she told us, that happy Saturday night, as we lingered round the table, you would be convulsed with laughter, that is if I could give them with her gestures, expressions and vivid word pictures.

In the evening we talked of Bret Harte, his poetry, and his wonderful pictures of Californian life. And she was good enough to read some of his best and most striking poems—"Jim," and "Chiquita," and "Dow's Flat," in *costume*. That is, she put on an old slouch hat, corked a moustache and whiskers, donned a red flannel shirt, and then stood behind a table to recite, so that we really fancied a Pike county miner, rough yet tender, stood before us.

Her recitation was wonderful; so natural, so full of soul and power. I have heard many women read; some most execrably, who fancied they were famous elocutionists; some so that I could sit and endure it; others remarkably well, but I was never before so moved as to forget where I was and merge the reader in the character she assumed before.

On Sunday evening she described her talks with the men in the prisons and penitentiaries, to whom she had been lately lecturing, proving that these Hardened sinners had much that was good in them, and many longings for a nobler life, in spite of all their sins.

So I was not disappointed in "G. G." She is just as natural, and hearty, and off-hand as when, some thirty years ago, she was the romping, harum-scarum, bright-eyed school-girl, Sara Clarke, of Western New York, who was almost a gypsy in her love for the fields and forests. She was always ready for any out-door exercise or sport. This gave her glorious health, which up to that time she had not lost. At school she was an earnest student, but declares that she hated the multiplication table, and "interest had no interest" for her. (I have reasons of my own for liking to state that fact.) During the war she was unwearied in her labors for the soldiers. She was a true girl; she is a true woman. Long may she live to delight and bless her friends.

KATE S.

A WELSH EPIGRAM.

In the *Cambrian Journal* for January, 1855, is the following translation from the original Welsh, of

THE CYCLE OF THE WORLD AND OF LIFE:

Poverty causes exertion!
Exertion causes success;
Success causes wealth;
Wealth causes pride;
Pride causes contention;
Contention causes war;
War causes poverty;
Poverty causes peace;
Peace causes exertion;
Exertion goes the same round as before.

A BAD DREAM MADE REAL.

It may prove dangerous to pay too much attention to dreams—as we see here:

An Indiana clergyman tells this: One of his parishioners dreamed that in walking through a certain pasture he came upon a rattlesnake at the foot of a particular tree, and that it bit and killed him. In the morning he told his dream, concluded to go to the pasture, and there, beside the path, at the foot of the half-rotten tree, lay coiled a large rattlesnake. Seizing a stick, he struck at the snake, but his foot slipped and he fell, and the reptile bit him upon the cheek. He hastened home and died.

EVERY MAN MUST MAKE HIMSELF.

To an ambitious lady who *wished* her daughter's intended "only belonged to a noble family," her husband said:

"What *he* is, is the question with him, not what his parents were. There are heaps of false, harmful notions in this world, and this question of birth is one of them; not but that it is good to come of an honorable line, when we are careful not to lower it. Did Homer, Columbus, Franklin and Shakespeare come of a great line? *No, ma'am!* But their names are not likely to be forgotten very soon."

THE OLD MAYFLOWER

Was said to have been used as a slave ship after it brought the Pilgrims to New England, but Dr. Dexter, of the *Congregationalist*, who is now in England, studying early New England history, writes that "there were twenty vessels named The *Mayflower* in England at that time, and the slaver which sailed with four hundred and fifty negroes for Barbadoes was another of that name, and of three hundred and fifty tons burden, while our *Mayflower* measured only one hundred and eighty tons."

AT A PARISH SCHOOL.—"What is the wife of a prince called?" "Please, ma'am, a princess!" "And what is the wife of an Emperor called?" "Please, ma'am, a Emperoress!" "And what is the wife of a duke called?" "Please, ma'am, a drake!"

"PA, is Pennsylvania the father of all the rest of the States?" "Certainly not, my child; why do you ask that question?" "Because I see all the newspapers call it Pa."

AN Irish soldier, who had been abroad, being asked if he had met with much hospitality, replied, "O, yes, too much; I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there."

HOOK and one of his friends happened to come to a bridge. "Do you know who built this bridge?" said he to Hook. "No; but if you go over, you'll be tolled."

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 45. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, NOV. 9, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

THE PAW-PAW HUNT.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

"Well," said Phil, critically, "I never thought that box of tools would be of the least earthly use to you, Ned. But that's as good a book-case as any cabinet-maker could turn out."

"Yes, sir! That's pretty fair." Ned Holmes stood up, wiping his hot face. "The thing's not hard to put together. But when you come to this polishing—first varnish and then sand-paper, varnish and sandpaper—it almost cracks your back."

The boys were in the back yard, where Ned had made his work-shop, under the big walnut. They were just out of school, and Phil had followed Ned home. Carpentering was the last hobby. Just then, they heard Ned's sister Fan, with two or three other girls, come down the street to the gate.

"Let's go in and see Ned at work," cried Jenny Symons, with her usual giggle.

"Ned don't like to be bothered," whispered Fan.

"Dear me! The Grand Turk, is he? Well, I'm not going to bother him."

In they came.

"Isn't it splendid?"

"Low nice! Why, it's perfectly lovely!"

"La! Did you really do it all yourself, N—Mr. Holmes?"

Ned and Phil were near enough to the age of "beaux" to touch their hats, and say, "Good-evening, ladies." Then they both stooped, and began to sandpaper, as if for their lives.

"I can't do any thing, with a lot of girls cluttering about," muttered Ned, not so low but that Jenny and her companions heard him, and, after a few more giggles and tosses of the head, they flounced off, leaving Fan and Phil's sister Maggy on the steps.

"Do we worry you, Ned?" asked Fan.

"Not if you sit there."

Phil and he then continued their conversation, which was couched in mysterious phrases of how Jim Ford muffed four times, and that there could not be a doubt that Joe had a foul, and how they would lay three to one that Denzell would gag in Horace, to-morrow.

Maggy was busy with her box of paper dolls, but Fanny had nothing to do but notice how warm the sun was, although the grass patch under the walnut tree was nipped brown by the frost. She looked beyond the mass of smoky chimneys, to where Mt. Hale rose, like a green sugar loaf, into the October sky.

"I'll tell you what would be good for Saturday," she said, with a wise little nod. "Paw-paws. You and Ned, Phil, and Maggy and me, and more if you choose. Start by daylight, and go to Mt. Hale, and stay all day, paw-paw hunting."

"And pack baskets!" cried Maggy, clapping her hands. "Dinner and supper both, Fan. We'd better take a lot, for our Phil—O, well, he's *always* hungry."

Phil's face grew very red, and Ned answered on behalf of his friend, "Paw-paw hunting? Bosh!"

"Don't you think it would be nice, Ned?" said Fan.

"Very nice for a lot of girls," loftily. "But I don't like paw-paws; mushy, sweet stuff. Anyhow, you couldn't climb Mt. Hale, and if you did, there's no paw-paws on it."

"I've been to the top twice. And the paw-paws are on the side,"—quietly. "But we'll not go. Come in, Maggy."

The girls disappeared in the house. As soon as they were out of sight, Ned threw down his sandpaper.

"I tell you, Phil, it's just the thing!"

"Mt. Hale? Yes, it would be jolly. We'll go Saturday. There's Jim and John Stiles, and Sam Bender'll go, and—O, lots! And mother'll put up a market basket of dinner, and your mother'll do the same; and"——

THE PAW-PAW HUNT.

"But about the girls?"

"O, no matter about the girls! They're always in the way, stuck in the mud, or screaming at snakes, or crying out, 'O, how can you?' if a fellow gets a bird's nest, or trees a bunny, or any thing."

"That's so!" rejoined Ned. He sandpapered away in silence for awhile, and then looked up.

"Tell you, Phil, it would be mean to leave 'em out. It was Fan thought of it, you know."

"Yes, I was just thinking that;" for Phil always took Ned's opinions second-hand as his own.

"We'll let them in. Fan, and your Maggy, and—well, Jenny Bowler hasn't much nonsense about her. But none of that Symons set. No, sir!"

"No, indeed. And about the fellows?"

"O, of course I won't have the Stileses or that crowd where Fan is. Sam Bender's all right. Fan!" beckoning with his plane to the window, and sauntering up. "Phil and I are willing to take you girls out, Saturday. We've thought over the places, and settled on Mt. Hale."

"O, thank you, boys!" cried little Maggy.

"You can tell Jenny Bowler she may go, but nobody else, mind. You needn't trouble yourself about any arrangements. We'll attend to every thing."

"Very well," said Fan. But she laughed to herself when they were gone, and then hurried to write a note to "*Miss Jenny Bowler. Private and immediate.*"

Fan was the only girl alive, her father said, who never asked questions. The time passed until Friday evening, and she had not shown the slightest curiosity as to Ned's arrangements, though he and Phil went about in an exasperating state of fuss and mystery.

"We're all ready for to-morrow," said Ned, at last.

"Provisions?" Fan looked up from her bead-work. "You know what Maggy says of 'our Phil's' appetite."

"Then our Phil's father ought to have come to his rescue. Didn't take the slightest interest whatever. Wouldn't put down a penny. However, we managed it. We've got Bender's buggy, and Sharp's old mare, and eight pounds of crackers."

"Is that all?"

"Why, what more do you want? The buggy's for you girls. And we're going to shoot game, and catch fish for dinner. Hunters never take any thing but bread with them.

"O!"

Fan pricked away at her beads. Presently, she said, gently, "Ned, if I might advise—we girls can easily walk, and that old mare of Sharp's is blind and lame. You'll find her harder to manage than a dozen tired girls. And I really don't think I'd bring my gun. There's always risk of accident with children like Maggy about."

"I have made the arrangements, Frances. I did not, I believe, ask for any advice."

When Ned said Frances, matters were grave indeed. Fanny was silent.

Early the next morning, Sharpe's old mare, Betty, arrived, Bender's old buggy lumbering behind her, threatening to go to pieces at every turn. The three girls were hoisted in with difficulty, while Ned stood up to drive. An enormous bag of crackers lay in front—"The whole of Smith's stale stock," Maggy whispered, peeping in, with a wry face. Phil and Sam marched alongside, loaded with guns and fishing-rods.

On they went from Dr. Thorpe's door, down Church Street, into Main, past the warehouses and mills. Would they never get out of town? The buggy creaked, the old horse stumbled, and puffed, and finally began to wheeze and snort, precisely like a steam-tug. Ned's face grew scarlet, though he tried to laugh. The mare's walk grew slower and slower.

"Hollo, Ned! Going to a funeral?" called some boys from the sidewalk.

"Bound for the races, Ned?" shouted another. "Blooded stock there."

He could see two gentlemen, going down the pavement, glance at each other, and hide a smile, and one pretty young lady laughed outright. Phil and Sam had pushed on before, ashamed of the turnout. At last, Mrs. Betty stopped altogether, to treat herself to a comfortable wheeze in quiet.

Ned looked round in despair.

"Girls, I'm very sorry, but if you'd only get out and walk a bit, may be I could get her out of town faster."

Out scrambled the girls, only too glad to be released.

The end was that they walked to the top of Mt. Hale, while Betty wheezed, and puffed, and balked behind. But once on the mountain top, what was Betty, or any other trouble? Mt. Hale was one of the steep hills that overlook the Ohio. Underneath, the black, bituminous smoke of the town drifted like a passing cloud across the broad landscape of sunlighted, rolling hills and misty valleys. The river, yellow and glistening, wound from one horizon to the other. Here and there a trail of white smoke showed where a steamer lay.

But the children did not look long at river or landscape. They only knew they were high in the air, above the rest of the world; the moss was deep under their feet; old oaks and sycamores rose like giants overhead; through the tangled undergrowth glowed the golden-green paw-paws, full of luscious meat. There were miniature ponds, dark with sumach; bushes brooks, like glittering threads, among the rocks.

"There's lots of minnows in those runs," said Ned. "You try for them, Sam, and Phil and I will bring down a squirrel or two. Broiled squirrel will be very good for dinner;" for the boys, who had eaten no breakfast in their excitement, began to feel, after their five miles walk, that dry crackers were not so palatable as they seemed yesterday.

Betty was tied to a tree, where she could nibble at will. Ned put the crackers in a basket, and hung them on a paw-paw bush.

"Are they quite safe there?" said Maggy, anxiously.

"Now what would hurt them?" cried Phil. "Boys, I believe Meg thinks these woods are full of tigers and lions. Girls are so fussy!" in a pitying tone, as they walked away, guns in hand.

"Women," said Ned, "are well enough in their place. But their place, you see, is the house. They don't, somehow, know how to get along out of doors."

Fan and Jenny had apparently a good deal to do out of doors. There were paw-paws to gather, and moss, and roots, and ferns, for their herbariums, and then they sat down and began some weighty school secrets, having established Maggy out of hearing, in a doll's house at the root of a tree. Now and then, the whizz of a gun would be heard, but the sun crept overhead, and began to go down on the other side, and the boys did not appear.

"I'm so hungry!" cried Maggy, with a little sob.

"So are we," said a voice behind her, and Sam Bender came up. "Where are the girls, Maggie?"

"I don't know. They've been gone half an hour. It's awfully lonely here. Where's your fish, Sam?"

"Yes, where's your fish, Sam?" shouted Ned, coming with Phil through the thicket. The boys were a little boisterous, as if they wanted to cover some uneasiness.

"Well, the fact is, I haven't any. Plague on the minnows! they'd shy at the bait, do what I would. But minnows are poor eating for a hungry man, and here are six of us," for by that time the two girls came strolling up from the hollow, loaded with moss.

"Where's the game, boys? I'm a good hand at skinning a squirrel."

Ned looked at Phil, and Phil stared after a bird that was flying past.

"I hadn't a single chance for a good shot, to-day," growled the latter hunter.

"I nearly winged two," said Ned, "and I just grazed a fellow going into his hole—hit the top of his tail. It was as pretty a shot as ever I saw."

"Do you mean," said Sam, "that you've shot nothing?—nothing at all?"

Phil gave a foolish laugh.

"That's about it," said Ned.

There was a dead silence. Then poor little Maggy began to sob. "I'm as hungry as ever was, and we're here in this big forest, and Betty can't take us home, and we'll die of starvation. I eated just one bun for my breakfast, this morning. A girl can't live forever on one bun."

"It's this gun," said Ned, giving it a vicious shake. "Nobody could have aimed better than I did!"

"Look there!" screamed Jenny. They all turned, in dismay, to see an enormous pig dashing through the bushes, the cracker basket around her neck, like a necklace, munching as she ran, while a napkin streamed out of one side of her jaws, and the cracker bag out of the other. The boys gave chase, shouting and flinging stones, but the harder they ran, the more recklessly the triumphant hog threw herself headlong through bush and brake. They gave up, at last, and came back.

"Well, there's an end of the last chance," said Ned.

"There are plenty of paw-paws," suggested Fan.

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"The very thought of them sickens me. The only thing left is to go home as fast as possible. It's a miserable end to the day."

"I think," said Fan, trying to keep a laugh out of her face, "I think I see a smoke. Come and let us see if it is a troop of wandering Indians, with buffalo meat. Who knows, Maggy?"

Down through the bushes they rushed, over the brook, round the high peak of the hill. There, in a sheltered little cove, made by the rocks, was a glorious wood fire, a great heap of delicious biscuits, well buttered, a steaming pot of coffee, cold chicken.

"And here is beef to frizzle, and two slices of ham to broil," said Fan, talking very fast, her cheeks red as roses, and her eyes bright. "Get two forked sticks, boys, so," placing it in their awkward fingers. "Isn't it splendid?"

Phil and Sam gave a tremendous cheer, that made the woods ring. Maggy joined in with her shrill little pipe, and jumped like a crazy child. But Ned was very quiet.

"These are mother's biscuits. How did you bring the things, Fan?" he said.

"In the seat of the buggy."

"How good they are!"

Never did any meal taste like that one, though the ham scorched, and the beef was fairly burned. They did not leave a crumb nor a bit of meat, though Maggy pleaded hard for the little birds. She had not exaggerated the appetite of "our Phil," and, to tell the truth, the others were quite his equals.

The girls walked home, I am ashamed to say. The road was steep, and made of slippery clay. The buggy perpetually ran down on Betty's heels, and such were her asthmatic puffs and snorts, that the boys declared the people living on the mountain would fancy a steamer had missed its way, and was scaling the height. Ned and Phil both had to hold her head to bring her down in safety; and it was quite dark before they reached the town. But nobody could now mistake the procession for a funeral.

"I never had more fun in my life," said Sam.

"Nor such a dinner!" responded Phil. "Ned, what d'ye say to going again, some Saturday—soon?"

"All right! But"—lowering his voice—"let's leave the girls to manage. There's more in girls than I thought," - reflectively—"but it wouldn't do to tell them so."

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

Chapter X.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

I was the first to reach my poor, poor darling. She had been thrown over the rocky descent and was lying on the green sod below. Scranton, still clinging to the reins, was found stunned amid the wreck of the carriage. The horse lay panting and quivering, with his four feet in the air.

It was a sad spectacle!

Nellie was like one dead. I took her lovely head, with its wealth of lilies, now so crushed and soiled, in my hands, and tried to kiss it into life.

How white the lips were—those lips that but a little before had proffered me caresses from which I had turned away! I could kiss them now, cold and colorless as they were; and, if my heart could have made the bruised head rest the easier, she should have had that for her pillow.

But she was heedless alike of my anguish and the tears that fell upon her livid face.

I did not need go home to my chamber to weep out my hate now! It was all gone.

So I moaned and sobbed until they forcibly took the lifeless body from my arms, and then I remember nothing more until I found myself lying upon a bed in a farm-house near the place where the accident had happened. Miss Prig was sitting by the bedside, looking at the photograph which Prince had given her.

"Where is Nellie, Miss Prig? And is she living?" I cried, trying to recall the recent events.

Miss Prig blushed, and hid the photograph in her handkerchief.

"Is Nellie living?" I cried out again, now fully restored to my senses.

"Well, we don't know yet. She is in the other room."

I tried to rise, but faintness compelled me to lie down again.

"Is the doctor with her?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen her?"

"No, not yet; they let no one in."

"O, do go to the door and ask."

"It's no use. The door is locked."

"Then look through the keyhole, and try to get a glimpse of her face. Do, Miss Prig, or I must go myself."

Miss Prig rose, reluctantly, and Prince's photograph fell to the floor, where it lay, face uppermost, until her return. She took it up, in a confused way, before she answered my eager questions.

"Well?" I cried, impatiently.

The door is locked, and the key in, so I could not see any thing."

"Did you knock?"

"Yes, but there was no answer."

"Could you hear them speaking within?"

"I could hear them whispering."

My heart stood still, and I moaned out, "Nellie is dead. O Nellie, my dear, dear Nellie."

"I don't think you treated her to-day as if she was such a dear Nellie," Miss Prig said, cruelly.

"I was mean and hateful to her. I know that, Miss Prig, as well as you do; but if any thing has happened to Nellie, I shall die, for all my seeming unkindness."

And I buried my face in the pillows and again sought relief in an outburst of grief.

"It's no use taking on so. The best way is to do right by your friends when they are alive."

"Don't reproach me. I am punished enough—yes, quite enough."

I did not speak again until I was able to rise. Miss Prig made no secret of the photograph now, but held it complacently in her hand, examining it in every possible light.

Her coldness was so revolting that I made another effort to go to Nellie's room, and this time with better success. It was a useless attempt, however; they would not admit me.

Presently, the lady of the house came into the room with a cup of tea. She said Miss Mondram thought I better go to the boarding-house as soon as I was able to ride, and that Prince was waiting rather impatiently for us below stairs.

Miss Mondram came in herself, just then, looking very pale and exhausted.

I put down the cup of tea I was trying to sip, and again burst into tears.

She came to my side, and kindly put her arms around me, and one or two tears fell on my cheek as she did so.

"It is best for you not to see her," she whispered. "Go to the boarding-house, and try to keep up good courage."

At the word courage, I felt a thrill of hope.

"Courage!" I cried out. "Is she alive?"

"Yes, alive; but that is all we can say now."

"Is she conscious?"

"No, not conscious," with a long-drawn sigh.

"Has she opened her eyes?"

"No, but the doctor thinks there is hope."

"If I could only look into the door! If you will let me see her just once, I will go home, if it is best we should."

Miss Mondram took hold of my hand tenderly and led me to the room where Nellie was. She was lying just as they had placed her, without any signs of life.

One glance was quite sufficient. Miss Prig led me down to the buggy, and Prince handed me in without speaking. Miss Prig tried to flirt a little as we rode home. Even Prince had too much delicacy to appear light and unfeeling.

When we arrived at the boarding-house I shook Miss Prig off at my chamber door, and went in alone.

How like a tomb that chamber was! All the sunshine and cheerfulness were gone from it then!

The first object that met my sight was a pair of Nellie's gloves lying upon the table where she had flung them when she went away in the morning.

I took them up and held them a moment in my hands—pale lavender kids, soft and delicate even in their then soiled condition. There was the odor of violets about them, too,—the perfume the poor child loved best of all.

How often we had walked hand in hand when she had worn them! How many flowers they had helped us to gather!

Would they ever press her slender fingers again!

I opened the closet and looked at her study wrapper and school hat, at her trunk, her books, every thing that belonged to her; but I did not weep until I took up a scrap of paper upon which she had written my name with some loving words attached. Then the forced calmness gave way, and I had my cry out.

What a wretched, humble, heart-broken creature I was! To think I had hated her all that livelong day—had turned from her caresses—hurt her without even a shadow of an excuse!

I knelt and laid my wet face in Nellie's chair, and asked God to forgive all my pride, my mean envy, and unkindness. When I could weep and pray no longer, I knelt still, and made such resolutions never to yield to such sin again, as I trust I shall endeavor to keep to the last hour of my life.

Later in the evening we learned that Scranton had been brought home with his right arm broken. It had been set, and with proper care, he was not in danger from his injuries.

The carriage had been considerably injured, but the horse was as vicious as ever, when released from harness. We were all well cured of any ambition to ride behind him.

Ned Tryst, who had not been of our party, tapped at my door, in the evening. It was against the rules of the school for the male students to call at our rooms. When I appeared he shrank back into the shadow, so that I could not see his face, but his voice trembled when he asked,—

"How is Miss May?"

If I had detested Ned, before, I liked him now—any thing that had interested her, would be dear to me forever.

"I'm afraid she is dead before this; she was hardly alive when I came away."

It was so still you could have heard a pin drop—then there was a sob, as if it could not be kept down.

"Don't cry, Ned. She was your friend."

"The only one I ever had. God bless her!" Another sob—and another.

"Remember how she has tried to save you, and never do any thing that you know she would think wrong."

"I never will; tell her so," sobbing, still.

"Yes, I will tell her," I groaned, "if she lives."

At that we both burst into sobs, and Ned stole away in the darkness, but I heard him sobbing as he went.

It was a long, dreary night. I laid hour after hour looking up at the stars glinting through the curtains, wondering if Nellie had gone to the bright orb she had chosen for her future abode, one evening when we were speaking of death and the future, and whether she would ever look down upon my repentance and grief.

In the gray of the morning Miss Mondram came home. She tapped at my door as she went to her room, to let me know what had happened during the night.

When I opened the door and saw how haggard her face was, I was sure Nellie was dead, so I waited for her to speak, not daring to ask a question.

"I thought you would like to know how Nellie is," she said, softly. "She has not opened her eyes or spoken yet, but she is alive, and the doctor thinks her pulse is improving."

"Can I go to her?"

"Not yet, dear. Try to be calm, and you better keep to your lessons; it will help to divert your thoughts."

"Yes, ma'am;" and I tried so hard to keep back the tears.

"I came home for the day exercises," Miss Mondram said; "but I shall go back as soon as I can be spared. We are doing every thing that can be done."

I was standing just where Miss Mondram left me, frigid with misery, when Master Tryst looked in.

"How is she now?" he asked.

The poor fellow's eyes were swollen with weeping.

"I don't know—better, they say; but what does that mean, when she cannot even speak or open her dear eyes!"

Ned groaned.

"If I could only be with her; but they won't let me!" and then I fell to wringing my hands and weeping, again.

"I am going to the farm-house," Ned said, and he sprang down the stairs two at a time, and I saw him from the window, running swiftly along the road.

Before the school-bell rang, he was back again, flushed and breathless, but with his face aglow.

"She's spoken. She wants you, and they are coming for you. Make haste!"

I shall always love Ned Tryst for those hopeful words.

I ran to meet the messenger, and in a half hour was at Nellie's door. Now that the longed for moment had come, I had to stop upon the threshold to still the beating of my heart.

When I became somewhat composed I went in.

Dear, darling Nellie! Her eyes opened languidly, a smile stole to her lips, her arms opened to receive me, and then we were silent, as those are whose hearts are too full to speak.

I think we were both praying.

To be continued.

AN ANECDOTE OF SOUTHEY.

Mr. Hall's reminiscences of Southey, in *Harper's Weekly*, contains this anecdote:

An illustrative anecdote was told me by the sexton of Creswaith church, who, however, had little to say of the poet, except that he seldom saw him smile. He met him often in his walks, but he seemed pensive, full of thought, and looked as if his life was elsewhere than on earth. The anecdote is this: Southey had a great dislike to be "looked at;" and although very regular in his attendance at church, he would stay away when he knew there were very many tourists in the neighborhood. One Sunday, two strangers who had a great desire to see the poet, besought the sexton to point him out to them. The sexton, knowing that this must be done secretly, said, "I will take you up the aisle, and in passing touch the pew in which he sits." He did so, and no doubt the strangers had "a good stare." A few days after the sexton met Southey in the streets of Keswick. The poet looked somewhat sternly at him, and said, "Don't do it again," and passed on, leaving the conscience-stricken sexton to ponder over the "crime" in which he had been detected by the poet.

For the Companion.

ROSA'S ENGAGEMENT.

By Alice Robbins.

"Of course they'll choose Rosaline May."

"And Phil Asbury."

"Yes, Phil is decidedly the handsomest boy in the town. He ought to be king; but Rosa is not beautiful."

"O, but every body loves her so."

"Yes," said Nelly Ascott, "she is pretty enough to be queen of May."

"What are you talking about, Nelly?" asked a gentle-faced girl, coming into the little circle; and choosing one of her companions, she placed her arm about her waist.

"About you," said Nelly Ascott, bluntly.

"Then, of course, I've no right to know."

"Yes, you have; you're to be queen of May, and Phil Asbury, king."

"O, no," said Rosa, shrinkingly; "Phil will do very well for king, but pray choose some other girl for the queen."

"You must abide by the ballot, any way," spoke up one of the others.

The bell ringing at that moment prevented any answer, and Rosaline went thoughtfully to her studies, quite anxious over the honor that was intended for her. She had been a pupil at the academy for nearly a year, and her singularly sweet disposition, and happy temperament, had made her a universal favorite.

It was the last week in April. A few fair spring blossoms had already peeped out, little harbingers of brighter and stronger flowers, and the pupils of Madam Bright's school had talked of little else than their coming May day frolic. Madam had invited them to a beautiful place, not more than half a mile from the town, where they were to have a genuine May-pole, crowned with flowers, and after the crowning they were to partake of a nice breakfast in the house of the teacher's brother. The girls were half wild with delight at the prospect. Brothers, and cousins, and friends were invited, and roses, and crowns, and sceptres were the topics of the day.

Rosa and Phil were chosen, and made a royal pair. The day proved to be sunny and unclouded; the grand procession, in defiance of a cool atmosphere, marched gayly out of the town, clad in white, and rose colored ribbons, and many a man and woman meeting them in their youthful beauty and ardor, whispered a "God bless them."

Every body admired Phil Asbury. He was the son of a widow, a woman who led a secluded and lonely life, in a little cottage on the skirt of the town. Many people had tried to make her acquaintance, but she seemed to shun society, and no one but Rosaline's mother, for whom she had once done a great service, was admitted on intimate terms. She was a sad looking woman, and had been very handsome. It was whispered that her husband had not been kind, but none of the facts were known, and so people ceased at last to talk about her.

She seemed to exist only for her son, whom she had petted and humored from his very birth. She gloried in his beauty, and it had been her greatest joy to work for him, to deny herself that he might be well fed and well clothed.

Phil was quick and ambitious. Some said that with all his beauty, there was a hard, imperious expression to his face, that detracted from its generally pleasing effect; but not so thought the girls who met him at party and picnic. With them Phil was a general favorite, and no wonder, for never was there a finished gentleman more attentive to their wants than he.

The years went on, and ever after the May party Rosa and Phil were the best of friends. People began to name them together, for wherever Rosa was you might be sure to find Phil, and the other girls had long ceased to expect any but the most casual attentions from him.

"I see Phil has been doing very well as a pleader," said Mr. May, one morning, over his coffee. "I shouldn't wonder if he rises to eminence, sometime, as this was his first case. He is sure to go up, I think."

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Rosa smiled, and felt her cheeks grow red. She was very proud of the young lawyer, and loved to listen to his praises, especially from her father, who thought highly of him.

"They seem to be very poor," said Mrs. May, thoughtfully; "I wonder what they have to live on."

"Philip says his mother has an annuity," said Rosa.

"Then it must be very small," responded her mother, "for she never gets any new clothes. I don't often speak of such things, but that old brown merino must have done duty for several years. And I notice that all her home dresses are of ancient cut and material."

"O, but she is very peculiar," spoke up Rosa; "Philip says she is."

"And what right has Philip to speak of his mother in that way, I wonder?" said Mr. May, pausing.

"I suppose he sees that we notice her dress," replied Rosa.

"She has been a woman of great beauty," said Mrs. May, "and she has a cultivated mind. I suppose she has taken her money to educate her son. How grateful he ought to be for her self-sacrifice! There are not many mothers who would forego all society, and ignore the fashions and customs of the time so completely as she has done for him."

Rosa was silent. For the first time it occurred to her that she had never heard Philip speak in warm praise of his mother. He had said that she was eccentric, and old-fashioned, and always had seemed to wish to excuse her in Rosa's eyes.

There was no need of that, for Rosa had learned to love her, and had listened for hours to the mother's praise of the son; had seen her eye kindle at his approach, even though it grew sad a moment after—and she had felt a certain uneasiness which she could not define.

One beautiful summer day, Rosa went out for a walk. Through the shaded aisles of a lovely spot, called Plympton's Wood, she wandered, now culling the mosses, whose warm, red cups held "ane drop o' dew," now picking the pretty hidden flowers, whose wealth of sweetness seemed almost thrown away, in these secluded nooks.

At last, feeling weary and thirsty, the whim took her to call in at the widow Asbury's.

So she walked on until the little familiar cottage came in sight. The garden was full of hardy roses, about which the bees droned; the brightly-scoured milk pans stood up on their accustomed bench; peace and tranquillity seemed shed around. The door of the little back kitchen was invitingly open, and its cool shadow looked so comfortable that, tired as she was, Rosa involuntarily stepped in, and seated herself.

"I shouldn't wonder if Mrs. Asbury were asleep," said Rosa to herself, as not a motion, or a footstep was heard.

In a moment, however, she heard footsteps and voices. A door was opened and shut, and she heard a man's voice, clear, full and petulant.

"Didn't I tell you to call me at four?"

"But, Philip, dear, I happened to fall asleep on the sofa. I was very tired."

"O, yes; always some excuse. I shall be glad when I get a home of my own, where my requests will be heeded. I have lost a case by this oversleeping, and you can take that for your consolation."

"Then, Philip, you should be home at proper hours, and not stay all night carousing with men who will ruin you," said the sad voice, and there seemed to be no soul in it. Poor mother!

He turned upon her with a fierce exclamation, and it seemed to Rosa as if her blood curdled in her veins.

She was like one under the influence of a dreadful nightmare; she could neither move nor speak. Could that fierce voice belong to Philip Asbury? She had never heard it but in sweet and honeyed accents. Could he so brutally treat his mother?—such a mother as she had been to him. Then what would he do to a wife?

"Keep your advice to yourself," he said, roughly; "I shall stay out whenever I choose. You're always whining, and I'm tired of it. I'll find a way to escape it soon."

"I hope you will, Philip," she said, in the same heart-broken tone. "I shall always pray for your happiness, wherever you go; only, for the sake of that sweet girl, leave those vile companions."

Then came undutiful, angry words, and Rosa more than once tried to rise and go away, but the revulsion of feeling had been too dreadful; she only feared they would find her senseless on the floor.

Presently the voices ceased; the front door opened, and Philip walked from the house in an opposite direction. Rosa heard the latch of the little kitchen door rattle—then in the opening stood Mrs. Asbury, staring at her with a white, horror-struck face.

"O, my poor darling!" she cried, at last; then you must have heard."

Rosa tried to smile, tried to rise, but the widow, coming forward, prevented her. Down on her knees fell the poor creature, and with her face buried in Rosa's lap, wept convulsively.

"I have always hidden it," she said, slowly and sobbingly; "I would have died to save you this knowledge, but Heaven was wiser than I. O, don't hate my poor boy."

Rosa did not hate him, but she could no longer regard him as her future husband. She told him, frankly, all she had heard, all she feared, and then broke their engagement. "A man who does not honor his mother," she said, "will never honor a wife;" and despite all his pleadings and pledges, she remained firm in her purpose, though to do so cost her the cruelest pangs of her life.

Years after, when Philip had fled his country to escape the consequences of crime, Rosa was his mother's chief consoler, and until the poor woman died, was to her as a daughter, but she has never regretted her decision, or the firmness that sustained her.

SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

One summer eve, in pensive thought,
I wandered by the sea-side shore,
Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
I gathered shells in days before.
The splashing waves like music fell,
Responsive to my fancy wild,
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child.

I stood upon the pebbly strand,
To cull the toys that round me lay,
And, as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away;
And thus I said, in every age,
By toys our fancy is beguiled,
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child.

For the Companion.

ENCOUNTER WITH FOUR BEARS.

Paul Ranney, Edwin Jenks and James Pomeroy, three young Mexicans, started, one Saturday morning, in the early winter of 1869, for a bear hunt.

When I say they were "Mexicans," I do not mean senors or hidalgos of the Southern country, conquered by Fernando Cortez—as you may see at once by the names; Ranney, and Jenks, and Pomeroy being as little Spanish in sound or spelling as Smith, Brown and Jones. I mean to say that my three hunters were full blooded Oxford county Yankees, and belonged to the old town of Mexico, away up on the Androscoggin, about forty-six miles from the capital of Maine.

Sheep and several young cattle had recently been killed by bears, for it was early in the cold season, and these hungry beasts had not yet gone into their winter dormitories. So, on the Saturday in question, the young men started off on a mission of vengeance, determined that no more sheep should be butchered by bears, if they could prevent it.

They loaded their pung with all necessary equipments, including axes, ropes, and of course material for a good dinner and plenty of ammunition for their three double-barrelled guns. Two good dogs trotted ahead of the horse, and completed the party.

Arrived in the region of Black Mountain, which was to be the scene of their search, they left their horse and pung in a place of safety, and struck into the woods. The snow was not deep, and scarcely impeded their travelling, while it afforded an excellent surface for tracking game. The weather was still and steadily cold, and every thing was favorable for a successful hunt.

The morning, however, passed without results, and about noon they returned to their pung and ate their dinner. When they set out again their plan was to explore thoroughly the wild country on the east and south sides of Black Mountain, and they followed it with an energy that certainly deserved success, but fortune seemed determined to mock them that day. Four o'clock came, and still no traces of bears. They had crossed the Mexico town line, and were now in Rumford.

Night was near, and the weary hunters were forced to think of returning home. Accordingly, Pomeroy and Jenks determined to make their way to a settlement known as "Walker's Clearing," while Paul Ranney started by another route to take the pung and meet them there.

The two young men trudged on towards the settlement, saying little, and meditating how to tell their ill luck to their friends, when they heard a peculiar bark from the dogs at some distance. Hurrying to the spot where the dogs were, they found a hole under some rocks, but Jenks, who meant to be on his guard against any more disappointments, expressed his contempt and declared that the dogs had "driven in a coon or a hedgehog."

Pomeroy believed they had bigger game. The hole looked larger when they came near and examined it, and there was dirt on the snow, where animals of some kind had passed in and out. They broke away the snow, enlarging the entrance considerably. It seemed to lead into a cave of very respectable size.

"Dare you go in?" said Pomeroy; and without a word in went Jenks, gun in hand, to make a reconnoissance.

He needed his best eyesight, for only a few rays of light penetrated the den, but before he had gone far he made out the shape of some rough creature curled up in the gloom, and thought his first opinion was confirmed.

"Pshaw!" he sneered. "It's only a hedgehog."

Just then a heavy movement, and a grunt, and a sniff, effectually drove all notions of hedgehogs out of his head, and when a pair of fiery eyes turned full at him he began to feel something besides contempt for his game.

He cocked and levelled his gun at once, and though he could only half see where the muzzle was, he took as good aim as possible between the pair of eyes and fired.

"Look out for him, Jim!" he shouted, as he tumbled backwards out of the cave.

"Hurrah!" echoed Pomeroy. "Now it's my turn." And he plunged down the entrance to see the effect of his friend's shot, and if necessary, to try one himself.

A large dead bear lay on the bottom of the cave, but on a shelf of the rock, a little to one side, he could just descry a living one nearly as large, and owning another pair of glaring eyes.

Calling out to Jenks not to let the game escape, if he failed to kill it, he discharged his rifle and retreated as rapidly as his companion had done.

There was now considerable commotion in the den. Either Pomeroy had not killed his bear, or his shot had stirred up the remaining members of a good-sized bear family.

The two young men held a consultation. It was getting dangerous to enter the cave now. Evidently they had a job on hand at last that would give them all the work they wanted.

What was to be done next? The dogs would not venture in, but danced about at the mouth of the cave, making up in noise what they lacked in courage. Ferocious snarls and growls from the inside answered their yelping, and excited them to fury.

It was growing dusk, and the hunters must act quick, or not at all. Suddenly a big black bear appeared at the entrance and made a dash towards them. This looked like bringing matters to a crisis.

"Shoot him, Ed!" yelled Pomeroy, who had hardly finished loading his gun.

Jenks emptied both his barrels, but fired rather wild, for the dogs were giving bruin desperate battle, and he was afraid of hitting them.

The effect was, however, to make the bear retreat into the cave, without doing any mischief beyond tipping one of the dogs heels over head into the snow with a cuff of his paw.

Pomeroy determined to try another shot inside the den. It was now pretty certain that the place contained three or four bears. He entered pluckily enough, but in a minute he found himself sprawling on the ground and his gun knocked out of his hand. One of the brutes had faced him, but, luckily, paid him no further attention than to push him out of the way, in an effort to escape. Jenks was not quite ready to fire, when the bear came out, but clubbed his gun and fetched a tremendous blow. Bruin backed into the cave again, howling with pain.

By this time Pomeroy had recovered his gun, and presenting it close to his antagonist, shot him dead. They now waited a few minutes, till, hearing little from the occupants of the cave, and growing impatient, they concluded to try stirring the game with a pole.

Ranney had carried away the axe, but with a sharp jack-knife a five-foot pole was soon cut, and Jenks went down with this new weapon in his hand "to puggle" out the bears if any remained alive.

Pomeroy watched the entrance. Jenks had given three or four pokes with his pole when an enormous bear jumped over him.

"*Take care*, Jim!"

There was a great rush and growl—a furious snapping and yelling of the dogs. It was the same old fellow that made the first sortie. "I'm sure of you this time," thought Pomeroy, as he fired. But to his great disgust, Mr. Bear did not stop. The hunter's bullet had only wounded him.

Off went the other barrel, but with no other effect than to make the beast go faster. Exasperated out of all patience by his failure, Pomeroy dropped his gun and darted after the bear.

Bruin got over the ground at the best speed he could with a dog hanging to each hind leg, but the excited hunter soon overtook him and fastened his hands into the long hair on his flanks. He believed that he had mortally wounded him, and could pull him down.

Away went bear, dogs and man—the funniest possible spectacle of a pell-mell chase—but the stout game showed no signs of giving in. On he plunged, dragging his pursuers after him full forty rods over the snow, till he finally broke loose and disappeared in the gloomy thicknesses of a neighboring spruce swamp.

Jenks had come out and started to join in the run, but Pomeroy soon shouted to him,—

"It's no use. Back, or we'll lose more of 'em!"

The dogs were whistled off, and all gathered round the cave again, when Jenks gave his opinion that there were no bears inside but the two they had killed.

Pomeroy was doubtful, but Jenks went in with a rope and made fast to one of the dead bears, which he drew to the entrance. As he sat astride the animal, untying the rope to use again, another movement was heard in the cave, and Pomeroy seized the pole and went in to explore.

His efforts started the fourth bear, which had been wounded in the shoulder by some one of the shots at close quarters, and was too lame to run away. Jenks fired at him and wounded him, but in his desperation the brute still gave stiff battle to both men and dogs, until Pomeroy fired again and killed him.

The hunters then dragged out the other dead bear, and taking the dogs into the den, satisfied themselves that it was entirely clear. They had "bagged" the old she bear and two yearling bears. The one that got away was the *pater familias* bear; the big Ursa Major of the lot.

Seven hundred pounds of game was enough for one day, certainly, though the killing was all done inside of an hour.

For the Companion.

SWISS LAKE DWELLINGS.

In the winter of 1853 and 1854 water was very scarce in Switzerland. In the rivers and lakes it sunk to a lower level than ever before. In Lake Zurich, especially, the sheet of water with which the bed of the lake was usually covered became so much too small for it that it was partly exposed. Thus the less water the more dry land appeared. This circumstance suggested to some persons who owned land on the shore, that if they raised embankments and kept the water from returning, they would thus enlarge their real estate. They expected to get piles of money in this way, but instead, to their great astonishment, they came upon wooden piles, or pillars, driven into the earth, so that their heads lay on a level with the bed of the lake. About these piles were piled stags' horns, hearth-stones, broken pottery, bones of animals, &c.

The evidence could not be resisted that these were the remains of human dwellings, posted here long ago, and preserved in a lake of water, as peaches are in a bottle of brandy.

No sooner was this discovery of remains of piles made known than piles of remains of the same kind were found in other parts of Switzerland. Nearly all the lakes proved to have their bosoms studded with ancient settlements. More than twenty such sites were sighted on the Lake of Bieave, and fifty on the Lake of Neufchatel; while Lake Zurich, which took the lead, had the fewest to show. Altogether, two hundred such foundations have been found in Switzerland, besides a few in other countries.

How was it that these ancient habitations came to be fixed on the lake? We all know how fond boys are of islands. What a delight there is in having an island all to one's self! Well, when the world was comparatively young, the people who lived in Switzerland were like boys, and as there were no islands convenient they invented some.

But they did not cut themselves off entirely from the land. The piles were not driven far from the shore, and the settlements appear to have been connected with it by a causeway or bridge, though remains of boats have also been found. One seems to have been sunk by too heavy a load of stones.

The piles were driven at least a foot, and sometimes two or three feet apart, so that in one square rod there are twelve, and sometimes seventeen or twenty of these round rods. In one settlement, which covers three acres, three thousand have been counted, but in others they number fifty, and even a hundred, thousand What piles! Stones were dropped between to confirm them in their upright position. They were covered with a floor of two inch planks, and on this was laid earth, so that the architects might have good grounds to build on. It is a point in dispute whether the houses were square or round,

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and whether they had only one room or two. The walls were of wicker work, wattled, that is, having coats of mud or clay outside, and shirts of mud inside, to keep out the cold. The fire-places were in the middle of the floor, and consisted of three or four large slabs of sandstone. There were also holes in the floor, by which ashes and offal were sent off all to the bottom of the lake. The evidence is weighty, being based on the discovery everywhere of clay weights used in weaving, that each house had a loom.

The chief tools used by the self-made islanders were hatchets of stone, called celts. These vary from an ounce or two to a pound in weight, and from an inch and a half to a foot in length. Sometimes they are in the form of chisels, and sharp enough even now for cutting lead pencils. It is supposed they had originally hafts of stag-horn, but only one specimen has been found in which the stone and the haft have not parted company.

The lake dwellers had also other tools, made of bone, such as knives, netting-needles, pins. The ladies evidently adorned themselves with pins and other ornaments of bronze, instead of bronze leather boots, as now-a-days. Arrow-heads of bronze, in which some have fancied they saw cavities for poison, point out the way in which the people defended themselves. Pottery seems to have done most, however, in supplying them with utensils. Spoons, ladles, cups, pots, jars, bowls, &c., some of them evidently blackened by the fire, and others having leavings of food, show that these people did not need to use their fingers when they ate.

The most mysterious objects discovered are articles of pottery in the shape of a horned moon, fixed on a circular or oval base. They are something like the pillows or head-rests used by Polynesian islanders, but it is generally thought that they are images of the moon, for worship. It may not be an idle speculation that they were idols.

Scarcely any human bones have been found, so what can have become of the inhabitants themselves? Did they burn their dead? Or have the glaciers from the mountains swept over their graves? It is evident that the pile dwellings themselves were all consumed by fire; and as there were no insurance companies in those days, the dwellers had to adopt another style of architecture on land.

ADVENTURES IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

The great solitudes of the Atlas Mountains, in North Africa, contain some of the most noble wild animals and birds in the world. There, in the deep silence, as the moon spreads her veil of silver over the deserts below, the lion roams abroad, the monarch of the forests, and there, beneath the withering glare of the noonday sun, the imperial eagle wheels around her eyrie, the monarch of the air. The stream-cleft valleys are full of flowers, fair as those of Andalusia in April, and as brimming with perfume as those on the banks of the Nile. But the ravenous beast, in his wild beauty, sleeps amid these flowery beds, and the poisonous serpent hides its folds beneath the spreading leaves.

Some years ago, I found myself in company with a party of naturalists on the Tunisian frontier. We were engaged in making a collection of rare birds for a metropolitan museum.

We were domiciled in a south-easterly section of Algeria, at the French outpost of Souk Hanas, the ancient Thagastum, associated with the name and history of St. Augustine.

I was detailed by the party to make an expedition of some ninety miles, to study the natural history of the wilds I must traverse, and to ascertain the probability of a successful bird harvest.

I set out on horseback, taking with me an expert cliff-climber and three Arab servants. Our route lay by the Hammam Weled Zeid, so named from its hot, sulphurous springs, where some fine baths have been constructed.

The majestic griffon afforded us our first birds'-nesting triumph. Approaching the edge of a long range of cliffs, matted with rich foliage, and peering carefully over the top, upon the shaded ravines below, we discovered on a shelf of rock a cumbrous heap of stocks, in the midst of which a parent bird sat, brooding. Alarmed by a falling stone, she arose, slowly stretched her wings, and, with two or three majestic wavings of her pinions, left a single egg disclosed to view. Having discovered a narrow ledge by which the nest might be reached, our cliff-climber descended. We called him back, an after thought suggesting that it would better serve our purpose to let the bird lay other eggs, and thus add to our treasures. He had scarcely reached the top of the cliff, when the mother returned, and, quickly sailing in, let herself drop on the edge of the nest. Here she paused for a minute or two, grotesquely turned her head, and eyed her precious egg; then she turned it over very carefully, and with evident admiration, and then sat down upon it.

"That egg is hard set," said the cliff-climber. "Those birds lay but a single egg."

"Go back and secure it," said I, almost pitying the noble bird, whose maternal instincts I was about to wound. The climber almost reached the nest before she would quit it; she moved slowly and reluctantly off at last, watching the egg with evident anxiety, and, giving her pinions an uncertain wave, rose over our heads. The egg proved nearly ready for hatching. The grief of the poor bird on returning to her desolate nest may be imagined.

Soon afterwards, on entering a densely wooded path, a large eagle settled among some projecting trees, that waved and tossed their green leaves in the sun. I dismounted, crept up to the spot, and there saw, for the first time in his native haunts, an imperial African eagle. This magnificent bird, whose piercing intelligence holds the eye as by the spell of sudden enchantment, is distinguished from other species of similar aspect and size by its white shoulders. He presents a picture of rare beauty as he wheels among the cliffs and crags below the traveller, his snowy mantle shining in the clear noonday beams. An eagle's nest was discovered hard by. It was at least a yard in diameter, was made of large sticks, and contained two eggs. We give a picture of the imperial African eagle.

The scenery along the way, though not always highly sublime, was exceedingly rich and varied. The trees and underwood were tangled with flowery vines, and the deep perfume of the jasmine, rose, hawthorn and scented broom, floated upon the air.

At one point of our journey, we came upon a plain covered with scented tulips, pansies, scarlet and blue anemones. No untravelled florist of continental Europe ever beheld such a flower garden as this! One might roam over a region as far as the eye could see, ankle-deep with flowers.

On the second day of our journey, I had my first and probably my last encounter with an African lion. Soon after entering the deep forest, I observed a line of cliff about half a mile to the right, with a pair of white vultures hovering over it.

The birds arrested my steps, and, as they did not move away from the vicinity of the place, I fancied that they might have a nest there, and resolved to go and see. I told Salah, my principal attendant, to hold the horses, and to follow me should I whistle.

Before I had proceeded far, I found myself in a tangled thicket of brushwood. I could not force my way through it in an erect position, and, as a white vulture's nest would be a valuable accession to my collection, I determined to go forward by the very dangerous experiment of creeping under the mot-work. I worked my way slowly, but at last discovered an opening.

Tired, torn and pricked, I emerged from the covering, happy that I had encountered no venomous serpent nor beast of prey.

As I rose up, with a feeling of relief, I discovered, all at once, a young lion directly before me, about ten paces off. It was not very much taller than a large St. Bernard dog, but much heavier, and more stoutly built. All this I did not take in at once, but, without waiting to know how he would accept my intrusion upon him, I fired both barrels of my fowling-piece, with scarcely an interval between the shots, in his face. The animal was only wounded, of course. He sprang up, with a note something between a roar and a howl, and rushed into the thicket. My first impulse was to follow; my second, on which I promptly acted, was to make a precipitate retreat into the tangle, and creep back to my companions as speedily as my love of life would enable me. I uttered an ejaculation of gratitude to God for my escape, as I began to reflect on the folly of what I had done, for the lion could not have been more than two years old, and his mother was probably not far off, and I certainly was not in a fitting condition to pay her ladyship a morning call.

I hurried back to the place where I had left Salah with the horses. Salah was gone. He had heard the report of the gun and the roar of the wild beast, and, jumping at the conclusion that an inexpert foreigner would prove no match for a lion, had taken care to put space between himself and danger. I hurriedly followed his tracks, and at last caught a glimpse of him from a sudden elevation.

I whistled. He stopped. He seemed to wear a disappointed look when I returned. He supposed that the lion had made a meal of me, a thing with which he would have been more than satisfied, and he had undoubtedly begun to reckon how much the horses and kit would bring him when he had crossed the Tunisian frontier.

"Where are you going?" I asked, with some show of feeling.

"Ah!" said he, apologetically, "Salah hear puff puff roar."

"Why did you not come and help me?"

"Ah, master lion eats Englishman! Salah cannot run and go to help his master; for, if Salah goes, the Arabs will steal the horses, and master lion will eat Salah. So Salah *stayed and wept.*"

He probably did not stay long enough to injure himself by *weeping*. What a precious example of the value of human sympathy!

Salah's allusion to the desert robbers may awaken the reader's curiosity.

Wild, fierce-looking objects they are, these desert marauders and horse thieves, with their rough faces, evil-looking eyes, their flying garments, and tall, lank camels, whose legs, when they attempt to run, seem out of joint.

AN ENGLISH REPUBLIC.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, an English radical leader of considerable note, was recently "interviewed" by a correspondent of an American paper, on which occasion he declared that the British monarchy would soon be among the things of the past, and was bold enough to give the year 1876 as the date of the termination of that remarkable polity which has influenced and awed the world for a thousand years.

Strictly speaking, the British monarchy can be said to have existed only from the year 1603, when the same King received both the crowns of England and Scotland, and to whom Ireland submitted; but, as the English nation has always formed much the larger part of what is commonly called England, even when both Scotland and Ireland are understood to be included in the word, and as England is the central country around which the others have gathered, we are in a certain sense justified in saying that the *British* monarchy has existed for more than ten centuries.

Is it probable, or is it even possible, that this ancient polity is about to disappear, and to join the old French monarchy, which perished in 1789–92? Is it at all likely that the House of Hanover is getting near to the time when it must join the Bourbons, and the Bonapartes, and the Vasas, and rank as a bankrupt royal line?

Certainly it does not seem probable that such a change is impending over Great Britain, or that Mr. Bradlaugh is right when he says that Queen Victoria will be the last monarch of the country. The British are not a very changing people, they move even more slowly than we in political matters, and, unlike the French, they never attempt sudden reforms. But marvellous changes are possible, and so many unthought of events have happened of a wonderful kind of late years, that we should be prepared for almost any thing that may occur.

Who could have thought, for instance, a dozen years ago, that slavery would cease to exist in the United States in half-a-dozen years? Yet such was the fact. In 1859 slavery was the most powerful institution in America, and slaveholders were allowed to monopolize the government in order to secure for it ample protection. In 1865 American slavery was a thing of the past.

Thus we see that great and unexpected changes may take place in a short time, and what took place here, may take place in England, though in a different form.

Most of the English republicans belong to the working classes, by which is meant the artisans and other workers in the trades, the peasantry generally being known as laborers or agricultural laborers.

Between these two classes there is very little in common. The working men are shrewd, intelligent, thinking men, who take a deep interest in politics, and are radical in their ideas, while the peasantry or laborers are mostly dull, heavy, ignorant men, who are under the influence of the nobility, the gentry and persons of property. They care very little for republicanism, though they would probably in time join in a successful movement for a more liberal popular government.

There are but few republicans among the higher classes. Still there are some, and enough to take the lead when the times become ripe for a republican revolution, and they are for the most part persons of pure motives and worthy aspirations, into whose hands the party of progress may safely entrust their cause.

GREAT FIRES.

The great conflagration at Chicago has awakened an interest in similar events in the past. Of the fires that occurred in the cities of antiquity but little is known. They were probably numerous. History mentions some that were the result of war. Of these, Persepolis, in the time of Alexander, and Rome, during the invasions of the Gauls, are conspicuous examples. Both of these cities were rebuilt.

The great fire in Rome is a vivid historical event, and probably will continue so while the world endures. It took place in the year of Rome 817, and of the Christian Era 64, and in the tenth year of the reign of Nero.

It broke out on the 19th of July, and lasted six days, when there was a short intermission; then another fire began, which continued three days. Between the two, the greater part of old Rome was destroyed, including its principal historical edifices, temples and palaces.

This fire has a peculiar place in history. Nero was popularly supposed to have kindled it, and to have prevented its being extinguished; and a rumor prevailed that he watched the flames from the tower of one of his villas, chanting to his lyre the "Sack of Troy." To divert suspicion from himself, he began the first persecution of the Christians, who were charged with being the incendiaries.

Whether the Emperor was guilty of the crime imputed to him will never be known, but he certainly was guilty of persecuting the followers of the only true religion, some of whom were contemporaries of the Saviour.

The space over which the fire extended is computed to have been one-third of Rome, or more than thirteen hundred acres. Thousands of persons perished. The city was rebuilt in four years.

The greatest historical fire of modern times is that of London, in 1666, in the reign of Charles II. It began on the 2d of September, and lasted four days. The number of houses destroyed was 13,000; and of churches, 89, including the Cathedral of St. Paul's, a famous historical edifice, and many other edifices hardly less renowned. St. Paul's was not rebuilt till more than thirty years later,—and we believe the first sermon preached in the new church was that by Compton, Bishop of London, on the occasion of the thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswick, at the close of 1697.

The London fire came the year after what is known as the Great Plague, of which one hundred thousand persons died; and as the plague never since has raged in London, the fire of 1666 has had the credit of having extirpated it, by destroying the unhealthy buildings in which it was nursed and from which it spread.

There is something that borders on the ludicrous in the fact that the fire began at Pudding Lane, and ended at Pie Corner.

Moscow is a city renowned for fires. It was burned three times in the sixteenth century,—the last fire occurring in 1571, or just three hundred years ago. A fourth great fire occurred there in the early part of the seventeenth century.

The greatest of Moscow's fires, however, was that of 1812, just after the French entered it, in September, a few days subsequent to their great

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victory of Borodino. The city was fired immediately on the arrival of the invaders, and in a few days it became a mass of ruins.

The effect of this was to compel the French to leave, and to begin that retreat in which their army perished. The Russians have had great credit for destroying their city, yet it is by no means certain that they were the incendiaries. Strange though it may seem, it has never been settled whether the city was fired accidentally or purposely, by the French or by the Russians. The Emperor Alexander was very angry with Count Rostophin, who was disposed to claim credit for the deed.

Constantinople has been considered the most inflammable city in the world, and it would require a column to give only the dates of her great conflagrations. The last of these fires was no longer ago than June, 1870. It was the greatest that had been known since that of Moscow, and it was said that the property destroyed was of the value of six hundred million dollars,—doubtless a great exaggeration. Thousands of persons perished in the flames.

New York was long held to be Constantinople's rival in fires. When the British took possession of the place, in 1776, it was nearly destroyed by fire, which the Americans were charged with having kindled. If the charge was true, they anticipated what was attributed to the Russians just thirty-six years later.

New York's greatest fire was that of December, 1835, by which property to the value of twenty millions of dollars was destroyed. It created almost as much excitement as that caused by the recent destruction of Chicago. As it happened when the weather was extremely cold, the suffering was greatly increased.

DON'T TAKE COLD.

Two men, or two boys, or *ten* boys, if you like, of equally good constitution, equally good health, and equally well clothed, may be exposed to precisely the same amount of cold, under the same conditions, and they will not all "take cold," although all have been chilled for the time.

Five of the ten will probably escape any ill result, feeling soon warm and well again. Of the other five, two or three will continue to feel dull and uncomfortable even after they get warm. In a little while they find that they have sore throat, pains in the bones, tightness in the head, and a little feverishness. They have "caught cold." Another may have simply fatigue, followed by fever, and it is found that he has inflammation of one or both lungs (pneumonia). The fifth may have rheumatism, or, perchance, diarrhœa.

We don't know why these different results follow in the different cases, nor why the others escape all harm. But we know that in proportion as we are *weakened* from any cause, we are unable to resist *the depressing effects of cold.* One of the five boys who suffered, perhaps had had no breakfast. Another had been over-much fatigued the day before. A third, although always well and vigorous, had some constitutional weakness not yet manifested.

Other things being equal, *damp* cold is more injurious than either dry cold or warm dampness.

If we would avoid taking cold, there are a few points of great value to be observed. First, keep the body in as fresh and perfect a state as possible; for in this condition it will better resist cold. Avoid, then, all depressing habits and influences, as excitement of mind, late study, severe hunger, etc.

Second, with every sudden change of weather, from warmer to colder, make a corresponding change in clothing, *without regard to the season.* Under-flannels are never to be forgotten or despised because November is in the distance. They are to be prized and used whenever they will be comfortable, and are capable of preventing a great deal of sickness in a cool May or September.

Third, in cold weather, and in all wet weather, have the feet specially well protected. Fourth, it is more injurious to *sit* in the cold, than to *move about* in the cold. Students, therefore, should always inhabit a warm apartment.

G. H.

WHERE JENNY LIND BEGAN.

Jenny Lind sang for the first time as a little girl in a small opera, acted by the pupils of the theatre, and Jenny performed the part of a beggar—such a droll, saucy, fascinating little beggar as was never seen before.

She was only nine years old, and every body predicted that she would become a great wonder. But after two years, her voice, which was very beautiful, suddenly grew harsh and thick, and she was forbidden to sing. It was terribly discouraging, for she was poor, and her voice was all she had. But she loved music so truly and passionately, that, though she might not sing, she studied hard all the same, learning the piano and the science of music, and training her poor hoarse throat to all sorts of difficult movements. After four years' patience, she met with reward. All of a sudden her voice broke out again, "like a flower," more clear and brilliant than ever, and she became the most famous singer in the world.

She sang in Paris, London and America. Everybody flocked to hear her. Flowers, and gold, and gifts were showered before her like a dream of fairy land. And through it all, she remained the same sweet, womanly creature, unspoiled by flattery and unchilled by fame. She sang, as the birds sing, out of her loving, happy heart, and simply as a child. Miss Bremer asked her, once, what were her thoughts on one particular evening, when she had been more than usually applauded? Her answer was, that she had been remembering all the time that in the morning she had neglected to sew a string on her cloak!

Wherever she went, she found means for helping the poor. It is said that her charities in the United States alone amounted to fifty thousand dollars.—*Little Corporal.*

STORY OF THE AMADOR GOLD-MINES.

The fortune hunter in Africa, who recently found by accident a £5,000 diamond, the day he was going to "give up," has his match in an adventurer among the California gulches. The lust of riches that drove the man through so many privations is partly redeemed here by the display of faithful friendship between him and his comrade:

Alvinza Hayward is the hero of a story equal to "Monte Cristo." He is a Vermonter, who operated with a man named Chamberlaine, in a gold lead that was full of indications, bnt yielded nothing tangible. Chamberlaine at last went away disconsolate, giving Hayward all his interest.

The latter worked on for months, and was buried deeper and deeper into the ground, but at last his family were next to starving, and his laborers left him, and he knew of no friend in the world except Chamberlaine. He said to this man, who had meantime been engaged in stock-raising, "I am on the verge of this great strike. I know it. Can't you give me a little money?

Chamberlaine had been on the verge himself several times, and he shook his head sadly. But he had $3,000—his all—buried under a haystack near by, and he went and dug it up.

"Take it, old fellow," he said, with California heartiness; "do your best."

With this money Hayward recommenced, and he had worked until it was all spent, and his men were reduced to a bag of beans for nourishment, when to the gloom of hope the precious ore blazed suddenly up; the Amador mine was the richest in the world.

When this mine was paying $40,000 a month, Hayward made over to his friend one perfect third of it. Chamberlaine retired upon $1,500,000, and moved East to educate his children, Hayward buying back the whole.

Finally, even Hayward grew tired, and he sold out the mine to a stock company.

A CALIFORNIA HOG.

A correspondent, speaking of the hogs in California, droves of which abound on the ranches, says:

One day I had been gathering flowers in a field a mile or two from the house, when, on emerging from a valley, I saw quite near me, coming along the road where I was standing, forty or fifty hogs, driven by two men on horseback. I was in the direct road, and the men upon seeing me turned the hogs aside. Still continuing my walk leisurely, I watched them until they were well past me. Suddenly three or four hogs took it into their heads to turn back and retrace their steps. One of the men started after them and succeeded in turning back all except one, that started in the road directly towards me.

The man, still on his horse, placed himself between me and the hog, and tried in vain to make it turn and join the other hogs. I watched with interest the apparently unequal contest, the man and horse being of the one party and the hog of the other.

But the hog proved itself master of the situation. Although the horse understood the methods of warfare as well as the man, they were both unable to overcome the hog, which fought as valiantly as any royal tiger ever did. I had as yet considered myself an altogether uninterested spectator of the fight. Suddenly, the man turned to me and said, "It may bite you." I needed no second admonition, but fled from this ignoble porker, as I would have done from a furious grizzly bear.

HOW CIRCUS RIDERS FARE.

The amount of suffering gone through with before one can become qualified for expert circus-riding must be equal to a year's prison work under the whip. Even the dangers and discomforts of the regular practice, as they are intimated below, are enough, we should think, to disgust every one with that unprofitable and needless employment:

A writer who has been behind the scenes in a circus, says that the dressing-room was occupied by twelve or fifteen performers, preparing for their respective acts. Some were naked, and upon their bodies in every conceivable place, appeared bandages and plasters. These were for strains and bruises, of which every one had his share, and no small share at that.

One of these men, a well-known bareback and four-horse rider, while in the act of putting on a pair of elastic knee-caps, to strengthen his knees, explained that the most serious s rain resulting from riding and tumbling came upon the kidneys, which are often badly injured. The breast was also strained at times, though not so frequently. Shoulder and ankle sprains were continually occurring.

STORY OF "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

The following graphic sketch of the first singing of "the Star-Spangled Banner" was taken by a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, from the lips of Mr. Hendon, an aged man who fought in the war of 1812–14. Mr. Hendon was a neighbor of the author of the song, in Taneytown, (Frederick Co.,) N. J., and a fellow-soldier with him during that war, and the following scene is in the camp of the American forces at Baltimore during the bombardment of that city by the British, September, 1814:

"Have you heard Francis Key's poem?" said one of our mess, coming in one evening, as we lay scattered over the green hill near the captain's marquee. It was a rude copy, and written in a scrawl. He read it aloud, once, twice, three times, until the entire division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence.

An idea seized Ferd Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music, which was in somebody's tent, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune, just as they caught his quick eye. One, called "Anacreon in Heaven," (I have played it often, for it was in my book that he found it) struck his fancy and rivetted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips, until, with a leap and shout, he exclaimed, "Boys, I've hit it!" and fitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the *first time*, the song of "the Star-Spangled Banner."

How the men shouted and clapped, for never was there a wedding of poetry to music under such inspiring influences! It was caught up in the camps, and sung around our bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets, and when peace was declared, and we scattered to our homes, carried to thousands of firesides as the most precious relic of the war of 1812.

Ferdinand Durang died—I do not know where—and Frank Key's bones lie in the cemetery at Fredericktown: but I guess that song will live as long as there is an American boy to sing it.

"IS SHE GOING TO DIE?"

The Cincinnati *Times* illustrates the statement that little children are "terrible creatures," by the following incident on the rail:

The other day, a little girl, not past the years of babyhood, was taken out to ride in a city car by her affectionate aunt. There had been considerable illness in the family, and she had seen one lady frequently supported on some one's shoulder, while her head was being bathed with camphor, or in order that she should change her position for awhile. Also, there had been some fear of the invalid's death, and baby had listened to much that had set her to thinking deeply. Now that she was perched upon the car cushions, she looked about her at the passengers, and soon settled her attention upon a young man and young girl, who, probably not being well versed in the customs of polite society, were revealing the fact that they "kept steady company."

Baby looked wise for awhile, then shook her head, and plucked her aunt by the sleeve.

"Aunty," she said, in a shrill, childish treble, "O, aunty, do you think that lady is going to die?—the one the gentleman is holding upon his shoulder."

Aunty sat, overcome. The majority of the passengers tittered audibly, while the more polite looked out of the window, and plainly saw something on the sidewalk which amused them. And the young lady's head was set straight upon her shoulders in a moment, while her sweetheart indicated to the conductor his wish to alight at the next crossing, an operation which baby witnessed with the remark that "that lady seemed to be better, and could walk all by herself now."

LUDICROUS BLUNDERS OF SPEECH.

A Scotch professor in the University of Edinburgh was experimenting before his pupils with some combustible substances, and, as he was mixing them, they exploded, shattering the phial which he held into fragments. He held up a small piece of glass, and said, very gravely, "Gentlemen, I have made this experiment often with this very same phial, and never knew it to break in my hands before."

The following somewhat ambiguous paragraph appeared in an Edinburgh paper:

"We regret to find that the announcement of the death of Mr. W. is a malicious fabrication."

It was the mayor of a Portuguese city who once enumerated, among the marks by which the body of a drowned man might be identified, "a marked impediment in his speech."

"OBLEEGED ALL THE SAME."

Four young gents at Sioux City went out to serenade the belle of the city the other evening. It was a quartette of good voices, and for fifteen minutes they entranced all the neighbors as they sang under the windows of the beauty's domicil. By-and-by, a black face and woolly head followed a hand which held a candle out of a window in the second story, and a voice exclaimed, "Look a heah, young gemmen, Miss ——— went ober to Covington to-day, but I's obleeged to ye all the same!"

The quartette separated.

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37—tf

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For the Companion.

BEAUTIFUL GRANDMAMMA.

By Mary A. Denison.

Grandmamma sits in her quaint arm-chair;
Never was lady more sweet and fair;
Her gray locks ripple like silver shells,
And her brow its own calm story tells
Of a gentle life, and a peaceful even,
A trust in God, and a hope of heaven.

Little girl May sits rocking away
In her own low seat, like some winsome fay;
Two doll babies her kisses share,
And another one lies by the side of her chair;
May is as fresh as the morning dew,—
Cheeks of roses, and ribbons of blue.

"Say, grandmamma," says the pretty elf,
"Tell me a story about yourself.
When you was little, what did you play?
Was you good or naughty, the whole long day?
Was it hundreds and hundreds of years ago?
And what makes your soft hair as white as snow?

"Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss?
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?
Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight?
Did you have long curls, and some beads like mine,
And a new silk apron, with ribbons fine?"

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,
And, laying aside her knitting, she said,
"Go to my desk, and a red box you'll see;
Carefully lift it, and bring it to me."
So May put her dollies away, and ran,
Saying, "I'll be as careful as ever I can."
Then grandmamma opened the box, and lo!
A beautiful child, with a throat like snow,
Lips just tinted like pink shells, rare,
Eyes of hazel, and golden hair;
Hands all dimpled, and teeth like pearls,
Fairest and sweetest of little girls.

"O, who is it?" cried winsome May,
"How I wish she was here to-day!
Wouldn't I love her like every thing;
Give her a doll, and my new gold ring?
Say, dear grandma, who can she be?"
"Darling," said grandma, "that child was me."

May looked long at the dimpled grace,
And then at the saint-like, fair old face;
"How funny," she cried, with a smile and kiss,
"To have such a dear little grandma as this!
Still," she added, with smiling zest,
"I think, dear grandma, I like *you* best."

So May climbed on the silken knee,
And grandma told her her history;
What plays she played, and what toys she had,
How at times she was naughty, or good, or sad,
"But the best thing you did," said May, "don't you see?
Was to grow to a beautiful grandma, for me."

THE SAFE PILOT.

The following incident affords a fine comment on Psalm 107:30:

A ship was coming into port with a valuable cargo of precious merchandise on board, and a still more valuable freight of precious lives. When nearing their destined port, a heavy storm arose. There was no hope for her, except she could reach the harbor before the heaviest fury of it fell upon her. But alas! her pilot was an incompetent one. He did not know the waters through which he proposed to lead them. Their peril was seen from the shore, and soon a pilot-boat, with a few resolute men on board, set out through the stormy sea to come to their rescue. Soon a new pilot was on the deck, the old one was displaced, and the men assigned to their various posts. The captain took the wheel, and followed implicitly the directions of the new leader.

The ship was headed directly towards the foaming breakers.

"Shall I put her about?" cried the captain.

"Steady," was the calm reply; and in a moment more came the order, "About ship!" The ship sailed steadily through a narrow pass, between two sunken rocks, and soon all danger was over, and the vessel safely anchored in the harbor.

O, what a crowding about that noble pilot who had risked his life to come to them—who had guided them so steadily, safely through the storm and the breakers! The captain left the wheel, and threw his arms about him in a transport of gratitude. The passengers and crew were all eager to grasp his hand, and testify by words and gifts their gratitude to one who had saved them from death.

With like gratitude how many million mariners on the stormy sea of life will gather round the Great Pilot after their temptations and dangers are all over!

FLOWERS AS DISINFECTANTS.

Prof. Mantegazza has discovered that ozone is developed by certain odorous flowers. A writer in *Nature* states that most of the strong-smelling vegetable essences, such as mint, cloves, lavender, lemon, and cherry laurel, develop a very large quantity of ozone when in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and generally the amount of ozone seems to be in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated. Prof. Mantegazza recommends that in marshy districts and in places infested with noxious exhalations, strong smelling flowers should be planted around the house, in order that the ozone emitted from them may exert its powerful oxidizing influence. So pleasant a plan for making a malarious district salubrious only requires to be known to be put in practice.

CAPTURE OF INDIAN CHIEFS.

This savage (whose name might lose two of its letters, and express his character better) was arrested for murder, by command of Gen. Sherman, during his visit to Fort Sill. An Indian Territory correspondent tells the story:

This Indian chief, Satanta, is one whom civilization can never tame. He is treacherous, cruel, and irreconcilably hostile to the white race. On the 6th of May, he led a party of one hundred Kiowa warriors against a supply train on the Belknap road, on its way to Fort Griffin, Texas, and murdered ten of the party, one of whom was burnt to cinders at a cart wheel.

This the savage regarded as a wonderful achievement, and in his elation was led to boast of his powers to Agent Tatum and others, while visiting Fort Sill. This boast came to Gen. Grierson's ears, the commanding officer of the fort, and he reported it to Gen. Sherman. The rest of the narrative I give in Gen. Sherman's own words:

"I was sitting in the porch of Gen. Grierson's quarters," said Gen. Sherman, "when it was reported to me that Satanta had been boasting to Agent Tatum of having robbed a train, and massacred a number of teamsters. I determined to put an immediate stop to this, and sent word by an orderly that the General wanted to see Satanta at his quarters.

The chief came up at this summons, and sat down on the porch. I asked him if it was true that he had been killing unarmed whites; that we could see nothing brave in this, but regarded it as cowardly. I told him if he wanted to fight, we had plenty of soldiers, and we could indulge him with all the fighting he wanted. I had previously learned the full details of the massacre from one of the train men who had served in the Fortieth Illinois, my favorite regiment, and had escaped the massacre, so I knew there was no danger of making a mistake.

Satanta evidently felt uneasy, and at the first chance left the porch, and made off to his horse, which was hitched to a tree near by. I ordered Grierson to arrest him, and a colored orderly, who was standing by, without a word of command, rushed after the chief, and placing his pistol at his head, brought him back.

I now wanted to get the other chiefs, and directed Grierson to station a guard in the rear of his quarters, out of sight, and send for Satank, Big Tree and Big Heart. The last named failed to come, but the other two responded, and seated themselves by the side of Satanta.

Very soon afterward, Kicking Bird and Lone Wolf came running on to the porch, and Gen. Grierson says that the former handed a carbine each to two of the Kiowas, and strung his bow. I did not see this action myself; but if I had it is uncertain what I should have done. There was about man for man present, and for a few moments there was imminent danger of a scene of blood taking place.

I ordered the guards up, and directed them to arrest the party of chiefs; but Kicking Bird and Lone Wolf managed to get away. I then ordered Satanta and Satank to be placed in double irons and sent to Texas, where they had committed the murders, to be tried by civil law.

Satank (who might lose a letter from his name with little injustice to him) was killed while being sent to Texas. He slipped one of his handcuffs off, seized a knife and stabbed the sergeant of the guard, when a soldier immediately fired and killed him."

'ANT RAT-CATCHERS.

The following, from *Appletons' Journal*, in an article concerning the insects of San Domingo, describes a species of ants, which deserves to rank among the most wonderful of the wonderful ant family:

Nearly as large as a hornet, of a russet color, these "ants of visitation" (*atta cephalotes*) are the great scavengers of the tropics; and, though doubtless doing more or less damage in their remarkable excursions, yet this is easily forgiven, in view of the thorough cleansing they give to every house they enter. Once a year, they sally forth from their homes, a mighty army, moving in solid column, and led by veteran and experienced generals. Reaching a house, they immediately send out scouts that enter it; and, if the report made be favorable, the whole vast multitude swarm into it in every direction, and then ensues a scene of slaughter which can only be fitly described by an eye-witness.

Listen to what a lady writes from Trinidad of one of these visitations, as quoted by Kirby: "The upper room presented a singular spectacle, for not only were the floor and walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also. The open rafters of a West India house at all times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cockroach; but now their destruction was inevitable. The *chasseur* ants, as if trained for battle, ascended in regular, thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cockroaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off with the dead bodies, dragging them away by their united efforts, with amazing rapidity. Either the cockroaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them.

"From this room I went to the adjoining bedchamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the *chasseurs*. I opened a large military chest, full of linen, and pulled out the linen on the floor, and with it hundreds of cockroaches; and not one escaped.

"I next proceeded to open a store-room at the end of the house for a place of retreat; but, to get the key, I had to return to the under room, where the battle was now more hot than ever. The ants had commenced an attack on the *rats* and *mice*, which, strange as it may seem, were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them, as they had the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off, with a celerity and union of strength that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one rat or mouse escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off in a brief period.

"We next tried the kitchen, for the store-room and boys' pantry were already occupied; but the kitchen was equally the field of battle between rats, mice, cockroaches, and ants killing them.

"I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants; about twelve, the battle was formidable; soon after one, the great strife began with the rats and mice; and about three, the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more, the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors."

The negroes appropriately call these invasions "the blessing of God." It has been remarked that, with instinct, these ants in their visitations will always pass by an uninhabited house, seeming to be well aware that their prey is only to be found in immediate association with man. None but those who have in person experienced the disgusting annoyance caused by the Southern cockroach can appreciate this wonderful provision of Providence, by which the houses are yearly cleaned in so much more complete a manner than they possibly could be by the utmost resources of human ingenuity.

The "ants of visitation" certainly constitute one good argument for the annexation of San Domingo, though we do not know that they were ever brought forward in the long discussion upon that question in Congress.

THE STORY OF A MICROSCOPE.

Some time ago, being in company with a medical man, whom I will call Mr. B——, we fell into conversation on the uses of the microscope, in the management of which he was an adept. "Now," said he, "I will tell you a story of what happened to myself—one which, I think, well illustrates the importance of this instrument to society, though I was put in a very unpleasant position owing to my acquaintance with it.

"I have, as you know, given a good deal of attention to comparative anatomy, especially to the structure of the hair as it appears under the microscope. To the unassisted eye, indeed, all hair appears very much alike, except as it is long or short, dark or fair, straight or curly, coarse or fine. Under the microscope, however, the case is very different; the white man's is round, the negro's oval, the mouse's apparently jointed, the bat's jagged, and so on. Indeed, every animal has hair of a peculiar character, and, what is more, this character varies according to the part of the body from which it is taken—an important circumstance, as will appear from my story, which is this:

"I once received a letter by post, containing a few hairs, with a request that I would examine them, and adding that they would be called for in a few days. Accordingly I submitted the hairs to the microscope, when I discovered that they were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised. I made a note to this effect, and folded it up with the hairs in an envelope, ready for the person who had sent them. In a few days a stranger called and inquired whether I had made the investigation. 'O, yes,' I said, 'there they are, and you will find them and their description in this envelope,' handing it to him at the same time. He expressed himself as much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking any thing for so small a matter.

"It turned out, however, of more consequence than I had imagined, for within a week I was served with a subpœna to attend as a witness on a trial for murder. This was very disagreeable, as I have said, but there was no help for it now. The case was this: A man had been killed by a blow from some blunt instrument on the eyebrow, and the hairs sent to me for examination had been taken from a hammer, in the possession of a suspected murderer. I was put into the witness box, and my testimony, 'that the hairs were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised,' was just the link in the chain of evidence which sufficed to convict the prisoner. The jury, however, were not easily satisfied that my statement was worth any thing; and it required the solemn assurance of the judge that such a conclusion was within the reach of science, to convince them they might act on it.

"One juryman in particular—an old farmer—was very hard to satisfy. 'Does thee mean to say,' said he, 'that thee can tell any hair of any animal?' I answered that I would not take upon myself to assert positively that I could do so, although I believed I could. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll prove thee.'

"The prisoner, as I said, was convicted; and I went home, and in the busy life of an extensive practice, forgot all about my obstinate old farmer. About two years afterwards, however, a person, an utter stranger to me, called on me with a few hairs, screwed up in a piece of paper, which he asked me to examine, and report on.

"'Is this another murder case?' I inquired; 'for if so, I will have nothing to do with it. I've had enough of that sort of work.'

"'No, no,' said he, 'It is nothing of the kind. It is only a matter of curiosity, which I should be very much obliged if you would solve; and if you will do it, I will call or send for the result of your examination in a few days' time. 'Having received this assurance, I undertook the investigation.

"When he was gone, and I had leisure, I put the hairs under the microscope, and soon discovered that they were taken from the back of a Norway rat.

"Two or three days afterward, as I was sitting in my consulting room, an old farmer-looking man was ushered in. 'Well,' said he, 'has thee looked at them hairs?'

"'Yes,' I answered; 'and I find that they are from the back of a Norway rat.' 'Well,' exclaimed he, 'so they are. Thou hast forgotten me, but I have not forgotten thee. Does thee recollect the trial for murder at L——' assizes? I said I would prove thee, and so I have, for them hairs come from the back of a rat's skin my son sent me from Norway.' So the old gentleman was quite satisfied with the proof to which he had put me, and I, as you may suppose, was well pleased that my skill and sagacity had stood such a queer proof as this, and more convinced than ever of the value of the microscope."

Here the doctor ended his story, which I have given as nearly as possible in his own words, and upon which, I believe, a thorough dependence may be placed.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

A noble-looking man from Chicago was accosted by one who judged from his cheerfulness that he might be one of the few whose property escaped the great fire. "Were you one of the fortunates?" was the question. "Yes," he answered, with a smile, "I saved my wife and seven children." (He had lost *all* his property, to the amount of hundreds of thousands.) The incident reminded us of an experience of the early life of John Wesley, which is thus related:

One winter night in 1709, the little fellow, on waking up, found the room so light that his first impression was that daylight had returned, and he called to his nurse to take him up. Having no answer, he put his head out of the curtains, saw the flames above his head, and rushed, terrified, to the door; but the fire was there, and he climbed up to the window, showing himself to the terror-stricken gazers in the yard below. The sudden cry for a ladder, the terrible response, "There will not be time," the improvised substitute of one man raising himself on the shoulders of another, and then the awful crash of the falling roof, as the child felt the welcome arms clasp him, all remained fixed in Wesley's memory with that distinctness which, when associated with strong emotion, gives the event thus stamped upon the mind, a significance which nothing in after life can rival. The roof fell in at the very moment that the child was lifted to the ground, for he says it would have crushed him and his preserver, had it not fallen inward. We can easily see that the sense of personal guidance which Wesley could only recognize as providential interference with the course of nature, took its rise from the moment when the boy, still quivering with the terror of that escape, heard his father cry, "Come, neighbors, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God; He has given me all my eight children; let the house go, I am rich enough."

The deliverance was commemorated under one of Wesley's portraits, by a vignette of a burning house, with the legend, "Is not this a brand snatched from the burning?" and by Wesley's choice of these words for his epitaph, when he believed himself dying, in his fiftieth year.

"WANTED, A BOY TO ATTEND BAR."

The paper dropped from my hands as I read this advertisement. It seemed as though I had read, "Wanted, a boy to go down to perdition!"

I fancied I saw a bright, earnest boy, going to a bar-room, seeking a living by that fearful trade of selling wine and rum. I could imagine how, one by one, all the good impulses and desires he had in the beginning fell before the evil influences of the dram-shop; how he learned to drink, to swear and steal; how bad companions came around him, and helped him on to ruin.

Ah, my lad, or whoever you are, who may be tempted by such a call, let me tell you that you may better work in the field, or at a forge, or digging ditches, any thing honest, than to degrade yourself by selling death to others. No matter how hard you work, no matter if it soils your hands or clothes, so long as it leaves your heart pure. Beware of such "good places" as will lead you into the snares of the evil one. There are many doors besides those of the bar-rooms which are almost the same as gateways down to the world of woe.

A HEN BROODING A PIG.

Benjamin Webber, Esq., of Sweden, Me., related an incident to us, recently, which came under his notice. A hen had been sitting about two weeks, when she was noticed to be sick, and finally left the nest. Mr. Webber happened to take her up, and look into her mouth, where he found a joint of a fish's backbone wedged into her throat, so that food could not pass by it. He extracted the bone, gave her some dry corn, which the gizzard could not break down, and which passed through her unchanged. She soon rallied, and expressed a desire to complete her work of hatching her brood, but the nest had been broken up, and she satisfied her desire by taking under her protection a young pig on the premises. She hovered over the pig as well as she could with her wings, which the latter seemed

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to enjoy, and in this way they lived in perfect harmony, until she was driven away from the pig. It showed the strong instinctive propensity of the hen, and the desire to gratify it on an object very much unlike a chicken.

THOMAS PAINE AND THE BIBLE.

The love of error is too natural to leave much chance of so good a result from reading infidel books as is described here. Error *may* drive one to the truth by its own absurdity, but the experiment is dangerous.

A gentleman was once asked in company, what led him to embrace the truths of the Gospel, which formerly he was known to have neglected and despised. He said, "My call and conversion to God my Saviour were produced by very singular means; a person put into my hands "Paine's Age of Reason." I read it with attention, and was much struck with the strong and ridiculous representation he made of many passages in the Bible. I confess, to my shame, I had never read the Bible through; but from what I remembered to have heard at church, and accidentally on other occasions, I could not persuade myself that Paine's report was quite exact, or that the Bible was quite so absurd as he represented it. I resolved, therefore, that I would read the Bible regularly through, and compare the passages when I had done so, that I might give the Bible fair play. I accordingly set myself to the task, and as I advanced, I was struck with the majesty which spoke, the awfulness of the truths contained in it, and the strong evidence of its Divine origin, which increased with every page, so that I finished my inquiry with the fullest satisfaction of the truth as it is in Jesus, and my heart was penetrated with a sense of obligation I had never felt before. I resolved henceforth to take the sacred Word for my guide, and to be a faithful follower of the Son of God."

THE RAT DESCRIBED.

A humorous author thus takes off a certain well-known class of his fellow-creatures. The compliments he pays them certainly earn him their close attention:

Like large fortunes, rats start from a small beginning. A brau new rat resembles a peanut shell covered with blue mould, and there are generally about four of him, counting his brothers and sisters. When they arrive at years of discretion, a gnawing feeling comes over them to start business on their own hook, and their stock in trade consists of a good appetite and an excellent set of teeth. They follow the calling of poachers, and will steal worse than an Indian or an office-holder. They don't possess much book-learning, but for common sense they beat the most of us.

CAT AND SNAKE FIGHT.

Last week, a cat down in Tennessee had a fight with a snake, and puss whipped the snake through pure generalship. The battle took place in an open field. The snake, about three feet in length, coiled himself to strike, as the cat crept stealthily upon it. She put out one of her paws, and the snake struck at it; but she was too quick; the paw was withdrawn ere the fangs reached it, and then the snake, before he could recover, received a sharp blow on the head. These tactics were successfully repeated several times, when the snake became discouraged, and attempted to beat a retreat. This was the cat's golden opportunity. While the snake was extended, puss pounced upon him like a flash of lightning, and before he was aware of it, bit him several times through the body. She watched the dying agonies of her slimy opponent, then quietly turned and walked away. The brief combat brought to the surface a display of brilliant generalship.

NOT A SAFE PLACE TO DINE.

Many years ago, in the so-called "good old times," a gentleman, having set foot for the first time in Ireland, repaired to a hotel for something to eat, and was accommodated with a roast fowl. He was proceeding to eat it when his plate divided with a sharp crack, and the wing, to which he had just helped himself, flew up to the ceiling.

Soon afterwards an excited waiter rushed into the room, crying, "He's safe, he's safe!"

"Who's safe?" inquired the bewildered traveller.

"Mr. O'Musgrave, sir," said the waiter, in explanation; "the captain fired in the air!"

It thus became apparent to the gentleman that a duel had been fought in the room beneath, and, without stopping to finish his repast, he ordered his luggage to be packed, and left Ireland immediately.

A PRINCESS ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

The Princess Sophia was travelling with her maid and coachman in a sleigh from Warsaw to Lowiz, when suddenly eight or ten large wolves attacked them. The coachman, who was armed with a huge whip and a couple of revolvers, succeeded at first in driving the wild beasts off. They renewed the attack, however, and this time could not be put to flight until they had killed a horse, mortally wounded the lady's maid, and cruelly lacerated the left arm of the princess. Six of the wolves were killed.

LIVE as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them, and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.

TELL JESUS.

Little ones are often sorry
For the naughty things they do.
Troubles reach us all, and worry
Little hearts and big ones, too.
Then tell Jesus;
That's the best thing we can do.

Jesus knows when we are tempted,
Jesus sees us when we fall;
Jesus died, and we're exempted,
He was sorry for us all;
He'll forgive us,
If upon His name we call.

Let us tell Him all our trouble,
Tell Him we are sorry, too;
He will do us kindness double,
Help us to be good and true,
And forgive us,
Yes, O, yes! and love us, too.

Then tell Jesus; we'll tell Jesus
All our want and all our woe,
None but Jesus can relieve us;
None but Jesus loves us so;
And to Jesus
Every one is free to go.

For the Companion.

KNITTING-WORK.

"O dear! O dear!" cried Bessie. "O—dear—*me—suz!*"

"What is the matter?" asked grandma.

"Why, I never *can* learn to knit with pins. They are so small I can't hold them, and the stitches won't stay on." And Bessie, with a very distressed little face, held up her work for her grandmother to see.

"Well, that doesn't look very nice, does it?" said grandma. "Sit down here and ravel it out, and I will find you some small knitting needles and better yarn."

Bessie's wrinkled forehead grew smooth at the prospect of real knitting needles, and she was soon ready for them.

Grandma cast on the stitches and looked over Bessie's shoulder, showing her how to take them up and put the yarn over, till Bessie could do it herself quite easily.

"Thank you," said Bessie, gratefully. "These needles are so much nicer than those old pins. Did you learn on pins, grandma?"

"I don't remember," said grandma. "But I used to knit a great deal when I was a little girl."

"Tell me about it," said Bessie, drawing her little chair nearer her grandmother's.

"I don't know as there is much to tell," began grandma. "There were a good many children of us, and I was one of the oldest, so I always had enough to do. I learned to knit and sew, too, and liked to do both pretty well. Once when I was eight years old, my mother said she would pay me if I would knit brother Joe two pairs of stockings and make him two shirts."

"I'm 'most eight," interrupted Bessie.

"Yes, dear," said grandma; "so you must hurry up and learn to knit as fast as you can."

"How old was Joe?" asked Bessie.

"Six," said grandma.

"And how many more?" asked Bessie.

"Let me see," said grandma. "There were only four girls then. Sister Lois, then me, then Joe and Katie, little Harvey and baby Annie.

"I loved all my brothers and sisters dearly, but little brother Harvey was my darling.

"He loved me, too, better than any one else except mother. When mother promised me the money for making Joe's shirts and stockings, I thought, 'Now I can buy something nice for Harvey.' I had never had any money of my own before, and mother said I might do just what I pleased with this.

"I did not tell any one my plans, but worked away with all my might. After a long time my task was done. Mother looked quite pleased, and said I had made the things very nicely indeed. I always liked to have mother praise me.

"She gave me the money,—I can't remember now just how much it was,—and a cunning little purse to put it in. I asked when I could go to the village and spend the money. She said if it was pleasant I might go the next day. It was pleasant, and I hurried through my morning's work so that I might start early.

"But father went off to Mr. Wylie's farm, and took Joe with him, so there was no one to drive for me. I didn't care, though, for mother said I might take old Billy, and drive, myself. He was a steady old horse, and mother said I might take little Harvey with me. It was three miles to the village, and we had a delightful ride.

"I had decided to buy a new dress for Harvey, if I had enough money. I took him into the store with me, and felt proud enough to hear the storekeeper's wife praise him and admire his long curls.

"She helped me choose the dress. It was white, with tiny bright flowers scattered over it. To my great joy I had money enough to pay for it and ten cents besides. So I bought ten cents worth of peanuts to share with the other children, and went home quite pleased with my first purchase.

"Mother admired the little dress, and let me help her make it right away. I loved to see Harvey wear it, and think it was my own gift."

"How splendid!" sighed Bessie. 'I mean to learn to sew and knit just like you. Perhaps I can earn some money some time, and buy something for somebody." MABEL DEANE.

TURK AND THE KITTENS.

Our Emma has only one fault; she is too fond of kittens. She always wants a troop of kittens about the house; and as I like order, and do not like to have my spools of thread rolled about the carpet, I am a foe to kittens.

The other day I heard a great noise from the old cat. She was whining and crying as if in distress. I went into the barn to see what was the matter; and there was Emma with three new-born kittens in her arms.

She was so greedy that she could not be content with holding one at a time; she must have them all. No wonder the old cat protested against such grasping conduct.

Emma has a dog. Turk is his name. He is a little bit of a fellow, but brave as a lion. The other day a great dog came into the yard and ran for a kitten. The old cat was in the barn at the time, and did not see him.

Round the yard and into the garden he ran, Emma trying in vain to stop him, and the poor little kitten frightened almost to death, and scampering for dear life.

But just as the big dog got a few hairs out of the kitten's fur in his mouth, he all at once came to grief.

What do you think took place? Why, little Turk flew straight at his throat, and gave him such a nip, that he howled with pain. Just then the old cat came up, and seeing what was going on, bristled with rage, and would have scratched out the dog's eyes had he not run out of the yard.

Then the old cat went up to Turk, and purred as if to thank him for what he had done. She had not been friendly to him before.

Ever since that test of his courage and good will, she lets him come to the swill-pail without growling or spitting at him. I think she would share her last bone with him now.

MOON-REFLECTED-IN-THE-LAKE, a Choctaw chief who left his tribe and took to a white wife and civilization some years ago, died at Batesville, Ark., leaving Mrs. Moon-Reflected-in-the-Lake and fifteen little Moon-Reflected-in-the-Lakes to mourn his loss.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

Composed of forty letters.

My 6, 18, 1, 12, 22, 8, 26, 38, 30 was miraculously cured of blindness.

My 15, 35. 1, 4, 9, 22, 18, 23, 30 were a people of Northern Africa.

My 18 13, 28, 30, 33, 2, 8, 38, 30 was a king of Persia.

My 27, 8. 31, 5, 17, 27. 18, 21. 33 is an eastern animal.

My 28, 30, 34, 24, 18, 13, 10, 33, 25 was a heathen goddess.

My 30, 40, 7, 11, 6, 16, 2, 28, 27 was used in Jewish offerings.

My 32, 4, 21, 1, 14, 6, 37, 28, 19 is used for crossing rivers.

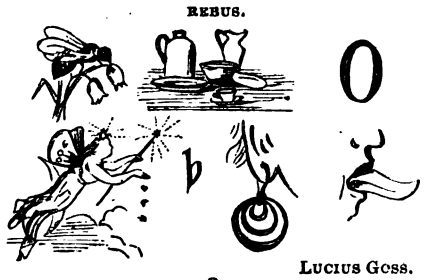
My 39, 7, 30, 12, 22, 8, 20, 9, 29 is a Bible name for the Gospel.

The whole is a part of a verse of Ecclesiastes.

ISOLA.

2.

REBUS.



LUCIUS GOSS.

3.

RIDDLE.

We are temperance people, more fond, as you'll see,
Of cold water than even Good Templars need be;
We are loyal subjects, for do you not know
That one of our ancestors, long, long ago,
(And we of his loyalty proud'y will sing,)
Yielded up all his gains in support of his King.

We are cheerful companions; what else can we thank
That we oft have a place with the people of rank,
And sit at their board while their faces declare
'Twould have spoiled their enjoyment had we not been there?

If a party of pleasure resort to the shore,
No matter if there are a dozen or more,
Don't fear they will slight us, their number's no sign,
They're sure to invite us by dropping a line;
But alas! our good traits became known but too late,
For the ancients have made us a symbol of hate.

A. R. B.

4.

SQUARE WORD.

Perceives.
A girl s name (curtailed).
A girl's name (curtailed).
Perceives.

W. J. C.

5.

A GROVE OF TREES.

Mr. Johns was the principal manager.
Then I will owe you a dollar more.
It was not a leg[illegible]
He was with [illegible] pressed into the service.
"Ben Adhem locked his treasure up, and quickly turned away."
Mr. Brook has pens of that description.
The Arabian prince Nebir changed his name to Rajib.
When he reached home he was soaking wet.

6.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in song, but not in ditty.
My *second* is in cat, but not in kitty.
My *third* is in hat, but not in cap.
My *fourth* is in doze, but not in nap.
My *fifth* is in owl, but not in hen.
My *sixth* is in lark, but not in wren.
My whole is for children.

C. A.

7.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a verb and is also a noun,
My *next* a French negative flat;
My *whole* without trouble strong walls can knock down,—
I wonder if you can guess that.

A. H. B.

Conundrums.

Which side of a horse has always the most hair on? The outside.

Why is India rubber an emblem of benevolence? It gives more than any other substance.

How can you get the exact weight of a fish? Weigh him in his own scales.

What lesson may the spendthrift learn from a caterpillar? How to make two ends meet.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Hare-bell.
2. Some rebuses are too ingenious to be construed.
3. Rose, Oded, Sela, Edar.
4. Nevada.
5. Cows-lip, Mary-gold, Snow-ball, Tu(be)-lip, P(ea)-ink.
6. Hemans, Scott, Byron, Pope, Dana, Spencer, Poe, Moore.
7. Muff, Animal, Yearly. MAY-FLY.
8. Salt.

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PENSIONERS AND THE PENSION LIST.

One of the great evils connected with war is the immense expenditure it entails upon a country long after it has been brought to a close.

We have a striking example of this ugly feature in the magnitude of our pension list, growing out of the war for the Union.

The amount paid for pensions by our government for the year ending June 30, 1870, was $27,322,228 90; and for the year ending June 30, 1871, it considerably exceeded $28,000,000.

These large sums are likely to be largely increased, as the number of applications for pensions is immense, and most of the applicants probably will be successful.

We think it is safe to say that the amount paid for pensions by our government during the thirty-five years that will follow the close of the secession war will not be short of $30,000,000 a year,—making in all $1,050,000,000, (*one thousand and fifty millions of dollars,*) without taking into the account the interest of the money thus paid out.

Such is one of the necessary burdens entailed upon us by the recent war, and a very long-lived burden it will prove, having a lesson that the people will be slow to forget.

The money is as honestly due as it is honestly paid. No just-minded person can object to the payment of such a debt, though he must regret that there ever was any necessity for incurring it. So far are we from grumbling because money is thus expended, that we have strong doubts whether all that is due is paid. We cannot do too much for disabled soldiers, or for the widows and orphans of those who fell in the war.

The number of pensioners on the rolls during the year that ended June 30, 1870, was 194,686, and for the following year it was 207,186. The increase was 8,500.

These pensioners are army invalids, soldiers' and sailors' widows, and dependent heirs of soldiers and sailors who were slain in battle, or who died from illness while in the national service.

Such persons have the best of claims on their country, and it would have been a most shameful thing had not their claims been allowed, and paid.

There are pending now almost one hundred thousand claims for pensions. Of these, however, rather more than one-fourth are from aged persons, whose claims grow out of the war with England in 1812–15, and had nothing to do with the secession war.

Should only half the claims prove to be well founded, the number of pensions will be increased to about 257,000. And it is probable that the number of claimants will be not inconsiderably increased.

That there should be so many claimants for pensions for services rendered in the war of 1812–15 is surprising. It is more than fifty-six years since that war was closed, and almost all those persons who took part in it must have passed away,—and so it must be with most of their wives, or widows. The number of men employed by government in that war was not large, including both soldiers and sailors.

Most persons who had pensions for revolutionary services, or from their connection with such persons, are no more. Government did not begin to pay such pensions till very late, as it was not able to pay them early. But it did the work of payment at last, so thoroughly that it is said to have included among the pensioners some persons who had served only under the British banner!

Had it not been for the secession war, our pension list would have been but small. As it is, we have to pay pensions at the rate of more than half a million dollars a week,—and a very proper payment it is, though a heavy one.

PULLING HIS NEIGHBOR'S WEEDS.

I was once walking with a farmer through a beautiful field, when he chanced to see a tall thistle on the other side of the fence. In an instant he sprang over the fence, and cut it close to the ground.

"Is that your field?" I asked.

"O, no," said the farmer; "but bad weeds don't care much for fences, and if I should leave that thistle to blossom in my neighbor's field, I should soon have plenty in my own."

Self-interest is not the highest motive in doing good, but it is well to remember that "it pays" to help a neighbor root up the evil weeds in his field, for the seeds of these may get into our own.

A TALKING MACHINE.

Another piece of useless but wonderful ingenuity has come to us from Europe:

A talking machine, constructed of wire rods, India rubber tubes, wooden uprights, and steel springs, was exhibited in New York recently by Prof. Faber, of Vienna. The apparatus is upon anatomical laws, a pair of bellows supplementing the human lungs, an elastic tube the larynx, a series of springs the vocal chords, and an India rubber clapper the tongue. Articulate sounds are produced by a series of levers, and operated by a key-board. The machine repeated phrases with remarkable facility, in a husky tone which suggested the possibility of a cold in its head, and closed its soliloquy with a burst of laughter peculiarly human.

SAVE A MOTHER'S TEAR.

Not long ago, two friends were sitting together, engaged in letter-writing. One was a young man from India, the other a female friend, part of whose family resides in that far-off land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When his letter was finished, his friend offered to enclose it in hers, to save postage. This he politely declined, saying, "If it be sent separately, it will reach her *sooner* than if sent through a friend, and *perhaps it may save her a tear.*" His friend was touched with his tender regard for his mother's feelings, and felt, with him, that it *was* worth paying the postage, to save his mother a tear!

Would that every boy and girl, every young man and every young woman, were equally saving of a mother's tears.

THE THREE STATUES.

In ancient times there stood in the citadel of Athens three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive wood, and, according to the popular tradition, had fallen from heaven. The second was of bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon; and the third of gold and ivory—a great miracle of art in the age of Pericles. And thus in the citadel of time stands man himself. In childhood, shaped of soft and delicate wood, just fallen from heaven; in manhood, a statue of bronze, commemorating struggle and victory; and lastly, in the maturity of age, perfectly shaped in gold and ivory, a miracle of art.—*Hyperion.*

"SHOCKED."

A California lady tells, with a relish, how she gave mortal offence to one of the secondary joints of the High Commission. She was praising the golden State. "Aw, yes," said the gentleman; "fine place, no doubt, but shouldn't like to live there, you know. You have earthquakes there, and they are such shocking nuisances." The lady laughed, and said to a bystander, "What an excellent joke! He calls earthquakes '*shocking* nuisances.'"

"Madam," said the supposed wit, moving away with offended dignity, "I *never* pun. It's so deuced vulgaw, you know."

"PADDY, my boy," said a gentleman to an Irishman, whom he observed fishing away at a deep pool, "that must be a favorite stream for trout." "Faith an' sure it must be that same, for I have been standing here this three hours, and not one of 'em will come out of it."

THE PRICE of a Bible in the time of Edward I. was £37, while the price of a day's labor was three half-pence; at which rates it would have taken a laborer over fifteen years to earn a Bible.

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NOT ALWAYS.

Things are not always what they seem,
But sometimes *cheat* by a false glare;
Too often like a pleasant dream,
Which, waking, "vanishes in air;"
Men who of hoarded wealth may boast,
Though thousands they possess to-day,
In one short hour may see all lost,
And "their possessions swept away."
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NUMBER 46. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, NOV. 16, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

DOLE'S TAVERN.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

A girl sat on a stone by the wayside, crying.

No wonder she cried, for it was a lonely road running through a dense piece of woods, and she was two miles from home. The dusk was falling, too, and she was weary with carrying the great market-basket, almost as large as herself.

Not that crying would make the basket any lighter, but then it relieved her feelings, and at home she was kept so busy from morning till night, that she had no time to cry, if she wanted to ever so much. So, on the whole, she rather enjoyed sitting there gloating over her misery, and wished a bear would come out of the woods and eat her up. That would end her troubles, and at the same time be a sweet revenge on Mrs. Dole, her taskmistress, who would certainly miss her services, though she had no love for her.

At this moment she heard a deep rumbling sound, and thought the bear was coming, but instead of being pleased, she was terribly frightened, and trembled all over. So deceitful is the human heart. But no, though bears might rumble, they did not sing, and she now distinctly heard the words "Old King Cole was a jolly old soul," accompanying the other sound.

She sunk back into her despondent position, and in a moment a young man, mounted on a peddler's cart, came driving by.

"'Old King Cole!'—hollo!" cried he, stopping his song and his wagon at the same time. "Are you lost, little one?"

"No, sir," replied the child.

"Then *will* you be so good as to tell me what you *are* out here for, all by yourself?"

"I've been to market, and I'm tired, so I sat down to rest."

"*You* been to market! Well, that *is* a good one," said the peddler, laughing. "And where are you going now?"

"To Dole's Ford. That's where I live."

"That's just where I'm going," cried the peddler. "Suppose I give you a lift on my cart? How should you like that?"

"Very much," said the child.

"Come, then," said he, springing lightly to the ground, and lifting first the girl and then her basket to the wagon, he resumed his place and drove on.

"So you live at Dole's Ford; then you can't be far from Dole's tavern, as they call it, though as to that it aint much of a tavern, either."

"That's the very place," said the child.

"You don't say so! Why, that's just where I'm going to. Does your mother often send you to market alone?"

"Mrs. Dole sends me every week; she isn't my mother, though. I haven't any mother."

"Poor little thing! poor little thing!" said the peddler, looking pityingly, first at the sunburnt, tear-stained face, then at the ragged dress and bare feet. By-and-by he said, as if pursuing some train of thought, "I've got a little girl at home. She's only two years old, and the prettiest little midget that ever you saw; such blue eyes, and red cheeks, and curly hair! I don't know what we should do without little Sunshine."

"She must look just like you," said his companion, simply.

"Me? O, not a bit, she's all mother."

"I think Sunshine is a very queer name," observed the child.

"But that isn't her real name, you know. Her real name is Lucy. By the way, you havn't told me *your* name yet."

"My name is Lettice."

"Lettice—a very nice name; mine is Bubbler, Jonas Bubbler. May be you read it on the outside of my wagon. It's the first time I've travelled with a wagon. I used to carry my packs, and then I didn't often get as far as Dole's Ford, but now I calculate to be along this way about once a month. You and I'll get to be great friends, won't we?"

DOLE'S TAVERN.

"Yes, indeed," answered Lettice, who already thought Mr. Bubbler the handsomest and best man she had ever seen, as well as the most entertaining. The way had seemed very long to her when she sat alone in the woods, but now she wished it was twice as long, and was sorry when they reached Mrs. Dole's house. However, he was going to stop there too—that was one consolation, and may be she would have the pleasure of waiting on him while he ate his supper.

Dole's tavern—so called because wayfarers were sometimes obliged to tarry there for a night—was a small, uninviting looking dwelling, which travellers might have passed without seeing, had it not been the only one in that vicinity. Nor was the inside more inviting than the outside, the kitchen where the meals were prepared answering also for dining-room and parlor.

Into the kitchen, therefore, the peddler was ushered, when he had seen his horse properly cared for, and scarcely was he seated before two more customers entered, whom Mrs. Dole greeted as Shackley and Phelan. They were rough looking men, and, as soon became evident from their conversation, river raftsmen.

They were in the habit of coming there to drink and play cards till a late hour in the night, and Lettice always disliked their rude and boisterous ways, but on this evening she was particularly sorry to see them, because she wanted to hear Mr. Bubbler talk, and he hardly had a chance to speak a word all the time he was eating his supper. When the table was cleared away, and the dishes washed, however, he called Lettice to him, saying he had something for her. Then he opened a small trunk, which he had brought in from his wagon, and took from it a string of beads which he gave her for her own. The two raftsmen stopped talking and bent their heads forward to look at the contents of the trunk.

"Quite an assortment," said Phelan; "don't you wish they was all diamonds instead of glass?"

"Glass," said Mr. Bubbler; "'twould take more'n *you're* worth to buy some of my glass, as you call it."

"O, you can't gull me; I was 'prenticed to a jeweller, once," said Phelan.

"You was? Well, what do you think of that?" asked the peddler, opening a box and displaying a watch and chain of wondrous beauty.

"My eye!" exclaimed Phelan; "if I owned such things as that, I wouldn't go round peddling for a living."

"But I didn't say I owned it," said Mr. Bubbler; "it belongs to a lady in my town, and I'm taking it to a jeweller for repairs. There's a ring I'm taking for another lady—it's what they call a 'regard ring,'—the initials spell regard, you know—ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, ruby, diamond,"—and as the peddler ran over the names, he touched each glittering stone with his finger; "those are the most valuable articles I have with me, but they're worth my whole stock of goods three times over."

"You never feel afraid of being robbed?" asked Mrs. Dole, for the whole household had now collected round the little trunk.

"No," said the peddler, laughing, "for nobody suspects me of having any thing worth stealing." So saying he locked the trunk and put the key in his pocket.

"Come, come, Let," said Mrs. Dole, "there's them chickens to pick for breakfast, and a day's work to be done before bedtime."

Lettice followed her mistress reluctantly to an adjoining scullery, and saw little more of her new friend during the evening, for before she was ready to sit down in the kitchen again, he took the little trunk in his hand, and bade the company good-night, remarking that "early to bed and early to rise" was his motto.

No sooner had he left the room, than Lettice heard one of the raftsmen, who had not noticed her entrance, say to the other, "Confiding youth!" and then both chuckled as if immensely amused.

After that they put their heads together and talked in a low voice; and though she only caught a sentence, here and there, as she passed in and out the room on some errand, she knew that they were talking about Mr. Bubbler.

"I noticed the lock partic'lar," said one. "I could open it with my jack-knife."

"No need to," said the other. "I saw him put the key in his vest pocket. Confiding youth!" and both laughed. "But what if he should wake?"

"We're two to one, if he does," was the reply.

By piecing together what she had heard, Lettice made out that these men were intending to rob her friend, the peddler, and determined to give him a warning when she went up stairs to bed; but, unfortunately for her plan, her mistress, declaring that she was "tired to death and ready to drop," went up at the same time she did, leaving the two men and her husband playing cards in the kitchen.

Lettice, child though she was, understood her mistress' character too well to think of confiding the matter to her, so her only resource was to wait until Mrs. Dole was asleep, as she would be obliged to pass her open door in going to the peddler's room. She undressed and got into bed, and Mrs. Dole, according to her invariable custom, came and took away her light, and then she lay waiting for the silence which should show that Mrs. Dole was asleep.

It was a long time coming, and every moment she grew more nervous. The men would certainly kill her, she thought, if they ever found out her part in the affair, and perhaps Mr. Bubbler himself had a pistol under his pillow—she had heard of such things—and would shoot her before he found out who she was, for he must have been asleep long and long ago.

But then, on the other hand, she thought of Mr. Bubbler's kindness to her—the only kindness she remembered ever to have received—and she determined to save him from being robbed, and perhaps murdered, though she should nevermore come back to her little chamber, and nevermore open her eyes on the light of day.

Creeping stealthily out of bed, she groped her way out of her chamber, and through the long corridor, and at last with a beating heart stood at the peddler's door. It was shut. Perhaps it was locked, and then she could go back to her chamber feeling that he was safe. She placed her hand on the latch; it moved easily, and slowly opening the door, she saw her friend sleeping quietly with a gleam of white moonlight falling on his face.

She dared not speak his name, for she might rouse her mistress, or the sound might reach the revellers below, whose merry mirth had grown somewhat fainter. There was no way but to go to his bedside, and this she did, although her feet almost refused to obey her will.

"Mr. Bubbler," she whispered, touching his shoulder.

"What's wanted?" he cried, broad awake in a moment.

"Sh, sh," breathed Lettice, laying her little hand on his mouth. "I came to warn you they're going to rob you, to murder you—the men, the horrid men."

"You've been dreaming, my dear," said Mr. Bubbler. "Nobody's going to harm me."

"O yes, I heard them," said Lettice, telling him every word they had said.

"Well, it does look suspicious," said he, "but go right back to bed, and don't worry about me a bit. You've been a dear good child, and I sha'n't forget it."

And Lettice went back feeling quite satisfied and happy.

The next morning the peddler was up bright and early, but early as it was, the two raftsmen had already breakfasted and gone.

"I hope you rested well," observed Mr. Dole.

"Very, very; never better," answered Mr. Bubbler, who seemed in fine spirits that morning.

He chatted incessantly while at his meal, and bade his host and hostess adieu with many kind wishes.

Before he mounted his cart he pressed Lettice's hand, and whispered in her ear, "You will hear from me again."

Down among the rocks by the river's bank, sat the two raftsmen. Phelan held the box in which the peddler had shown the watch, chain and ring, the previous night. Shackley's head was bent eagerly forward.

Phelan lifted the cover.

"Stole a march upon us, by Jove!" exclaimed he.

"Pitch it into the river," cried Shackley, suiting the action to the word. "I won't be shut up for stealing sham jewelry."

"Not such a fool as I took him for," said Phelan; "but who'd have thought he'd have wit enough to put us on a false scent? Didn't he look as innocent and unsuspecting as a sheep?"

Innocent and unsuspecting he really was, for it was in consequence of the warning from Lettice that he changed the contents of the box, putting the valuable articles under his pillow. Then, feigning sleep, he allowed the robbers to plunder him of his gilded trinkets to their heart's content. But this they did not know till long afterward.

Mr. Bubbler did not forget Lettice and the service she had done him, but in course of time

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took her to his own pleasant home, where she became the nurse and companion of little Sunshine.

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

Chapter XI.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

Nellie's recovery was more rapid than could have been expected from the precarious condition in which she had remained during the first hours after the accident.

The doctor said there had been concussion of the brain, whatever that may be, for we are not skilled in physician's lore.

When Nellie was able to return to the boarding-house, we had a gala day. Scranton was in the parlor, with the broken arm carefully bound up in fine linen. The pale cast of his handsome face, with the pensiveness that suffering imparts, produced an impression, even upon Nellie. They were quite the hero and heroine of the hour.

For my own part, I was cured of all jealousy on Mr. Scranton's account, and my experience with Prince had convinced me that a girl who would sacrifice her good sense to a feeling of vanity could make herself very silly indeed. My later experience has only gone to prove still farther that about the worst thing a girl can do is to make advances to the boys. If the young men are shrewd, they make fun of us for our admiration. If they are foolish, like poor Prince, we are sure to fall into disgrace.

Ned Tryst was in the parlor, as happy as a king. The professor had been so much pleased with his improvement since his punishment that he had quite taken Ned into favor, and had proved the truth of the old adage, love is a great beautifier. The boy's dark, restless eyes were already beginning to settle with confidence. When one feels he is worthy of his own respect, he is sure to deserve the respect of others. When a young person says he does not care what is thought of him, he only betrays the truth that he is not worthy of being thought well of.

Once, during the evening, we saw Mr. Moss place his hand upon the lad's head in a jocose way, and ask him what had wrought such a change in him.

Ned glanced towards the spot where Nellie was standing, with a light beaming on his face, that seemed to answer, "Nellie May."

Then they fell to talking in low tones, and I was sure Ned was telling him all Nellie had done for him, and I was glad, for I longed to have everybody know how good, and kind, and noble she was.

I cannot think what put it into Nellie's head to give Mr. Moss a Surprise Party; but she had always a happy knack of perceiving what would please people best. The idea had occurred to her while she was sick, she said, and she thought, when Mr. Moss was doing so much for us, and for the academy, we ought to show, in some public way, our gratitude.

Now, when school-girls undertake a Surprise Party, it *is* a surprise party, and nothing else. As everybody knows, young ladies are never so happy as when a hundred of them have a secret to keep.

The first step, of course, was to consult the professor and Miss Mondram. The idea pleased them; nay, more, it delighted them; *but* (and what trouble that conjunction does make in the world) Mr. Moss was a bachelor; and lived in a room ten by twelve, and it was a question whether it would be proper for us to invade it.

But Nellie was equal to the occasion. She consulted Scranton, took Winter, and Arlington, and Ned into her confidence, and after a while, the brilliant idea came to us that a man who loved nature so much, and who never was at ease off the turf, should have his party in the maple grove, where all Mossville picnicked every year. There, we should have benches, and tables, and swings, and a platform, upon which the boys should speak, and the girls sing, this good man's praises.

The busiest week we ever knew came then! The professor undertook to keep Mr. Moss's attention diverted from us, so that we could carry out our plans without his knowledge. The boys promised to see that the grove was in order, and that the evergreens and flowers were brought in.

Then we set about our little presents. None of us could contribute for silver plate, or a solid goblet, as we should have been glad to do; but then, Mr. Moss was such a dear, modest, kindly-hearted man, he would love a flower, if a friendly hand gave it, better than a golden service, given with indifference. Scranton sent to the city for a ready-made dressing-gown, and it proved to be very handsome.

Nellie had a dressing-case, sent from her parents, with every thing complete. My brother, who was a traveller, as well as Mr. Moss, selected for me a light valise, with drinking-cup, and all the conveniences that a tourist requires for comfort and independence.

Miss Mondram gave the slippers, which were so elegant, and concluded to add a plain pair for common use. There were travelling caps, and sleeping caps, and book-marks, and pin-cushions, and boxes of handkerchiefs, and collars, and portfolios, together with all the finery a bachelor indulges in.

The party was to come off on Saturday, for the teachers had an eye to their duty, as well as we to our pleasures.

Friday, after school, (and the kind professor let us out early that day,) we all assembled in the grove, and made cables of evergreens, and hanging baskets of flowers, and a triumphal arch, in which a rural throne was erected for Mr. Moss' use the following day. Opposite this arch was our motto, and a good one it is to-day as it was then:

"Deeds, not Words."

The wild flowers around Mossville were very abundant. We had no difficulty in making our grounds blossom like the rose. The tables were as elegantly spread as the circumstances allowed, and if the viands were not delicate, they were plentiful and healthful, which is better.

Saturday morning was a success. The August heat seemed modified for the occasion, as though Sol had received orders to make the day as agreeable as possible. We were all in white dresses and ribbons, and looking our very best. By ten o'clock, we were all in the grove, in our places, prepared to sing,—

"Hail to the Chief, who in triumph advances."

Directly, we saw the professor coming up the grass path, followed by Mr. Moss, who, in innocent blissfulness, had both hands plunged in his pockets, and his eyes bent upon the ground, as was his custom when grubbing for stones or botanic specimens.

As the professor knew very well, his friend would never comprehend the spectacle through any aid he might receive from his own imagination, he took him by the arm, and, calling his attention to us, explained our earnest desire to express, in this innocent manner, our respect for and gratitude to him.

If astonishment ever was personified, it was at that moment. Very probably the man would have walked right through the grove without perceiving what was going on, but for the professor's forethought. It was a comical sight to witness the waking up of that preoccupied face, and read the emotion that took possession of every feature.

First, astonishment, then admiration, then pleasure, and lastly something deeper and tenderer than all.

As if the action was involuntary, he placed his great hand over his still greater heart, and bowed, his lips quivering, and the muscles of his face twitching all over.

Scranton led off the music, and the noise we made was only surpassed by our enthusiasm! If "going it with a will" means singing in a grove, then "we went it!" And we could not have put any more breath into the exercise, had our lives depended upon an additional effort.

While we were singing, the professor and committee, by dint of coaxing and explaining, induced Mr. Moss to move toward the arch. When we had finished, he seated himself on the floral throne, and entered into the spirit of the occasion.

The Professor's young son delivered the congratulatory address, (the same who had taken such care of the nugget) and his elocution was remarkably fine. His father had written the address, that it might be short and comprehensive. It told our friend how fully we appreciated his interest in us, and how determined we all were to become like him.

Mr. Moss was not a man to receive compliments, so he laughed off the allusions to his generosity in a good-natured way, told us some amusing anecdotes and incidents of his travels, and thanked us for the very charming surprise.

While we were cheering, the committee who had been selected to make him the presents came forward, and, as each article was handed up to him, the scene was irresistibly amusing. Everybody entered into the spirit of the occasion. He was made to put on the dressing-gown, and the caps, and walk off, with the valise in one hand, and the dressing-case in the other, with the slippers and other things strung around him, like a peddler—all the while he was protesting that he never had so many fine things in his life, and should not be recognized in his old haunts, if he dressed up that way.

One long box was handed up, unopened. Mr. Moss looked into it, and turned as many colors as a dying dolphin. The box contained a large wax doll, labelled "Mrs. Moss."

The professor took it out of the box, and seated it in the flowers, at Mr. Moss' right hand. Then you should have heard us cheer.

After the fun and frolic was over, the professor took Miss Kite, and Mr. Moss took Miss Mondram, and we all moved toward the table, which was as gay as flowers, and evergreens, and fruit could make it.

The professor said grace, all of us standing; then we were seated; our escort being our *vis-a-vis*, so we could chat across the long, narrow table.

Miss Prig's voice was the first to break the momentary silence that usually prevails when company is first collected.

"How nice this is!" simpered that estimable creature; and Prince's voice promptly responded,—

"Aint it jolly?"

So the ice was broken, and we chatted, and laughed, and ate, and exchanged philipines, and read our mottoes, and enjoyed every thing, until the signal was given to leave the table.

We then returned to the platform, and the boys spoke the pieces they had prepared for the occasion, and the girls recited some merry dialogues. Then we broke away from all restraint, and sauntered off in small groups, to swing or gather flowers, as we preferred.

Although the sun had behaved so admirably all day, it could not be expected to forget its duty on our account. It went down just as usual, without the least regard to our wishes that such a delightful day might never end.

As its last rays glinted through the maple trees, the professor bade us come together. He stood up on the floral throne, and then reminded us that, in all our happiness, we should remember Him who had made the earth so beautiful.

As he stood there, with his eyes and hands raised heavenward, Nellie whispered, that of all the attractive and delightful objects around us, not one was so impressive as the prayers of an earnest, consistent Christian.

To be continued.

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

The buds of spring, their beauties coyly hiding
From stranger eye,
Breathe not to us, as thou, the sweet, sad chiding
That all must die!

The summer wild flower, blooming for some finder
Whom chance may send,
Hath not, with all its bloom, thy still reminder
That life must end!

Thus, neither beauteous birds nor flowers, giving
Their perfumes rare,
To us, who cannot always here be living,
Are half so fair

As thou, bright leaf, which, wafted from a distance,
Hast hither flown;
For, in the story of thy brief existence,
We read our own.

For the Companion.

HASN'T ANY STYLE.

By Alice Robbins.

"She hasn't any style about her," sighed Miss Roper, as an energetic "No!" came plump in her face.

"Now, Miss Roper, don't you dare to hang twenty yards of useless stuff on my dress, because I shall only bring it back to be made over," said Kate Leslie, as she left the room.

"How unfashionable she is!" exclaimed one of the dressmaker's apprentices, a wasp of a girl, with a chalky face, and fingers like claws. "I wouldn't be seen in the street looking as she does; and she's well off, too."

"And such a waist," murmured Miss Roper, with a lackadaisical air, and another sigh, as though she felt the responsibility of Kate's healthy proportions might be saddled upon her. "If I pull ever so loosely, she cries, 'Now don't pinch,' and will have the lining so loose that it hangs about her in wrinkles, or would if she wasn't so rounded out—but that only makes it worse. I dread to have her mention my name as her dressmaker, but, then, I do my best; the girl really has no style. I told her fifteen yards wouldn't do with loops. 'What do I want with loops?' she asked; 'don't you dare to loop up an inch of my dress; I don't want to look like an over-dressed washerwoman.' So what can I do? She's a good customer."

Truly, what could she do? And what could Kate's fashionable aunties do with such a girl? How often they exclaimed to her,—

"Kate, you haven't any style!"

"Don't want any," laughed Kate; and away she went to her book, her flowers, her music, or her pleasant rambles, wherein she caught lovely carnation roses that would fasten themselves on her cheeks.

"How vulgar in you, Kate, to take such long walks alone!" said one of her aunts; "what do people think who see you up and out like a chambermaid, before any lady has risen?"

"Perhaps, if they think at all, they think they wish they could do it," replied Kate. "You know the tree will grow as it is bent, auntie, and I s'pect I was bent so. Any way, I prize my health above all other blessings, and having it bestowed by the good Giver, I'm going to try to keep it."

Poor auntie! She was always very short of breath, and very frail and sickly, but she had style. All her garments were draped, and festooned, and embroidered, and pannierred, and flounced, and it was her everlasting cry, "What's the fashion?" She secretly envied Kate's straight back, broad shoulders, and light step, but then what was a girl worth without style?

"All I can say is, Kate, you'll never make a good match with a waist like that," was always her closing argument.

"Then I won't make any match at all, for I think I have common sense enough to avoid making a poor one," Kate would reply; "and I am only twenty; four years yet, auntie, and plenty to do in this great, growing world. What should you say if I took to studying medicine with Dr. Langston?"

"You crazy child!" exclaimed her aunt, "he is one of the most fastidious of men; why, he would think you unladylike if you mentioned it. When he marries, it will be a very stylish person."

"Humph!" said Kate, under her breath, and threw on her hat for one of her long walks.

Presently, as she walked along, her head erect, her heart full of happy thoughts, she saw before a dozen persons in the middle of the road, and a buggy. She hurried forward. If it was an accident, she wanted to get out of the way.

"If some of you would hold this artery a few moments, I could save the man's life," said a voice. The men were clumsy, laboring men, and awkwardly and with hesitation looked at each other.

"Dr. Langston, I can do it."

Another moment, and her strong fingers clasped the quivering flesh, and the doctor worked for dear life, Kate and he kneeling in the dust.

"There! he'll do, now," said the doctor, looking up. "Thank you a thousand times, Miss Leslie; I knew you, but hadn't time to say so when every second was precious. You are pale; I hope you are none the worse for your brave work. The man slipped, and fell on a scythe. He might have been dead by this time. Put him into my buggy, men, and I'll take him home."

The doctor never said once, "That girl has no style;" but every time he thought of it, he said, "What a healthy, fresh, brave girl!"

Well, it came to pass that Kate *did* study with Dr. Langston, but not simply as a pupil.

"Who would have thought it?" cried all the people. "Kate never had any style."

For the Companion.

A VOICE FROM PRISON.

Haven't I had any chances? Well, I guess I have. I wish I could tell all the boys in the world my story. I wish I could show them the two roads that lie close together so long that you scarcely know into which one you are travelling when they do diverge.

Any chance! Why, I was born under the shadow of a church spire, and what was more, my father was a clergyman. I sha'n't tell you my name. I never mean to mention it to any living soul. I think too much of that little black-eyed woman that used to sit in the par-onage as white and as delicate as a lily. While she lived, weak as she was, she had strength enough to hold me in bounds, but when she died—well, my troubles began then—though 'twas my fault, of course.

It was a solemn time—I've never forgotten it—the darkened parlor, and that long, black-covered box. I stood at the head of the grave with my hand in my father's, and I remember how he shook. I think I cried more for fright than any thing else.

Old Esther took care of me after that. She was my father's housekeeper, and gave me every thing I asked for. Finally, when I was sick through excess of jellies, and my father sternly forbade her to give me any more, she obeyed him for a time. But I had learned to know that she would yield, and at last her powers of endurance gave way. She fed me occasionally with sweetmeats, on condition that I would never tell; and so began my first lesson in deceit.

Like other boys, I went to school, like others suffered from my own heedlessness, and was bruised in sundry fights. My father did his best, but what father can deal rightly with a boy who never confesses?

When I was twelve my father could not manage me, and I was put to work with an uncle

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My uncle was a hard man, and determined to break me in. He used to exact almost more than my strength would admit, but even then I might have gone right, but for listening to one of the younger clerks. I think before that I had been trying to go straight. I knew well enough that if I yielded to temptation, all would be over with me, and I knew, also, the bad character he bore.

But instead of keeping out of his way, I used to blame my uncle for placing me in his society, and then yield to the fascinations of the tempter.

I didn't commit crime blindfolded. I don't believe there are many who do. I calculated all the chances of my going here, and going there, and chose the evil. Often after a bad headache, or a narrow escape from my uncle's scrutiny into matters, I would make good resolutions, but my weak will prevented me from putting them into execution.

At last it was known that I had lost large sums of money at the gaming table. O, if I could only induce every young man I see never to place foot in those dens of iniquity, the gambling saloons, I should have, at least, safety from that vice. There is no other. I hung off, after repeated importunity; my going at all was a cowardly weakness, and I knew it. But I said, as they all say, it can't hurt me; I shall never fall; there's no harm in knowing what these things are. There is harm. It is pollution even to see them; no soul feels the same afterward.

Well, the thing was made public. My name was in the paper, son of the Rev. So-and-so. That broke my father's heart. He never held up his head again, never preached another sermon, and soon after he died.

Did I kill him? I think I did.

The death of my father so worked upon me that I took to drink. From bad I went to worse. You wouldn't suspect, perhaps, that I am not yet twenty-two, and yet I am in prison for manslaughter.

Twenty-two! when I should be just beginning life, nobly, with a purpose before me, and fortune's favors in my future.

Twenty-two, and ruined! yet I was as fair and gentle a child as any of you. I began with little deceits, self-will, foolish indulgences. Perhaps I was taught these by my father's housekeeper; God forgive her! If she sees these lines she will remember.

But don't think that I lay my ruin at her door. I am not such a coward. I knew the right, but pursued the wrong, and it has brought me to a felon's remorse, and a life of years within these terrible stone walls.

Boys, will you heed the lesson?

For the Companion.

THE LEATHER HARNESS.

Along the banks of the blue Connecticut were dotted the substantial white houses, and the graceful elms of the village of Hadley,—an old town now, and almost hidden out of sight by the stately sweep of the great elm branches; but then scarcely beyond the age of a "settlement," and content with ways and goings that we should call very primitive. But the houses, standing to this day, show by their solid square walls, and gamble roofs, and handsome finishing within, that their owners felt they had a dignity to preserve, even though working their fortunes out of colonial soil, almost beyond the reach of the king's benediction.

And the great waving seas of broom-corn, and tobacco, rising and falling on every August breeze to-day, tell us what those fortunes may have grown to be; or rather, how full the cellars and granaries must have been; for the purses were not so easily swelled.

There was little money in circulation, and little market for what their famous "meadow-land" produced; but what of that? Every thing that the palate could desire was stored in abundance in the house; and there was goose every day for dinner, if one could judge from the flocks that hissed across the green sward, between the double row of elms along the street. And under every roof was a loom, where the thrifty housewife fitted out her family with homespun suits, in which stately gentlemen were quite content to follow every day vocations. "Boughten suits," of cloth purchased at the store, were reserved for solemn and grand occasions, and for the more ordinary wear of the great dignitaries of the town,—the minister, the squire, and the high sheriff of the county.

And what that dignity, particularly as embodied in the minister, really was, boys growing up in modern days can never fully comprehend; they can only listen to stories they hear their fathers and uncles, or great-uncles, telling among themselves, just as they listen to the tales of encounter with painted Indians. No such thing now-a-days; gone forever.

Imagine a set of boys, wild with the excitement of their games, tumbling over, or racing past each other, pell mell, helter skelter, like mad, when, at a muffled cry from one of them, "There comes the minister!" the whole troop are suddenly transfixed, stand for an instant as if struck by a thunderbolt, and then falling into ranks, wait motionless, hat in hand, until that embodiment of sacred truth, in gown and bands, has passed them by!"

But parson Hopkins, though he knew how to preserve his dignity, and could look stern enough on Sunday, when teaching those very boys how very far they were from keeping a perfect law, had enough of the true spirit of his Master, hidden behind those stiff white bands, to kindle a good many sparks of sympathy with all that interested them. A tradition is handed down of his even having been seen on the green-sward, gown and all, playing the best bat in all their game of ball. Be that as it may, he had two boys of his own, who played him a trick that is repeated on their parents by boys of this generation; that is to say, they grew up rapidly, and before he realized the fact, stood head and shoulders above him; Nathan was within a week of being twenty-one, and John a year behind him.

When this crisis had arrived, the old gentleman summoned Nathan to his study, an event which would once have seemed to him of awful solemnity, and even now, that he felt himself within one week of being a man, wore an aspect most thoroughly to be respected.

His father, in a dark green gown of ample folds, sat behind his study table; a sermon, on the inalienable gift of free-will, lay half completed before him, a freshly-starched neck band had been put on for the occasion, and his light hair, combed directly toward his nose, and square cut across the middle of his forehead, showed respect for the occasion, by the smoothness with which it lay upon his reverend head.

"Nathan," he said, "a few days will bring you to that age when a man is expected to take a position of his own, and begin to make way for himself in the world. You have been a dutiful son, Nathan, and I wish to give you as handsome an outfit as lies in my power. There is a deed of three acres of my meadow-land, and I shall add to it a freedom suit of 'boughten' cloth, and a leather harness. If I abounded more largely in worldly goods, I could rejoice for your sake; but I give you what I can, and you must make of it what you can. And you may be sure my blessing goes with it."

The old gentleman reached his hand toward his son, who had remained standing all this time, for young people, in those days, never ventured to sit in the presence of their parents, unless invited. The grasp was warm and strong, but was also a signal that Nathan was dismissed; and having thanked his father as properly as he knew how, he closed the door, and descended the stairs with all the speed his new grandeur would permit.

A "boughten suit," and a leather harness!

And himself a man, dismissed affectionately from his father's care to see what kind of a show he could make for himself in the world with three acres of meadow land as a foundation! He met his brother John as he reached the hall, but passed him with very little notice. A dignity like his must be considered by all parties.

But the year that was to make a man of John, also, whirled quickly round, and he, in his turn, was summoned to that solemn place of audience, the study.

"John," said his father, "I wish to do as well by you as I did by Nathan, and would gladly have done better by you both. Your freedom suit shall be of 'boughten cloth' like his, you shall have a leather harness, and here is a deed for the meadow land, as fine a piece as his. And may you do well with it, my boy. It is only a beginning, but that is all a young man needs. We will see what you will work out for yourself."

John had been standing at a respectful distance from his father, listening to what he said, with a gaze fixed upon the floor. Now he raised his head, and looked at the parson with an earnest face, and frank, honest eyes.

"Father," he said, bluntly, "you are very kind, and I trust I shall always prove a grateful and dutiful son. But I don't want a 'boughten suit,' and a leather harness. I don't want any thing I may have to *come down from*. A rope harness is good enough for me, and so is the homespun I have worn all my life. If I am able to work my way up from them, to something better that I have earned for myself, why then I can wear it, and feel like a man; but if I begin with fine feathers only to drop them out, or draggle them in the mud, I shall cut a sorry figure by-and-by."

For a moment the reverend face was betrayed into an expression of surprise, but it was quickly followed by another of hearty approval.

"Take your own way, then, my son," he said; "it is a good principle to start upon. Only add to it the fear of God, and the love of your neighbor, and I shall live to see you all I could desire."

A few days later, John might have been seen setting resolutely forth on his first visit to his new farm, for the planting season was just coming on, and the broad meadows, stretching up and down the river, without a fence to mar them, were dotted everywhere with carts and ploughs, horses and busy farmers, passing up and down the long furrows with merry sounds.

As he walked sturdily beside his horse, he met his brother, mounted in his cart, driving in the opposite direction, and greeted him with a cordial smile, which was returned only by a contemptuous glance at the rope harness.

"You think I'm a great fool, don't you?" said John, laughing good naturedly.

"Well, I don't know that I should say that," replied Nathan, rather coldly, "but I don't agree with you. Take all you can get in this world; that's my principle."

"And precisely what I mean to do," said John, "but the first thing is *to get it*. Taking what is given you, when you are not sure you can hold on to it, I don't like as well. But wait a minute, though; there's a bit of rope caught in your harness, let me pull it off for you."

"No, no," said Nathan, "it's a piece I put in there. You see that strap wore out, and I couldn't very well have it replaced, so I worked in a bit of rope instead. It draws just the same."

"A pity, though," said John; "it doesn't look as well as leather. But I must get to my work. Good morning, and success to you."

He plodded on, and so did time and seasons; and meanwhile the two brothers worked, not only their farms, but their principles.

Nathan's, if he had condescended to extend his remarks in the meadows, would have been not only "Take what you can get," but "don't trouble yourself too much about getting it. Make a good appearance in the world, and trust to things coming to you without too much hard work;" while John's "Yes, but the first thing is to get it," meant also, "if you have your way to make in the world, go to work and make it. Don't despise humble beginnings, but aim at something higher. Don't stand with your gun on your shoulder, either, but fire, and whatever you fairly bring down, pick up and enjoy it"

The next spring the brothers met again, but the bit of rope in Nathan's harness had multiplied into three or four.

"How does your harness wear?" he asked. "Mine breaks away, here and there, and as I did not realize all I hoped on my crops last year, I feel a little pinched, and have mended it as I could."

"Seems to me rather soon for a leather harness to be giving out, if it is well taken care of," said John. "I found mine getting a little weak in one place, and I put in a leather strap. I thought that would be the best economy in the end."

So things went on, and before very long, Nathan's splicings of rope grew more and more apparent, while as one portion after another of John's harness became worn, it was quietly replaced by a similar one of leather, until the neighbors could not help noticing that the original leather harness was becoming rapidly transformed into one of rope, while John's more humble outfit assumed gradually, but steadily, a more substantial character.

The "boughten suit," also, refused to meet the wear and tear of life without a protest, and one darn after another appeared, until at last, a patch of homespun seemed the only resort, and after that final disgrace, the whole was dropped off, and a substitute from a home loom, and rather coarser than usual, took its place.

John worked steadily on, and with industry and his new harness, in a few years had laid up capital enough to buy a partnership in the village store. The partnership soon became an ownership, and village store-keeping being profitable, John one day found himself able to gather up his possessions, and invest them in a fine business in Boston.

And the day came when, with "boughten" clothes of the most gentlemanly cut the city could afford, and with his own horses and carriage, he came to make his native town a visit, and to find that Nathan, and all his affairs, had been growing more and more *ropy* all the while.

"Take all you can get honestly, in this world, brother," said John, with the old frank smile; "a pretty good rule, *sometimes*, especially just now," and he slipped into his hand a check for a thousand dollars, with which Nathan was very happy to pay off the mortgage on his farm, buy a new harness, and make himself more comfortable in several ways.

Which way do *you* think the best, in taking all you can get?

For the Companion.

HELD BY BRIGANDS.

Two young Americans who had gone forth to make the tour of Europe, came in the course of their wanderings to Naples, and finding in Vesuvius an object of prime attraction, determined to make the ascent.

They were brothers, one sixteen years old, and the other twenty. Tom, the younger, was very well able to take care of himself, but he was put by his parents under the care of his brother Hector, who also had charge of the funds, and in this way they had travelled harmoniously.

Starting forth to make the ascent of Vesuvius, they went as far as Portici, where they hired a couple of horses, vicious, shaggy, bony, wall-eyed, hard-mouthed, possessing every quality that is most detestable in a horse; but as these were the only animals that could be obtained, they had to make the best of them; so mounting the two which were least objectionable, they set forth.

They found the road an excellent one. It wound for some miles on an easy slope up the side of the mountain, until at length it terminated at a little house where refreshments were sold. Here they "refreshed," and then went on to the foot of the cone. Leaving their horses, they ascended to the top, and after seeing the wonders of that place, which it is not my object to describe, they descended and remounted their horses, with the intention of going back again.

But now began their troubles. Hector's horse, for some reason or other, became excessively vicious, and no sooner did he feel a rider on his back than he kicked, reared, turned round and round, and endeavored in all possible ways to unseat his rider. Hector, however, declined to be unseated. He was a first rate horseman, and rather enjoyed the situation.

Tom in the mean time mounted, and his horse seemed the very opposite of his brother's vicious nag, for he stood as stolid as a stone, and no efforts of Tom could make him stir. Hector's horse was kicking and plunging like a mad thing, while Tom's stood like a statue. The situation struck Tom as so ridiculous that he burst into a peal of laughter, when suddenly his horse gave a scream of pain, jumped sideways so suddenly that Tom was almost thrown, and then dashed off as fast as he could gallop.

The cause of this was sufficient. Hector's horse, in his movements, had come near to Tom's, when in one of his wild kicks he struck Tom's horse so violently that he nearly knocked him over. The iron shoes cut deep into the horse's flesh, and the scream of pain was natural. In pain and fright the suffering nag now fled, while Hector tried in vain to force his unruly beast after him.

Tom found himself carried off in another direction than that by which he had come. At first it amused him, but afterwards he did not like it, so he made the strongest endeavors possible to stop the mad brute. But all his efforts were in vain. The hard-mouthed nag had the bit tight in his teeth, and Tom's tugs had no more effect in stopping his course than they would have had in stopping a locomotive.

Tom was thus carried along helplessly for a long distance. The road was moderately good, though it appeared to be not much travelled; but now it went up a gradual incline among some hills, through what looked like a mountain pass.

The lofty wooded heights ascended on either side; on his right they went up directly from the road; while on his left there was a gully, at the bottom of which a mountain torrent dashed over its stony bed, and separated him from the hill sides opposite.

By the time that he had reached this place Tom had lost all idea of locality, for his progress had been so rapid, and his way so tortuous, and so many similar paths had been passed, that even if he could turn his horse he did not feel able to find his way back.

Along this path the horse slackened his pace somewhat, and if the road had been different, Tom might easily have jumped off. But it was too narrow, and any such attempt would have ended in broken bones or a broken neck. He had therefore to yield to his ill-tempered horse, and wait for some better place to dismount.

At length the path turned round a spur of the hills, and Tom saw before him a small hamlet, consisting of one or two old houses. Here a number of people appeared in different directions, and here the horse stopped as though he

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was familiar with the places, and Tom dismounted.

Scarcely had his feet touched the ground when half a dozen men appeared, ill-looking ruffians, two of whom had rifles, while the rest carried knives, in their belts. It needed not the sight of their rifles to show Tom that they were brigands; their faces were enough, and they put the matter beyond a doubt by seizing him the moment they came up and tying his hands behind him. After this one of them asked who he was, what he wanted, and how he came there.

Tom knew the Italian language, and answered frankly. He had nothing to conceal, and so told every thing. The examination of the horse showed a deep cut, and confirmed Tom's account. They had at first expected some attack, but they now understood that Tom's appearance among them was a mere accident.

To the brigands, however, it made no difference how he came. He was their prisoner, and they intended to hold him for ransom, and told him so.

"We shall wait a week," said the captain, "Your ransom is a thousand piastres. You will be well treated, but if at the end of a week your ransom is not ready, you shall die. Give us your address, and the address of your friends, and one of us will communicate with them to-night."

A thousand piastres! A pang of anguish thrilled through Tom. He thought of Hector. How could his brother raise that sum. They only had enough money to get home. They were not rich. They had no friends. All seemed lost. He told the brigands this, but they would not abate one jot of their demands.

The remainder of that day passed with intolerable slowness. Tom's feet were tied, as well as his hands, and the brigands all took their departure, leaving him under the care of the women and children. These women and children seemed to Tom even more abhorrent than the men. Dirty, scowling, with unkempt hair and ragged clothes, the women looked like witches, and the children like imps. One old hag, in particular, excited Tom's strongest aversion.

She was very old and grizzled, with bleary eyes, and skin wrinkled beyond all that he had ever seen or thought possible. This old hag fixed her eyes upon Tom, incessantly, and he felt uncomfortable. It seemed to him like "the evil eye" in the story books. They have left me in her charge, thought he, and she's afraid to take her eyes off me, for fear that I shall escape.

They gave Tom his supper that night, but his anxiety deprived him of all appetite. At dusk, they prepared for bed. Tom's feet were untied by one of the women, and he was led up to a loft over one of the huts. A heap of straw lay in one corner, and this was pointed out as his bed. Upon this he lay down, and the woman tied his feet again. All this time, the old crone attended them, carrying an old, flickering oil lamp, and never taking her eyes away from him.

Tom then was left alone. He could not sleep. Hour after hour passed by, till at last he wondered why morning did not come. He was suffering from the deepest anxiety and alarm.

At length, he heard a slight shuffling noise on the steps, as of some one cautiously ascending. He looked, and saw a flickering light. Soon after, he saw the head of the old crone emerging, and her face slowly turning round, till her bleary eyes were fixed on his. There was something so terrible in this sight that his heart quaked with fear.

The old woman came up, and then, with the same stealthy step, she walked toward his couch. She had a lamp in one hand, and in the other a sharp knife. At this sight, Tom's terror increased. His jaw fell, he would have screamed, but terror choked his utterance. He felt like one in a nightmare, motionless and dumb with the horror of that moment.

The old woman came close to him, and knelt by his side, and fixed her eyes on his, with an abhorrent stare.

Then she spoke.

"Be silent! I will save you! I love you! You look like a son I once had, who is now an angel in heaven. Let me kiss you once for his sake, and then you shall fly"——

There were tears in the poor old creature's eyes, and they fell on Tom's face as her lips touched his forehead. Those words in an instant disarmed all his fears, and broke the spell of horror under which he had fallen. The kiss was like a mother's kiss, for it was the heart of a bereaved mother that impelled it, and it was a mother's yearning love that had sent her to save him.

She cut his bonds and led him from the loft.

"Do not fear," said she. "They will not wake. A horse is ready. I will show the way."

A horse was outside. Tom mounted, and the old woman got up behind. She directed him to a road which was different from the path by which he had come, and after a ride of two hours, they reached Portici. Here Tom dismounted. The old woman kissed him once more, embraced him tenderly, and then rode back.

On reaching Naples, Tom found Hector at his lodgings. He was in a terrible state of alarm, and had already set the authorities on Tom's track. Fortunately, he had not yet heard from the brigands, so that his alarm was far less than it would otherwise have been.

THE MOUNTAIN HEART-EASE.

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
By furrowed, gladed dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought that cannot find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That, like thy petals, trembles in possession,
And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor,
To see thy charms displayed.

But in his eyes a mist, unwonted, rises,
And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises,
And passes in a tear—

Some boyish vision of an Eastern village
Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage,
Above a peaceful soil.

One moment only, for the pick, uplifting,
Through root and fibre cleaves,
And on the muddy current, slowly drifting,
Are swept thy bruised leaves.

BRET HARTE.

STRANGE CUSTOMS OF THE MADAGASCANS.

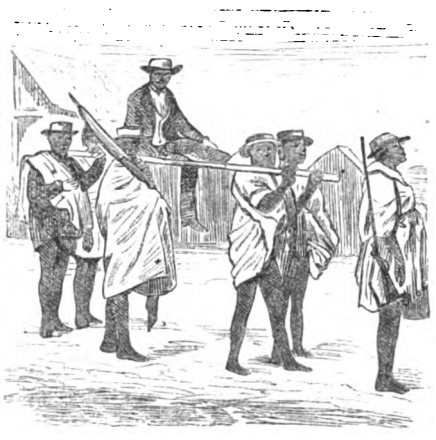
The island of Madagascar is but little known to the world. It is situated south-east of the continent of Africa, in the Indian Ocean, and is about nine hundred miles in length, with a maximum breadth of two hundred and eighty miles. Its superficial area is equal to that of France.

Late in the summer of 1863, I visited the great African island, landing at Tamatave.

The town is merely an agglomeration of huts, though it is rendered somewhat picturesque by its airy palm trees. Its shops display to the eye of the stranger some remarkable wares. Blue-headed parrots, black paroquets, lemer monkeys, bananas, yams, and many luscious fruits, all arrest the eye of the new comer by their novelty, and indicate the character of the country.

As my principal object in visiting the island was to acquaint myself with the habits and customs of its people, with its flora and natural history, I set out on the morning after landing for a tour inland.

The only vehicle in Madagascar is called the *tacon*. It consists of a chair placed on a litter, and so light that four men can easily carry it on their shoulders, unless the traveller who occupies it be unusually heavy.



As there are no roads in Madagascar, it would be impossible for a carriage to penetrate the interior. Indeed, the Madagascans have no quadrupeds except oxen, and look on a horse as a curiosity. The traveller's baggage is borne by the side of the *tacon* by porters.

We first struck an undulating plain, intersected by streams and marshes, through which our bearers waded, splashing the water, and uttering wild cries. We next came to swamps, wide and deep, and began to feel far from comfortable on our unsteady seats, as our bearers sunk up to their shoulders in a muddy liquid, at the same time raising us above their heads. We at last reached a plateau, and rested for awhile beneath the cool shades of the Ravenal, or "travellers' tree."

The travellers' tree is one of the valuable vegetable productions of the island. Its leaves, some of which are of mammoth size, are very curious. Some of them are used for table-cloths, on which to serve rice, others are used for cups and dishes. It is called the "travellers' tree" because it is a sort of fountain, that sends out a pure and nourishing liquid, which is agreeable to the traveller in his hour of repose.

We next moved toward one of the settlements, where we were received with marked courtesy, and enjoyed the hospitality of a repast. We will here give the reader some idea of the manners and modes of living among the natives.

The Madagascans of the coast are of a gentle and timid disposition, faithful and devoted. The men delight in active life, and will paddle a canoe day after day, in sun or in rain, without apparent fatigue, or will carry you on a *tacon* from daybreak till evening, and then, forgetting their fatigue, join their companions in evening sports, led by the wild music of the bamboo.

Their morals are loose, and their ideas of the sanctities of marriage crude, but their family ties are very strong. If one of the members of a family falls ill, all work for the time is suspended. Every one busies himself, some in seeking for herbs, and others in endeavoring to effect a cure. When a man dies, the women make a frightful lamentation. They shriek, and tear their hair, and roll about as in an agony of despair. The men remain calm, all of the mourning being performed by the women, as a part of the regular duties of their lives.

The funeral is the occasion of a dance, which begins with tears and a great show of broken-heartedness on the part of the women, but which soon becomes lively and gay, and finally, very jolly, until the sad event is quite lost sight of, and all appearance of grief is banished in the merry-makings of the hour.

When a woman loses her husband, she puts on a most lugubrious face, and does not wash her face or comb her hair for a month. Hence, a Madagascan widow is a rather remarkable object of sympathy, and presents a somewhat comical appearance in the last days of her public mourning. Her grief, though violent, is not of long duration. We give a picture of a widow in her mourning weeds.

Their religion, though not cruel, is dark with ignorance and superstition. According to their creed, the souls of the chiefs pass into the bodies of crocodiles, while those of ordinary mortals are transferred to bats. Hence, crocodiles and bats are allowed to increase almost without number.

The rivers swarm with the former, so that it is dangerous to frequent the banks towards the close of the day. The inhabitants are obliged to barricade their huts at night, to guard against the attacks of these monsters.

The Madagascans have some remarkable literary instincts. Their native traditions are poetical, abounding in tales, fables, proverbs and enigmas.

The following fable, from their popular traditions, is worthy of any literature, however enlightened:

The Adder and the Frog.

A frog was surprised in his frolics by his enemy, the adder, who seized him by the legs.

"Are you content?" asked the frog.

"Quite content," replied the adder, with closed teeth.

"But when one is content, one opens his mouth, and says 'Content.'"

"Content," said the adder, opening his mouth.

The frog leaped out, and, finding himself free, took flight.

Moral: By presence of mind, one may escape danger.

Before leaving the island, we were invited to dine with two native chiefs. It was an awkward experience. One of these dignitaries, thinking to compliment me by showing me that he considered my example worthy of imitation, imitated every thing I did. When I ate, he ate, when I drank, he drank, and when I stopped eating or drinking, he stopped.

Had it not been for the gravity of the occasion, I should have tried putting my fork to my ear, to see if he would do the same.

On the slightest occasion, he would slap me on the stomach, which attention, I was assured, was highly flattering. He declared he was my friend, and finally he plunged his hands into my plate, in the idea that two such friends ought to have every-thing in common.

I left him the remainder of the plateful he had touched, for his own eating.

SOMETHING ABOUT CONSUMPTION.

The question, *What is consumption?* is one that has somewhat divided medical men, of late years. Its discussion cannot be fairly presented here, and would, besides, be out of place.

But the question, *How may we know its beginnings?* is of more interest to all, because of more value. In its first manifestations it cannot be always and certainly distinguished from other conditions of ill health.

It is now well agreed that a person whose parents, or uncles, or aunts have had the disease is the more liable to it from that fact. Such a person, if troubled with progressive weakness, or unusual irritability, and slight habitual hoarseness, even if there be yet no cough, would do wisely to seek medical advice. But a good many become consumptive, whose relatives have not been so.

Consumption prevails more in the city than in the country; more in moist, disagreeable *climates* than in uniformly dry ones; more in damp *locations* than in elevated ones; more on the sea-coast than in the interior. Persons leading a confined life in close work-shops, offices, or factories, with but little sunlight, and but little really pure air, are almost sure to fall into the disease, *if at all predisposed to it;* and there can be no doubt that such occupations are trying to any constitution. Hence, any one who knows himself to have a tendency to consumption, will do well to remove from city to country; from a moist to a dry location or climate; or from sea-coast to highland, as the case may be. Neither studies nor profession need be hastily abandoned, but every effort should be made to pursue them in a way not to exhaust, and under the best possible conditions; as, for example, exchanging a dark office for a bright, cheerful one, or a study down stairs for one up stairs. A consumptive shoemaker had better take to the saddle, and a tinman will improve at raising cattle and poultry.

Variety of diet, regularity of habits, and cold bathing, *if the body feel quickly warm afterward*, are all promotive of healthy vigor, which is the great enemy of the disease. Study is not in itself pernicious; but cases arise, in which an absolute change from a studious to an active life is no doubt salutary. G. H.

THE INTERNATIONAL TREATY.

It is announced in various despatches from Europe that measures were taken at Gastein to suppress the International Treaty. This refers to the meeting of the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of Germany, accompanied by their respective ministers.

But what is the International Treaty that it requires a union of imperial strength to attempt its suppression?

The International Treaty is a union among working men of various European countries, for the promotion of the interests of their Order. It has, therefore, caused some anxiety to sovereigns and aristocrats, the more so because it has declared against war, and would substitute for the sentiment of patriotism that of brotherhood as members of a society or class.

Thus: A French working man is to have more regard for a German working man than for one of his own countrymen of noble birth. This sentiment is to be made common. And there are, according to the principles of the new party, to be no Germans, or Britons, or Frenchmen, or Italians, or Swiss,—all are to be working men, and to act together, as such.

This Society, commonly called "the International," was founded but a few years since, but it already exists in almost every European nation, and has become so powerful, that it is said that the war of 1870, between Germany and France, would, perhaps, never have occurred had it been postponed, as the working men of the two countries, supported by the working men of other countries, would have proved strong enough to restrain the French and German governments.

The war of 1870 had the effect of weakening the influence of the International Society for a time. When French and German working men were set to the business of killing one another, national rivalry and personal hatred soon took the place of the fraternal feeling which springs from identity of pursuits and interests. Men ceased to be divided into classes, and were once more members of this or that nation, without regard to their social positions.

Since the war, however, the International has regained much of its lost ground, and bids fair

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to become powerful. We want no better evidence of this than the fact that the governments of Europe are beginning to act together against it. When such men as Emperor William and Minister Bismarck are alarmed, we may be sure that the cause is no trifle.

It is charged against the International Society that it aims to take the property of others, and to cause a general overthrow of the existing order of things. This may possibly be the tendency of its influence, but the charge is an old one. It has been brought against all movements that have aimed at reform. It was made against the first Christians, against the Protestants of the time of the Reformation, and against the men of the American Revolution.

It is, however, a truer charge that the Internationalists are all Republicans, who would upset every throne, and uncrown every monarch in Europe. And this is the real reason why the two Emperors wish to destroy the Society.

THACKERAY AND DICKENS.

Thackeray loved and admired Dickens, in spite of the discouraging reception the latter gave him when he was a poor artist stranger. The interview and consequences described here show how a little cold treatment from the great and famous *may* spur a strong and hopeful young man to shoot abreast of them, if not beyond them.

Charles Dickens sits in his chambers in London in the full fame of his Pickwick Papers. He is preparing a new book, to be brought out as that was, with illustrations. A man comes in, older than himself, but still a young man, and says,—

"I have come, sir, to show you some drawings, and to get the place, if I can, of artist for your new story."

The young author glances over the sketches, and then says, kindly, "They will not do."

The man goes home, puts aside his pencil, partially, and takes a pen. He works for years after this, writing small books and pieces for magazines, but wins no notice, and is almost altogether unknown. One day, however, he goes to a bookseller in London with a new work, asks him to print it, and fails to persuade him. Another agrees to do it, with fear of the result; but when the book is printed the most popular writer in Britain has, from that day, a divided kingdom. And when this man died, suddenly, some years ago, tens of thousands, who had never seen his face, mourned for him as for a dear friend.

ANCIENT TIME-PIECES.

Bowls were used to measure time, from which water, drop by drop, was discharged through a small aperture. Such bowls were called water-clocks. It was then observed how much water from such a bowl or cask, from sunrise to the shortest shadow, trickled down into another bowl placed beneath; and this time being the half of the whole solar day, was divided into six hours. Consequently they took a sixth of the water which had trickled down, poured it into the upper bowl, and when this had discharged an hour had expired. But afterward a more convenient arrangement was made. They observed how high the water at each hour rose in the lower bowl, marked these points and counted them, thus finding how many hours there were till sunrise.

With the Chinese, the water-clocks, or clepsydras, are very old. They used a round vessel, filled with water, with a little hole in the bottom, which was placed upon another vessel. When the water in the upper vessel passed down into the lower vessel, it subsided by degrees, announcing thereby the part of time elapsed.

The Babylonians are said to have used such instruments; from them the Greeks of Asia Minor got them, at the time of King Cyrus, about the year 550 B. C. But the Romans did not get the first water-clocks before the year 160 B. C.

But, though the hours of the clepsydras did not vary in length, they still counted them from the morning. When the clock with us strikes seven, the ancients counted one; when the clock with us strikes twelve, the ancients counted six, and so forth. This method of counting the hour was, according to the New Testament, also customary in Palestine at the time of Christ. The water-clocks had the advantage, that they could be used in the night, and the Romans used them to divide their night-watches, which were relieved four times, both summer and winter. Conformably to these four night-watches, time was counted, not only in Rome, but wherever a Roman garrison was stationed; consequently, also in Palestine after she had become a Roman province.

HIGH CLASS GRASSHOPPERS.

If living "up high" makes greatness and social preference, then elevated insects of the West must rank as the aristocracy of the bug kingdom.

Crickets and grasshoppers are found abundantly at the height of 12,000 and 13,000 feet on the Sierras of California. Prof. Brewer says, in the *Naturalist*, that the latter flourish in immense numbers at the highest altitudes reached. They fly more than our Eastern species, and seem to fill the air. If they chance to alight on snow they soon become chilled and perish. When large snow banks melt in the summer, the number left dead on the rocks is so large that it is no exaggeration to say that *tons* of them may be seen.

On a clear day on the top of Mount Lincoln (14,123 feet) the air seemed to be filled with flying grasshoppers to a distance upward of several hundred feet, so that even with a field-glass they seemed nothing but floating specks. An occasional butterfly was seen with them. Flies of a voracious kind are co-habitants of those lofty regions, making horses frantic with their bites; which is no wonder, considering how rare a feast horse-flesh must be for them.

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DOING GOOD AGAINST THE RULES.

Humane discretion is sometimes superior to the letter of the law. The *Liberal Christian* has the following anecdote from a gentleman who was an eye-witness of the circumstances narrated: We are reminded by it of the reply of the Emperor Alexander, when told of the action of his son in a similar case: "I praise my officer for enforcing the orders, and I kiss my son for disobeying them:"

The thermometer often stands for days at from one hundred and nine to one hundred and seventeen degrees in the Red Sea, and when the vessel is with the wind, and travelling at about the speed of the air, the lack of any breeze or ventilation makes life on the steamers almost insupportable. On this occasion, four men and two passengers were so overcome with the heat, that the ship's doctor reported that they must die if the ship's course was not changed, and a breeze created by travelling against the wind. The captain, very reluctantly, and in dire fear of his company's orders, yielded to the cry of humanity, and steamed one hundred miles back on his course. He thus reduced the oppressive temperature twenty degrees, ventilated his ship, and saved the lives, probably, of six passengers. The government fined the company (who excused the captain, although not without a warning not to do so again), a thousand pounds for going out of the prescribed route with her Majesty's mails.

HOW HE MET THE DIFFICULTY.

A really good man will find ways to "get round" certain points of an inconvenient creed, to which he has given the general assent of his faith. Many anecdotes are told of the Quakers in illustration of this, and here is one from Martin Merrivale's "Historical Studies."

I once heard a story in England, concerning a worthy Quaker who lived in a country town there. The Friend was rich and benevolent, and his means were put in frequent requisition for the purposes of local charity or usefulness. The townspeople wanted to rebuild their parish church, and a committee was appointed to raise funds. It was agreed that the Quaker could not be asked to subscribe to an object so contrary to his principles; but then, on the other hand, so true a friend to the town might take it amiss if he were not at least consulted on a matter of such general interest. So one of their number went and explained to him their project; the old church was to be removed, and such and such steps taken towards the construction of a new one. "Thee was right," said the Quaker, "in supposing that my principles would not allow me to assist in building a church. But did thee not say something about pulling down a church? Thee may put my name down for a hundred pounds."

A GREAT SLEEPER.

Rip Van Winkle in story almost has his rivals in actual life. One of the most notable cases known was that of Samuel Chilton, of Timsbury, recorded in one of the early volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*.

In the year 1694 he slept a month, and no one could wake him. Later in the same year he had a four months sleep, from April 9 to Aug. 7; he woke, dressed, went out into the fields (where he worked as a laborer) and found his companions reaping the corn which he had helped to sow the day before his long nap; it was not till that moment that he knew of his sleep having exceeded the usual duration of a few hours. He went to sleep again on the 17th of August, and did not wake till the 19th of November, notwithstanding the pungent applications of hellebore and sal-ammoniac to his nostrils, and bleeding to the extent of fourteen ounces. He woke, asked for bread and cheese, but went off to sleep again before it could be brought to him, taking another spell of sleep which lasted till the end of January. After this it is not recorded that he had any more of these strange relapses.

FOOLS IN CHURCH.

Better be a fool than a profaner of sacred things and sacred places. This truth was uttered in a very adroit way once by a minister, as is shown by a correspondent of the *Herald and Presbyter*, writing from Minnesota. He says:

I have picked up "a little story," which, I think, contains a reproof for disturbers of the peace in churches too good to be lost. A presiding elder of the United Brethren church was preaching in this same neighborhood, and was much annoyed by persons talking and laughing.

He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service one of the official members came and said to me,—

"'Brother, you have made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot.'

"Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church, lest I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot."

During the rest of that service at least there was good order.

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.

A French physician publishes a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about any thing, let them go into their rooms, and comfort themselves with a loud boo hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when any thing occurs to give them either physical or mental sorrow.

Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief—on the part of children as well as older persons—and regard the eyes and the mouth as the safety-valves through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

IMPOLITE POLITENESS.

Among the minor disagreeable things is the man who, in conversation, is continually interrupting you with "Certainly," "Exactly," "I understand." He anticipates, or attempts to, all you are about to say. He says "I understand," when you are satisfied he don't understand any thing about it. He repeats "exactly," when there is no exactness to speak of, and exclaims "Certainly," when the matter in hand is surrounded by the greatest possible amount of uncertainty. You open a conversation with him as follows:

"My dear sir, do you remember"——

"Certainly."

"When"——

"I understand."

"You"——

"Exactly; exactly, sir."

And still the person hasn't the remotest idea what you are driving at, or to what particular circumstance you desire to call his attention. Sometimes he assumes a very knowing look, that carries fraud on the face of it, and then again, while exclaiming "I understand," in the most confident and positive manner, his countenance is as expressionless as a mud ball, or alive with bewildering inquiry.

A GIANT TREE.

Charles Kingsbury thus describes the Hura, a gigantic tree in the West Indies:

Some twenty feet or more above the first fork was a second fork, and then the tree began. Where its head was we could not see. We could only, by laying our faces against the bole, and looking up, discern a wilderness of boughs carrying a green cloud of leaves, most of them too high for us to discern their shape without glasses. We walked up the slope, and round about to see if we could discern the head of the tree clear enough to guess at its height; but in vain. It was only when we had ridden some half a mile or more up the hill that we could discern its masses rising, a bright green mound, above the darker foliage of the forest. It looked any height, from 150 to 200 feet; less it could hardly be. "It made," says a note by one of our party, "other huge trees look like shrubs." I am not surprised that my friend, Mr. M. St. Luce D'Aradie, who measured the tree since my departure, found it measured 192 feet in height.

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THE LITTLE WHITE LIE.

I was in trouble beyond any doubt—
I was in trouble—and how to get out?
"Tell a white lie," said the devil to me.
"Tell a lie! O, how dreadful! But what would it be,
If I should? though I never shall tell one," said I.
"Don't be frightened," said he, "we won't call it a lie—
A few words, in their way quite as good as the truth,
And for this occasion, far better, forsooth."

But my little white lie, when I'd told it, grew black;
Then, O! how could I hide it, or how get it back?
For it never would do to be caught in a lie,
For 'twas known that a very good youngster was I.
I must manage in some way to keep it from sight;
"Tell one more," said the devil; "'twill make it all right."

But my two grew to three, and my three were soon four,
And my four gave rise to a dozen or more;
Till I felt in my soul such a sense of disgrace,
I had scarcely one friend I could look in the face;
And at night, to my room I went creeping up stairs—
God is truth! could I sleep without saying my prayers!

But my fears and my conscience thus followed about,
I was really half glad when the lie was found out;
For it was—it is always the way with a lie—
And all said that a very bad youngster was I.
Good or bad, I have learned in one thing to be wise,
And shun in the future all little white lies.

WASHINGTON AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

The following, concerning the wise "Father of his country," shows an example of character worth the careful study of everybody who aspires to be

"Only great as I am good."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, conscience," was one of the series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy.

His rigid adherence to the principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame that illumined his whole life.

No occasion was so momentous, no circumstance so minute as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The marginal explanations in his account-book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnish a charming illustration of his habitual exactness.

The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports,—that name being regarded as an ample guarantee of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was everywhere understood.

LETTER FROM THE FIRE REGION.

Nothing possible to human experience could be more terrible than the great and destroying fires which this autumn have burned over hundreds of square miles of forest and prairie in Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, and almost swept out of existence nearly a score of cities and villages, with loss of human life like that which attends a great battle.

Perhaps the most fearful of these visitations, (at least, the one most *supernatural* in appearance and sudden power,) was the tornado, fraught with lightning, that both blew down and burned up every thing in its track through the north-east corner of Wisconsin. Hundreds of men, women and children perished in the fields, woods and settlements along the east and west shores of Green Bay, before that awful fire-wind, which moved so rapidly that there was little or no chance of escape.

No wonder they thought (as many did when Chicago was burning) that the "judgment day had come." In the farm village of Rosait, every one of the one hundred and seventy-five houses was in flames at once, and seemed to have caught fire all at the same moment.

The following is part of a letter received by a gentleman of Norwich, Conn., from one who was living in Kenauwee county, in the very path of the tornado, at the time of the disaster:

"At Dykesville, the men who escaped the advance fire of the tornado, filled barrels and every thing that would hold with water, and placed them near the boarding-house, which put out the fire; but while they were at work, they heard a roaring noise coming from the south-west, and, in a few minutes, the tornado was upon them.

"All of the buildings seemed to take fire at once. The men were forced to leave the boarding-house. At this time, the flames were cracking over their heads, and all were in danger of being destroyed. After making a desperate run, they took refuge in the flume at the dam. The flume contained but four inches of water. The men all started, but four reached the flume. Some were within fifteen feet, and one within three feet when the fire overtook them. Two of the four that reached the flume were badly burned about the face and hands, the other two were blind for thirty-six hours, but are coming out all right. As soon as they reached the flume, they commenced to roll over and over in the water, to keep from burning.

"At Williamson's mills, about two and a half miles north-east of our place, they found fifty-four bodies burned to a crisp. A great many died thinking the world was coming to an end. Men that escaped say that the above remark was freely made, one to another. I asked a farmer from Rosait how it happened that he saved nothing when there were no woods within a mile of him, and farms about forty acres apart, with barns and houses built of logs, not very quick to burn. He said the fire rained down.

"I think a good many made no effort to save any of their property, they were so terror-stricken. I know of oxen and horses being burned to death in clearings where there was no wood about them to burn them, which seems incredible.

"The first reports we got of the disaster, I thought the men lied, but it has all proven too true."

A JUGGLER MAKING A TREE GROW.

The beautiful German parable, in which Nathan the prophet gratifies the desire of young King Solomon to see a miracle, by causing a pomegranate seed to expand in a few minutes into a tree, has its match in this true story of what Dr. Macleod actually saw under the hands of an Eastern conjurer:

While the tom-tom was beating and the pipe playing, the juggler, singing all the time in low accents, smoothed a place in the gravel, three or four yards before us. Having thus prepared a bed for the plant to grow in, he took a basket and placed it over the prepared place, covering it with a thin blanket.

The man himself did not wear a thread of clothing, except a strip round his loins. The time seemed now to have come for the detective's eye! So, just as he was becoming more earnest in his song, and while the tom-tom beat and the pipe shrilled more loudly, I stepped forward with becoming dignity and begged him to bring the basket and its cover to me.

He cheerfully complied, and I carefully examined the basket, which was made of open wicker-work. I then examined the cloth covering, which was thin, almost transparent, and certainly had nothing concealed in it.

I then fixed my eyes on his strip of clothing with such intensity that it was not possible it could have been touched without discovery, and bade him go on, feeling sure that the trick could not succeed.

Sitting down, he stretched his naked arms under the basket, singing and smiling as he did so; then lifted the basket off the ground, and behold, a green plant about a foot high!

Satisfied with our applause, he went on with his incantations. After having sat a little, to give his plant time to grow, he again lifted the basket, and the plant was two feet high.

He asked us to wait a little longer, that we might taste the fruit! But on being assured, by those who had seen the trick performed before, that the result would be obtained, I confessed myself done," without the slightest notion of the how.

I examined the ground, and found it was smooth and unturned. Apparently delighted with my surprise, the juggler stood up, laughing, when one of his companions chucked a pebble to him, which he put into his mouth. Immediately the same companion, walking backwards, drew forth a cord of silk, twenty yards in length; after which the juggler, with his hands behind his back, threw forth from his mouth two decanter stoppers, two shells, a spinning top, a stone and several other things, followed by a long jet of fire! If the wise reader regrets so much space being occupied by such a story, let him pass it on to the children, foolish as myself, who will be glad to read it.—*Peeps at the Far East. By Norman Macleod, D. D.*

BETTY'S NIGHT WITH THE BEAR.

A writer in *Hearth and Home* under the above title tells a thrilling story of a little girl in Minnesota, lost while returning from a huckleberry excursion, through the unkindness of her brother and sister, who would not wait for her:

It was nearly eight o'clock when Jack and Sarah walked into the little house, and set their pails on the table.

Mr. Brewer took his gun and started in search of the little one. "I'm going," he said, "for old Pierre Beauchamp. He knows every turn and crook of the woods. Keep the fire going, for it's a raw night, and the child 'll be cold when we bring her in, and don't fret."

I can hardly tell you how the night went by to the poor mother, waiting and watching, or to the poor father, with old Pierre, who scoured every foot of the woods on each side of the trail, and, by the light of their pine knot torches, searched each hollow tree, thinking the child might possibly have crawled into them for shelter. They shouted and called, but morning dawned at last, with no sign of Betty, and the father, exhausted and almost despairing, sank down under one of the tall pines, and hid his face in his hands. Suddenly he lifted his head.

"Dat vay," old Pierre said, as his quick ear caught a slight sound, and Mr. Brewer darted off to the left, but stopped short, and stood with such a ghastly face, that old Pierre, too, paused a moment. Not a stone's throw from them flowed a wide, deep creek, one of the tributaries of Gulf Lake, and crossed here by an old log thrown over it long ago by the Indians. A white birch grew by its side, and under it lay Betty, resting partly against a huge brown bear, apparently asleep. At the slight crackling in the brush, it raised its head, and, growling low, put one paw on the child's dress; then, as if scenting danger, turned about, saw the two faces looking toward it, and, with a fierce, loud growl, caught Betty in his mouth, and started towards the log.

"Vat you do? Vat you do?" said old Pierre, as Mr. Brewer levelled his gun. "You shoots now, and mads de bear, den de child all gone. Vait von minute! Hold you still! not cry! keep you mooch quiet!" he called to Betty; "not be feared if you falls in de vater."

As he spoke, the bear had reached the middle of the log, and turned now to see if he was followed. The small, fierce eyes rested a second on the pair, and that second old Pierre, the best shot in Minnesota, fired. Without a struggle or sound, the bear reeled from the log to the dark water below, and in one moment Mr. Brewer had dashed in and seized the screaming child.

"De prettiest shot dis bon gun did ever fire," old Pierre shouted, hugging his gun, and dancing wildly about, while Mr. Brewer hugged Pierre, and the gun, and Betty, all at once, and then ran on towards home, forgetting all weariness in this great joy.

There was a happy family that day, as, sitting about the bed where Betty lay in state, they tried to make her tell when the bear came to her, and how she felt.

"I rolled 'way down somewhere," said Betty, "and sort of went to sleep; and then I cried when I woke up, because I was all scratched and smarty. Then I heard somefin' comin' an' didn't cry any more, an' it came and snuffed all round me. I thought may be it would eat me up, but I couldn't cry, only I sort of whispered, 'Now I lay me,' an' it kep' smelling me. Then it lay down and licked me. Its tongue was all rough and scratchy. It hurt me. But when I tried to get away, it growled. Then I kept still, and was so tired, and went to sleep, an' I didn't remember till it picked me up an' made me cry, coz the teeth pinched me, an' then I heard Pierre holler, and you got me out o' the water."

Do you think this can't be true, boys and girls? I know it is, for Betty herself told me the story. She is living still, and if you are very anxious to find out her real name, write to me, and I will tell you.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S MOTHER.

After Bonaparte had overrun Prussia, Queen Louise, hoping to secure better terms of peace, made two visits to the haughty conqueror. Napoleon acknowledged that the Queen of Prussia was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and declared that whatever topic of conversation he broached, she managed, with the most admirable tact and delicacy, to come back to her one theme—*Prussia.*

She implored Napoleon to prove himself a hero by showing mercy to a fallen foe, and if he would make no other concession, at least to restore Magdeburg. Just before dinner Napoleon gave her a rose; she at first refused it, then accepting it with an arch smile, she said,—

"Yes, but at least with Magdeburg."

"I must observe to your majesty," said Napoleon, gruffly, "that it is *I* who give, and you only who must receive."

The king was present, silent and dejected at the sight of his wife's unavailing sacrifice.

At the earnest request of the Russian Emperor, Louise paid a second visit to Napoleon—unsuccessful as the first.

The royal pair returned to Memel, their only refuge upon Prussian soil. "Let us be patient and steady, and wait, and God will help us," said the pious king, greater even in his humiliation and weakness than the atheistic Frederick.

In her retirement at Memel, the queen devoted herself to the education of her children, six in number. The crown prince, Frederick William, was then twelve years of age, and a boy of much promise. She sought to animate him with her own patriotic spirit and love of country.

"You see me weep," she said to him, after the battle of Jena. "I weep for the downfall of my house and country. Recall these unhappy hours when I am no more, and weep such tears for me as I now weep for my country. But do not be satisfied with tears; act, develop your strength. Perhaps you may be destined to deliver your country. Do not let yourself be carried away by the degeneracy of the age. Be a *man!* Court the fame of a General, of a hero; and if you cannot raise your fallen country, then seek death, as Prince Louis Ferdinand has done!"

This son lived to see his country great among the nations of the earth; but to the second son, William, it has been given to repay, with interest, the ignominy heaped upon Prussia by Napoleon.

MONKEYS.

Monkeys exhibit some traits of feeling and affection much akin to human nature. A naturalist makes the following illustrations:

Rengger observed an American monkey carefully driving away the flies which plagued her infant; and Duvancel saw a hylobates washing the faces of her young ones in a stream. So intense is the grief of female monkeys for the loss of their young that it invariably caused the death of certain kinds kept under confinement by Biehm, in North Africa. Orphan monkeys were always adopted and carefully guarded by the other monkeys, both male and female. One female baboon had so capacious a heart that she not only adopted young monkeys of other species, but stole young cats and dogs, which she continually carried about. An adopted kitten scratched this affectionate baboon, who certainly had a sharp intellect; for she was much astonished at being scratched, and immediately examined the kitten's feet and without more ado bit off the claws.

RAISING OSTRICHES.

The demand for ostrich feathers as an ornament for the head has become so great in different parts of the world, that, in certain places in Africa and in the East, ostriches are domesticated, and raised like common poultry. The business is called ostrich farming:

On these so-called farms, numbers of ostriches are kept solely for the growth of feathers for commercial purposes; the inclosures in which the birds are confined vary in size from fifteen to twenty acres, encircled by low stone walls, over which the ostriches never attempt to leap. A novel plan has been adopted near Gramastown for hatching the eggs of these valuable birds artificially, by means of an incubator; the eggs are kept up to a temperature of from one hundred to one hundred and five degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, by the aid of an oil lamp, at a cost of a trifle more than a penny for the twenty-four hours; the natural period of incubation in struthious birds (ostriches) is about forty-nine days.

Ostrich feathers are in constant demand, being employed for a great many purposes, and their value, commercially, varies considerably in accordance with color and quality. The long white feathers which are plucked from the wings are esteemed the finest, and are worth, on the average, from $150 to $200 per pound, which usually comprises about eighty feathers.

These finer white feathers are mostly used by the court plume-makers. The process of cleaning consists in careful washing with soap and clean water, a soft brush being at the same time employed judiciously; after the scouring, the feathers are well rinsed and shaken out to dry. Next in value follow the long black and gray feathers, and, lastly, the small ones, which fetch only about forty shillings a pound.

Feathers obtained from the wild birds are reckoned to be more valuable than those plucked from the farmed birds. The mode of hunting ostriches by the regular hunters has been thus described: The adult male bird is singled out of the flock of perhaps six or eight, at the season when the feathers are in the finest condition; that is, when the quills have not arrived at their full hardness of development. The plume of the feathers is then delicate and soft. These feathers are then called blood feathers, and are considered of the greatest value.

The hunter then follows it at a sharp trot, so as not thoroughly to alarm the bird, but follows it up perhaps ten miles or more at the same rate of speed, and then stops and off saddle, letting his horse feed and rest a little for about twenty minutes. The ostrich also stops. The hunter then mounts again, and follows up the bird at a fast gallop. The ostrich is now, however, stiff and tired after his previous exertion, and does not go along so fast, so that his pursuer soon runs him down, and knocks him on the head with a "sjambok," (a thick thong of hippopotamus or rhinoceros hide) and kills him at once. An ostrich in good plumege is worth about $80, and each bird has from two and one-half to three ounces of the finest white feathers. Some hunters will get from fifty to eighty birds in a season.

AN INGENIOUS TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

Some topers once seized an eccentric temperance man by the wayside, and forcing him into a hollow tree, told him he should preach them a sermon on *Malt* immediately, or they would tie him, and make him spend the night there. Under such compulsion he did his best, and this was what he made out of it:

Beloved, let me call your attention, for I am a little man, come out on a short warning, to preach a brief sermon, upon a small subject, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit.

And now, my beloved, my text is "Malt," which I cannot divide into sentences, because there are none: nor into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, because upon the whole matter it is but a monosyllable; therefore, I must, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four, viz.:

M-A-L-T—Malt.

M, my beloved, is moral. A is allegorical. L is literal and T is theological.

The moral is well set forth to teach you drunkards good manners, wherefore, M, my masters; A, all of you; L, listen; T, to my text.

The allegorical is when one thing is spoken and another thing meant. The meant is strong beer, which you rustics make M, meat; A, apparel; L, liberty; T, treasure.

The literal is according to the letter. M, meal; A, ale; L, little; T, thrift.

The theological is according to the effect which it works, which I find in my text of two kinds: first, in this world; second, in the world to come. In this world the effects which it works are in some—M, murder; in others, A, adultery; in some, L, looseness of life; in others, T, treasure. In the world to come, M, misery; in others, A, anguish; in some, L, languishing; in others, T, torment.

Wherefore, my first shall be by way of exhortation—M, my masters; A, all of you; L, leave; T, tippling; or else, secondly, by way of com-

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munication, I say, M, my masters; A, all of you; L, look for; T, torment. So much for this time and text; only by way of caution take this:

A drunkard is an annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the alehouse benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, the wife's woe and children's sorrow, his neighbors' scoff, his own shame, a walking swill tub, the picture of a beast, the monster of a man.

THE "BUCKEYES."

This slang designation of the native people of Ohio (after the fashion that calls an Illinois man a "Sucker," an Indiana man a "Hoosier," &c.,) comes from a tree of the horsechestnut family, peculiar to the forests of that State, called the "buckeye" tree. The tree got the name by further derivation, owing to the resemblance of its nuts to the eye of a buck. A speaker at the "Buckeye dinner," in Cincinnati, some years ago, spoke thus enthusiastically about the "heraldic emblem" of Ohio:

It is not merely a native of the West, but peculiar to it; has received from the botanist the specific name of *Ohioensis*, and is the only tree of our whole forest that does not grow elsewhere. What other tree could be so fit an emblem of our native population?

In all our woods there is no tree so hard to kill as the buckeye. The deepest girdling will not deaden it, and even after it is cut down and worked up into the side of a cabin it will send out young branches—denoting to all the world that buckeyes are not easily conquered, and could with difficulty be destroyed.

The buckeye has generally been condemned as unfit for fuel; but its very incombustibility has been found an advantage; for no tree of the forest is equally valuable for "back logs," which are the *sine qua non* of every good cabin fire. Thus treated, it may be finally, though slowly, burned; when another of its virtues appears, as no other tree of our woods affords so great a quantity of alkali. Thus there is piquancy in its very ashes.

The bark of our emblem-plant has some striking properties. Under a proper method of preparation and use, it is said to be efficacious in the cure of ague and fever; but unskilfully employed, it proves a violent emetic—which indicates that he who tampers with a buckeye will not do it with impunity.

Who has not looked with admiration on the fine foliage of the buckeye in early spring, while the more sluggish tenants of the forest remain torpid in their winter quarters; and what tree in all our wild woods bears a flower which can be compared with our favorite? We may fearlessly challenge for it the closest comparison. Its early putting forth, and the beauty of its leaves and blossoms, are appropriate types of our native population, whose rapid and beautiful development will not be denied by those whom I now address, nor disproved by reference to their character.

Finally, the buckeye derives its name from the resemblance of its nut to the eye of the buck, the finest organ of our noblest wild animal; while the name itself is composed of a Welsh and Saxon word, belonging, therefore, to the oldest portion of our vernacular tongue, and connecting us with the primitive stocks, of which our fathers were but scions planted in the New World.

EXTRACTING A LION'S TOOTH.

The Glasgow *Herald* tells a remarkable operation which has been performed on the jaw of a vigorous, full-grown lion, in Mander's menagerie, in that city.

A tooth had been injured by a blow inflicted by a man named Maccomo, when the animal threatened to attack him. Gradually the lion became low-spirited, eating his food with great difficulty, and when, at length, a gentleman who stands high in the medical profession in Glasgow, volunteered to subject the lion to a surgical operation, provided that the animal could be properly secured, the offer was accepted.

On Wednesday the fore paws of the lion were caught and bound to the bars of the cage by strong ropes. Afterwards the head was "lassoed," and ropes were fastened round the animal's neck in such a manner as to prevent, as far as possible, the movement of the head, and to force the mouth close up to the bars.

When the lion was somewhat exhausted by struggles to free himself, the doctor mounted on a tub in front of the cage. A piece of wood was placed to the lion's mouth, and at once the beast made a snap. Then a pitchfork was held up, and, placed in the mouth, kept it open, while the inside was thoroughly washed. Afterwards the doctor, pushing his arm between the bars into the lion's mouth, and running his hand over the teeth, found the loose grinder.

A terrible struggle ensued. The lion plunged more vigorously and howled more frightfully than ever, tossing his head from side to side, and at times forcing his hinder as well as his front paws against the bars. But ultimately the doctor triumphed over all difficulties and dangers, and by means of powerful forceps extracted the loose tooth, which was found broken and diseased near the root.

When the task had been completed the lion sank down completely exhausted, and while he lay steady and quiet the doctor cut the flesh over the jaw, and found the bone severely injured, if not broken. It was, however, deemed inexpedient to subject the beast to another operation, and the excision of the injured bone has accordingly been postponed.

The latest bulletins announce that the patient is making satisfactory progress, and beef tea and claret have been prescribed. Altogether, the "operation" lasted about an hour and a half.

ROVER AND HIS CHARGE.

Away among the Highland hills,
'Mid yellow broom and purple heather,
Where the wild deer and rushing rills
Go leaping down the crags together;

Where gray mists cling around the rocks
In which the eagle has his dwelling;
Where lowing kine and bleating flocks
Browse round the spring in crystal welling;

Away where blows the mountain gale
Along the sea-beat shore of Duart,
Within a birchen-sheltered vale,
Abode a shepherd, Willie Stewart.

A faithful dog he had, whose bark
Was known the Isle of Mull all over,
And strangers oft would pause to mark
The skill and gentleness of Rover.

Well could he bring the scattered flock
From glen and mountain height together,
Or to the fold, beneath the rock,
Drive the young lambs in stormy weather.

And when old Rover was at home,
He there displayed his kindly feeling;
Nothing could tempt him forth to roam
Across the threshold of the shieling.

If Willie and his wife went out,
And left the baby in his keeping,
Old Rover by the cradle sat,
And watched the child, awake or sleeping.

Unto his trust he still was true,
And ne'er gave way to frisking folly.
A better dog I never knew
Than Willie Stewart's shaggy collie.

For the Companion.

ROY'S NEW SUIT.

One morning at breakfast, Roy's mother said to his papa, "It is time Roy was put into pants. He is getting too tall to wear dresses."

Roy's eyes opened wide with surprise, and then sparkled with delight. He had never thought of that before. Of course, he was too big to be dressed like a girl. He must have some pretty pants just like papa's.

Papa smiled at his eager little face, and said, "Shall we have all these long curls cut off, too?"

Mamma sighed a little, as she said, "Yes, I suppose so. We can't keep him a baby always."

It was arranged that Roy should be taken to the city the next day, to be measured for a suit of clothes. And as mamma was not very strong yet, she asked Aunt Grace to go with papa to see about it.

Roy felt very grand all day. He made his best friend, Willie Hollis, quite envious, by talking of his new pants. Willie wasn't as tall as Roy, and his mother would not promise him a new suit yet. The next morning, Roy, with his papa and aunt, started on the important errand. He waited, quite patiently, while they selected the cloth for his suit. For his part, he didn't care what kind of cloth he had. Any thing made into pants would be splendid.

But Aunt Grace was not so easily suited.

At length, Roy was led into a little room where a lady was ready to measure him. She told him to stand on a block, and Roy stood up so straight that papa said, "Well, I declare! He is quite tall, isn't he?" Roy heard, and tried to be taller still.

When the lady had taken his measure, Roy went home with Aunt Grace, a little disappointed, because his clothes were not ready then, but Aunt Grace said he must give the lady time to sew them nicely, so he thought he would.

They were to be sent home in a week, but a week was so long to little Roy that he had almost forgotten the new clothes, when they came at last.

Roy had just gone to bed, but he heard the door-bell ring, and called out, "Who was it, mamma?"

"Only an express man with your clothes," answered mamma.

"O, bring 'em up! Bring 'em up!" shouted Roy, quite excited.

So his mother came up stairs with the bundle, and opened it on Roy's bed. First, came out the little blouse, but Roy wouldn't look at that, he was so eager to see the pants. And when he saw them he wanted them on at once. But his mother said it was too late, and he must go to sleep now.

So she left the new clothes on a chair, close by, where Roy could see them, and promised he should have them on in the morning.

Roy turned his back to the chair, and went to sleep as fast as he could, he was so anxious to have the morning come. But he slept late, after all, and mamma had to come to wake him. The new clothes fitted nicely, and Roy could hardly stop gazing at himself long enough to eat his breakfast.

After papa had gone to his office, Roy and his mamma walked over to see Aunt Grace, and show the new suit to grandma. The long curls had been cut off, so Roy did not look like a girl any more.

Grandma and Aunt Grace examined and praised the new clothes to his heart's content, and he chattered away like a small magpie.

"Dear little boy," said Aunt Grace, looking very much amused, "you're too busy to know your nose needs wiping. Haven't you a handkerchief in your little pocket?"

"I don't know," said Roy, in sudden surprise. "I haven't been down there, yet."

He "went down," and found such a cunning, pink-bordered handkerchief that he came near forgetting his nose again.

But his most triumphant moment was when he found Willie Hollis waiting to see him on his return home. "You do look quite like a man!" exclaimed Willie, admiringly, as Roy marched around to show off the new clothes.

He presently astonished his mother, by stepping up to Willie, with his small fist doubled up, saying, pompously, "Open that if you can!"

"Look here!" said his mother, "if you are going to feel so big, we had better have those dresses on again."

Roy took the hint, and suddenly became very meek.

The next morning Roy's mother found all his dresses stuffed into her rag bag. MIRIAM.

A POLITE DOG.

Trip is a little terrier, with a black coat and a white collar. Like "Old Dog Tray," he "is ever faithful," and his sympathy for any one who seems to be suffering, is touching.

Sometimes, when grandpa has a hard turn of coughing, he will stand beside him and cry like a child.

He has a very un-canine fondness for kittens. One day, a family of young kittens was found in the cellar. Trip was delighted, and immediately constituted himself their chief guardian. When he felt like having a frolic, he would toss and tumble them, as a cat does a mouse, and the kittens seemed to think it fine sport.

Trip is always delighted to see his friends, and when asked to shake hands will put out his white paw as gracefully as any city belle.

But his real politeness shows itself in another and better way. His favorite place for a nap is grandpa's easy chair. There he will curl himself up on the leather-covered cushion, and take more comfort than a king on a bed of down. But at the first sound of grandpa's step, he is wide awake. Up go the pretty black ears, and in an instant he is on his feet, looking at his master, as much as to say, "Will you have the chair, sir?"

If grandpa says, "No, I thank you," he goes back and settles himself for another nap; but if grandpa seems inclined to sit down, the little dog at once retires.

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Part of a church.
2. Passage into a bay.
3. Laziness.
4. Oblivion.
5. A volatile fluid. FLOC.

2.

ENIGMA.

My 13 letters give the home of many.
My 7, 13, 8, 4, 2 is a race.
My 9, 6, 12, 12 is what geese do.
My 5, 10, 8 is a quadruped.
My 1, 11, 5 is full of promise.
My 3 is a vowel. BERTIE J. D.

3.

RIDDLE.

Supremely I belong to God alone;
Next I refer to kings upon the throne;
A common name for officers of state,
You'll often find me with the rich and great;
And yet, unless there's one in every home,
A scene of discord it would soon become;
Merchants and clerks employ me every hour,
And cruel tutors make you feel my power.

4.

SHAKESPERIAN REBUS.

E. M. C.

5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Pussy's song.
2. An unfortunate lover.
3. An Egyptian god.
4. The colt's mother.

The *initials* are stiff,
The *finals* sweet,
The *whole* a flower. N.

6.

CONCEALED HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS.

Henry set up an example for Kate to work out, when she sat up late evenings. (3.)

James can cast or mould iron in his little shop, on the corner of State St., over there. (2.) RALPH B.

7.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in barn, but not in house.
My *second* is in rat, but not in mouse.
My *third* is in wind, but not in storm.
My *fourth* is in manner, but not in form.
WILLIE.

8.

CHARADE.

Deep in my *first* young Arthur roamed,
O'er mountain, moor and plain,
From one both beautiful and kind,
My precious *whole* to gain.

And when my *whole* he had obtained,
He safely it encased,
And, making it the more secure,
Under my *second* placed. D.

Conundrums.

Of what trade is a little tin dog? A *tinker* (tin cur).

Of what trade is a minister at a wedding? A *joiner* (joiner).

Why did Adam bite the apple? He had no knife to cut it.

Why is a dog with a broken leg like a boy at arithmetic? Because he puts down *three* and carries *one*.

When can a South Sea Islander say he is like the ancient prize-fighters of Rome? When he exclaims, after feasting on a woman, "I am *glad-I-ate-her* (gladiator).

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."
2. Beware of a flattering tongue.
3. Fish.
4. Sees, Elle(n), Elle(n), Sees.
5. Palm, Willow, Linden, Cypress, Hemlock, Aspen, Birch, Oak.
6. School.
7. Can-non.

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For the Companion.

MY FIRST RING.

If any one supposes that little folks have no romances, they are mistaken. I was four years of age when I became interested in an old shoemaker of sixty odd years. He lived in a kind of shanty he had built for himself, subsisting chiefly on cod fish and crackers, as he had no one to cook for him.

I suppose it was the oddity of his kind of life that appealed to my childish imagination, and enlisted my sympathies. At any rate, I became so fond of the hermit that I used to hide away my choice pieces of pie and cake, and steal across the road with them to his hut.

He rewarded me for my sacrifice by giving me bits of fancy morocco, or telling me a story. His stories always begun with the words, "When I was young."

When *he* was young, indeed! As if such a graybeard ever could have been young! I used to sit there, staring at him with my round brown eyes, as he tapped away at the wooden pegs, trying to imagine how he *could* ever have been a child like myself.

Whether it was my continuous staring, or my apparent devotion, or the toothsomeness of my viands, I am sure I cannot say; but one day he gave me two paste rings, for which he told me he had paid a cent apiece! Well, I have worn diamonds since then, and I only wish diamonds could bring the happiness those rings brought me for the next half hour!

Perhaps I flew home, for I never could tell how I got there, nor how I found language to describe and exhibit my treasures. But, alas! I had a wag of a brother, and I have him still, who held up my little romance to ridicule, and so lacerated my four-year-old heart that I threw my jewels into the well!

The good old shoemaker is dead, long ago, and I?—well, I'm *married!* C. W. F.

WHAT THEY HAVE AT CAPE HORN.

An officer in the United States Navy describes in a letter to his parents his experience of the "stormy Cape" at a time when his ship had made an ineffectual attempt to pass through the Straits of Magellan:

The object of going through the straits was to keep clear of the Cape Horn blows, and thus shorten the passage, for vessels have been known to lay to off Cape Horn two months in a gale of wind. But alas for our good intentions! We had only reached an offing of about one hundred miles, when a terrific nor'-wester set in, and drove us as far south as the pitch of the cape. For three days, we saw neither sun, moon nor stars; nothing but a blinding storm of rain, wind and sleet. It is not a very cheerful country to live in. In the short space of ten days, we had five gales of wind, each a little worse than the preceding one, if such were possible. In the last one we had, it was impossible to sleep, the ship rolled and pitched so heavily; and the groaning and creaking of the ship's timbers, with occasional smashing of crockery, made night hideous. We rolled through an arc of eighty-six degrees, forty-three on one side, up to the perpendicular, a momentary pause, then down, down, down, until it seemed as if our vessel would never come up again. It was absurd to attempt to walk the length of the deck at times. The ship would pitch a lee, lurch and bring you up against the capstan, and before you had time to clear your eyes, and wonder if you were overboard, you would land on a coil of rope twenty feet distant from your last resting-place. No, I thank you, no more Cape Horn for me.

"CAMP."

"The wisest dog I ever had," said Sir Walter Scott, "was what is called the bull-dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. 'Camp' once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then, if you said the baker was well-paid, or the baker was not hurt, after all, 'Camp' came forth from his hiding-place, capered and barked, and rejoiced. When he was unable, toward the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor, and, although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, 'Camp' was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor-side."

THE FIRST RAILWAYS.

The first railway, properly so called, was made some two hundred years ago, and consisted of a rude line of wooden or iron rails, laid down to ease the draught upon horses drawing coal-wagons from the collieries in the north of England. Two hundred years ago, Lord Keeper North, an eminent British lawyer, who wrote his own life, stated that coals from the mines near Newcastle-upon-Tyne were conveyed to the banks of the river "by laying rails of timber exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts were made, with four rollers, fitting those rails, whereby the carriage was made so easy that one horse could draw four or five chaldrons of coal." As each chaldron contains twenty-five and a half hundreds, or about one long ton and a quarter, the total burden would be 11,424 pounds, if four chaldrons were conveyed.

THE "DOT" GAME.

A new game, called the "dot" game, has been introduced, and is said to afford considerable amusement. Each player must be provided with pencil and paper. Let one of the party read aloud, distinctly, and not very fast, and, as he or she reads, let the rest each make a dot for every word read. "Easy enough to do that"—is it? Try. Probably at the first trial not one of ten boys or girls will succeed in following a moderate reader accurately, even for a single page. When the page is read, count the words, and then let each player count his dots, and see who has been accurately up to "time."

THE ARMY BLANKET.

The following was found pinned on one of the blankets received from the East, by the Chicago sufferers.

Stranger, perhaps that o'er thy form
This blanket gray may keep thee warm;
By picket fires a friend to me,
And may it prove the same to thee.
It is a relic of the war,
And as I send it Westward—far,
O, may you find, by night or day,
A good warm friend in blanket gray!

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.

Linen can be converted into sugar; sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid; alcohol into ether and water. Sugar can also be converted into oxalic acid, and likewise into pure charcoal and water. Alcohol will readily change into acetic acid or vinegar. Coal tar is transformed into dyes that surpass the Tyrian purple of old. Starch may be transmitted into gum, alcohol, sugar, vinegar, or oxalic acid; and these are but a few of the magical changes which modern chemical science has made "familiar as household words."

A FIGHT.

We are taught to "Let bears and lions growl and fight," but it seems as if somebody ought to interfere when the farm-yard beasts get at it so savagely as this,—and on Sunday too.

A correspondent of the Bangor *Whig* writes that a horse and a cow had a pitched battle, Sunday, in a field. The cow hooked the horse, making a wound four inches in length; the horse kicked the cow in the head, instantly killing her.

FOUND THE SQUEAK.

A young man in the *Journal* job printing office was asked to find the cause of a squeak in a job press the other day, and apply oil to stop it. He put his left hand where it ought not to have been put, when a portion of the machinery split open one of his fingers, and the boy found that the "squeak" was in himself.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 47. VOLUME XLIV.

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For the Companion.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN AFRICA.

In the autumn of 1850, I joined a party of French explorers for a journey from the Senegal, in West Africa, to the river Niger. On the first of November I left the falls of Gouina, exchanging a hearty farewell with the last Europeans we were likely to see for a very long time. From this place, we expected to face an unknown and desolate wilderness.

Our journey was perilous from the beginning. There was no road through the region we had penetrated, and we were oftentimes obliged to clear our way through the almost impenetrable thickets with our cutlasses.

On the night of the second day we encamped on the slope of the river bank, lying down to rest in a mighty solitude, dimly lighted by the rising moon. We ordered the native attendants to kindle large fires, as a protection against the wild beasts, for we had already heard the roar of the lion, and the night-piercing cry of the hyena.

As the night advanced, we began to hear the sullen growlings of the hippopotami, which monsters were doubtless disturbed for the first time in many years in the waters where they had reigned supreme. They had evidently followed us in our day's journey along the river, and, when they approached land, and found themselves face to face with our fires, they snorted lustily as they blew out the water, and gave vent to their displeasure in prolonged and successive growls.

There is something in the solitude of a great wilderness at night that reaches the finer and stronger emotions of the soul. The loneliness, with all its anxieties, is not unpleasing, for it awakens a thousand aspirations, longings and day dreams, and colors life with a certain aspect of romance that one does not find in the traffic and business of the world.

I can never forget my feelings on that moonlight night, amid the denizens of the forest, on the untrodden slopes of the Senegal!

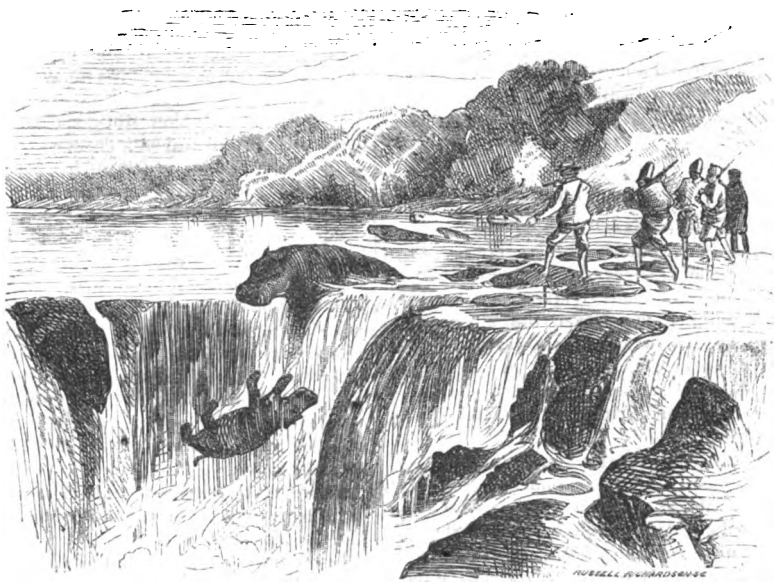
On the next day, we renewed our journey by water. The mountains on the left shore dipped down to the river, and the luxuriant trees near the margin seemed alive with apes. There was one hill, very airy and fanciful, rising in series of terraces, alternately red and black, to which whole colonies of apes flocked to see us as we passed.

Every terrace was covered with them, and they seemed to regard us with much the same curiosity that we would regard them were they brought into our country for a show. The trees around the terrace bent under their weight.

As we drew near, they greeted us with inconceivable gambols, gibberings and barkings, and chattered to each other in a high key tone of wonder, as much as to say that a new species of animal had appeared in monkey land, and that a very odd creature he seemed to be. I do not think that I exaggerate when I say that there were six thousand apes in this place. Our canoes were followed by herds of hippopotami, and at nightfall were literally surrounded by them. The men kept them at bay, striking at them with their oars, and even shooting some of the largest and most adventurous. But these amphibious monsters are far more alarming than dangerous. I had often been pursued by them, but they never attacked me.

On the fourteenth of the month, after a very wet night, we awoke, covered with dew. The roads were in a horrible condition, but we resolved to push our animals forward, and to follow the canoes with the natives which we had sent down the river.

At an early morning hour, we came to a mountain where were congregated an almost innumerable tribe of apes. Suddenly, they seemed thrown into a state of great alarm, and to start off to a terrace rising out of a muddy pool. The flight was an almost instantaneous one, and seemed like a transformation scene.



INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN AFRICA.

But they did not seem to be alarmed at our approach. What, then, could be the occasion of their sudden terror, and their flight to a place of safety?

We had to pass a pool not quite dry, when we, too, saw the situation. In the mud were the tracks of a lion. We supposed that he was waiting for us in some thicket not far ahead.

Here happened a touching incident, that shows how deep are feelings of sympathy, even among animals.

My travelling companion, the lieutenant, had grown irritable and nervous by the obstacles that we had encountered, and now, the prospect of a combat with a lion had quickened his temper to a very intemperate pitch As we passed near the terrace in the pool, the thousands of apes set up a furious barking, that seemed like a great hubbub of derision and mockery. The lieutenant's nerves quite broke down under this, and he levelled his musket, and fired into the most conspicuous group. One of the apes fell, and the rest were panic-stricken. They instantly seemed resolved on flight, but, before starting, they first secured the body of the fallen ape, and then started off, with as much speed as the care of the burden would admit.

There was something in this which commanded our respect for the poor brutes.

We now made our journey with extreme caution, but we did not meet the lion.

At nightfall, on the same day, when we joined the river party, we were surprised by a very curious spectacle. The canoes had been dragged into the upper basin, which was low and muddy. A herd of hippopotami which had been following us became half immersed in the water, which was not deep enough for them.

The old ones moved until they got into deep water, but a young one struggled in vain to follow its mother, and came within range of the lieutenant's gun.

My adventurous friend shot at it, wounding it in the head. Although its blood flowed, coloring the shallow water, it made desperate efforts to reach its mother, seeming to think that she could give it relief. It soon, however, became exhausted, but not until it had reached a current of the river, when it was borne rapidly toward a craggy waterfall.

How deep, how strong, how self-sacrificing is the maternal instinct, even among the lower orders of brutes! I shall never forget what followed. The mother, rising with an immense effort, got half her body out of the water, and hastened after it with the greatest possible speed. She followed to the very verge of the waterfall, when both mother and her offspring were borne over the rocks by the force of the current, and dashed in pieces.

The African hippopotamus, or river-horse, is a wonderful animal. Its body is huge, and of immense strength, and is covered by an almost impenetrable skin. Its eyes are capable of great variety of motion, and may be protruded or retracted to adapt its vision to an air or water medium. Its nose is also formed for protrusion, so that the animal may breathe when its body is under water.

It spends most of its time, during the feverish, sun-scorching days, in the water, lolling about in a sleepy, listless way, or frolicking like a porpoise, or wallowing in the mud like a hog. It feeds on the soft, succulent grasses that margin the rivers, coming out of the waters at the cool of the day and at night.

Its voracity is great, and its destruction of crops in the inhabited regions has, as is well known, been deplored from the earliest antiquity. Job gives a powerful description of the animal, under the name of the behemoth, a description as marked and true to-day as it was thousands of years ago.

Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee.
He eateth grass as an ox.
His bones are as strong as pieces of brass;
His bones are like bars of iron.
He is the chief of the ways of God.
He that made him can make the sword approach unto him.
Surely the mountains bring him forth food,
Where all the beasts of the field play.
He liveth under the shady trees,
In the covert of the reed and fens.
The shady trees cover him with their shadow.
The willows of the brook encompass him about.
Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not.
He trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth.
He taketh it with his eyes,
His nose pierceth through snares.

As we before remarked, they are more alarming than dangerous. Like most animals, they are peaceful and inoffensive when undisturbed. Though among the most uncouth of living creatures, they seem to possess as much intelligence and affection as some of the most beautiful and graceful animals of the forest. A baby hippopotamus, borne through the sun-covered waters to some shady retreat, on the back of its mother, is a common sight on the banks of the Senegal.

WHAT LAVA IS MADE OF.

Lava ornaments, vases, &c., are considered very pretty, and high prices are paid for them; but it seems they are only glass, after all. But then, "diamonds are only charcoal," you may say, and be just as near the truth. The merest chemical peculiarity sometimes makes a small distinction into a great difference:

"The lava thown out by Mount Vesuvius during the recent eruption has been subjected to analysis by an Italian chemist, and found to contain the following ingredients: Silica, 39 parts; lime, 18; alumina, 14; magnesia, 8; protoxide of iron, 18; potash, 1; soda, 10; water, 2. The specimen, therefore, closely resembles the common glass seen in wine bottles. Lava, though varying considerably in color and solidity or friability, and occasionally containing little groups of crystalline minerals, would seem to be a sort of rough natural glass or earthenware, mainly produced from sand, chalk, clay, and similar common earthy substances."

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

CHAPTER XII.

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

When a gift of wearing apparel has been bestowed, one likes to see how the recipient looks in it.

Perhaps Mr. Moss was wishing to gratify us in this respect when he came into school, one day, wearing his new dressing-gown.

For a time we could not make out what had happened to it. It did not seem to be the same garment. But at length we discovered that it was wrong side out!

Mr. Moss was going to tea with us that night. The end of the term was close at hand. The professor had wished us all to meet with him once more before the final breaking up.

One would not suppose that a dressing-gown would have been the garment selected for this appearance: but the good man had so much in his brain, he could not afford time to think of his toilet, if he was only comfortable.

We were all in the parlor, the windows of which overlooked the road leading to the boarding house, when we saw an old, muddy wagon coming up the little descent, with a red horse drawing it.

It would have been a noticeable animal anywhere, with its stumpy tail, and stupid face, and overworked body; but on our Academy grounds it seemed peculiarly out of its element.

The man in the wagon was also an oddity. Although it was uncomfortably warm, he wore a beaver cap, and an overcoat. His face bore ample testimony to his being a farmer, and a hard worker as well.

Nellie and Scranton, Mr. Moss and Miss Mondram, and myself, were standing by the window as he drove up.

There was something grotesque in the whole picture, that would have amused almost any thoughtless young person, and we all had our laugh at the new comer, except Mr. Moss, who could not seem to understand what we saw to laugh at.

"How vulgarity is stamped upon the faces of country people!" exclaimed Scranton, who was rather fond of flaunting the fact that he belonged to the city.

Mr. Moss did not like the sarcasm. He shrugged his shoulders, but took no notice otherwise of the remark, until Scranton said,—

"Such a man may be honest, but if he had judgment, or even common sense, he would avoid being uncouth, because he could just as well conform to the customs around him as not to do so."

"Perhaps he is a farmer," Mr. Moss said. "Laboring men may be excused for such trifling oversights."

"I do not think dress is trifling," Scranton said.

"You will think differently when you are of my age, young man, perhaps."

"And wear my dressing-gown wrong side out," Scranton whispered, maliciously, to us, aside.

Soon after, the parlor door was thrown open, and the strange looking visitor was announced.

"*Mr. Scranton,*" said the waiter, in a loud voice.

Mr. Scranton, the elder, stood upon the threshold, hat in hand, reeking with perspiration, which he was trying to mop from his red face, with a silk handkerchief.

L M Hosford Oct70

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At the name *Scranton*, we all involuntarily turned to the young gentleman by that name, expecting to see some look of recognition pass between the two. There was just enough resemblance between them to insinuate relationship.

Coming, as the man did, unexpectedly, among so many strangers, he could not, at first, distinguish one face from another, so he stood there, awkwardly enough, holding his cap, first in one hand, and then in the other.

Young Scranton knew very well this man was his uncle, as it afterward appeared; but he was ashamed to recognize so unattractive a relative, before those of us who, but a moment before, had ridiculed him.

"Perhaps he is looking for you? Do you know him?" asked Miss Mondram, addressing Scranton.

"Not I."

The professor moved toward the stranger, but before he reached him the man asked, in a clear, loud voice,—

"Is my namesake, Nat Scranton, present?"

The professor beckoned the young man to approach, and Scranton crept forward in a shamefaced way.

"How are you, nephew?" the man said, extending his great, rough hand, cordially, but with a shade of disappointment on his genial face. "I was in town, and dropped in to deliver a message from your father."

Even then, the young man could not rally enough manhood to bid the stranger welcome. He heard the girls tittering behind him, and saw the boys exulting over his discomfiture; so he stood in silence, waiting for the message.

The stranger took a huge leather wallet from the breast pocket of his coat, and unstrapped it in a leisurely way—took from it a roll of bills which he handed over to Scranton, eyeing him in a grave, sharp way, as he did so.

"Your father wrote me he was dead broke, and would like me to settle your dues here, if it was convenient. It *is* convenient, and it always *will be* convenient for me to oblige my *friends*."

"Thank you, sir," Scranton said, humbly.

His uncle restrapped the pocket-book, taking care to put the strap through every one of the three bands; then stowed it away where it came from, and began to button up his coat.

Still no word from Scranton.

"Coming to spend vacation with us?" asked the uncle, with less and less warmth in his voice. "Your father desires you to come."

"Thank you," Scranton said again. "I will think of it."

"Been well since we saw you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good evening."

By this time the man's voice was stone cold, as well it might be. His hand was on the door to pass out, when Mr. Moss detained him.

"Please remain, sir. I think you and I ought to know each other."

The uncle turned, looking earnestly at Mr. Moss, but shook his head.

"No, sir. I do not recognize you!"

"I am Peter Moss. Do you remember him?"

Both hands flew out then.

"God bless you, old friend. God bless you!"

"Well, He has blessed me, and He blesses me now with the sight of the dearest room-mate I ever had. I always thought this youngster's name had a familiar ring to it, and now I see how it was. Professor, this is my college chum, of four years' standing, and excuse me for saying he was the best young man I have ever known!"

Mr. Moss' hand came down on the old winter coat, as he said that, and the eyes of the uncle grew moist.

The professor was very glad to see Mr. Scranton, and well he might be, for he had known him by reputation, for many years, to be a man of whose acquaintance any one might be proud.

And so it came to pass that the uncle's great coat and cap were left in the hall, and he remained to tea, sitting between Mr. Moss and the professor, quite as much at ease as the rest of us—fully competent to discuss logic with the professor, and mineralogy with Mr. Moss, and say a gallant word or two to the teachers in front of him.

But of his namesake, Nat Scranton, he was oblivious; and he went away to spend the night with Mr. Moss, and talk over old times, without a parting salutation to his nephew.

It is true, Scranton did not venture to solicit his uncle's notice, but it was evident enough that gentleman did not intend to notice him.

It came out, afterward, that young Scranton had spent his former vacation at his uncle's house, and found his cousins to be very agreeable persons. He always insisted that he did not recognize his uncle, when he looked at him from the window; but that did not excuse his conduct in the parlor, and he was himself sufficiently ashamed and punished, when he had time to think of his foolish and false pride.

Had his uncle worn a summer coat, or a modern hat, perhaps it would have been otherwise; but he is not the first, nor will he be the last young man to forget his relations when it is convenient to do so.

When we had gone to our rooms, and were talking over the incidents of the evening, I said,

"Would you have thought Scranton *could* do any thing so mean as to treat his own uncle in that way?"

"No," said Nellie, with a blush; "and I am afraid I never can like him again. It is the silliest kind of pride to be ashamed of a friend's dress. The finest diamonds are often found in the roughest settings."

The next day, I heard Miss Mondram ask Mr. Moss if Scranton would win the golden star.

"Most decidedly not," answered he. "A young man who thinks his respectability rests upon the external appearance of others, and can treat a respectable relative as he treated his uncle yesterday, is not the student for *my* honors."

To be continued.

For the Companion.

CAP'N NAT BARKER.

"Cap'n's a fool; that's all *I've* got to say;" and having made this energetic, though not very polite remark, 'Mandy Waters gave her loose sleeves another twist over the elbows, and plunged her arms again into the warm soap-suds.

But the poor woman was ill at ease. First, she rubbed and spattered, and then she leaned on her wash-board, or the end of it, and was lost in thought.

Presently, Mrs. Minx's sun-bonnet was seen approaching. There was something under it, —a small apparition of a woman—who bore a good-sized golden squash in her arms. She went straight up to the door of 'Mandy's kitchen.

"'S that you, Miss Minx?" queried 'Mandy, going on with her washing. "Take a seat. Aint it hot out? What in the world you doin' with that great punkin?"

"'T aint a punkin, 'Mandy, it's one of my best marrers. I knew the cap'n was fond of marrerfats, so I jest brought one over."

"Very kind of you," responded 'Mandy, with a queer smile. "You've got a knack for growing vegetables, haven't you? I'll be sure 'n tell the cap'n Widder Minx sent it. I think he likes widders."

"Nonsense, 'Mandy!" said the occupant of the sun-bonnet, flushing a little. "Cap'n Nat Barker likes everybody. How harnsome you look, 'Mandy! Why, your cheeks is jest like roses. Catch you working or mad, and then you do look pretty as a pictur'. Seems the cap'n didn't choose a widder for his housekeeper."

At this home-thrust, it was 'Mandy's turn to blush, though it was with anger and not with pleasure. She gave a short, sharp retort, that effectually silenced Mrs. Minx for the next few moments, but it was not in that lady's nature to keep silent.

"When's the cap'n coming home?" she ventured to ask, timidly.

"To-morrow night, I s'pose, and his family with him."

"His family!" echoed the widow, sitting bolt upright.

"That's what I said," responded 'Mandy, wringing the neck of a shirt, as though there was something venomous within it.

"Why, I never heard of such a thing!" said Mrs. Minx.

"Nor I neither. The man must be stark, staring mad, to think of bringing a widow and her five children here!"

"Good gracious!" responded Mrs. Minx, looking at the marrowfat as if she longed to appropriate it again.

"I must say, of all the wrong-headed men," ejaculated 'Mandy, shaking out the shirt, as if she wished its owner were inside, "he's the wrongest. He's jest as full of notions as an egg's full of meat. I wonder if he thinks I'll stay here, to be ordered about, and do extra work for all that house full? Not as *you* know of, Cap'n Nat!"

"How do you know but what he's married the widder?" asked Mrs. Minx, her pale blue eyes wider open than before.

"Shouldn't wonder; be jest like him; always doing some foolish thing or 'nother. Well, I'll do my duty while I stay, and I'll cook enough for a week, and then go home. It's too bad, too, for the place just suits me. It's like my own house, and the cap'n away for months at a time. Does he think I'd take care of 'em all?" she continued, waxing wroth.

"I wouldn't do it if I was you," said Mrs. Minx, reflectively.

"Wouldn't you? Well, I don't know. If I was you, *I'd* carry that squash back."

"I guess I will," said Mrs. Minx, anxious to escape from 'Mandy's vindictive tongue; and, taking up the shining vegetable, she held it lovingly in her arms, and away went the enormous sun-bonnet, with the little woman trotting under it.

"Well, she's gone!" sighed 'Mandy, going out in the back-yard, with a great heap of washed clothes, "and now I feel I've been a greater fool 'n the cap'n. I might have waited till I'd known more, any how," she muttered, with a clothes-pin between her teeth. "Perhaps it's the cap'n's sister. He spoke of a sister, once, and if the poor thing *has* met with ill luck, why, he'd be worse nor a heathen not to do for her. Now, that pesky woman 'll run all over town, telling, the land knows what, and the land knows where! She's the greatest gossip that ever was,—when I aint round," she concluded, with a grim smile, giving the clothes a smart pull here and there. "I never *do* know when to hold my tongue, that's a fact!"

Meantime, the Widow Minx had gone home perfectly overburdened with the news. The sand of old Cape Cod never felt so hot beneath her feet as now. She fairly groaned with the weight of her new acquisition.

Not far off, the blue sea smiled, as if it had never lashed its waves furiously against the old stone light-house, and swallowed vessels whole, with their luckless freight of human life. The sun shone red on her own little white house, which Cap'n Joe Minx had left her; but cosy and comfortable as its sanded rooms and vine-covered windows looked, she felt that she could not stay there. So, putting on a better bonnet, and her Sunday shawl, off she trotted to the nearest neighbor.

Before night, everybody in Beachtown knew, or rather presumed, though it became a settled fact the next day, that Cap'n Nat Barker was soon coming back, and would bring with him a wife and five children.

It was the town's talk, now. Poor 'Mandy was fairly persecuted by her neighbors, and got so angry that if anybody mentioned the captain's name she flew into a passion.

But her preparations went on, nevertheless. She had made a bushel of doughnuts, another of crullers, four good family loaves of the best bread, one good ditto of brown. A huge piece of corned beef had been cooked, a whole ham, and sundry other things also were got in readiness for the captain and his famishing family.

At last, somewhere about nine o'clock, on a bright, moonlight night, 'Mandy had her table set, and an appetizing sight it was. There seemed almost food enough for a regiment, for 'Mandy had joined the two kitchen tables, and they nearly filled the room. How she had worked! The parlor was as white as snow, and the zigzags and odd figures in the sand, evolved by her skilful broom, were perfectly marvellous.

"He shall find every thing as clean as a pin, and as sweet as a nut," she said, with firm lips, —and 'Mandy had very pretty lips—"and then I shall go. I'm awful sorry, though, for I thought I'd got settled; but we never know any thing for sure in this hard world."

Meantime, Cap'n Nat Barker, coming ashore alone from his vessel, was somewhat taken aback by such questions as "How's your family?" and "How is your wife?"

He laughed as he wondered, in his slow fashion, why they joked him so, and answered in a humorous way.

At last, he reached his own quiet cottage. 'Mandy met him at the door.

"Well, 'Mandy, how d'ye do?" he asked, as if he had said "good-by" yesterday. Then he went into the house. He paused for a moment, a little staggered at sight of the table, and looked about, as if to assure himself that this was really his little, snug, comfortable home.

"I got your letter, sir, and prepared accordingly," said 'Mandy, surprised at his coming alone.

"My letter?"

"Yes, sir; about bringing the widder and five children," said 'Mandy, quietly.

"O!" The captain paused a moment, looked queer, and then added, "O, yes; I shall bring them up to-morrow."

Then he looked at the table, then at 'Mandy, and then he caught up his hat, and shot out of the house "like a pea out of a pop-gun," said 'Mandy, only remarking that they had preferred to stay aboard that night.

After he reached the road, he went to a paling under the shadow of a tree, and there, holding tightly to the boards, he laughed. O, how he did laugh! Such broad, guttural ho hos, such contortions, such twistings! The secret was all out, now; and after the captain had laughed till he cried, and till every bone in his body ached, he trotted down to the ship again. Soon he returned, bearing with him a great wooden cage, which, when he re-entered the cottage, he placed on the table in the parlor, saying, as he did so,—

"'Mandy, there's my family—a widow canary, with five little ones. Bless my soul! I meant to explain it, but somebody came in, and I sealed the letter, forgetting all about it;" and then he laughed louder than ever.

So did 'Mandy, when she comprehended it all. She could not very well take back all the hard names she had called the captain, and her days of ill-temper, and her extra work, but when she looked at the supper-table, she laughed again, and you might have heard them almost anywhere in town.

Well, the captain soon explained matters to his friends. Poor little Widow Minx came flying to 'Mandy to implore that she wouldn't tell the cap'n about that squash, and everybody had a good time over it. As for 'Mandy, she stayed many years at the captain's little red house, but it became a by-word in the town, of which she enjoyed the benefit, or the annoyance, "How's the cap'n's fam'ly?"

For the Companion.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

One very stormy night in the autumn, a minister's family in New York had retired to rest, and so, indeed, had nearly everybody else, for the street was deserted and quiet, save when a fresh gust of wind sent the rain, with a threatening blast, against the window-panes.

The great clock in the tower of an adjacent church had just rung out the hour of midnight, in an angry, iron tone, when the door-bell gave warning of an impatient caller. Again and again it resounded through the silent hall, till one of the ladies sleeping in the front of the house threw up a window, thinking that some belated neighbor had mistaken the door.

There stood the figure of a woman, glistening like a glass image in the rain. She looked up and said, in a sleepy tone, "Good-evening, dear; come down and let me in."

"You are at the wrong house, madam; this is 42," replied the white-robed nymph at the window.

"That is the one I want. This is the Rev. Mr. Clark's house, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, come down and let me in, dear It's so long since I've been here that you won't remember me, may be! How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Then you don't remember me; but I belonged to your father's church more 'n twenty years ago, and haint seen him since! Call him up, and ask him if he remembers Mrs. Sarah Catherine Carter. Hurry up, now, for I'm as wet as a duck, and want to get in."

The gentleman who had the pastoral charge of Mrs. Sarah Catherine Carter, a quarter of a century before, remembered her well as the good and inoffensive wife of a prosperous mechanic, who, wearying of the city, moved to a little farm he owned.

"Yes, yes, let her in, dears," he said. "She is a good soul, although not very strong in mind. I remember her well; she always had a dollar ready for any one in need, and a sacred little fund laid up for missions. She's come to the city in a night train, perhaps, and is afraid to go to a public house alone, and knew where there was an open door."

It was not long before a fair, rosy-cheeked old lady was seated at a cup of tea in the dining-room, and the father and his two young daughters became listeners to an unbroken flow of talk, suggestive of a mill-clapper.

"But why did your husband let you come to the city alone at this hour, sister?" asked the minister.

"Dear soul!" she exclaimed, "my daughter thinks I'm up stairs, safe abed. I haint any husband. Don't you read the newspapers? His death was put in the New York *Sun*—twenty-five or fifty cents admittance, I forget which."

"O, the poor man's dead, is he?"

"Yes, as dead as can be," replied the widow. "Jest fill up my cup, dear, and make it as strong as lye, to see if it won't make me sleep. I never sleep now; haint been sound asleep since the fright; and I tell 'em they needn't wonder if I be a little flighty in the head. The wonder is I've got any head left after such a fright. 'T would have crazed weak-minded folks."

"What frightened you?"

"Why, don't you read the newspapers? It was put in the New York *Sun*—fifty cents admittance—and was headed 'SUDDEN DEATH IN MARLBORO',' two years ago the fourteenth of last month. I've got the piece cut out of the *Sun*, and pasted into the fore leaf of my family Bible, besides having it writ in the record by the Mar-

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boro' minister. Got any cheese in the house? Well, no matter; pour another cup of tea, strong as lye, to make me sleep. I haint slep' right sound since the fright."

"What was the fright? the sudden death of your husband?" asked one of the ladies.

"Yes. Wasn't that enough? I should think you'd been living in the woods, not to read either the *Sun* or the *Herald;* for now I remember it was in both of 'em—fifty cents admittance—a dollar for the two," she replied, with a look of pity at the city barbarians.

"And is your own health good, Mrs. Carter?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, yes, except that my head's light all the time. Another cup of tea, dear,—strong;—my head feels as if it was going up, up, all the time, till it gets to the top of the steeple, and then I jump, and think I'm falling!"

"What made you set off alone for the city, when you're not strong, Mrs. Carter?" asked her friend.

"Well, 'twas a notion I took. My grandson's in Stewart's store,—linen department, No. 4—and I thought I'd go there and see him, and stop at his boarding place; but I forgot the store would be shut; and when I got here, I'd forgot what street he boards in; and everybody's dead but you and him, so I came here. I've got dry clothes in my carpet-bag, but my daughter will blame me for not wearing my best bombazine, with crape on it, and my widow's veil; but I see this storm in the sky afore I started.

She was pleasant and happy, but evidently "very flighty," as she said; and her friend asked her if her family wouldn't be alarmed about her.

"Why, yes," she replied, with a smile. "They are as tender of me as if I was a baby, and I guess we'll have it put in the *Sun*, 'MISSING! The old lady that was missing from Marlboro' is safe at the house of Rev. Mr. Clark, where she will remain about a month on a visit.'"

The family group started at this announcement; and the father suggested that he had better write by the early mail, to relieve their minds.

"So you might; and I guess I've had tea enough, so if one of the girls will get pen and ink, I'll tell her what to write. I understand how to manage them better than you do," she replied.

There being little prospect of sleep, with a guest who had announced that she liked to walk about all night from room to room, the minister settled himself back in an arm-chair, and the work of letter-writing began.

"Now you write just what I tell you," she said. "It is so long since I went to school that I can't write fashionable; and a body might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. Now begin!"

"DEAR CHAL'T JANE,—I'm in New York, wet's a duck. Am visiting at my old minister's. They're wonderful glad to see me. The whole family got out of bed at midnight to see me. They know how to make tea here. It's ten times stronger than yours. I've got awful twitches in my hands and feet to-night; my head begins to go up, up, upper, just as it does at home of nights, only ten times worse! I feel as if I wanted to dance, but I know that's wicked, so I sha'n't do it, 'specially in a minister's house."

By this time, as she had each sentence read to her after it was written, the father and his children were both laughing heartily, and she laughed, too, and said to her amanuensis, reprovingly,—

"What a ridiculous letter-writer you be! Well, now, go on again:"

"They say I must stay a month. Ministers is 'most always poor, though these folks have got a real nice house. But I never robbed ministers,—wouldn't, no quicker than a hen's roost. I want you to go out to our hen's roost, catch a hen, wring her neck, cut her head off. Tie a string round her neck to keep it from bleeding. Put her in the big willow basket. Go down cellar. Get a Hubbard squash. Put that in the basket. Go up garret. Open a linen bag that hangs in the north corner. Take out a quart of dried Lima beans. Put them in the basket. Go to the parlor closet. Take a dollar out of the china sugar-bowl. Put it in the basket, and send the whole in here for a present, by Lawyer Brown. That'll save express. Don't you come here. They don't remember you, and I guess they don't want any more company. You needn't come in after me. These folks won't let me go home if you do. They are awful pleased to see me. No more at present. From your loving MOTHER."

The letter was read and re-read to her till she made sure that all was right; and she was shrewd enough to put it in her pocket, to mail it herself. But, as may be suspected, another letter went with it, requesting her son-in-law to come for her as soon as possible.

She roved about all night, and, after a good breakfast, announced that she was going out to hunt up such of her old friends as were not dead.

About sundown, her son-in-law arrived at the minister's house, but she was nowhere to be found; and, after many vain efforts, he accepted the hospitality of the family for the night. But, true as the magnet to the pole, Mrs. Sarah Catherine Carter was attracted to the door-bell about midnight, having "made rather too long a call at the last place."

She did not seem much pleased by meeting her son-in-law, but she allowed him to coax her off to bed, and to turn the key on her, "lest any one might get into the house in the night, and rob her."

She went off with him very peaceably the next day, saying, "It does seem as if my daughter could get along a month without me, now that she is forty years old. I'm ashamed of her, for being such a baby!"

It was as she had said; the fright caused by the sudden death of a kind husband had unsettled a mind never strong; but her infirmity was of that gentle and harmless kind, that made no trouble for herself or others, and that never hindered her from doing a kindness to any who needed it, in word or in deed. The world would be better if every body possessed the same virtue. J. D. C.

For the Companion.

MORTON'S COMPOSITION.

"O mother," cried Morton, bursting into the kitchen with eyes sparkling and cheeks aglow, "O mother, Cousin George says I may go fishing with him if you're willing; and you are, I know—say yes, do."

"Stop a minute. I want to hear something more about it before I say yes. When and where is he going?"

"To-morrow afternoon, to Beaver Pond, and it's Saturday, and the boat is flat-bottomed, and couldn't tip over if it tried; so you see there is no objection at all."

"Who is going besides your Cousin George?"

"O Dick Martin, and Ira Jones, and lots of other fellows—all big fellows, too. Ira Jones was over there the other day, and he says there are oceans of pond lilies. I may go, mayn't I?"

"I suppose your lessons are all ready for Monday morning?"

"Yes, every one."

"And how about the composition?"

Morton's countenance fell. He was not a dull boy, and stood well in most of his classes, but if there was one thing he disliked more than another, it was composition, and every week he had to be either coaxed or driven into writing it. I hope no little boy, who may chance to read this sketch, is at all like him in that respect.

"Can't I be excused from writing composition this week?"

"What do you think your teacher would say to that?"

"He wouldn't care if you wrote me an excuse," said Morton.

"Please excuse my boy from writing composition, because he wanted to go fishing. How do you think that would sound?" said his mother; "and that is the only excuse I can write."

"O dear, there is always *something* to be done when I want to have any fun," said Morton, impatiently.

"And always will be if you persist in putting things off to the last minute. You have had all the week to think about your composition, and now it is Friday, and not a word written."

"Well, if you'll give me a subject, I'll sit right down here and write it now."

"I don't think this is a good place to write," said his mother, who was constantly passing from the buttery to the cooking-stove, and from the cooking-stove to the cellar door.

"Yes; I want to be where you are, so you can help me if I get stuck. I guess I'll write about a cow," said Morton, getting his slate and pencil, and sitting down in the corner.

"The cow is a useful animal; she gives milk, of which we make butter and cheese." Having written so much, he read it aloud to his mother. "What shall I say next?" he asked.

"Think over every thing you know about a cow before you ask my help," said his mother.

Morton sat still a little while, and then said, "I guess I'll write about a horse instead of a cow."

"Very well."

"The horse is a noble animal, and we couldn't ride in carriages without him," wrote Morton, and then starting up, exclaimed, "O mother, there's a mouse! He ran behind the wood-box. What a pity the cat wasn't here! I've a good mind to write a story about a mouse; how do you think that would do?"

"I think it would do very nicely."

"But I can't make him do any thing but stick his head in a trap," said Morton, after working over his slate a few minutes; "and there's a story like that in our reader. Now you give me a real good subject."

"What if you should write about telling the truth?" said his mother.

"So I will. I can think of lots to say about that;" and Morton began: "It is very important to tell the truth, because it is wicked to tell a lie. Jimmy Bangs tells lies; he steals, too; he stole chestnuts out of my desk, once."

Having read this to his mother, she told him he must leave out that about Jimmy Bangs, and that she thought he had better go and shut himself in his room, and not try to write any more in the kitchen.

"I really believe I could do better there," said Morton; "but first I'll run out to the shop and tell Cousin George I may go fishing."

Cousin George and Ira Jones were busy mending their fishing-rods and preparing their flies.

"Mother says I may go fishing, if I'll write an old composition first," announced Morton.

"Wouldn't a new one answer as well?" asked Cousin George, a youth some eighteen or nineteen years of age.

"You know what I mean," said Morton.

"Not I. How should I?" returned his cousin.

"I mean that compositions are hateful. I never can think of any thing to say."

"Perhaps you don't give your mind to it," observed Cousin George, taking a box from the shelf.

"What is that box for?" asked Morton.

"To hold my fishing-tackle."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I'm going to mend it," said George, taking a large knife from a leather strap nailed against the wall.

"That's a very queer knife," remarked Morton.

"Very."

"What is it made of?"

"Well, I should think the blade was made of steel, and the handle of horn."

"Horn? What kind of horn?"

"Buck-horn, perhaps."

"It strikes me that would be a famous good subject for your composition," observed Ira Jones, who was beginning to weary of so many questions.

"What, buck-horn?"

"Yes, or just horn alone; that would give you a wider scope, as there are a great many different kinds of horns in the world. If you'll write a first-rate one between now and to-morrow morning, I'll give you half-a-dozen fish-hooks."

"And I'll furnish the line," said George.

"Agreed," cried Morton, not suspecting the young men of a *ruse* to rid themselves of his company. Retiring to his chamber, he set himself diligently to work, and this is the result:

About Horns.

The horn has always been celebrated in history. It was this that caused the walls of Jericho to fall down. Henry VIII. was tossed on the horns of the Pope's Bull, as Victor Emanuel and many other distinguished persons have been since; so I suppose it must be a very dangerous beast.

We hear a great deal about Irish Bulls, but how they differ from the bulls of other countries, I don't know.

I am afraid of bulls, especially if I have any thing red on. The other day sister and I were going through Clap's pasture, and his bull ran after us, and would have torn us to pieces, only it proved to be a cow. Sister had on a red scarf. I don't think bulls ought to be allowed to run at large.

Ole Bull was a fiddler; so is Cousin George. Most animals have two horns, but the fish-man has only one. The horse hasn't any.

I forgot the Unicorn—he has but one. There is a picture in one of my books of the Lion and the Unicorn fighting for a crown, but I don't see what either of them wants of a crown.

Gen. Putnam had a horn. His was a powder-horn. I saw something in the newspaper about it the other day. He was the man that killed the wolf, which was far better than if the wolf had killed him.

The Dilemma has two horns. I don't know what kind of beast the Dilemma is, but I know people are always taking it by one of its horns. The moon has horns when it waxes and wanes, but not when it is full.

Cape Horn is south of South America, and it makes people very sea-sick to go round it.

The other day I saw old Millikin reeling up the street, and Cousin George said he'd been "taking a horn." I asked what he meant by that, and he said that the ancients used horns for drinking-cups.

The Horn of Plenty contains fruit and flowers. In the time of King David people used to exalt their horns.

I hope we shall catch some horn-pout, to-morrow. But of all the horns in the world, I like best the great tin horn that Betty blows to let us know that dinner is ready; for dinner is good when you are hungry, and I am hungry about all the time.

So, now, as I think my composition quite long enough, I will draw in my horn.

When Morton read what he had written to Cousin George and Ira, they said they thought he had earned the hooks and line, which they presented him, and Saturday afternoon they all went fishing, and, as Morton said, "had a glorious time."

For the Companion.

THE FATE OF AN ENTRAPPED BEAR.

Wild beasts, in their wanderings through the forests, often meet and fight in the most savage manner. Here is a story, told the writer, last summer, by an old gentleman in Somerset county, Maine:

"One of the toughest fights I ever saw," said he, "came off over behind that mountain yonder. It was years ago. Perhaps I saw with a boy's eyes at that time; I was but fourteen years old, then. But you shall have the story:

"There wa'n't a railroad in the State, in those days. Whenever any of the farmers wanted to go down to Farmington, or Norridgewock, or to Portland, they had to go with their teams; and when making a trip to the latter place, were often gone a week or ten days.

"Quite late in the fall, my father and Mr. Wilber, our nearest neighbor, had gone to Portland in company. Always during their absence, we boys used the time in fishing, gunning, and other sports such as boys delight in. They had been gone two days, when early the third morning after their departure, Jed Wilber came running to our house, all excitement.

"'The bears have been killing our sheep!' he exclaimed. 'They came into the little pasture, last night, killed the old four-year-old, and a lamb, dragged them out into the bushes, and there we found their pelts taken off, and rolled up, as nice as a butcher could do it.'

"'O, you ought to have shut them up, Jed,' said grandmother.

"'I know it,' said Jed. 'Father told us to, every night. But we were playing last night, and forgot it.'

"'The bear 'll be back, to-night,' said I.

"'Of course he will,' said Jed, 'and that's what I am over here for—I want to get your bear-trap. I know just how to set it,' he went on, seeing grandmother hesitate. 'I saw 'em set it last winter a dozen times.'

"'Well, you can have the trap,' said grandmother. 'But mind it don't spring, and catch your hands or feet.'

"Jed and I brought the trap from the wood-house chamber. It was tremendously heavy—weighing sixty or seventy pounds. But between us, we carried it up to the Wilbers, and with Sol's help (Sol was Jed's next younger brother,) we took it to the pasture. Then, by using a crowbar, we managed, after a deal of prying and holding, to press down the stiff springs, and so set it. This done, we chained it to a four foot log of green spruce, and left it near the spot where the bear had killed the sheep. For a bait, we laid partially under it a sheep's head, from a sheep that had lately been slaughtered by Mr. Wilber.

"Perhaps some of the boys may wonder why the lads did not chain the trap to a stump, or a standing tree. Hunters never chain a bear-trap fast to the spot where they set it. They clog it, that is, fasten a heavy stick or log to it, for the bear to drag. If caught and held fast, at first, a large bear would demolish any trap. But if allowed to run with it, the clog will at length weary him so, that he may be easily overtaken and shot.

"Early the next morning," continued the old man, "I ran over to Wilber's, and we hurried to the pasture. The sheep's head was gone, but the bear, if indeed it was one, had kept his legs out of the trap. We rebaited it with mutton shanks, and the next morning, Jed came to the house before I was dressed.

"'The trap's gone!' he shouted. 'Get your gun. We must follow him!'

"Hastily swallowing some breakfast, I loaded the gun with slugs, and with Jed and Sol rushed to the pasture. Sure enough the trap was gone, clog and all. The place where it had been placed bore marks of a struggle; the turf was gouged up, and in several spots there were blood-drops on the grass, and on the dry leaves. It was in October, the last of the month. The brakes in the woods were dead, but still standing. These had been pressed to the ground, and made a broad trail.

"By noon we gained the crest of a high ridge, or mountain, five or six miles to the westward. The farther side fell off, abruptly, to the bank of a small river. This side, too, was covered with thick hemlock and spruce. We hesitated about going further. It would be nearly night by the

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time we got back, if we started for home now. But we wanted to save the trap. If we went back, not only should we lose the bear, but the trap, besides, and Jed, whose carelessness had cost the loss of two sheep, was especially anxious to get the bear.

"Sol had brought a lunch. We divided it between us, and again taking up our guns, followed the trail down into the dark growth, toward the river. An hour took us to the stream. But here, instead of coming upon the bear, as we had expected, we found that he had turned up the bank to the north. We kept on, however. There was a sort of fascination in the chase, even though every mile was taking us farther into the wilderness.

"The late October afternoon was waning. Already the shadow of a large mountain to the westward was falling over the forest, in the valley where we were. The valley narrowed to a rocky ravine as we went on, and the mountain, with its dark spruces, seemed to tower, threateningly, over us.

"'It's no use, Jed,' said I; 'we ought to go home. I know you want,'——

"'Hark!' exclaimed Sol.

"A sharp yelp, as if from a hurt dog, rang out. It seemed to come to us from only a short distance. Almost instantly it was followed by a long yell, and a chorus of howls. Snap ran, crouching, between our legs.

"'Wolves!' cried Jed.

"We stood listening, breathlessly. In a moment the yell burst out again, followed by yelps, snarls, and the sounds of a general fight.

"'I'll bet they're afoul of the bear,' whispered Jed.

"The uproar continued.

"'If they are, they won't mind us,' continued Jed. 'Let's creep up, and see.'

"Cocking our guns, we moved cautiously forward. The yells grew louder, and we heard growls. At length, turning a little bend of the ravine, we peered round a great boulder, and saw a sight I shall never forget. With his back against a rock sat the bear—a tremendous fellow he looked—with the trap on his paw, while about him leaped, and surged, and snapped, fifteen or twenty gray wolves, their white teeth grinning, and their eyes flashing green fire. The bear was fighting for life against the whole of them.

"The wolves had struck upon his trail, and the smell of the blood, that came from the leg crushed in the trap, had made them furious. He fought hard, swinging the trap clog, as he struck with his fore legs to beat them off.

"Occasionally, as the ravenous creatures leaped at his throat, he would catch one with his uninjured paw, and give him a hug, that drew out a smothered yelp. Sometimes five or six of the wolves would jump at the bear at the same time, and for a moment we would lose sight of him, but he brushed them away, and rose again. The growls, yells and snapping jaws were savage beyond description. It grew dusk as we watched the fight.

"'What can we do?' said Sol.

"'It would be useless for us to interfere,' said I; 'they're bound to have him.'

"'Let's fire among them, though,' said Jed; 'I haven't brought a loaded gun up here for nothing. All together now.'

"All three of us fired together at the growling, struggling pack.

"A moment's silence followed the reports, then a long howl. We shrank back around the boulder, out of sight. Then a sudden panic seized us, and we ran down the ravine, and did not stop till we were a mile below. A faint howl came echoing through the sombre forest.

"'They are not chasing us,' said Jed; 'guess we riddled some of 'em!'

"Night fell as we climbed the steep ridge. We had a dark time going home through the woods. Fortunately, Sol had a match in his pocket, and coming to an old white birch stub, we tore off several rolls of the dried bark. By fastening these to the end of a stick, and lighting them, we were able to pick our way through the woods. It was a hazy night. The moon showed dimly. The glimpses we now and then got of it enabled us to keep a straight course. It was after eight o'clock when we reached home, and worried enough the folks had been about us.

"The next forenoon we started for the ravine again. We were curious to know how the fight terminated; besides, it was best to get the trap, if possible, to avert the storm that would burst on Jed's head when his father came home. Taking a shorter cut through the woods, we reached the place where we had seen the wolves, about eleven o'clock.

"No sound was heard, save the rippling of the stream among the rocks. We stole cautiously to the boulder, where we had stood the night before, and looked from behind it. Nothing was in sight.

"'Gone,' said Jed. 'Let's go up, and see where they had their fight.'

"A sly little mink darted away, and into the stream as we approached. Beyond was a ghastly sight! There lay the skull and bones of the bear, gnawed clean, and showing yellow-white; and there lay the trap, still griping, with its iron jaws the bone of one paw.

All the brakes were smashed down, and the bushes and the rock were besmeared with blood and hair. About the trap, within a radius of a few rods, lay the bones and skulls of two of the wolves, eaten by their comrades. Perhaps the bear had killed them, or perchance our shots had caused their death. It looked as if other wolves had come to the feast.

"'Come, come!' muttered Jed. 'Let's be off before they come back.'

"We took the trap to the stream to cleanse it, and then placing it on two poles, we started for home. And a *tug* it gave us, too!"

NETTIE'S CRADLE.

Nettie says, with almost a pout, that she don't believe she ever slept in that cradle. "It's hardly big enough for the kitten," she says, indignantly.

Well, it is rather a small affair; a graceful, fairy-like, sea-shell of a thing, which Nettie could not lie in at all, after she was a year old. In fact, Nettie's largest doll fits it splendidly.

That cradle has a story; Nettie's cradle ought to have a story.

It was seven years ago, and the night on which the worst snow storm of the season raged. We did not feel it much, for the walls of our farm-house were thick, and we burned old-fashioned logs in an old-fashioned fire-place.

I had been in that pleasant home three years, and had laid one dear little girl under the daisies.

Nettie was not born, then, and I sat sewing before the great hickory fire, while my husband sat at the little round table, near by, and read to me. He was reading, strange to say, about just such a storm. Sometimes the flakes of snow came whirling down the chimney, and the fire caught at them, spitefully, and swallowed them up. It is very delightful to feel well housed in such a tempest; very pleasant to know that there is flour in the barrel, and the potato bin is full; and that the wood is piled in great stacks in the shed or the door yard.

That was the way I felt, smiling, and sewing, and, occasionally, dreamily rocking, and looking into the fire, when I thought I heard a little baby cry. I put down my work, and listened; papa put down his book and listened.

"The wind, dear," he said.

"Perhaps; but O, so very like the cry of a little child."

Again we heard it.

My husband started up with a sudden exclamation, put on hat, and mittens, and coat, and went out.

Presently he looked in the window; how queer his face seemed in the red firelight!

"Darling, there *is* somebody here," he said; "be at the door."

I hurried to the front door. How fiercely the wild wind blew! how sharply the snow struck against my face! Presently a little bundle was laid in my arms, a little living child, too cold to cry any longer.

I hurried in with it, chafed its stiff fingers, poured hot drink into its little mouth—such a pretty mouth, it had!

And then in came my husband, bringing a body with him—the body of a young and pretty woman.

Fortunately there was a doctor not very far off, and in the course of the next three hours, the woman was in bed with her child beside her; both were saved.

She was one of the prettiest little bodies I ever saw—and so grateful! It seems she had come to the wrong village, but had not learned her mistake till after the cars had left her at a lonely station, three miles away, and the storm raging fiercely. Not knowing what to do, for the station is a miserable one, near a patch of dreary woods, she sought for a habitation, but, unfortunately, took the wrong direction.

To hear the poor woman tell of her sufferings as she braved the tempest, and no friendly roof appeared; how she made up her mind, more than once, to lie down in the snow, and die, but the least motion of her little one prevented her from doing so; how hope buoyed her up, till, seeing the merry, dancing light through the farm-house windows, she fainted from exhaustion and the sudden joy, would move the stoutest heart.

In a day or two, a tall, handsome young German came after his wife. It seems he had not expected her so soon; and she meant to surprise him, for he had gone to make ready a new home in the wilderness, while she remained with his mother.

Just the week before Nettie was born, came this cradle, made by the grateful German. On it he had painted a graceful picture of that night's work. There was the farm-house—the snow heaped high outside, and over an inanimate form a man was stooping in pity.

And that is the way Nettie got her beautiful little cradle. It is a perfect gem of art, and was the labor of love.

As the man said,—

"I would not sell that cradle for two hundred dollars; I have been six months making it, after hard days' work, but I *give* it to you; no, I would not sell it for two thousand," he added, with a grateful smile. So we say, Nettie's cradle is priceless. ALMA.

HOW CHINAMEN "CAPTURE THEIR HONEY."

The Chinese know how to do some things better than we, though that is no evidence of their general superiority, for many beasts, and birds, and fishes know how to do some things better than men can do them. Our farmer-boys whose fathers keep bees may be entertained in reading the following account of the way Chinamen take up their honey. The description is by Mr. Fortune, a distinguished English botanist, and is printed in the *Bee Keepers' Journal:*

"The Chinese hive is a very rude affair. It consists of a rough box, sometimes square, and sometimes cylindrical, with a movable top and bottom.

When the bees are put into a hive of this description, it is rarely placed on or near the ground, as with us, but it is raised eight or ten feet, and generally fixed under a projecting roof of a house or outbuilding.

My landlord, who had a number of hives, having determined one day to take some honey from two of them, a half-witted priest, who was famous for his powers in such matters, was sent for to perform the operation. This man, in addition to his priestly duties, had charge of the buffaloes which were kept on the farm attached to the temple.

He came in high glee, evidently considering the qualification of no ordinary kind, for the operation he was about to perform. Curious to witness his method of proceeding with the business, I left some work with which I was busy, and followed him, and the other priests, and servants of the establishment to the place where the hives were fixed.

The form of the hive in this instance was cylindrical; each was about three feet in length, and rather wider at the bottom than at the top. When we reached the spot where the hives were placed, our operator jumped upon a table, there for the purpose, and gently lifted down one of the hives, and placed it on its side on the table.

He then took the movable top off, and the honeycomb, with which the hive was quite full, was exposed to our view. In the meantime, an old priest having brought a large basin, and every thing being ready, our friend commenced to cut out the honey-comb with a knife, apparently made for the purpose, and having the handle almost at right angles with the blade.

Having taken out about one-third of the contents of the hive, the top was put on again, and the hive elevated to its former position. The same operation was repeated with the second hive, and in a manner quite satisfactory.

'But,' it may be asked, 'where were the bees at this time?' and that is the most curious part of my story.

They had not been killed by the fumes of brimstone, for it is contrary to the doctrine of the Buddhisf creed to take animal life; nor had they been stupefied with fungus, which is sometimes done at home; but they were flying about over our heads in great numbers; and yet, although we were not protected in the slightest degree, not one of us was stung; and this was more remarkable, as the bodies of the operators and servants were completely naked from the middle upwards.

The charm was a simple one; it lay in a few dry stems and leaves of a species of Artemisia (wormwood) which grows wild on these hills, and which is largely used to drive the pest, mosquito, out of the dwellings of the people. This plant is cut early in the summer, sun-dried, then twisted into bands, and it is ready for use.

At the commencement of the operation which I am describing, one of the substances was ignited, and kept burning slowly as the work went on. The poor bees did not seem to know what to make of it. They were perfectly good-tempered, and kept hovering about our heads, but apparently incapable of injurying us.

When the hives were properly fixed, the charm was put out, and my host and his servants carried off the honey in triumph."

This reminds one of the method practised among the natives of Sennaar and Darfur of capturing monkeys by intoxicating them. More intelligent people than bees and monkeys can be caught or robbed easily when they allow drink or smoke to take away their wits.

THANKSGIVING.

President Grant has appointed Thursday, November 30th, as a day for National Thanksgiving, Prayer and Praise; and though the Governors of one or two States have named the 23d of November as a local Thanksgiving, it is possible that they will amend their action, and that the 30th will be the time observed throughout the land, from Maine to Alaska, and from the Lake of the Woods to the Mexican Gulf.

Thanksgiving has become an American institution in a *national* sense. The history of the festival is a curious one, and illustrates the extension and growth of ideas and customs.

In itself, the observance of a day of Thanksgiving is as old as the early settlement of New England, approaching to the venerable age of two centuries and a half. It originated in the old Colony, and it has already outlived most of the customs of those long-gone days.

Thanksgivings are common to all countries, and were known long before Christianity was given to men. The Romans observed them, and they were Pagans. They have also been special festivals in other lands, whereas with us Thanksgiving is a permanent celebration, and, having become established, it bids fair to last as long as the country itself.

With us, it bears considerable resemblance to the festival of Christmas, as that is known in England. The two are eminently Christian in their character, but while the festival of Christmas is steadily growing in popular favor in America, that of Thanksgiving makes no advance in the motherland.

While Thanksgiving is so old in America, its national character is one of our latest changes. It used to be local in its observance, being confined chiefly to New England, though special thanksgivings were not unknown throughout the country.

But gradually the festival has extended itself and has been adopted by new States. As New Englanders emigrated to new territory, they took Thanksgiving with them, so that it became a general practice to observe it, even in sections where "Yankee" customs and ideas were not admired. The secession war nationalized it. Special Thanksgivings had been recommended by the national government before that war, but not often. During the war, President Lincoln began annually to recommend national Thanksgivings, which were widely observed.

President Johnson followed the good example set by President Lincoln; and President Grant has done the same. So the becoming, time-honored custom has become an American institution.

It has been the practice to have Thanksgiving on the last Thursday of November, which this year falls upon the last day of the month. This custom has been set aside by the national proclamations of former Presidents, but has been revived by President Grant, much to the satisfaction of all those who love the usages of old times.

THE END OF BRAZILIAN SLAVERY.

The year 1871 will have an honorable place in the history of human progress, on account of the abolition of African slavery in the Brazilian empire.

Brazil is the greatest of South American countries, in power and in prosperity as well as in extent: It embraces that part of the American continent first visited by white men. By the decision of the Pope, it came into the possession of the crown of Portugal near the close of the sixteenth century. Portugal was at that time the first of maritime nations on the Atlantic, and the one foremost in leading the way in that career of discovery that changed the conditions of commerce.

The Portuguese introduced African slavery to the world, and established it in Brazil, where it has since existed. It has always been of a milder type there than it was in our own country; colored people not being the objects of so much prejudice there as they were formerly in the Southern States.

The abolition of slavery in the empire of Brazil is one of the consequences of the fall of the same institution in the American republic. Had slavery continued to live and flourish here, it is not probable that it would have been abolished there; indeed, the slave trade between Africa

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and Brazil might have become greater than ever.

But our influence was taken from the side of oppression, and placed on that of freedom, with what effect we now see. Imperial Brazil bows to the Republican Union of North America, and takes the law from it,—one of the highest compliments ever paid us, and one of which we may justly be proud.

The terms on which Brazilian slavery is abolished are quite reasonable. All slaves owned by the government are freed at once. All the children of slaves will hereafter be born free. The slaves now held are to be gradually liberated. This last provision seems slow to us, who liberated more than three millions of bondmen at once,—but this was done under the emergencies of war, whereas the Brazilians have labored in peace, and consequently must proceed with moderation.

But the great blow is struck in Brazil; and it is beyond doubt that the work soon will be completed by further legislation. Little regard will be paid to those parts of the act of emancipation that favor present slavery, and the institution will be torn up by the roots at no distant day. Few of the present slaves will die in slavery. They will become freedmen, and then citizens.

Great credit is due to the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro II., for this grand triumph of freedom and justice. He has long been an abolitionist, but there were powerful interests that stood in the way of his purposes of reform. He never would have been successful in his noble design, had not the overthrow of slavery here given him a position from which he was able to overcome his opponents, the enemies of liberty.

Slavery now exists nowhere in America out of Cuba and Porto Rico,—islands that belong to Spain, the last remnants of her once vast American Indies. It must quickly disappear from these islands, and then we shall see liberty triumphant from the Straits of Fuca to the Straits of Magellan.

A DREAM THAT TURNED OUT "WELL."

The Hartford *Times* states as fact the following curious story, which would go to convince us that *sometimes* the "stuff that dreams are made of" is not all moonshine:

One of our prominent and wealthy citizens had purchased a sightly piece of land outside the city, but within the town limits; and the purchaser was troubled because he had been told that he could not get water, owing to the elevated position of his land, without digging farther Chinaward than any one would be likely to undertake.

As we said, this troubled him. He wanted a well on his place, and although a man of great energy, one who never allowed any obstacle, no matter how great, to turn him from his path, he hesitated long before he undertook this task. The thought of excavating for a well through half a mile (more or less) of solid rock was enough to deter the stoutest heart.

At this juncture, before he had resolved on any thing definite, he dreamed that he had set a gang of men to digging for a well on a certain (to his mind) well-defined spot, and that after digging a few feet, before the rock was reached, water came in abundance.

The gentleman, though not a bit superstitious, and holding dreams as lightly as any body, was more impressed with his sleeping vision than he would have cared to acknowledge. At first he would have scouted the idea of treating the subject seriously enough to put a spade into the earth at the spot indicated in his dream; but, do what he would, he could not dismiss the dream from his mind, and finally he resolved to test it, but without any real belief that his dream would be verified. He set his men to work, and, strange to relate, after digging fifteen feet, water abundantly flowed, and thus the dream fully came to pass.

WHO IS "DICKSON"?

The great novelist, Dickens, had a good deal to do with paper, but we venture to say he never thought he should be credited with any such use of it as the colored man here assigns to him. Miss Kate Field writes from a Western city to *Every Saturday:*

I felt morally certain that sooner or later I should find a man in the West to match the Yankee who had never heard of Dickens. Find him I did in a negro of suave manners, who waited upon me at a large hotel. Deep in the contemplation of an advertisement of the lecture at the bottom of the bill of fare, which I regarded with less relish than the announcement of "beef, veal and pork," my profound studies were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the waiter, who seemed to be desirous of indulging in conversation. Looking up for further enlightenment, Sambo made bold to say, "Excuse me, miss, but are you the lady *that* is to lecture to-night?"

"Yes."

"I've read a great deal about you in the papers."

"Indeed? The papers, you know, do not always tell the truth."

At this my colored brother grinned, and with a gallantry that would have done credit to a courtier, replied, "I am quite sure they have told the truth in *this* instance."

Ah, I knew what this meant. The flattery was not disinterested. My friend wanted passes.

"Would you like to hear the lecture?"

Sambo rubbed his hands with satisfaction, declared he would, and went off to communicate with the other waiters, who stood in a corner, watching the interview. Soon Sambo returned, and, scratching his head, said, "Excuse me, miss, but I'd like to have a pass for me and my girl. She reads better than I do."

"Very well. You shall have a pass for two."

Sambo thanked me profusely, again retired, and again returned, scratching his head with a greater vigor than before.

"Beg pardon, miss; but who is this Dickson? *Is he the man that makes paper collars?* I've read a great deal about him."

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A CONTEMPTIBLE SON.

It is bad enough to be mean in dealing with the public, but a man who is mean to his mother is several degrees worse. An exchange gives the following instance:

While residing in Norway, Me., I sat one day in the office of Gen. Virgin, when two men entered upon a matter of business. I would have departed, but the General bade me keep my seat. The new-comers were father and son, from the adjoining town of Oxford.

The son was a stout, round-shouldered, pig-faced, shock-headed man of about five-and-twenty. The father was decrepit, spare and bent, quaking with palsy, and evidently about worn out. The business was soon unfolded. The old man was going to give this, his youngest son, a deed of the homestead; and the son, in turn, was to give a bond for the maintenance of his parents—they were both living—during their lifetime.

The warranty deed had been made out previously, and had been signed by the mother, with a witness. The old man wrote his name upon the instrument, the General guiding his palsied hand, and I witnessed the signature. When the deed of conveyance had been duly executed, the lawyer set about preparing the bond for the signature of the son. At this point the young man addressed the sire as follows:

"Look here, father, haint you got a leetle money laid up?"

"No," replied the old man, his voice trembling as did his limbs. "I haint got none—you haven't let me have any for a long time."

"Then the old woman's got some?"

"Ye-e-es, she's got a little that she's made by spinnin' and weavin'."

"How much?"

"Perhaps—thirty dollars."

"And," suggested the keen-witted son, "twould be jest like her to go an' give Dolly that money, who haint got no claim anyway."

I afterwards learned that Dolly was the orphan child of an elder brother.

"Look here, squire," pursued the thoughtful son, "can't ye fix it in some way in that ere bond, so't when the old folks die, *their funeral expenses can be paid out of that money 'at mother's got laid up?*"

Virgin looked up at the shock-headed, pig-faced man, as only Wirt Virgin can look, and readily replied,—

"I can't make a bond run beyond the grave. But don't be troubled, my friend; if fate is just, you'll die before they do."

I have often thought if it be true that there was ever a human soul so small as to be able to dance a hornpipe within the shell of a mustard seed, that thoughtful son from Oxford must have been the owner.

A BRAVE BOY.

A Swiss paper tells a spirited story of a shepherd lad, fourteen years of age, living in the Canton Grisons:

On the Monte di Campo the youthful shepherd fed his flock, when a huge bear made his appearance and unceremoniously began to feed himself on that same flock. When he had seized one of the finest sheep, the courageous boy began to beat him about the head with his stick in order to drive him away. The infuriated beast turned upon his slender assailant, determined to finish his mutton on him. The youth turned and ran, and remembering that there was not far off a gorge nearly two hundred feet deep, but so narrow that he might clear it by a vigorous leap, started for it with bruin close at his heels. He reached the edge of the ravine, and, by a desperate bound, landed safely on the other side, while the stupid brute behind him, not noticing his danger, stumbled headlong to the bottom. The boy, descending the gorge, found his enemy disabled by his bruises, and soon dispatched him by beating out his brains with stones.

CURIOUS AUTOMATONS.

The nearest approach that men can make towards creating life is to produce motions that look like life. Some of these are wonderfully like indeed, but the one defect in all inventions having this power, which shows the impotence of man compared with the Creator, is that they all *have to be wound up.*

Homer tells of Vulcan making tripods, which moved on "living wheels, instinct with spirit." There was the walking statue of Dædalus, the flying dove of Archytas, the brazen speaking head of Friar Bacon, the flying eagle of Regiomonatus, also his iron fly which would make the tour of the room and then return to its master. Albertus Magnus spent thirty years in making a human figure which advanced to the door, when any one knocked, opened it, and saluted the visitor.

THE CHINESE CHARACTER.

A Chinaman will sell his children, his wife, his limbs, any thing he has, even his life, for money enough. Some years ago, when one of our ships of the navy was going up to Nankin, a Chinaman had his ankle so badly fractured and crushed by some accident, that the surgeon had to amputate it to save his life. After the operation was over, a collection was taken up on board for the benefit of the poor fellow, and about a hundred dollars was soon raised and paid over to him. As soon as this fact became generally known, the surgeon was besieged by a host of "heathen Chinee," all willing and anxious to sell their feet, limbs, ankles, and all for one hundred dollars apiece, or even less. But the demand for that article being rather limited, he declined to invest even at that very low rate.

ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE.

But a few—ah, would there were many!—
Row *up* the "Stream of Life;"
They struggle against its surges,
And mind neither toil nor strife.
Though weary and faint with labor,
Singing, triumphant, they ride;
For Christ is the hero's captain
When rowing against the tide.

Far on through the hazy distance,
Like a mist on a distant shore,
They see the walls of a city,
With its banner floating o'er.
Seen through a glass so darkly,
They almost mistake their way;
But faith throws light on their labor,
When darkness shuts out their day.

CORONATION CHAIR.

In Westminster Abbey stands a famous oak chair which has been used at the coronation of all England's monarchs, from the time of Edward I. It is a large, clumsy-looking affair, and has been hacked with knives, and has many initials cut on its back. Under it is fixed the famous Scotch stone, supposed by some to possess a certain charm. When used, this chair is covered with velvet and cushions. Six hundred years old rather beats the "chair that came over in the *Mayflower.*"

A DIFFERENCE.

A teacher, one day, for want of a better thing for the class to parse, took up a temperance paper, intending to have them parse a temperance story; but, as the story was a long one, he told them to stop at the "grog-shop," and not parse it. He, of course, had reference to a portion of the story. Imagine his surprise, next morning, to receive a note of dismissal from the school committee for his intemperate ideas in advising his pupils "to stop at the grog-shop, and not pass it." An explanation ensued, in which it was found that parsing and passing are not the same.

DETERMINED TO KEEP THE LINE.

A romantic pair in Pennsylvania are blessed with a number of daughters. The oldest was Caro-line, the second Made-line, the third Eve-line, the fourth Ange-line, then lo! the fifth made its appearance, and no name could be found with the desired termination. Determined, however, to fight it out on that *line*, if it took all summer, the parents at length pounced upon a name very popular in that neighborhood, and forthwith the baby was called Crino-line. We hope all those lines will fall in pleasant places.

TWO VIEWS.

Mr. Pendleton says it is an appalling fact that, if the American people were called on to pay all their taxes in one day, there would not be money enough in the country to do it. Senator Morton says that it is also an appalling fact that, if the American people were called on to eat in one day the food which they consume in a year, there would not be room in the American people to hold it.

DISCONTENT.

In reply to a young friend leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste or content, an old lady of experience said, "My dear, when you have found a place where every body and every thing are always pleasant, and nothing whatever is disagreeable, let me know, and I'll move there too."

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WILL WOOD.

My thoughts go back to the farm, Will Wood,
The farm, with its meadows and trees,
Where in years gone by—bright boyhood's years—
Our hearts were light as the breeze;
The house by the road, where years it has stood,
Unscathed by the hand of decay,
The peach and the pear trees 'neath whose shade
We went in the sunshine to play.

The hand that set them is cold, Will Wood,
Is laid 'neath the white marble stone;
But the trees he left, bright monuments stand,
To tell of the patriarch gone.
The old well-sweep you've taken away,
And a "new-fangled pump" in its stead
Brings to your hand the pure, cooling draught
From the well that our good sire made.

And don't you remember the oven, Will Wood,
We built 'neath the buttonwood tree?
And how in that oven the apples we baked,
And none so happy as we?
Full thirty years have passed since then,
But the oven remains there still,
Though the soft green sward now covers its sides;
That oven close under the hill.

There is one gentle voice now hushed, Will Wood,
That we all so delighted to hear;
Her form lies cold in the embrace of death,
That was wont the household to cheer;
But her memory lives in the hearts of those
Who joyed in her presence then;
She'll mingle no more with the scenes of earth,
But anon we shall meet her again.

We're scattered all hither and yon, Will Wood,
We never again shall meet
Around the board on the old homestead,
With kindly words to greet.
But our hearts cling fondly around that spot,
Where we never knew aught of harm,
And we joy to clasp thy hard, brown hand,
Will Wood, of the homestead farm.

THE BOYHOOD OF DR. KITTO.

The works of Dr. Kitto, the famous biblical scholar and orientalist, may be found in almost every Christian household. He was a poor, neglected boy. We doubt that any reader of the *Companion* ever had so many disappointments and discouragements. A writer for the *Congregationalist* gives us the following view of his humble home, and his manner of life in these sunless years:

The place, Plymouth, England, with its smoky streets and foamy harbor. The time, the first part of the present century. The house, a hovel; the family, tattered, distressed, with hungry faces, hopeless, woe begone.

The boy, John Kitto. He is tender at heart, but he has no friends; he is a lover of books, but he finds no regular teacher.

He makes the best use of the few books that he has, he reads them, and spells them, and learns them, with the quenchless zeal of one whose life is so sunless, so dreary. He spends his days in carrying brick and mortar to his father, who is a working mason. He is slender for such work, and young—only ten or twelve. There are no daisied walks for his bare feet, no fields sprinkled with flowers and gladdened with birds. He sees little but the windy harbor, and hears little save the complaints of the wretched at home, and far off the moaning of the waves on the bar.

Poor little boy! He is thirteen now, and works at carrying slate up the ladder to the roof, not an easy nor a quiet employment for a poor little boy. One day he becomes weary. In stepping from the ladder to the roof his foot slips, he loses his balance, he falls. Thirty feet fell that poor little boy with his burden of slate.

He struck on a paved court. They took him up and carried him home. They thought him dying and said he would die. We should not wonder if they hoped he would die, for the family could hardly find bread for those who toiled from sun to sun; much more for a helpless invalid. Poor little boy!

Would you like to hear his own story of this accident?

"Of what followed," he said, "I know nothing. For one moment, indeed, I awoke from a death-like state, and found that my father, attended by a crowd of people, was bearing me homeward in his arms, but I had no recollection of what had happened, and at once relapsed into unconsciousness.

"In this state I remained for a fortnight. Those days were a blank in my life; when I awoke one morning to consciousness, it was from a night of sleep.

"My hearing was entirely gone. I saw the people around me talking to one another, but thought that, out of regard for my feeble condition, they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. I asked for a book I had been reading on the day of my fall. I was answered by signs.

"'Why do you not speak?' I asked. 'Pray let me have the book.'

"A member of the family wrote upon a slate that the book had been taken away by its owner.

"'But why do you write?' I asked. 'Why do you not speak?'

"Those around me exchanged looks of concern. Then the slate was handed me with the awful words, 'YOU ARE DEAF.'"

Poor, deaf and little cared for!

He could not help his father now. But he resolved to work, even on the bed of pain. He borrowed books and began to store his mind. This he continued to do until his strength in a measure returned. The world was all silent to him, like a dumb show.

But life was spared him, for what purpose his parents could not tell. They put him in the poor-house, and afterwards apprenticed him to a shoemaker, who treated him with so much cruelty that the magistrates took him away. When an apprentice he used to work sixteen hours a day, but, in the remaining eight, he still took an hour for the improvement of his mind.

That boy succeeded; all boys succeed, who, like him, work patiently and perseveringly, and put their hopes and trust in God.

WOULDN'T DIE.

The Lynn *Reporter* draws pretty heavily on our credulity in the following story of feline toughness. If the Parisian pussies had all proved as unkillable as this one, during the Prussian siege, "rabbit" ragout would have been scarcer even than it was:

It has often been said that a cat has nine lives. How far that is correct we will not pretend to say, but propose to tell a cat story, as related by a gentleman of this city, which most certainly shows that there is one specimen of the feline tribe that can boast of three lives, if no more.

The animal has been a pet in the family of the gentleman from whom the information came, ever since kittenhood, and is now upwards of thirteen years old; but having become lame, blind and toothless, it was deemed an act of mercy to terminate his earthly career.

Accordingly the mistress of the mansion sent to Boston to procure poison that should hasten his departure from earthly scenes. The mixture was prepared, the cat shut up in the shed, and two boys hired to dispose of the remains in the morning, it being presumed that the animal would partake of the poisoned food and die.

The first he did, but the last he did not; for upon the opening of the door next morning by those engaged to perform the rites of sepulture, he came forth to greet them, active as usual, and apparently delighted to see them. Another trial was made with poison, warranted to be "dead shot," but the potion was eaten, and still Thomas lived on. This was rather discouraging, but it was resolved to make one more attempt.

A box was procured in which were bored a number of holes, and the cat put into it, then given to a man with orders to throw it off the wharf, and stand by until he was sure it had sunk. The man returned, saying he gave the box to some boys, saw them take it from the wharf, and sink it in the water.

Consequently, it was not expected that the veteran mouser would reappear; but after a lapse of two days, behold he was discovered sitting in his accustomed place on the shed, looking calmly in at the window, with his fur bearing evidence of a salt water bath, but otherwise in his usual health and spirits. If this is not indicative of a tenacious life, we do not know what is. At all events, it has been voted that the irrepressible Thomas be allowed to choose his own method of leaving the world, and die when he has a mind to.

THE BIGGEST EATER.

After the champion oarsmen, and yachtmen, and ball-players, and "walkists," we now have the champion *eatist*. Men have made themselves infamous in history by their gluttony, but the fellow described below seems unable to help himself, and must eat like a Polyphemus, because he was "born so." A California paper (Los Angeles *Star*) says,—

A gourmand, perhaps the greatest, if not one of the most remarkable eaters that ever lived, is at present living in Los Angeles, in the person of Herman Schneider, a native of the Grand Duchy of Monaco, a principality in the south of Europe, and not containing within its confines more than 16,000 acres. The individual in question was born in 1730, of German father and Greek mother. Shortly after his birth he evinced one of the most voracious dispositions. At the age of three years he could masticate the coarse dried beef of his native country with the apparent ease of an adult.

His voracity seemed to increase rather than diminish with years, and nothing seemed to appease his gluttony. On arriving at the age of nineteen years, through the munificence of the Grand Duke his case was brought before the College of Savans, where a daily examination of his case was had for eight consecutive days. The labor proved fruitless; his case baffled the science and skill of the most noted and eminent of Monaco's medical faculty.

At the age of twenty he was taken into the service of the Grand Duke and trained to a course of plain diet, such as parched corn, marenail (a fish caught in the Mediterranean), on which, for a time, he seemed to thrive, but afterward rapidly declined, and became so emaciated that his physicians ordered a restoration of his former diet.

In a short time he again assumed his former appearance, and with it his alimentary power increased. His case now attracted medical men from far and near; a diligent study and inquiry was made, but without avail, and his case was finally abandoned as hopeless. All agreed that his unnatural appetite would not shorten his days, but, nevertheless, would prove a source of continual illness to him during his life, a fact which has been fully verified.

At the age of twenty-seven years he came to this country. His first exploit, on arriving in America, was to wager that he could eat a whole ham, a pound of candles, one and a half pounds of biscuit and drink thirty cups of tea, all in one day. His advertisement attracted the attention of the notorious Kit Burns (lately deceased), who duly installed the remarkable individual as an addition to the canine attraction of his place. Kit's first effort on acquiring his charge was to undertake a more vigorous system of training, whereby he could test the capacity of the man's stomach, which was accomplished by eating an amount fabulous to contemplate, and which in quantity surpassed his former greatest efforts.

His case attracted the attention of the New York police, by whom he was arrested as a nuisance, and on being convicted, was sentenced by Judge Barnard to six months imprisonment on Blackwell's Island. On the term expiring he mixed again with the world; was in a short time lost sight of, until last week, when he made his appearance in a restaurant on New Commercial Street, in this city, where he ate for nearly two hours, to the disgust of the proprietor; and on retiring proffered twenty-five cents in payment, which the saloon-keeper looked on as only one-tenth the cost of the material.

His greatest effort was the consumption of 34 pounds weight advoirdupois of what was nearly all oleaginous matter, such as pork fat, train oil, tallow candles, etc. He may be justly considered one of the most remarkable men that ever lived, and will ere long, no doubt, attract the attention of our eminent medical men; without doubt he may justly be styled the most remarkable gourmand of history.

A CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWL.

That age is a thing sought for in some articles is a well-known fact. The older the wine is, the better it is. Old pictures have a value that is rarely attained by modern art, though it may be equally deserving. Old laces are so fascinating that it is a custom to rinse new lace in coffee, to give it the appearance of age. Old literature, if it is good, and old friends, if they have proved true, are held in high esteem. All this every body knows; but what every body does not know, and what we did not know until a few days ago, is, that antiquity is also one of the graces of a camel's hair shawl.

This, we judge, is the fact, from a specimen shawl which we have just seen at one of our large stores. We contemplated this *chef d'œuvre* for full twenty minutes. The centre, which had once been white, and soft, and thick, had now grown to resemble in hue the coffee-colored lace, and it was almost as thin and as frail as that material. The innumerable colors which were blended in the immense border—which had once made it a blaze of color, "bright as sunshine to look at,"—were toned down, or, to speak plainly, faded to such quiet hues that it required a strong imagination to see it, as it must have appeared three centuries ago.

But our imagination was equal to the effort. It carried us back through the hundreds of years, till we saw an exceedingly handsome Arab chief, roaming the desert, with the then gorgeous beauty arranged in the most picturesque manner upon his stately form. But after a time the Arab chief—as we imagined—grew tired of the beauty, so it fell into the hands of the shawl merchant.

From thence we saw it trailing its splendors through many a gay court in Europe, descending from generation to generation, until, shorn of its beauty, if not its value, it draped the model where we beheld it. Taking into consideration its age, with the vast number of scenes which it must have passed through, we were not surprised when a polite clerk informed us that the price of the superb shawl, which he was glad to see we had the taste to appreciate, was five thousand dollars. The compliment closed our lips, but we have not rested quite easy under it — so we publish the fact, hoping the polite clerk may see it, that—though we do like old friends, and old books, and old laces—an old camel's hair shawl, though it may have draped the shoulders of an empress, or what is better, of an Arab chief, and though it may have cost five thousand dollars, is not to our taste.—*Presbyterian.*

SONG.

My baby shall go
To the Island of Sleep,
Where soft little dream-waves
Around him will creep;
And when the moon rises,
Away in her boat,
With the stars rowing races,
All night he shall float;
And when morning's red horses
Spring out of the sea,
As swift as a sunbeam
He'll come back to me.

THE OLD MAN'S DEFENCE.

Among the alleged culprits of various degrees on trial recently at Lincoln, Mich., was Albert Gardner, an old man of seventy-two years, who was accused of having attempted the murder of a sturdy young fellow, young and strong enough to kill him with a blow.

The complainant was very straightforward and pertinacious in his story, however, and plainly wished to be signally revenged by the law.

On the day of the assault he said he was walking carelessly on the road near his own house, when the prisoner, axe in hand, suddenly sallied out upon him from behind a tree, and exclaiming,—

"Now I have got you where I want you, and will murder you!" attacked him like a maniac.

He made what defence he could, and was finally able to escape from his furious assailant, but not till after the latter had felled him with the axe and repeatedly "jumped upon him."

The judge, jury and spectators looked at the two, and comparing the vigorous frame of the young man with the emaciated, stooping figure of the old, could scarcely believe such a tale; but there was the complainant with his head still bandaged, and a respectable physician testified that he had dressed said head for a scalp wound which had unquestionably been inflicted by an axe, of which the accused did not deny the ownership.

In the ensuing cross-examination, to be sure, it was elicited that the cut or blow, as revealed by the wound, must have come from behind, rather than from above; and that after receiving the injury the young fellow had gone on foot eleven miles to obtain a warrant for his assailant's arrest, before seeking help from a doctor; but still the fact of the assault seemed established, and there was much eagerness in the court to hear what defence Gardner could offer.

"I am not guilty, your Honor and gentlemen of the jury," he said, in a low but clear voice. "I have attempted no murder. How could I, old and infirm as I am? I went into the war and fought for our country. When the war was over I found myself alone in the world, without home or family. With what pay I had saved, I went into the woods, built a cabin with my own hands, and with my own hands labored to clear off and secure a homestead for my last lonely days. This young man and his father happened to take land on both sides of my little piece, and after failing to buy me out, said that I should be driven away.

"On the morning of this alleged assault, while I was chopping away at a stump, the young man came up, and falsely claiming my axe as his own, proceeded to take it away from me. I am an old man, gentlemen—a very old man, but I've been a soldier, and will fight for my just rights. In the struggle we fell to the ground, and the young man fell upon the axe, or upon the stump of the tree, I don't know which; that was the way he got hurt, for I never struck him." Here the old man lifted his eyes and right hand, adding, solemnly, "And this is God's truth."

Then pulling up a leg of his pantaloons, he laid bare the scar of an ugly gunshot wound, where the "tendon Achillis" of his limb had been severed by a minnie ball, which had gone crashing into the bones.

"That wound," said he, "I received at Gettysburg. Just at the close of the war my right shoulder was shattered by a shell, and it left a mark as big as this young man's head. I have been a soldier, gentlemen, and will fight for my just rights, but I never struck this young man, who only tells this story to drive me away from all the home I have in this world. And I solemnly swear this is God's truth!"

All the lawyers in the world could not have devised such a defence as were those words of palpable honesty. They carried conviction to every heart on the jury, and the abused veteran was at once declared not guilty, amid such cheers as he had not heard since he and his comrades greeted the coming of the victory at Gettysburg.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN FIRE.

A man named Allison Weaver, who reached Detroit from Port Huron on the 18th, had a curious escape from being roasted alive in the north woods. His story is thus told *in the* Detroit *Free Press:*

Weaver is a single man, about fifty years old, and served all through the war in an Ohio regiment of infantry. Up to two weeks ago, he was at work for a man named Bright, ten miles from Forestville, as fireman for a shingle-mill.

Two or three days before the approach of the flames which eventually destroyed that section, Bright and his family left for Forestville, and the next day all the men employed about the place either followed his example, or made haste to reach their homes. On leaving, Bright informed his men that the fire would sweep that way, and warned them to lose no time in making their escape.

Having no property to lose, or family to care for, Weaver determined, as he says, "to stay and see it out," meaning that he intended saving the mill if possible.

He has a stubborn sort of a spirit, and the fact that everybody else went induced him to stay. As soon as the men left, he set to work and buried all the provisions left in the house, and during the day also buried the knives, belts and other light machinery of the mill, as well as a stove and a quantity of crockery ware.

There was a plenty of water in the vicinity of the mill, and he filled several barrels full, besides wetting down house, mill, stock and every thing which would burn, scattering several hundred pailfuls of water on the grounds around the buildings. When night came, and the fire had not appeared, he began to jeer his absent comrades. But his self-conceit soon left him.

About ten o'clock, the heavens were so light that he could see the smallest objects around him, and there was a roaring in the forests which sounded like waves beating against rocks on the shore. He began to suspect that he would soon receive the visit predicted, and accordingly made preparations for it.

In levelling up the ground around the shingle-mill, earth had been obtained by digging, and Weaver dug one of these pits deep enough for him to stand up in.

He then filled it nearly full of water, and took care to saturate the ground around it for a distance of several rods. Going to the mill, he dragged out a four-inch plank, sawed it in two, and saw that the parts tightly covered the mouth of the little well.

"I calkelated it would be tech and go," said he, "but it was the best I could do."

At midnight he had every thing arranged, and the roaring then was awful to hear. The clearing was ten or twelve acres in extent, and Weaver says that for two hours before the fire reached him there was a constant flight across the ground of small animals. As he rested a moment from giving the house another wetting down, a horse dashed into the opening at full speed, and made for the house, where he stopped and turned toward the fire. Weaver could see him tremble and shake in his excitement and terror, and felt a pity for him. After a moment the animal gave utterance to a snort of disgust, ran two or three times around the house, and then shot off into the woods like a rocket.

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Not long after this, fire came. Weaver stood by his well, ready for the emergency, yet curious to see the breaking in of the flames.

The roaring increased in volume, the air became oppressive, a cloud of dust and cinders came showering down, and he could see the flames through the trees. It did not run along upon the ground, nor leap from tree to tree, but it came on like a tornado, a sheet of flame, reaching from the earth to the tops of the trees.

As it struck the clearing, he jumped into his well, and closed over the planks. He could no longer see, but he could hear. He says that the flames made no halt whatever, nor ceased their roaring for an instant; but he had hardly got the opening closed before the house and mill were burning like tinder, and both were down in five minutes.

The smoke came down to him powerfully, and his den was so hot that he could hardly breathe. He knew that the planks above him were on fire, but, remembering their thickness, he waited till the roaring of the flames had died away, and then with his head and hands turned them over, and put out the fire by dashing up water with his hands.

Although it was a cold night, and the water had at first chilled him, the heat gradually warmed it up, until he says that he felt very comfortable. He remained in his den until daylight, frequently turning over the planks and putting out the fire, and then the worst had passed. The earth around was on fire in spots; house and mill were gone; leaves, brush and logs were swept clean away, as if shaved off and swept with a broom, and nothing but soot and ashes was to be seen.

After the fire had somewhat cooled off, Weaver made an investigation of his *caches*, and found that considerable of the property buried had been saved, although he lost all his provisions except a piece of dried beef, which the fire had cooked as in an oven, without spoiling it. He had no other resource than to remain around the place that day, during the night, and the greater part of the next day, when the ground had cooled enough so that he could pick his way to the site of the burned village. He was nearly twelve hours going the twelve miles, as trees were falling, logs were burning, and the fallen timber had in some places heaped up a breastwork over which no one could climb.

WANTED TO FILL OUT A DAY'S WORK.

Occasionally an over-worked hired man is smart enough to get even with his "boss," without "striking," too. We are told below how one indignant workman expressed his opinion of his master, who seemed disposed to make him (as the old negro said) "work all night, and get up two hours afore day:"

Mr. M—— does not object to having a hired man do a full day's work, at least, so we should judge from the following history: A short time ago, a man went to ploughing a forty acre field. After he had ploughed, faithfully, all day, until the sun was about half an hour high, he expressed his opinion that it was about time to quit work.

"O, no," said Mr. M——, "you can go round six or eight times more just as well as not."

The man ploughed around six or eight times, then went to the house, took care of his team, milked nine cows, ate his supper, and found ten o'clock staring him in the face from the old timepiece.

Said the hired man to Mrs. M——, "Where is Mr. M——?"

The good woman answered, "He has retired; do you wish to see him?"

He replied that he did. After being conducted to the bed-room, he said, "Mr. M——, where is the axe?"

"Why," said Mr. M——, "what do you want of the axe?"

"Well," said the man, "I thought you might like me to split wood till breakfast is ready."—*Norwich Bulletin.*

Another laborer, whose employer always hung on, grievously, at the plough field, repeating "One more bout, and *then*," until after sundown, used to indemnify himself at the table, by eating long after the rest were through, repeating "One more plateful, and *then*."

DIDN'T LIKE THE LAWYERS.

The law as a profession was not to the taste of Peter the Great. When he was in England he visited Westminster Hall in term time, and was much struck by the great array of wigs and gowns.

"Who are those people?" said the Czar to Lord Carmarthen, who accompanied him.

"They are the lawyers, sir."

"Lawyers!" repeated Peter, "why I have only two in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get back."

GOT HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

A little Worcester (Mass.) boy had one of his fingers mangled the other day by a haycutter, and went to a surgeon to have it dressed. The surgeon cut off the protruding fragments of bone, and dressed the finger, when the little fellow stuck his sound hand into his pocket and asked how much the bill was, saying he hoped it wasn't over ten cents. The pleased surgeon suited his figures to the boy's notions.

PLAYING AT DOCTOR.—"Ma, dear, Ada won't take her physic. I've mixed her a dose of sand, and she says I must take some first. Doctors never do, do they, ma?"

THE LAND OF NOD.

Hip, hurrah for the land of Nod!
Therein I've sleds and skates,
Dogs, kites, balls, tops,—O, endless toys,
And always find my mates.

The sun shines always bright and fair;
It never rains at all,
And when I want to catch a lark,
I ask the sky to fall.

Last night, I wished to take a ride,
So saddled up a loon,
Resolved to see that funny man
Who lives in the high moon.

I couldn't find the man at all,
Perhaps he'd gone to dine,
Or else—what's nearer to the truth—
The tale is all moonshine.

Dreamland is a land of pleasure,
With ne'er a taste of sin,
But only up through Nodland
Can sleeper enter in.—*Era.*

For the Companion.

HOW BERTIE LEARNED HIS LETTERS.

When Bertie was four years old, some one gave him a large A, B, C book. It was full of gayly colored letters and pictures, and Bertie was very much pleased with it.

His mamma thought she would teach him the letters from his new book, so she used to take him in her lap every day, and give him a lesson.

At first, Bertie liked that very much; almost as much as building cob-houses. But after a while he began to be tired of it. He knew A, and O, and S, and H, pretty well, and he partly knew a good many of the others, but he thought it very hard to remember them.

"I'd just as lives not know any more 'bout those fings," he said.

One day, when his mamma called him to come and say his letters, he kept on playing, without looking up. She spoke to him several times, and was very much surprised to see that he took no notice.

"Bertie," said she, "why don't you answer, and come when I call you? What does this mean?"

"O, I was a playing *deaf*," answered Bertie. "You know old Mr. Walcott's deaf. He *never* comes when he's called."

"Well," said mamma, "please remember that *you* are not old Mr. Walcott. Always come at once when I call you. I want you now to come and learn some more of these letters."

Bertie came and stood by his mother's knee. He said he guessed he wouldn't stop to sit down in her lap.

She put the point of her pretty gold pencil on the letter R. "What is that?" said she.

Bertie looked at it very steadily for a few moments. "Do you mean what's its *name?*" he asked.

"Yes, what is its name?"

"Well," said Bertie, slowly, "I can't just 'member its name, but it sticks out its foot, don't it?"

Mamma laughed. "Think!" said she. "That is the very one you learned yesterday."

"Does it stand for Robert?" asked Bertie.

"Yes," said his mother.

"That's my name, you know," remarked Bertie. "O, I can tell, now," and he opened his mouth very wide, indeed, and said, "R."

"Very well," said his mother. "Now, don't forget again."

"Now, what is this?" she asked, and she pointed at W.

Bertie stared and scowled harder than ever. He never liked to say, plainly, that he didn't know, so he said nothing.

He walked all around his mother's lap, and looked at the letter from all directions. He turned his head this way and that way, and stood on one foot, then on the other. At length he said, solemnly, "Mamma, don't you think it looks a *very little* like pantaloons?"

Bertie's mother had a great many trials like this while the young gentleman was getting through the alphabet.

One day, she heard a great noise in the back-yard, and, looking out, she saw Bertie whipping little Ted Williams. Ted was screaming with all his might.

She threw open the window, and called "Bertie! Bertie! stop, this minute! Come here, both of you, and tell me what is the matter."

The boys came up on the piazza, and stood by the long, open window, Ted still wailing bitterly.

"Mamma!" began Bertie, looking a little ashamed, and very indignant. "*Doesn't* P stand for my papa? Ted says it don't, and it stands for *his* papa, and I know it stands for *my* papa, 'cause he said it!"

"Stands for *my* papa, *so!*" muttered Ted, behind his apron.

"O, you foolish little boys!" exclaimed mamma, laughing. "Is that what you are quarrelling about? P stands for both your papas, and every other little boy's papa, too." Then she taught them to spell "papa," so they might understand it, and talked to Bertie till he was very sorry for his unkindness to Ted.

When they were both happy again, she gave them some cookies, and sent them off to their play.

Bertie's father said that he would buy him a box of alphabet blocks as soon as he could tell all his letters, so Bertie hurried up, and learned as fast as he could.

When he knew them all perfectly, his papa brought home a nice box of blocks, and Bertie was delighted to find that he could tell all the letters on them as well as those in his book.

Now, he is learning to spell "boy" and "man" with his blocks. He likes them better than he does his book. MIRIAM.

LITTLE QUARRELS.

Willie and Georgie were two little brothers who loved each other; but, like many lovers, they sometimes had their quarrels. One day, their mother told them to say a verse of poetry, or to count ten, when they got angry with each other. "O, I don't see what good counting ten would do," said Georgie.

"And the more verses I said, the crosser I should grow," thought Willie.

But once, as they were playing cars in the nursery, running trains from each corner of the room, Willie wanted *his* train to start first: Georgie said *his* train was due at the west corner before Willie's. Willie wanted his train to be the express, and Georgie wished his to be the express.

Georgie said his train should stop at Cribville; and Willie thought it ought to stop at Grate-town, and coal up, so that *his* cars could reach Cribville first.

So they fell to disputing; and Willie got red in the face, and said, "You shall!" and Georgie said, "I sha'n't!" And Willie was just lifting his hand to give a blow, and Georgie was about to set his angry foot upon his brother's toy-cars, and destroy them, when their mother's advice came to them in a flash.

"May I govern my passions
With absolute sway,"

cried Willie, bubbling over with wrath and repentance,

"And grow wiser and better
As life wears away."

"One, two, four, six, ten!" lisped Georgie; and then they both burst out laughing as if they would die, and there was no more quarrelling on that day.—*Nursery.*

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in hammer, but not in tool.
My *second* is in chair, but not in stool.
My *third* is in silver, but not in gold.
My *fourth* is in rang, but not in tolled.
My *fifth* is in linger, but not in wait.
My *whole* is the name of a well-known State.
FLI.

2.

SQUARE WORD.

To masticate.
To regard.
Repose.
A bird. W. H. C.

3.

CHARADE.

In every village, town or city,
You'll find my *first*; the grave and witty
To me owe their first teachings.
My *second* soon will pass away;
No power on earth can make them stay;
Attend unto their teachings.
My *whole*, how gay and joyously
We passed the time—how full of glee
Was life, while they were going.

4.

REBUS.

LUCIUS GOSS.

5.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 1, 2, 12 is an animal often mentioned in the Bible.
My 3, 4 is a Jewish month.
My 5, 10, 19 is a Bible tree.
My 8, 14, 16 was an ancient mountain.
My 9, 6, 17 was the ancestor of a tribe.
My 13, 14, 7 is something very small.
My 15, 16 was the birthplace of a patriarch.
My 16, 11, 18 is a kind of grain.
My whole is a biblical measure. ISOLA.

6.

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

He cracked the whip in Kate's face.
Eli lacks true courage.
Nancy pressed her toys underfoot.
The rhinoceros escaped from his cage. TIMMIE.

7.

A CAGE OF BIRDS, ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

A vegetable and a fowl.
Half a girl's name and a vowel.
A pronoun and a preposition.
A plank, a measure and two-thirds of her.
A precious metal, a consonant and three barleycorns.

Conundrums.

When is a penny like a hermit? When it's a loan (alone).

When is a cat like a teapot? When you're teasin' it (tea's in it).

Why is a bee like a donkey, I ax? 'Cause he's got an intimate knowledge of wax (whacks).

Why is the world like a piano? Because it is full of flats and sharps.

Why is the letter Y like a prodigal son? Because it makes pa pay.

What man carries every thing before him? The waiter.

When is a soldier not half a soldier? When he's in quarters.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Aisle, Inlet, Sloth, Lethe, Ether.
2. Boarding-house.
3. Ruler.
4. Or, as a bear, encompassed round with dogs;
   Who, having pinched a few and made them cry,
   The rest all stand aloof, and bark at him.
5. Purr, Romeo, Iris, Mare. PRIM-ROSE.
6. Pan, Fork, Plate, Castor, Stove.
7. Rain.
8. Love-lock.

OF one hundred men born, 50 die before the tenth year, 20 between the tenth and twentieth, 10 between the twentieth and thirtieth, 6 between the thirtieth and fortieth, 5 between the fortieth and sixtieth; therefore only 9 live to above the age of 60.

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BULLS THAT ARE NOT IRISH.

We can go back to ancient Greece, and find in a famous collection of jests, and ludicrous stories, called the "Astela," many of the bulls which now go the rounds as Hibernicisms.

We are told there of the person, who sat before a glass with closed eyes to see how he looked when asleep; of the one who, having to cross a river, entered the boat on horseback, giving as his reason for riding that he was in a great hurry; of the man who, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try whether it was true; and of the one who, neglecting to purchase books, as a friend had requested in a letter, and fearing that he might be offended, said to him, when they next met, "My dear friend, I never got the letter you wrote me about the books."

And we can count such wise and learned men as Pythagoras, Socrates, Newton, Milton, Addison, Johnson, Dryden, Pope, Byron and Shakespeare among those who have been guilty of such blunders.

Byron says, in his "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,"

> "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A palace and a prison *on each hand*."

And Dr. Johnson said, "Every monumental inscription should be in Latin; for that being a *dead* language it will always *live*."

Even our scholarly senator, Mr. Sumner, thus expresses his opinion in his famous speech on the rejected Alabama Treaty: "I know it is sometimes said that war between us must come sooner or later. I do not believe it; but if it *must* come, let it be later, and then I am sure *it will never come!*"

Here is a good specimen of confused metaphor from an editorial in the Leavenworth *Conservative:* "The fall of corruption has been dispelled, and the wheels of the State government will no longer be trammelled by sharks that have beset the public prosperity like locusts."

It is stated as a fact that an illiterate man, who hailed from down East, had occasion, one day, to purchase a new Bible, and as it was quite an event to him, the next neighbor he met was duly informed of the fact that he "had got a Polywog Bible with the Hypocrisy in it."

An old lady, when asked by her minister what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity, replied, "O, I think it a good doctrine enough, *if people would only live up to it.*"

A Yorkshire clergyman, preaching for the Blind Asylum, began by gravely remarking, "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy *sight* it would be!"

An editor, puffing air-tight coffins, said, "No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other."

It is decidedly unfair to credit the Irish with all the bulls that are made. Every nation is guilty of them. It was a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time. It was a Dutchman who said a pig had no ear-marks, except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate, who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's a good thing for your wife;" it was a Maine editor, who said that a pumpkin in that State grew so large that eight men could stand around it."

The publication of Miss Edgeworth's "Essay on Irish Bulls" amusingly illustrated this fact.

A French bibliographer, in a classified catalogue of books, included the Essay in the list of works on "Natural History;" and a Scotch cattle breeder, having purchased a copy of it, pronounced her "a puir, silly body to write a book on bulls, and no ane word o' horned cattle in it a', forbye the bit beastie (the vignette) at the beginning." KATE S.

CORRECT SPEAKING.

We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing; and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live, the more difficult the language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is, very properly, doomed to talk slang for life.

Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best of speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.

A LONG PROMISE.

The *Kennebec Journal* contains the following incident: An old farmer, in the vicinity of Augusta, about twenty years ago, after concluding a "trade" for a large bill of goods with an Augusta dealer in furniture, as he was about to drive off, hailed him with, "If yer will throw in a looking-glass, I will bring yer down a barrel of nice apples." The mirror was "thrown in," and this was the last seen of the farmer until a few days since, when an aged farmer backed his "apple-cart" up to the sidewalk opposite the furniture store, now occupied by sons of the former owner, opened the door and shouted, "*Here's yer apples!*" The surprise of the sons was great; but the father, who was present, remembered the circumstances of the trade and heartily greeted his old acquaintance, who, after a lapse of twenty years, had not forgotten his promise.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

The Norfolk *Journal* relates an affecting incident which took place on the streets of Norfolk, last Sunday. An intoxicated man was being led home by his little daughter, a bright-eyed child of six or seven years old. The man resisted the efforts of all persons to take him home, but was perfectly passive in the hands of his child. After getting her father to the steps, the little girl threw her arm around his neck, and kissed him. All who witnessed the scene and the action were affected—some to tears. There is power in that little child's love to win her father back to sobriety and virtue, if there is any manhood left in him.

PAUL AND BYRON.

When Joseph Sutcliff was near his last hour, he said, "I have been thinking of the difference betwixt the death of Paul and of Byron. Paul said, 'The time of my departure is at hand; but there is laid up for me a *crown*.' Byron said,—

> "'My days are in the yellow leaf,
> The flower, the fruit of life are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Are mine alone.'"

Two or three academic students recently took some ladies into the Sheffield Scientific school observatory to gaze at the pale moon. One of the latter, observing through the telescope the jagged edge of the orb, exclaimed, in raptures, "O how divine! It looks exactly like Hamburg edging."—*Palladium.*

AN old farmer said to his sons, "Boys, don't you ever speckerlate, or wait for summat to turn up. You might jest as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

WE asked a young friend of ours, the other day, what he was doing, and he replied that he was going to boarding-school. We subsequently discovered that he was learning the carpenter's trade.

TOBACCO IN MEETING.—In the new Lutheran church at Hagerstown, Md., a large hand is painted on the vestibule, pointing down to a spittoon, with the inscription, "Please leave your tobacco there."

A GENTLEMAN in Massachusetts, in his prosperous days, gave his town a tract of land for a public square. The square still bears his name, while he, penniless and friendless, is an inmate of the town almshouse.

A NEGRESS, speaking of one of her children who was lighter colored than the rest, said, "I nebber could bear dat child, 'cause he shows dirt so easy."

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PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

THE LONDON ACROBATS.

By Mary A. Denison.

She was so tired! the poor little pale thing! Evermore streets, streets, with the dull, gray houses almost touching the sky; evermore crowds who laughed and jeered at her, and sometimes flung her pennies; evermore grimy squares, with here and there a discolored statue, —carriages, drays and cabs, cabs, drays and carriages.

To be sure, it was pleasant to look at those dainty, open vehicles, where the ladies sat so stately; or cherubs in gay little dresses, though not as gay as hers, poor thing, smiled down upon her as they whirled past.

The Strand was the pleasantest part of all this busy London to her; if she could only have stayed in Trafalgar Square all day, and done her dancing and her rope-walking! But those endless streets! Her vicious master, who never spared her; her no less vicious mistress, with the baby in her arms, who carried the basket; the no less vicious brothers, three of them, though she knew they were not her brothers—not brothers at all; not sons of the old man or the old woman, any more than she was one of them.

She one of them!

She remembered too well the time when, in a terrible confusion in another country, she was separated from her nurse and her sister, accosted kindly by some poor people on a wharf, whither she had strayed, frightened, but resolved not to show her fear. They took her to a mean lodging-house, under pretence of restoring her to her parents. She remembered nothing after she got there, for days, till she found herself in a coarse bunk, surrounded by crowds of emigrants, so weak and miserable that she could scarcely move or speak. For days, they threatened her with all sorts of indignities if she spoke to anybody, or called them other than father and mother.

These sad days seemed now so far in the past, that it troubled her to think of them. She had been so terribly treated, poor little waif, beaten, and threatened, and frightened, that her spirit, once so resolute, was thoroughly subdued.

And yet she still remembered the most prominent incidents of her childhood. She would have known her father and mother anywhere, and her twin sister, Lucy. O, how often she murmured that name when she crept into her bed of rags! they could not make her forget that, even though they beat her black and blue; they should not make her forget that her real name was Anna, though they had always called her Fanchette.

For five years she had been trained and tortured, till now she could climb a pole like a monkey, perform upon a tight rope, posture with the agility of a dancing-master, and gain applause from the most indifferent crowd.

But all this was hateful work to poor little Fanchette. One would not have thought it, to look upon her performances, to see her smile, and nod her pretty little painted face, for Fanchette was sometimes hungry, and often very, very weary, so that naturally she was pale, and, as rosiness ought to go with childhood, they compelled her to daub her poor little cheeks with a vile red color.

The "Come, now! here we be!" of her master, whose large red nose and goggle eyes filled her with terror, always made her heart beat; but she knew she was a favorite with the public,—that was some little consolation.

The company, as they styled themselves, always dressed for business in the morning, somewhere about nine o'clock. Usually, they lodged in the same house, in the viler part of London, and breakfasted upon fried bacon, and garlics, and coarse bread. Then their faded finery was assumed; tights of a dirty flesh color, belts all covered with white and yellow spangles, sashes of frayed satin, crowns of dingy gold-paper for their heads, and so they were ready.

THE LONDON ACROBATS.

Fanchette had not thriven upon the fare that was usually doled out to her. She had grown very little in her five years of suffering, and one could scarcely believe she was twelve years old. Indeed, she did not know herself, only felt that it was ages since she had been respectable.

Then they went their way together, the mother, with her squalid baby, the brothers, as they called themselves, bearing boxes and poles, the father, encumbered with the necessary machinery for carrying on their exhibitions.

Their habit was to go in the by-streets, where few carriages passed, and the policemen were not active. There they would stop, and in an incredibly short time, a piece of carpet would be laid on the ground, the brothers and poor little Fanchette threw off their cloaks and stood shivering in the air, or broiling in the sun, as the case might be; the poles were rigged, the rope stretched, and the old man, putting his pipes to his mouth, with his customary, "Now, then, here we be," would play some rude air, that brought all the boys, and roughs, and nurses, and chimney-sweeps, and beer-house porters, for squares around.

Then poor little Fanchette would spring up the pole, and go through her sickening evolutions, looking ready to faint, sometimes, even under the paint, but too much afraid of the brutal master, even if she were ever so sick, to fail or falter in one of her movements.

It was curious to watch the crowd during this display. The child looked sometimes feverishly beautiful as the applause became louder. Her long, light curls streamed in the wind; her little graceful limbs were fairy-like in their every motion. The stolid boy-faces showed grins of wondering appreciation. Now and then a passing traveller said, "Poor little soul! God help her!" as he put a penny or two into the woman's basket. Now and then a fair face looked up, pityingly, but made haste to get out of the way of that low crowd. Dainty children looked from plate glass windows, canopied by folds of rich lace, and laughed, with innocent glee, to see the little girl jump, but very few pitied her, or cast a thought back when she had gone by.

But a wonderful experience was coming into our poor, abused, heavy-hearted little Fanchette's life, though she had grown so miserably used to this dreadful existence.

One day, when she had just mounted to the swaying rope which was upheld by the brothers, who looked like young athletes, a carriage drove slowly by. There were three persons seated on the cherry-colored cushions, and a tall coachman sat on the high box. Little Fanchette was looking down, watching the rope on which her dangerous steps were taken. Suddenly, she caught a glimpse of the group in the carriage, uttered a wild shriek, and fell headlong into the old man's arms. It was lucky she did not touch the pavement, for even from that height it might have killed her.

When she recovered from her faint, she ran wildly forward, frantically seeking the carriage, but the brothers intercepted her, and led her, struggling and sobbing, back to her work. But she would not resume it, and they dared not beat her in the streets. So the brothers went on with the performance, and the poor little girl was forced to stay by the side of the woman, who plied her with questions. But she would not answer—not a word, and suffered for it when she reached her home, where she was soundly beaten by the man, who had been a loser through her obstinacy.

Still the child would not open her lips, and things went on as before, until one day Fanchette was on the tight-rope, and, looking up, saw faces in the opposite window that made her head unsteady, and her feet, too. A gentleman came out of the house and stood by the steps, smilingly looking up.

Suddenly, a shrill cry rang out,—"Father! O, father!"

The man and woman turned pale; the brothers picked up their ropes, and the woman held the frantic child. Cries of "Let her go!" came from the crowd, as the anguished voice was heard again and again.

"They stole me! Father! Father! they stole me!"

In less time than I can tell, the gentleman, who had been idly leaning against the railing, made his way into the midst of the crowd, where the woman and the man, too, were dragging the child along, with dreadful oaths and imprecations. Fortunately, a policeman came up and arrested the acrobats.

"Father!" sobbed the poor child, hot tears making great pallid lines through the thick rouge, "I am little Anna; I was stolen; I am Anna, and my sister's name was Lucy, and they stole me in New York."

Another moment, and the sobbing, half-fainting child was snatched from the brutal hands, and held to the man's broad bosom.

"I lost a child—in New York—five years ago," he said, hoarsely, to the policeman; "she was a twin; her name was Anna; her sister's name is Lucy, and she is the living picture of her sister. Ah, what will her mother say?"

He could not speak another word, only hold the lost child close, while the shabby crew, those who had not made their escape, were arrested, and taken to a place of confinement to await their trial.

I cannot tell what excitement ensued in that cosy English house when the lost child was taken home. Too much could not be done for her. What nice, warm clothes were folded about her poor little worn body! What a bed she sank into—soft as down! What kisses fell upon her cheek, now pale and sweet! What loving arms enfolded her!

The matter made a great stir in the circles where it was known, at the time, but the grateful father never appeared against the wandering tribe of acrobats, and finally they were discharged.

Anna is now a young lady, but she vividly remembers every line of that woful experience, though, as she told me the sad story, she said it was for the last time.

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

CHAP. XIII.—[*Concluded.*]

By Caroline Whipple Flanders.

The day before the close of our school term, which we used to call examination day, Nellie and I were preparing our dresses for the anniversary exercises.

Nellie's mother had sent her a new white muslin, made up with all the city adornments, for the occasion. To my unaccustomed eyes, it was of remarkable beauty, and I had lost several hours of sleep, thinking how beautiful she would look in it, and how dowdyish I should appear in my last summer's frock. My family, being plain people, considered a white dress an established "institution," and as suitable for a lifetime as for a day. I had been obliged to win my laurels in that dress every year since I had come to Mossville; and very probably would take my diploma in it, as well!

When our ribbons and nicknacks had been arranged, I took my well-worn dress, and shook out the folds, and examined it, discontentedly.

"If you don't mind my leaving you, to-morrow, Nellie, I will change seats with Miss Lofty," I said, turning my head away, for I felt ashamed of my own weakness.

"O, no, no, darling, don't," Nellie cried out, earnestly. "I am so timid! What shall I do without you?"

"Miss Lofty's dress would not be so fagged by the side of your new one as mine would be," I said, more and more ashamed of myself.

"I am not going to wear my new dress—I have lent it!"

"Loaned it?" I cried, in amazement, for I frankly confess it was not in *me* to loan such a dress as that!

"Yes. You see Winnie Winter was to have her anniversary dress from the sale of some stock on her father's farm, but this has failed, and the poor child has almost cried her eyes out."

"And why did you not lend her the old one, and use the new?"

"Because I rather Winnie would look well than I. Besides, I thought it would make *you* happier."

"Nellie, you are an angel," I said, trying to keep back the tears.

And that was all we said about it.

"And now, Nellie, who do you hope will get the prize, to-morrow?" I asked.

Nellie hesitated a little, bending her head lower over the lace she was crimping.

"Winter—Walter Winter."

"I thought it would go to Scranton, before he was so ashamed of his uncle."

"Yes, so did I; but he never was half so worthy of it. Winter is a fine scholar, correct in deportment, and very faithful in every thing, they say. He looks like it, too. I liked his face the very first time I saw it."

"I remember you did."

I did not, however, quite agree with Nellie, in regard to who deserved the star.

"It's a shame, the boys always carry off all the honors," I said. "I would not mind having that golden star, myself; but I suppose my lit-

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tle affair with Prince injures my prospects in that direction."

We both laughed, then, and went down to the parlor, where we found a dozen or more school-mates discussing the same subject.

Our examination opened briskly. There was a good deal to do, and but a little while to do it in.

The teachers moved about in a very dignified, gracious manner, and kept our courage good, by their very evident confidence in us.

The mathematical classes were examined in the morning, and Winter proved the best scholar in the class. The trustees were evidently delighted with him. Scranton did well, too; and so did Ned Tryst, who shone like a diamond, contrary to all expectations.

Mr. Moss seemed more interested in Ned than any of them; but the professor gloried in his own son, who really showed great proficiency for so young a lad.

In the afternoon, we were examined in the modern languages, botany and composition. There were two or three lively dialogues. Winter had a Latin declamation, Scranton a Greek one. Winter was the most dignified speaker, Scranton the most graceful.

Winnie Winter, who possessed a very musical voice, sung a solo; and as she stood up alone, her plump figure, so well set off by Nellie's new dress, and her wealth of reddish hair, rippling over her shoulders, made her a most beautiful picture.

I think Nellie was prouder of her than her brother could possibly have been.

How Miss Prig found out that Winnie sang in a borrowed frock, I don't know. Certainly I did not speak of the matter. Perhaps confiding Winnie, in the innocence of her heart, told her. At any rate, Miss Prig lost no time in announcing the fact, so that it was soon known all over the room.

You know, very well, what mischief such a whisper as that would cause in a room of malicious school girls. It reached Miss Mondram's ears, and even the professor and Mr. Moss heard of it; but it did not appear to lessen Winnie in their estimation in the least. Miss Mondram even went so far as to pat Winnie on her curly head, when she saw her crying, and whisper,—

"Never mind the busy bodies, dear. They would gladly change places with you!"

Nellie also sang a solo, and played the piano. She looked so pretty, and was so natural and cheerful, the people did not seem to notice her dress at all; and, after all my unpleasant feelings in regard to my old muslin, I was so absorbed in admiring her, that I forgot myself, so, you see, I might just as well not have borrowed trouble.

When the school exercises were over, we began to be intensely excited in regard to the golden star.

The trustees were looking over the reports, and whispering to the professor. The graduates were preparing to receive their diplomas, and our suspense was getting intolerable.

Winter was looking pale. He was an ambitious fellow. We all knew he had a right to expect the star, because he had deserved it.

Scranton looked flushed and eager. His vanity made him desire the star, while his common sense told him he ought not to receive it. But then, he was Senator Scranton's son, and his being there reflected great credit upon the institution. Such condescension ought to be rewarded!

It seemed an age before all the formalities were concluded. At last Mr. Moss rose up leisurely, and unlocked a pretty casket that was on the table before him. Taking in his hand the golden star, which was now attached to a blue ribbon, he explained, in his slow, minute way, to the audience and the trustees, his reasons for offering the prize.

Nellie was getting nervous. She slipped her little hand into mine, and when I felt how cold it was, I knew she was beginning to fear Winter would lose the star.

"I know," said Mr. Moss, "that most people attach great importance to book culture. I attach great importance to it, too—but I revere moral qualities more. I would rather see young persons inspired by good principles, and a cultivated conscience, than have them able to repeat the whole of the Latin Iliad.

"I propose to bestow this star upon the pupil who, without being negligent or unfaithful in the discharge of school duties, has done the most to improve the scholars, and to render others happy,—one whose private and social example I can most cordially recommend.

"After careful and unbiassed consideration, I shall, with your permission, (bowing right and left,) bestow the golden star on one whom we all respect and love—*Miss Nellie May!*"

Nellie had been sitting with her head bent eagerly forward, wholly forgetful of herself. At the announcement of her name, the poor child started back, and turned as white as a lily.

Fortunately, Mr. Moss was not quite through with his remarks, so that my darling had time to rally from the surprise.

"There is one other, whose deportment in every respect has been most satisfactory. It would be unjust not to recognize his merits upon this occasion. I refer to Mr. Walter Winter. As we have but one star, and cannot secure a duplicate, the best recognition we can make, is to select him as the most suitable person to place this ribbon around the neck of the recipient, Miss May."

The professor beckoned Winter to approach, who led Nellie forward. When they were near the platform, both paused, and Winter received the prize from the professor's hand, and suspended it around my darling's neck.

As she held up her beautiful head, and he raised his arms to crown her, his lips moved, and I am sure he whispered something in her ear—but Nellie never would tell me what he said.

I do not think the scholars were much surprised at the turn things had taken. Nellie was the only one who did not comprehend how richly she deserved it.

She looked so lovely in her confusion, and seemed so sincerely to be begging every body's pardon for robbing them of the prize, that we quite agreed with Mr. Moss, that she was the only girl we could see wearing it without envy.

When the exercises were over, the professor desired us to remain after our friends had retired. "Mr. Moss," he said, "had enjoyed the surprise party so very much, he wished to give us one in return, before we broke up. If we would assemble in the boarding-house parlors that evening at nine o'clock, Mr. Moss would be glad to see us."

The parlor doors, for some unaccountable reason, had been locked all the afternoon. When they were thrown open for the reception, we were surprised to see how elegantly the room had been fitted up. It looked more like a flower garden than our prosaic room.

There was also a curious floral arch, placed over a new sofa, that looked as if something unusual was going on.

The professor, with his family, was there, very smiling and happy. Several of the trustees were visible, but Mr. Moss was not in sight to welcome us.

We were beginning to think we had lost him, when who should appear but Mr. Moss and Miss Mondram. Her arm was within his, and they were apparently quite at ease with each other.

Mr. Moss wore gloves and a white vest. Miss Mondram was in white silk, orange flowers and a veil!

They were conducted to the new sofa, under the arch, and then we began to think what the *surprise party* was to be, the professor had promised to us. In a few moments the two were married, and we, eagerly and laughingly, went up to kiss the bride, and wish great happiness to our generous friend, now her husband.

Mr. Moss purchased a fine house in Mossville, and he and his wife are now living in it. Perhaps it is owing to his wife's influence that Mr. Moss has never, since his marriage, been known to wear his dressing-gown wrong side out. Shall you be surprised to learn that they adopted Ned Tryst, and that he is now studying to become an artist?

Scranton was so disgusted, because he lost the star, that he left the school. I do not know what became of him. As for myself, I am teaching, just now, in the academy, but shall go to the city next Christmas, when Winnie and I are to act as bridesmaids for Nellie and her brother.

If I can, I will send you some wedding cake!

THE CHILDREN'S LAND.

The German holidays are the merriest in the world, and one reason seems to be that the people share the feelings of their children, and delight in making them happy. A traveller says:

One of the first things that strike an American in Germany, when he begins to get a little insight into the life of the people, is the equality and sympathy between parents and children. In no country do parents take more pains, and likely not so much, to enter into the very hearts and lives of their children than here. They very early make them acquainted with their plans, talk with them as to older people, never go on an excursion or journey without them, and search everywhere for whatever will minister to their amusement or instruction. In no home would I sooner expect to find a father turning himself into a horse, an elephant, or a barrel on his parlor floor, for his children to ride him, roll over him, than in a German one—and the clergyman's as soon as any other. There are probably five juvenile household games in Germany to one anywhere else, and the parents exercise a wise discretion by having frequent entertainments for their children, and providing every thing possible for the amusement of all, to make their home the most attractive spot on earth to the little folk. The child that asks a question is not met with a blunt answer, but with such a reply—as pleasant and instructive as the parent knows how to give—as naturally promotes other inquiries, and gives stimulus to the mind.

For the Companion.

ALWAYS AND FOREVER.

"Here comes 'always and forever!'" cried out Lotty Brown, as she looked up from her sewing.

"Good!" "I'm glad!" "Go let her in, Jenny!" were the several exclamations that followed. There were four or five busy girls in the great, old-fashioned living-room; one sewing, another beating eggs, the two younger ones reeling off stocking-yarn, the eldest on her knees on the floor, cutting out some cloth by a paper pattern.

Over this group the pleasant wood fire shone benignly. There were pictures on the walls, a book-case reached to the ceiling, as full as it could be of ancient and modern works, books left by an old clerical grandfather, and gathered since by different members of the family. Over all streamed the winter sunshine, lighting up the bright brown, flaxen and auburn heads of the children, though the youngest of these was quite sixteen.

Presently, "ALWAYS AND FOREVER" made her appearance, ushered in by two of the laughing girls.

"Well, I declare! always *and* forever at work!" she exclaimed, with one of those low, mellow laughs that are as exquisite in their way as the sweetest music.

How can I describe her, except by saying that she seemed like a bit of concentrated sunshine? She was very small, and her face was an indescribably happy face, for God had given her a joyous nature, a temperament that no sorrow could shadow.

"Aunt Madge, you've come just in time to help me with these troublesome corners," exclaimed Faith, the eldest daughter. "Nobody can cut patterns like you."

"Spoil them, you mean," laughed Aunt Madge, surrendering her hood to one of the girls, and her shawl to another. "Well, it was such a lovely day!—and there's Nelly expects me to take her yarn this minute, and Lotty is tired of sewing, and Jenny, what is it you're making? Sponge cake? And where's your ma, dears?"

"Gone down to Aunt Anne's; did you know she was badly burnt?" asked Lotty.

"I should think I did; been there half the night. What a careless thing, to try and move the stove with boiling water on it. Well, she's a great deal better; but how did I contrive to miss your ma? Now what shall I do? I've brought thimble and scissors, and all the etcetera, and I've come just to be a fixture for the day. I'm forever and always coming here, you know, dears."

Presently, Aunt Madge was down on her knees, and the pattern was cut out; then Lotty was cased of her long seam, and sent to get a book to read aloud to the company.

"Now, Aunt Madge, you know that will be tiresome," said Nelly. "Why, I'd rather hear you talk to us, or tell us some story, than hear any book."

"Always and forever wanting stories," said Aunt Madge, with her little happy laugh. "Don't you know I never tell stories?"

"O-o!" cried Jenny. "I shouldn't wonder if your life would make a wonderful story. Do tell us something about yourself."

"The most barren subject you could have hit upon," replied Aunt Madge, growing grave. "My life has been full of mistakes."

"What makes you so contented, then?" asked one of the girls.

"Because it's my nature to be, darlings, and the dear Lord has been so good to me! But it is true as I tell you. I've made mistakes, always and forever, from the first. If Lotty had given me this seam before it was begun, I've no doubt I should have matched it with some other, or got it wrong side out; I know I should. My poor mother! What a trial she did have with me! She used to say there was no end to my mistakes."

"Tell us about some of your mistakes."

"Did I ever tell you how I baked the kitten?"

"No," cried a chorus of laughing voices; "tell us now."

"Poor Mixy! We called her Mixy, because she had a coat of many colors, black, brown, yellow and white. She was a pretty little thing, though, and I loved her dearly, and decorated her with ribbons, as girls will.

"One morning, mother said to me, 'Maddy, I sha'n't be home to dinner. I'm going to a quilting. When you come from school, you can make a fire, and boil a few potatoes for father and the boys; there are pies and meat in plenty. Now, do try and not make any blunders; be careful of the dishes; remember, I leave every thing with you. I may be home at twelve, and I may not.'

"So I carried off the key to school, feeling very proud of my position as housekeeper. My lessons were not as perfect as they might have been, but I was at home before twelve, determined to do great things in the culinary line.

"Mixy was there, serenely purring, so I played with her a minute, and then ran into the wood-shed to find some kindlings. When I came back, I shut the oven door, fancying at the same moment that I heard a short, subdued cry. I did not stop to see where it came from, but laid the sticks in the stove, lighted them, and went out in the garden to pick some peas.

"I was absent fifteen minutes, perhaps, and when I came back, there was a strange odor in the house. I ran up stairs, frightened. Was the place on fire? I flew down stairs again, and then I set up a scream, and out I went, at the top of my speed, into the corn-field, and hid myself, crying bitterly.

"We had a queer dinner that day"——

"Not the kitten!"

"Well, I hope not," laughed Aunt Madge. "The boys disposed of her, and I went to bed with a sick headache; but I never heard the last of it. To this day they joke me about it. You wonder why I dislike cats! I never want one near me. The recollection of that awful moment obliterates all the esteem I ever felt for the feline race, but I *did* love poor little Mixy.

"There! I've done my seam; now give me something else. Employment for me, forever and always!"

"What was it about the canary birds?" asked Nelly, as she complied with the request of Aunt Madge.

"O, the birds? They belonged to my aunt. She had seventeen—beauties! She had reared them herself to sell. They were the stock in trade by which she replenished her wardrobe. I was there on a visit, and one day, when we had both left the house to call on a neighbor, she sent me back to get something, telling me particularly not to open the dining-room door, for the birds were out of the cage. I suppose I was deep in thought about some trifling matter, for the first thing I did was to open the dining-room door, and then, frightened at what I had done, I stood there till all those blessed birds had flown out into the garden, and perched themselves on the fruit trees, singing like little wild things. Then I started for home, and never stopped till I reached mother, and sobbed out to her my story.

"'Good gracious!' cried she, growing pale, 'you are forever and always in trouble, but that's the worst thing you've done yet. What will poor 'Liza say?'

"All I could sob was, 'Seventeen birds! and the old ones! and O dear! what *did* make me do it?'

"'Your own thoughtlessness!' said mother, sternly, and then she went over to ascertain the extent of the mischief.

"When she came back, I was wretched enough. Indeed, I had cried myself into a fever.

"'There, don't worry,' said mother; 'the young ones are all in their cages, and the old ones will be, probably, to-morrow, that is, if the cats don't catch them. Your Aunt 'Liza never'll trust you again, though.'

"She never did, for I had killed her best hen, once, in a frolic, and lamed her favorite dog, and drawn charcoal sketches on her fine parlor paper, and torn a picture out of her family Bible. Poor soul! I was always and forever in trouble, till I grew up."

"And what then?" queried Lotty, with a comical face.

"Well, then, if ever I had a beau," laughed Aunt Madge, "I was sure to say or do something that offended him, but I never cared for that, for I like my own company best. I'm always on good terms with myself! If I make mistakes, why, they don't hurt anybody else. You know Lawyer Kent?"

"Yes, indeed," echoed the girls.

"That was twenty years ago or more. He'd been away from home some time, and grown whiskers and a moustache, so that I didn't remember him when he called to see me.

"Well, father had expected a young man, that morning, who was very deaf.

"'Scream with all your might,' said he, 'if he comes. Tell him I'll be in at ten.'

"Well, young Kent came, and, as I said, I did not recognize him. I thought he acted rather familiarly for a stranger, and, as soon as I could

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find an opportunity to speak, I gathered up my energies, and shouted, close to his ear,—

"'If you want to see father, he'll be in at ten.' It was a yell to the close.

"The poor fellow actually jumped back several feet, looked sharply at me, then, with an air of dignity that was infinitely amusing, he took his hat and left. I don't wonder. I'm sure I stunned him, but it was one of my mistakes. I'm forever and always making 'em to this day."

The girls were all laughing, and just then, Betty, the maid, came to the door, to say that dinner was ready, and the missus had got back; so they all adjourned to the dining-room.

THE TASMANIAN DEVIL.

Some years ago, I met in London Elias Hart, a well-known adventurer.

In the course of a conversation with him on the remarkable animals I had met, I asserted that the ferocity and courage of many inhabitants of the forest had been greatly overstated.

"Why," said I, "there isn't an animal in all Australia that, in open ground, would face my old hound, Hero."

"I can tell you of an animal," said Hart, "if not found in Australia, yet common enough in the remoter backwoods of Van Dieman's Land, that would not only face your Hero in the open country, but would refuse to move an inch out of the path to let a drove of bullocks pass. Did you never hear of the Tasmanian devil?"

No; I had never heard of the Tasmanian devil.

"The devil," he continued, "is a beast about the size of a large bull-dog, in appearance something between a polecat and a bear, but in kind a poucher, like the opossum, or the kangaroo.

"The wildcat is a devil by nature, so are the fox, the Indian buffalo and the stone marten, but the wickedest of all animals is the *Ursian Sarcophilus*, or the Tasmanian devil.

"In English he is called the devil; his name in French is *diable*, and in German, *teufel*, and I am told that the Royal Society has given the Latin name of devil to the whole race."

I desired him to tell me all that he knew concerning this remarkable animal.

"His natural propensities are gluttonous and sluggish.. He will be quiet enough when gorged with flesh and left to undisturbed repose; but the slightest provocation will turn him at once into a veritable fiend. He then becomes instantly the very type of senseless fury, attacking all before him, dead or living, flying with equal fierceness at a mastiff or a barn door. Nor is there, while life is left to him, either truce or quarter. As long as a shred of flesh remains to tear, or a last bone to shatter, he fights on, regardless of the numbers that surround him, or of his own subsiding strength, until at length his jaws snap faintly, and his life goes out with a most malicious snarl.

"Though taken young and brought up in captivity, his nature undergoes not the slightest modification. He lives to the last the same surly life, and usually dies in some mad struggle with the bars of his cage. After years of experience he repeats the same acts of profitless and exhausting frenzy.

"Without apparent motive he will rush at the wall, beating the air like a rabid lunatic, uttering long howls that seem to choke him, till they break out suddenly into a piercing bark.

"He does not show the smallest attachment to his guardians or feeders, whom he menaces from the moment they approach him till they pass completely out of sight.

"When tired out or overfed he becomes stupid or sleepy, rolls himself up into a corner, and falls into a leaden slumber, from which it is not always easy to rouse him.

"Nothing can be cheaper than to feed him. He will be satisfied for days together with huge bones which he cracks up like biscuit, and usually swallows entirely.

"The full-grown devil is an animal of strange appearance. His coat is rough and looks like a blanket brushed the wrong way. His head and stomach are of brownish black; the tail is also black, but with a patch of white just above the insertion. An apron of white covers the chest, and there are spots of white on the front paws.

"In a wild state its habits are nocturnal, and he appears as sensitive as an owl to the action of the solar rays. When the sun remains on high, he keeps within the clefts of rocks, or under roots of trees, and sleeps so soundly that the noisiest pack may pass without awakening him.

"No sooner, however, do the shades of night begin to fall, than he issues forth in search of prey, and then woe to the living thing that passes windward within scent. Once fairly griped, the victim, whatever its kind, is doomed inevitably. A feeble squeak, an unconscious struggle, and all is hushed except the muffled crepitation of bones smashed up and swallowed with the flesh that covers them.

"The female bears from three to five cubs, which she carries about with her in her pouch until they grow too big to get into it. She loves them with a sort of fiery ardor, and to save or shield them she would no doubt attack an army or plunge into the flames.

"The voracity of the animal renders him an easy prey to trappers. The clumsiest snare suffices, provided it be strong enough to hold him. Any bait attracts him that can be scented.

"It is difficult to secure him by means of dogs. No single dog will attack him twice, and he will fight any number until he falls completely exhausted."

From the time I heard Hart's narration I was ambitious to add to my natural history collections the *Ursian Sarcophilus*, or Tasmanian devil. I had travelled over three-quarters of the globe in connection with my profession, and I now resolved to visit Van Dieman's Land.

The year 1860 found me, accompanied by my dog Hero, at Nobbler's End, where, with a party of rangers, I began my first expedition in search of remarkable animals, having more especially in view the Tasmanian devil.

Our party consisted of six men and seven dogs.

I felt at times a little nervous about poor old Hero, notwithstanding his spiked collar and prodigious strength. I knew his courage, for he had been my constant companion for years of perilous travel, and I dreaded to see him smart undeservedly, from his entire ignorance of his opponent's mode of warfare.

I was told that the devil, once roused, entirely neglects its own defence, and thinks only of wounding his aggressor. When attacked by a dog, his effort is to seize it by the fore leg, and if he gets fairly hold the bone snaps at once, and the dog limps off disabled.

Towards evening of the first day of our expedition, we reached a sort of rocky platform, from which one of the party pointed out a spot where he had assisted in killing a sarcophilus some months before. It was there he said we should find the devil if anywhere. The place, he believed, had not been disturbed for years, and he knew there were devils in the neighborhood.

The whole of the next day was spent in beating fruitlessly the covers. At nightfall we held a council, and determined to keep watch until moonlight, on the chance of surprising a sarcophilus hunting on a scent, at which time the animal betrays his passage by his voice. But the moon arose, and the night brought no encounter.

Towards evening on the following day, I was startled by a series of piercing whistles and boisterous holloes in advance that told me clearly that there was an end to ambush, and that the battle so long sought for had in reality begun. Shout followed shout in quick succession, and then there came a long howl, so long and dismal that old Hero pricked his ears and sprung forward in the direction of the sound.

I called him back, determined to have him under my own immediate control, and we hurried on together to the scene of action. I shall not soon forget the sight which broke on my view as I emerged into the open ground.

With his back to a large overhanging stone, there stood, half crouched before the dogs, the most horrible looking beast imaginable. Not that his contour was villanous; in form he resembled a badger, but his physiognomy was literally diabolical.

His jaws were just wide enough apart to reveal his large white teeth, and from these seemed to issue a continuous growl. But what most arrested me was the animal's eyes, which gleamed with the lurid light of intense maliciousness and rage.

When I arrived on the ground, one wounded dog was howling piteously, with his tail curved under him, and holding up his fore foot. The five others were close to the devil, dodging within distance, but not venturing to close with him.

A shot had been fired, evidently with some effect, as the animal was bleeding from the ear. One gun was on the ground, bitten short off at the slope of the stock.

On seeing Hero the men at once hounded him on the devil; and, not hearing my half-muttered counter-orders, looked petrified at his apparent want of courage.

At last the smallest dog of the pack closed, and the others took heart immediately. A fearful strife ensued, in the midst of which I let loose Hero with a shout, meant to explain his previous passiveness.

With one bound he reached the devil, and fastened fiercely and heavily on his throat. This turned the scale at once, for the sarcophilus was already at bay with the whole pack, and Hero's weight and galling collar completely mastered him.

On seeing him thus pinned, a spearsman stepped forward and ended the fight abruptly with a mortal thrust. The devil watched the dogs defiantly, till his life went out with a snarl that seemed to go right down and expire under ground.

The first dog was maimed irreparably, and his master shot him on the spot. Two others were badly wounded. Hero had not a scratch.

THE BLIND BOY.

Sister and brother, side by side,
  Her eyes are bright, and his are blind.
These are the gifts which they divide:
  They halve their thoughts, and share their mind.
Darkness he gives, and she gives light,
She finds the day, and he the night.

The blind boy thus his sister's sight
  From dawn to even fondly tasks,
And reads the world in borrowed light,
  Whose equal good he freely asks.
And she, to skim all nature, plies
The infant passion of her eyes.

For the Companion.

UNTO DEATH.

AN INCIDENT.

"Yes, they're a rough lot," said Mr. Miller, holding his boy, Frank, tighter by the hand, as they walked by the gaping mouths of the coal-pits, from which the miners were coming in squads of five or six, black as the coal itself, their lips blood-red by contrast, and a small tin lamp, fastened in front of their grimy hats.

After the men came the boys, who swore, and pushed each other down the path. Several of them had enormous cigars stuck in their mouths, which they took pleasure in puffing in Frank's face.

"Vile little wretches!" cried Frank. "I suppose they never go to church, or school, either?"

"No, not often."

"One couldn't expect them to be different from what they are, then."

"What are they, Frank?"

"Well, I don't know, sir," eyeing the ragged crowd, superciliously. "I don't know what they are now, but I think they are stuff of which cut-throats and robbers are made. I don't see any chance for good in them."

He noticed that his father, by his silence, seemed hardly to agree with him, and continued, hastily, "At any rate, they are a whiskey-drinking, swearing, tobacco-chewing crew!"

Still Mr. Miller was silent.

"You've always told me how wicked these habits were, sir."

"Very wicked, Frank."

"Don't you think?"——

"We won't talk about them now, Frank, especially when they are within hearing."

"They can't hurt us."

"You can hurt them."

Frank looked at the boys, and laughed. He did not suppose there were any very fine susceptibilities under that mask of grime.

Mr. Miller had brought his son with him to Tamaqua on business. As they sat alone at supper in the hotel, that evening, he said, "I remember when this was a mere collection of miners' huts. It has grown rapidly in fifteen years."

"You have been here before?"

"Long ago. I was a very young man then. I came up on business for my father. It was in December, the cold December, as it was called afterward. I finished my work in a day, and wished to push on to Troy, Penn., the next day. The only means of reaching it was by a Jersey wagon, drawn by a lean horse, and driven by a boy, one of the same class of smoking, whiskey-drinking boys, such as you saw to-day."

"It must have been any thing but pleasant, with such a companion."

"A snow storm was coming up when we started."

"'You'd best lay by, Billy,' said the tavern-keeper to the boy, who was harnessing a sorry-looking beast.

"'I've got to drive this team, and I'll drive it,' he said. 'It's your business to run that tavern, Joe. Each feller kin stick to his own job.'

"He was a shrewd, steady-eyed lad, with a pleasant smile."

"Then he was not like those ruffians outside?"

"Just like them. As dirty, and as profane; smoked, too, just such rank tobacco.

"Before he got into the wagon, Billy buttoned down the curtains, threw in a buffalo robe for me, and tucked another over his knees. One or two men remonstrated against our going. I knew nothing of the risk, or I should not have insisted. As for the boy, he went on, quietly, with his preparations.

"'Billy's quit digging, lately,' said the landlord, aside to me, 'and took to stage driving. Whatever he undertakes, he goes through with.'

"We started at last. The distance was in reality but a few miles, but the horse crept through the heavy snow at a snail's pace. I heard Billy whistling and singing incessantly, outside. Once or twice when he spoke. I remember I answered him gruffly, for, like you, I had no relish for a vulgar, whiskey-drinking, tavern loafer, as I supposed him to be.

"About ten o'clock, we came to a wayside inn, where the horse was fed, and the boy drank some hot brandy, and brought a glass to me. 'You'll need it,' he said, 'before we get to Troy.'

"I declined. We went on up the mountain. It is singular, that although that was the coldest day of the year, I do not remember that I felt chilly. I grew singularly drowsy after awhile, and stretched myself on the seat for a nap. Then Billy shook me.

"'You've got to stay awake, sir,' he said. 'It's my business to get you safe to Troy, but you must take care of yourself some'at.'

"He said this with an oath, that provoked me. I was a very young man, and as I said, knew absolutely nothing of the danger I ran. I recollect the intolerable drowsiness that overcame me, as we plodded on in the thick gray mist. I recollect, too, that the boy stopped the wagon, again and again, rubbed and shook me; that he buttoned my coat closer, wrapped the buffalo robe tightly about me.

"One of the last things I remember, was his holding a whiskey flask to my lips, in which there were but a few drops, and then tucking a horse blanket up in the open front of the wagon to fence me in from the driving wind.

"'It's my business,' I heard him mutter, 'to take him safe into Troy. What I've engaged to do, I'll do.'

"I was so dulled by sleep that I attached no importance to his words. Afterwards I understood them."

"What did they mean, father?" said Frank, with a sort of frightened awe creeping over him.

"The blanket was all he had to protect himself. He put it up to save me. I was a stranger whom he had never seen nor heard of before that day."

Mr. Miller was silent, looking gravely into the fire.

"How did it end, sir?"

"The wagon stopped, about two o'clock in the afternoon, at the door of the tavern in Troy. I was roused by the men taking me out, and chafing my body with snow. There was a sharp pain in one leg—the foot was frozen. The boy they had taken out before me. He was dead."

There was a long pause, broken only by the crackling of the fire.

"Father," said Frank, "why did he do that? I can understand giving up life for one you love, but you were a stranger."

"I don't think he thought of me at all in the matter. He simply did what he had engaged to do. I think that unflinching steadiness to duty, to fulfilling a self-imposed obligation even to death, is oftener found among laboring men than among so-called gentlemen. The engineer does not often forsake his engine, nor the captain his ship. It is not that they have any wish to sacrifice themselves for people unknown to them, but they do their duty."

Frank stood up. He could not keep still. His cheeks were hot, and the tears stood in his eyes. "Why, father, that is the highest heroism! And this was one of these whiskey-drinking, ignorant boys!"

"When you are older, you will be able to look under the whiskey drinking and ignorance, and find that which lies beneath. Noble qualities may be associated with rags, and dirt, and even with oaths and whiskey. Like Christ, we may respect the good, and seek to purify the bad."

HOW THE EYE IS WASHED.

For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it was necessary that the eye should be kept clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a water fluid (tears), which is spread over the eye by the lid, and is afterwards swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone to the inner surface of the nose, while the warm air, passing over it while breathing, evaporates it. It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose.

If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it, and a lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when we look through a dusty glass. Along the edges of the eyelids there are a great number of little tubes or glands, from which flows an oily substance which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from being sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep tears within the lid. There are also six little muscles attached to the eye,

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which enable us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eye, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who formed them, and has thus saved us the trouble of turning our heads every time we wish to view an object.

OTHER WORLDS.

Every few years people seem to have what may be called an attack of other-worldliness. The question comes up and is discussed with great interest, whether other stars or planets have inhabitants like ours. As science has made great progress of late, and we know more about the sky, and what used to be thought to be pin-holes in it, than ever before, this question can be treated more intelligently now than when it last engaged public attention.

After all, however, we know very little of the stars, or planets, except the sun, and moon, and the planets nearest us, so that if we do inquire for inhabitants in the others we shall receive no answer. We may knock at the door, but it will not be opened to us.

First, then, let us apply to our Sun. He is certainly no stranger to us. As for size, he could assuredly find room for inhabitants. He weighs 740 times as much as all the planets. Were we transported to his surface our own weight would crush us, so great would be the attraction of gravitation. There are also grave suspicions that he is a ball of red-hot iron, soda, &c., into which red-hot meteors are continually plunging, causing explosions of flaming gas, and tremendous discharges of electricity. The sun is probably continually lightening, and we do not hear the thunder only because we are so distant; so we can hardly consider our solar centre as a desirable place of residence.

Our moon is supposed to be a globe of hard rocks, covered with immense mountains and profound chasms, but without a shred of atmosphere. It is therefore exposed to terrible heat from the sun by day and equally terrible cold by night. There is no water to drink and no vegetables to eat; so we shall certainly decline an invitation to live there, and shall not regard any lunatics who make it their abode as our brethren.

Let us try the planet Mercury next, for whether there is another planet nearer the sun, called Vulcan, is very doubtful. Our little friend does not march round the sun in a circle, and when nearest the sun he receives ten and a-half times more light and heat than we do, and when farthest off half as much. The heat at the tropics must therefore be somewhat scorching, unless he is well-provided with an umbrella of thick clouds. It may also be so arranged that his summer occurs like ours, when he is farthest from the sun, and his winter when he is nearest. Even then the sun must look to the Mercurials two or three times as large as to us. We think the climate must be rather trying on this planet, but still tribes like the Hottentots and Bushmen might manage to exist there; and if they do they doubtless imagine that nothing could possibly be finer than their Mercury.

Venus is so much like our earth that it would hardly hurt us to emigrate to the planet of love. It has an atmosphere like ours; for when it is horned, its horns extend beyond a semicircle, a feature caused by atmospheric projections. But Venus is always so near the rising or setting sun that it cannot be observed to great advantage.

Mars is very differently situated. It has been observed so closely that its seas and continents have been mapped out and names given to them. Its seasons are like ours. The clouds may be seen to gather and clear away again. There must be rain, and as seas imply volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, there must be mountains and rivers. On the whole the Martial people must be nearest of kin to us; our cousins-martial if not german.

Next in order comes the giant Jupiter. There have been great speculations as to his possible inhabitants. The attraction of gravitation is two and a-half times greater than the earth, a man would therefore weigh two and a-half pounds there for one pound here. In order to weigh the same his height must be reduced to two and a-half feet. A man twice as high as another is eight times as heavy, and four times as powerful, but on account of his weight only half as active. Reasoning in this way we might conclude that the denizens of Jupiter must be mere pigmies, among whom Gen. Tom Thumb would be exhibited as a giant.

Jupiter, however, has been found to resemble the sun, especially in itself giving out light and heat, and being subject to electric storms, and it is more probable that its moons are inhabited than itself.

The same may be said of Saturn. It appears to be undergoing vast changes, which would present an immensely glorious and interesting spectacle to people on its moons, but would not admit any inhabitants in the least degree resembling us, to reside upon its surface.

With regard to Uranus, that is certain which is not fixed with regard to Mercury, that the inclination of its equator to the plane of its orbit is very great, so that in some latitudes the inhabitants would never see the sun for twenty years, and could not therefore exist. It is, of course, still less likely that Neptune is tenanted like our earth.

NOT LOST.

Nothing is lost—
No snow or frost
That comes to enrich the earth again.
We thank them when the ripening grain
Is waving over the hill and plain,
And the pleasant rain springs from earth again.
All endeth in good—
Water and food.

Never despair;
Disappointment bear,
Though hope seemeth vain, be patient still;
Thy good intents God doth fulfil.
Thy hand is weak: His powerful will
Is finishing thy life-work still,
Thy good endeavor
Is lost—ah! never.

THE RUINS OF BABYLON.

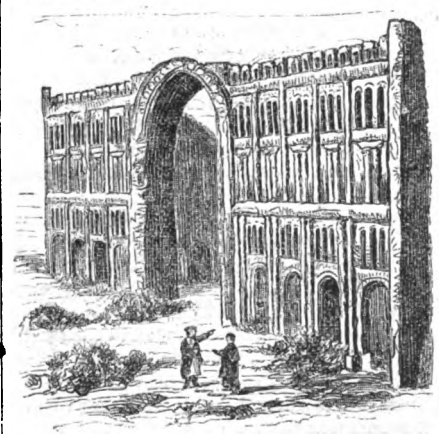
"Golden Babylon," the queen city of Assyria, with its walls, its temples, palaces and hanging gardens, its river banks, canals and lakes, is so glowingly described by the heathen authors that it is deservedly reckoned one of the wonders of the ancient world.

Though situated on a marshy plain, it is called in Scripture "a mountain," on account of the loftiness and grandeur of its walls, temples and towers. It was indeed a mountain of art, such as the world never before had seen, and never again may see.

But it has become the synonyme of wasted luxury and vanished splendor, thus fulfilling to the letter the awful prophecies of the Scripture:

And Babylon shall become, she that was the beauty of kingdoms,
The glory of the pride of the Chaldeans,
As the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah
By the hand of God.
It shall not be inhabited forever,
Nor shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation.
Neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there,
Neither shall the shepherds make their folds there.
Lowth's Translation.

The first ruin that holds the eye of the traveller from Bagdad to Babylon, is called the Unjillible, (or overturned,) a relic, of the days when men constructed edifices by the side of which any thing in modern engineering looks dwarfed and puny.



This ruin has an immense circumference, and is one hundred and forty-one feet high. It was once the seat of luxury and feastings; its halls resounded with music and song, and the feet of the dancers; old kings revelled there, unmindful that these splendors had unseen wings, and would quickly fly away.

A feeling of awe comes over the traveller as he lingers here. Not so much as a whisper comes from the lofty and shadowy pile to tell of the departed glory, whose relics time has here left behind. It is all silent, solitary, echoless. Language would fail to describe it, did not the sublime passages of the poet prophet come to the relief of the tongue and pen:

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the morning!
And cast down to earth, thou that didst subdue the nations.

There shall the beasts of the desert lodge,
And howling monsters shall fill their houses.
There shall the daughter of the ostrich dwell
And there shall the satyrs hold their revels.
And wolves shall howl to one another in the palaces,
And dragons in their voluptuous pavilions.

Another object of interest amid the desolation is the El Kasr, or the palace, as it is called,—an enormous mound, measuring eight hundred and twenty yards in length, by six hundred and ten in breadth. Fragments of detached wall are still standing, composed of brick, cemented with bitumen. The freshness of the inscriptions on some of these bricks is amazing. One would never suppose that they were imprinted thousands of years ago, and formed a part of shapeless ruins even at the beginning of our era.

Near this palace, and close to the river, were the wonderful hanging gardens, graced with the verdure of the far Median Mountains, the work of Nebuchadnezzar. These remains consist of two grand mounds of an elevation of sixty feet.

Pliny says that the hanging gardens were constructed on columns, arches and walls, and contained terraces of earth, watered by machines from the river. Luscious fruits, and even forest trees, grew on these immense terraces, and the shade and refreshing coolness of the place was delicious.

But the most important and interesting ruin of Babylon is the Bris Nimroud, the supposed Tower of Babel, of Scripture history.

It is situated on the western bank of the Euphrates. It is, perhaps, the grandest relic of the ancient power of Assyria.

Here ancient people toiled, and their rulers revelled. Here Xerxes triumphed, and Alexander sacrificed. Here Chaldean priests, in long and splendid procession, bowed down before Belus, the mighty Babylonian god.

The present height of Bris Nimroud, or the Tower of Babel, is two hundred and thirty-five feet. Its circumference is more than two thousand feet. It arises in successive elevations of incomparable masonry, the different stages of which may still be distinctly traced. The ascent was on the outside, as represented in cuts in Bibles, and biblical literature. The tower itself, rising from this stupendous pedestal, is a ruin about fifty feet high.

The time of the destruction of the Tower of Babel dates from the earliest reliable history, and yet these ruins stand out in the plain, proudly defying, as it were, the vicissitudes of the elements, and scorning even to yield to the hand of time.

We give pictures of a group of Jews of Mesopotamia, and a Babylonian ruin.

THE FALL ELECTIONS.

On the 7th of November, elections were held in eleven States, which contain almost two-fifths of the population of the Republic.

The States are New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Virginia, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Mississippi, Arkansas, New Jersey, Kansas and Maryland.

Thus the North, the South, the West and the Middle States were all represented in the voting on that day, and from what then took place we can fairly come to some conclusion as to the political state of the country.

In Massachusetts the Republicans elected all their candidates for State officers, and large majorities in both branches of the Legislature.

The New York election was one of much more than ordinary importance, because it involved the decision of the people of that State on the "Tammany Ring" corruptions. "Tammany" was an organization within the Democratic party, and the Democrats were to some extent held responsible for what it had done in New York city.

Whether it was right thus to charge the responsibility upon the whole party, is a matter with which we have nothing to do. We merely state facts. The Democrats lost the State through their association with Tammany, though many of the ablest and best Democratic leaders were resolutely engaged in bringing the rogues of the city to trial, and, it is expected, to justice.

New Jersey elected a Democrat to the office of Governor, but the Republicans have both branches of the Legislature. Maryland gave a Democratic majority of 12,000, and the same party were successful in Virginia by the great majority of 20,000.

The Republicans carry Mississippi by a majority of 15,000, and they were also successful in the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Kansas.

Thus there is a large balance on the Republican side, and this is considered an important fact in connection with the next presidential election, which will take place in November, 1872.

Among the Republican States at this time are the great States of Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and Illinois, and the States of Massachusetts, Maine, Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan. On the Democratic side are the great State of Virginia and the lesser States of Maryland, New Jersey, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Texas and others.

The great States of New York and Missouri are to be classed as "doubtful." So the result of the next presidential election must yet be regarded as uncertain, on the ground that there is no knowing what may take place in the course of a year.

A Beautiful Present.

WE SHALL GIVE TO

EVERY SUBSCRIBER NOW ON OUR LIST,

WHO CONTINUES TO

Take the paper---Paying for it

For One Year from the date when his present Year expires,—a copy of

Darley's New Picture,

Designed by him expressly for subscribers to the Companion.

Its title is "GRANDPA'S HIRED MAN." It represents a hay-field on a hot July afternoon. The farm-house is in the distance, partly covered by trees, and over it hangs the gray summer haze. Not far away, lusty men are loading a huge wagon, while in the foreground are grandpa and his little pet, raking the newly-made hay.

The man is approaching old age. His tall, muscular form is somewhat bent, and the strong, pleased, time-worn face is watching his little "three year old" grandchild, whose chubby arms are tugging at a heavy rake, and whose face is a perfect picture of baby complacency and delight.

Neither grandpa nor his pet "hired man" are turning off work like the boys, but there is sunshine in their faces, as well as in the fields, though one reflects the rising, and the other the declining light. Little tot is *charming as pencil can* make him, and so delightfully has Mr. Darley blended the simple happiness of childhood with the pensive playfulness of age, that the picture not only pleases, but *holds* the observer,—like those rare faces that grow in attraction the more they are seen.

Mr. Darley, in American subjects, is unquestionably the first draughtsman in America; and in this picture he fully sustains his claims to that position. It is, in every sense of the word, a choice work of art, admirably conceived; one that will make a graceful and fitting ornament for any home.

The size of the picture, including its margin, is 17 1-2 by 25 inches. It is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready so that we can send it to all persons entitled to it at the latest by the first of March next—but probably before the first of February.

Send, therefore, your subscriptions when the year expires for which you have now paid, and the picture will be sent you as soon as it comes to us from the printer.

Remember that we give the picture to both old and new subscribers. Any person who subscribes for the paper for one year, between Nov. 1, 1871, and Nov. 1, 1872, and pays $1 50 for it, will receive the picture.

A subscriber who is now owing for part of a year, and who pays only for that year, will *not* be entitled to it. Such subscribers must pay one year in advance of their present year's unpaid subscription, in order to secure it.

The offer of this picture will prove a help to our friends in obtaining new names, for it will be given, as we have stated above, to each new subscriber.

Send for Circulars, Premium List and Cards, if you wish them as aids in obtaining new names.

AN ENGINEER AND FERTILIZER.

Angle worms are not beautiful, unless to boys who are eager to find bait for fishing. But if the proverb holds good, "Handsome is that handsome does," they ought to be prized by farmers and gardeners. It has long been known that they are famous underground engineers, opening natural tunnels and passages in the toughest soil, and making it more mellow and accessible to air and moisture.

But recent observation has proved their use-

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fulness in another line. Everybody has noticed the excrements they leave on the surface of the ground, around the holes from which they come out, chiefly in the night. A curious experimenter collected a heap of these excrements, and planted seed in them, and found them to be far more fertile than the common soil. He suggests the theory that worms enrich the surface of the soil, and may have done an important work in this way in ages past, in converting hard and rocky material into good loam. Let no one despise angle worms.

ULTRAMONTANES.

This old word has come into common use again, and judging from the warmth of the contest between the "Old Catholics" and their foes in Germany, it is likely to be heard for a long time.

Ultramontanes are men of that party in the church of Rome who support the position that the power of the Pope is absolute, and that no earthly potentate has any right to interfere in his government of the church.

The consequence of an adoption of the Ultramontanes' view of the Pope's place among the potentates of the world would have been to make him the absolute master of Christendom, for had he been allowed to rule despotically the spiritual affairs of men, he would have held mankind wholly under his control.

But there always has been a large party in the Romish church, opposed to the Ultramontanes, embracing the governments of most Catholic countries, and consequently Ultramontanism has never been able to permanently establish itself, though in some countries it has met with more favor than in others.

All Catholic countries have resisted papal pretensions in some way; not Spain herself, in her most bigoted times, having been submissive to Rome.

But the two countries in which Ultramontanism encountered the most resistance before the Reformation were England and France. No one can read English history, even carelessly, without seeing how earnest were Englishmen to "keep the Pope in his place,"—and that place was not that of a ruler of England.

All the while that they did this, they, or a very great majority of their number, were Catholics in every thing that related to doctrine. *Henry* VIII., when he sought to keep up Catholicism in England, while he threw off the papal supremacy, did no more than had been thought of by some of his predecessors, who had lived and died long before the Reformation. But they, unlike him, were not favored by circumstances, and could not complete the work of freeing England from papal ascendency.

We are so accustomed to consider France as a Catholic country, that it is difficult to think of her being opposed to papal claims. Yet, down to very recent times, she had contest after contest with Rome; and more than once it seemed as if she would do what was done by England, that is, set up the *Gallican church* as an independent body, as England set up the *Anglican church*, now generally known as the church of England. Had Francis I. followed the example of Henry VIII. and established the *Gallican church*, the religious history of the world would have been changed.

There has for centuries been a Gallican party among French Catholics, which has supported anti-papal views, and advocated church freedom. It was with this party that the word Ultramontanes originated. It charged the Papists with supporting views that found favor "beyond the mountains;" (*ultra montes*) that is, in Rome, or beyond the Alps—views that could not be held without doing injury to France.

Thus the word came into use, as applied to the extreme supporters of the church of Rome. Recent events, growing out of the action of the Council at Rome (1869–70) have brought it prominently forward again at this time.

LAP-DOG SENTIMENTALISM.

This disease is bad enough as it appears in the silly and silken cosseting of poodles, in places and privileges where children ought to be, but when it comes to paying regular public funeral honors to a dog, the sickness is as bad as Darwinism, or the old Egyptian homage to Anubis:

Some time since, a man in Troy applied at the Mount Ida Cemetery, and requested a grave to be dug, to be ready on the following day. The instructions were heeded, and at the appointed time the funeral cortege arrived at the "home of the dead." The corpse was contained in an elaborate coffin, lined with white satin, on the outside of which was the usual inscription of birth and death. The ceremony was performed, and the mourners wended their way homeward. A head-board was placed at the grave, on which appeared the following inscription: "Our little adopted child." A day or two subsequently the superintendent of the cemetery, having his suspicion excited, had the grave opened, and upon raising the coffin lid the body of a dog was found calmly reposing in death.

STARVING AND UNSTARVING.

Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, speaking of the privations which prove fatal to life, sooner or later, says "A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, for want of food at varying intervals, dependent on constitution, habits of life, and the circumstances of the occasion." The doctor thinks that the instances given of human life sustained for weeks together without food, are owing to some fraud or trick; and he adds the following case with some directions as to the delicate task of *un*starving persons who have long been famishing:

On the 28th of August the captain of a Boston whaler was wrecked. For eight days he could not get a drop of water, or a particle of food. On the day of the wreck, he weighed one hundred and ninety pounds, and when rescued he weighed one hundred pounds. A teaspoonful of brandy was given to each sailor, but before they could be taken on board the vessel which saved them, they became unconscious, and remained so for two days, but all eventually recovered. Many persons have been killed by eating too much after having fasted for a long time. The safe plan of procedure, and that which every reader should bear in mind, is to feel the way along, as persons who are travelling in the dark, and fear a precipice ahead. There can be no rule given, because there are so many modifying circumstances. Give a teaspoon of hot drink at a time, and, if there are no ill effects, repeat in five minutes, and the same amount of soft food, boiled rice, softened bread, or gruel, for the stomach is itself as weak as the sufferer in proportion, and can only manage a very small amount of food.

Wading in water, or keeping the clothing saturated with water, even if it is sea water, sensibly abates the horrors of thirst.

A BIRD'S SYMPATHY.

Family pets seem to have a sort of insight into family troubles, and to be affected by them. The Nashville *Banner* tells a curious fact of this sort at Scottsville, Ky., of which the editor had a personal knowledge:

The sister of officer Harry Mansfield, of this city, had raised a mocking bird, which she taught to go and come at her call, and which, in return for all the kindness bestowed upon it, exhibited a peculiar fondness for her. Last Monday week, Miss Mansfield was taken ill, and to while away the tedium of the sick room, she had her little pet brought to her bedside, and day and night it cheered her with its sweet chorals, bringing to mind many happy thoughts of field and meadow, sunshine and song.

As her illness grew more alarming, and day after day brought no relief from suffering, the warblings of the little songster rather served to annoy than to please her, and so, turning wearily on her pillow, she said to him, "Birdie, hush, you worry me."

Strange to say, the words seemed to be understood, for immediately the song was hushed, and the bird retired within himself, as it were. On the next day the lady died, leaving, it would seem, a command of silence upon the bird, which will never be broken, for, although several days have elapsed since, and every effort has been made to induce him to sing, he refuses to respond with song to any lips but those of his once beloved mistress.

POLITELY HUNGRY.

Politeness is generally supposed to require rather light indulgence at table, but here is a case where it seemed to demand that a gentleman should make a double dinner. At any rate, it was a capital chance for him to make amends to his denied appetite. Rev. William Harness, now dead, was an intimate friend of many English and American authors, and the following is told of him by Miss Sedgwick, who arrived very late one day to dinner, where he also was one of the guests:

"To my dismay," she writes, "and in spite of my protestations, Mrs. ——— insisted on re-beginning at the Alpha of the dinner; the guests had reached the Omega. The soup was brought back. H. averred that it was most fortunate for him; he had been kept talking, and had eaten but half a dinner; so he started fresh with me, and went *bona fide* through, covering me with his ægis as I ran my gauntlet through the courses. The age of chivalry is *not* past. Match this deed of courtesy if you can, from the lives of the *preux* chevaliers, taken from their sunrising to their sun-setting."

A QUEEN'S TRAINING.

Queen Victoria is indebted to a mother's careful training for that stainless character which has made the English court the purest in Europe. A traveller tells the following story:

A gentleman relates that, many years ago, he was on a visit to the Isle of Wight, and during his walks he strolled into the quiet churchyard where repose the bodies of many faithful and humble Christians. Near a grave in a corner of the churchyard he noticed a lady with a little girl, the latter about twelve years of age, to whom she was relating the story of the Dairyman's Daughter, whose remains lay beneath their feet. As the lady proceeded with the narrative, he observed the little girl lift up her eyes, filled with tears, and heard her say that she would try and be as good as the Dairyman's Daughter had been. After planting a beautiful lily on the grave, they walked slowly away. The gentleman, upon making inquiry, found that the lady was the Duchess of Kent, and the little girl her daughter. The latter is now the Queen of England.

ONE MONTH FREE.

The COMPANION will be sent free to January 1, 1872, to all new subscribers sent us during the months of November and December, 1871.

OUR PREMIUM LIST.

Our offer of GIFTS and PREMIUMS are the most liberal and the largest in number and variety ever made for *new subscribers* in this country.

The Premium List was sent on the first of November to all of our subscribers.

If you have not received one, or if a second copy is wanted, by notifying us, the List will be sent to your address without charge.

JEREMIAH'S LAMENT FOR CHICAGO.

Remarkable cases of stray leaves found after fires have been related similar to the following, but none could be more apt than this, though we cannot vouch for the truth of the story:

Among the ruins of the Western News Company's establishment, where an immense stock of periodicals and books was reduced to ashes, there was found a single leaf of a quarto Bible, charred around the edges. It contained the first chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which opens with the following words: "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her." And that was the only fragment of literature saved from the News Company's great depot.

THE FIRST POTATOES IN ENGLAND.

A capital story is told by the late Archbishop Whately of the introduction of potatoes into England by Sir Walter Raleigh. He carried over some fine specimens from this country to plant on his estate. His bailiff attended to the matter with great fidelity, and when the plants had blossomed and matured, he brought some of the *balls* to Sir Walter. The enthusiastic knight looked at the tiny balls with a rueful face, and added, with a desponding sigh,—

"I was afraid they would not succeed in England. You may plough the field for wheat."

The ploughing turned up the potatoes, to the great surprise of the bailiff, and the joy of Sir Walter, and the supposed failure proved an eminent success.

THE MONKEY AND THE BURGLARS.

Two burglars in Cincinnati concluded to make a descent on the house of a gentleman in that city one night last week, but were ignorant of the fact that the gentleman had on his premises a very remote ancestor—according to Darwin—in the shape of a monkey. With eager curiosity he watched them in their attack upon the house, and when they had penetrated as far as the kitchen he could stand it no longer, but gave a tremendous screech, followed by a prolonged ch-r-r-r-r, which curdled the blood in their veins. They didn't wait to see whence the unearthly sound proceeded, but fled in wild dismay, followed and spurred on as they ran by shouts of demoniac laughter from the undeveloped specimen of humanity on the window-sill.

"HIS FAITHFUL DOG."

The Peabody *Press* says many persons who have had occasion to visit the Essex depot in that town have, for some time past, noticed a large dun-colored dog, who anxiously watches the passengers as they alight, as though seeking for some particular person. This dog belonged to Ernest S. Merrill, one of the victims of the Revere disaster, who kept him at the house of his father, (S. A. Merrill,) near the iron foundry. When young Merrill left home for the last time, his dog left him at the depot. All know the results of that fearful collision, save the faithful dog that still watches for his master, who will never come back.

CRAZY WOMAN IN MEETING.

During the church services in an Eastern town, the other day, the minister was dwelling on the peril of the impenitent, when a crazy woman arose, and, having removed her bonnet, addressed the minister in this way: "You are throwing your hints at me! that's what you are doing!" Then, turning around, she pointed to a lady near her, saying,—"There sits old Mrs. Smith, wiping her nose! What do you think will become of her?" A smile passed over the surface of that congregation just then, and the speaker was at once removed.

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For the Companion.

LITTLE MARGERY.

BY SARAH L. JOY.

Kneeling, white-robed, sleepy eyes
Peeping through the tangled hair.
"Now I lay me—I'm so tired—
Auntie, God knows all my prayer,
He'll keep little Margery."

White lids over eyes shut fast,
Lashes brown on snowy cheek,
Rosebud mouth half hid in smiles,
Dimples playing hide and seek,
Sleeps sweet little Margery.

Watching by the little bed,
Dreaming of the coming years,
Much I wonder what they'll bring,
Most of smiles, or most of tears,
To my little Margery.

Will the simple, trusting faith
Shining in the childish breast
Always be so clear and bright?
Will God always know the rest,
Loving little Margery?

As the weary years go on,
And you are a child no more,
But a woman, trouble-worn,
Will it come—this faith of yore—
Blessing you, dear Margery?

If your sweetest love shall fail,
And your idol turn to dust,
Will you bow to meet the blow,
Owning all God's ways are just,
Can you, sorrowing Margery?

Should your life path grow so dark
You can see no step ahead;
Will you lay your hand in His,
Trusting by Him to be led
To the light, my Margery?

Will the woman, folding down
Peaceful hands across her breast,
Whisper, with her old belief,
"God, my Father, knows the rest,
He'll take tired Margery?"

True, my darling, life is long,
And its ways are hard and dim;
But God knows the path you tread—
I can leave you safe with Him
Always, little Margery.

He will keep your childish faith
Through your weary woman's years,
Shining ever strong and bright,
Never dimmed by saddest tears,
Trusting little Margery.

You have taught a lesson sweet
To a yearning, restless soul;
We pray in snatches, asking part,
But God above us knows the whole,
And answers baby Margery.

A ROMANTIC SAVAGE.

Among the recorded experiences of Gen. Scott during the Black Hawk war is the following story of a young Indian, who killed a man to gain a wife. David killed a hundred Philistines for the same object, but his act was in the way of lawful war rather than a skulking murder:

The summons for the conference was given to all the tribes and obeyed, and the grand councils of war for the settlement of the treaties commenced.

While these were pending, a demand came, from a judge of Illinois, sixty miles below, for an Indian murderer. His name was unknown, but he had been distinctly traced to the camp of the great body of Sacs and Foxes. The demand was communicated to Keokuk, the principal warior of that tribe. He also was the treasurer of the confederated tribes. After a little musing, the painful truth of the story seemed to flash upon him. With candor he stated the grounds of his fears.

A young brave of some twenty years of age, the son of a distinguished chief, had long sought to marry a handsome young squaw, the daughter of another famous chief; but the maiden repulsed the lover, applying to him the most opprobrious epithet—squaw—he never having taken a scalp, killed a grizzly bear, nor, by surprise, robbed an enemy of his arms, horse or wife. Hence, she said her lover was not a brave, but a woman. Her sympathies were, moreover, with Black Hawk,—her only brother having run off with that reckless chief.

All these particulars were not yet known to Keokuk; for he had only been surprised at the change of conduct in the young squaw, who had so suddenly married her lover. Keokuk, in good faith, said he would inquire. The next day he called at headquarters, and whispered that his fears had proven prophetic; that the happy bridegroom had, for the good of the Indian confederacy, confessed himself to be the guilty party, and was at hand; but begged the General to repeat, in a full council, the demand, etc.

This was accordingly done, and as soon as Scott's peroration, "I demand the murderer!" was interpreted, the young Apollo stood up and said, "I am the man!"

With a violent stamp and voice Scott called out, "The guard!"

A sergeant, with a dozen grenadiers, rushed in, seized the offender, and carried him off.

When the blacksmith began to place and rivet irons upon him he struggled furiously. It took several of the guard to hold him down. He said he did not come forward to be ironed; he did not wish to be tried, that he preferred to be shot at once.

He was sent down to the Illinois court, put on his trial, and, notwithstanding the strong circumstantial evidence, and that it was proven he had acknowledged the killing in a hand-to-hand fight, a tricky lawyer obtained from the jury a verdict of *not guilty*.

The acquitted savage had yet to pass another ordeal—one of fire and water. A swift horse, half way between the court and the Mississippi, (a few hundred yards off,) had been provided for the occasion; but a frontier Vigilance Committee always have their rifles in hand and their horses ready. The lawyer hastened his client out of court, and gained for him a good start.

"Fly, young man, or your dear-bought Helen will soon be a widow!"

In a minute, followed by some whizzing shots, he was in the saddle. In another, "horse and rider" were plunged into "the great father of waters," swimming side by side. Now came up furiously a dozen mounted riflemen, who threw away their lead at the too distant game. The last news of the romantic Sac represented him as the happy father of a thriving family of "young barbarians," by more than a "Dacian mother,"—all far beyond the Mississippi.

WHAT THOMAS JEFFERSON THOUGHT.

Among some reminiscences of Daniel Webster's life we find the following:

"Many years ago I spent a Sunday with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. While engaged in discussing the beauties of the Bible, the sound of a bell broke upon our ears, when, turning to the sage of Monticello, I remarked, 'How sweetly sounds the Sabbath bell!'

"The distinguished statesman seemed for a moment lost in thought, and then replied, 'Yes, dear Webster, yes; it melts the heart, it calms our passions, and makes us boys again.'

"Here I observed that man was only an animal formed for religious worship, and that, notwithstanding all the sophistry of Epicurus, Lucretius and Voltaire, the Scriptures stood upon a rock as firm, as immovable as truth itself; that man, in his purer, loftier breathings, turned the mental eyes toward immortality; and that the poet only echoed the general sentiment of our nature in saying that 'the soul, secure in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger and defies its point.'

"Mr. Jefferson fully concurred in this opinion, and observed that the tendency of the American mind was in a different direction, and that Sunday schools presented the only legitimate means, under the Constitution, of avoiding the rock on which the French Republic was wrecked. 'Burke,' said he, 'never uttered a more important truth than when he exclaimed that "a religious education was the cheap defence of nations."' 'Raikes,' said Mr. Jefferson, 'has done more for our country than the present generation will acknowledge. Perhaps, when I am cold, he will obtain his reward. I hope so, I earnestly hope so. I am considered by many, Mr. Webster, to have little religion; but now is not the time to correct errors of this sort. I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better husbands and better fathers.'

It is pleasant to read this of one who is sometimes ranked with Thomas Paine in infidelity.

"AS LITTLE CHILDREN."

"I pray to Christ every day," said a little Christian, "and try to do something to please Him every day."

"What do you mean by trying to do something to please Him every day?"

"O, I try to make some one happy, and when I do, I turn away, and shut my eyes, and say, 'For Jesus' sake!'"

"Have you done this to-day?"

"Yes; after my prayers in my chamber, I felt that I would like to do something for Jesus right away, I felt so happy. I went out into the street, and found a newsboy crying. I asked him what was the matter. He wiped away his tears, and said, with a disappointed curl of his lip, 'I can't sell my papers.' I bought two with the money papa gave me for an orange, and that made the boy take heart again. I turned away and said, 'For Jesus' sake!'"

This was praying aright. Would that more prayers were followed by such acts of compassion and sympathy—"for Jesus' sake!"

OUTWITTED.

A well-known poet refuses all requests for his autograph. A collector, knowing this fact, thought to circumvent him by the shallow artifice of asking by letter, "Which do you think is the best dictionary, Webster's or Worcester's?" a question which he believed Holmes' courtesy would compel him to answer. The return mail brought a single sheet of note paper, on which was neatly pasted the one word clipped from the writer's own letter, "Webster's."

A THIEF REFORMED.

The worst men have some tender spot in their hearts, and if that can be reached by love, they may be won to virtue. The following instance is a striking one in the life of Rev. Samuel J. May:

In early life, says a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, he was settled over a small parish in Brooklyn, Conn., and rode in a one horse chaise about the country. Having prepared for a day's journey for an exchange, he was advised by a neighbor not to go alone, as foot pads infested the road he was to take. He heeded not the advice, and when, a few miles out of the village, he saw a man jump over a low fence out of a thick wood, he said to himself, "Mine enemy is upon me."

When he overtook the man he stopped and said, cheerily, "Good morning, my friend; I have an empty seat, will you not share it with me?"

They had a long ride and a long talk, Mr. May giving his passenger a great deal of good moral advice by the way.

As they neared the point of Mr. May's destination, he said, "I am a minister and shall preach in the next village to-morrow, and if you would like to hear me I am sure the friends who are expecting me will entertain you."

The man declined the invitation with apparent confusion, and when they alighted from the vehicle, said he would like to speak with Mr. May a few moments. When alone he grasped Mr. M.'s hand, looked him square in the face, and said, "I must not part with you without confessing that when I sprang into the road, I intended to blow your brains out, steal your horse and carriage, your watch and coat, and escape."

"O yes," said Mr. May, very pleasantly, "I knew that. I was warned against foot-pads on the road this morning, and felt sure you were armed when I asked you to ride with me."

"You are a noble, brave, Christian man," said the robber, with great feeling; "your counsel to-day has sunk deep into my heart, and I hereby promise you solemnly that I will lead henceforth a temperate and blameless life."

The promise was kept. There had been a correspondence between them for more than thirty years, when Mr. May told us the story. No one but their Maker knew their secret. The repentant man prospered, and if he is living will but add one more to the thousands who weep for his benefactor.

ANNIE LAURIE.

It will be gratifying to many who are familiar with the sweet song "Annie Laurie," to know that the beautiful girl was a real person, and not a creation of fiction.

Nearly everybody has sung, or heard sung, the beautiful ballad of "Annie Laurie." Annie Laurie was no myth. Nearly two hundred years ago Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelton, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, quaintly wrote in his family register these words:

"At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born on the 16th day of December, 1682 years, about 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George Hunter, of Glencairne."

Annie's mother was named Jean Riddle, to whom Sir Robert was married "upon the 27th day of July, 1674, in the Tron Kirk of Edinb., by Mr. Annane," as was also recorded by her father himself. Posterity owes to Mr. William Douglas, of Fingland, in Kirkcudbrightshire, (who wooed but did not win the capricious Annie,) the song of "Bonnie Annie Laurie," wherein he celebrated the beauty and transcendent perfection of the maid of Maxwelton.

Poetic justice would have required that Annie should have rewarded with her hand the poet lover, who was determined to make her name immortal; but as it transpired, she preferred another and a richer suitor, a Mr. Alexander Ferguson, of Craigdarroch, and him she married. The William Douglas here mentioned is supposed to be the original of the song, "Willie was a Wanton Wag," and it is related of him that, after having been refused by Annie Laurie, he married a Miss Elizabeth Clerk, of Glenboig, in Galloway, by whom he had a family of four sons and two daughters. Thus is it that while the song of "Annie Laurie" lives from age to age, the names of all concerned with the original of it survive in the recital of the romantic incidents connected with its composition.

OBEYING ORDERS.

The English boy who shut out the Duke of Wellington from his master's field, could afford to boast of his exploit, and the duke was worthy of all praise for commending the lad's obedience to orders, though at his own expense.

An English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he despatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened.

The boy went as he was bidden, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result; the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said, in commanding tones:

"My boy, you do not know me. I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed, and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through!"

The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered, firmly, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said, "I honor the man or boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers, I could conquer not only the French but the world. And, handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting, at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! Hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do! I've kept out the Duke of Wellington!"

A MONKEY CURED OF RIDING.

A gentleman once checked a duck's fondness for a distant pond, by fastening a line and hook to his leg, which caught a big pickerel. There was a hard fight between duck and fish, but at length, by the gentleman's aid, a four-pound pickerel was landed on the shore, and the duck never cared to go near the pond again. A monkey was cured of a mischievous habit in the same way:

The desire for riding seems to be naturally implanted in the monkey mind. Not long ago, a gentleman, who rather prided himself on a very fine stud of hunters, found that the horses did not appear properly refreshed by their nightly rest.

One of the grooms, on being desired to keep a strict watch, discovered that a tame monkey, belonging to the house, was accustomed to ride on the horses' backs almost all night, preventing them from taking sufficient rest. His master, on discovering his *penchant* for riding, and being averse to killing the monkey on account of his horsemanship, succeeded in curing him effectually of his love for horses.

The next time that the hounds met, he had the monkey put into a full hunting suit, and secured by a strap to the saddle of his most spirited hunter, and took him away to the meet.

When the fox was found, the horse pricked up his ears at the well-known sound, and started off at once.

The chase happened to be a particularly long and severe one; the monkey, of course, from his light weight, being far ahead of the legitimate huntsmen. A countryman, who was coming from the direction which the fox had taken, was interrogated by some of the sportsmen who had been thrown out as to the position of the hunt, and told them that the fox was looking tired, but that none of the huntsmen were near, except a little gentleman in a yellow jacket, who took his leaps beautifully.

Sure enough, Master Jacko was in at the death, but did not by any means appreciate the honor. After the fox had been killed, there was a long ride home again, by the end of which time the monkey seemed thoroughly wearied out. After the experience that he had of a day's hunting, he was never known to mount a horse again.

A WILD FAMILY.

The old stories of men running wild in the woods may have had much truth, if the following extract from a Pittston (Pa.) paper is trustworthy. The editor vouches for the truth of the narrative, and says the family live only thirteen miles from Pittston. It reads like fiction rather than fact:

A rude hut, not a mouthful in it to eat, nothing to cook with or eat from, no beds, chairs nor stools—the old man was found digging a hole in the ground to get into to keep warm. He himself was only half clad, his daughter, twenty-three years of age, a well-formed young woman, stark naked, not a stitch on to hide her shame; the boy half starved, and emaciated to death's door; and, what makes the matter more inexplicable, the father is described as a man of extraordinary mental attributes, in reality a walking biblical cyclopædia, being enabled to refer, with promptness, to any text in the Testament, and recite the major portion of the Bible, without hesitation or prompting.

This man's name is Welles Parkes. The girl's name is Melvina, and the boy's Billy. When the party arrived on the scene, the girl was on the hillside, among the thistles, picking from them the soft, downy blows. There was not a vestige of any thing upon her naked form, to cover her shame, or protect her from the weather, thorns, and briers of the wood.

Her father calling her, she started for the house as obediently as a dog would answer the whistle of its master. As she approached, she seemed utterly regardless of the thorns and stones that lay in her path. Neither of the children has ever spoken a word. Melvina's hair is of chestnut color, and, although it has never been cut, it does not hang down in the neck, but is frizzled and matted together. The boy's hair is somewhat lighter, and about the same length, and is matted in curls. The girl is well formed, and, with the exception of a slight inclination to lean forward, is a model of symmetry in form and features.

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Har skin is darkly tanned, and, from the soles of her feet to her waist, it bears the appearance of being burned, and the skin is wrinkled and looks thick. The boy is not so much given to roaming in the woods as the girl, and is not so fleshy or well formed. His temperament is at times garrulous, but he will approach strangers after much persuasion. The girl is more timid. She would not allow us to shake hands with her, as her brother. And her father only seemed to be able to approach without arousing her fears and screams. When told to lie down beside her brother under the blanket, she would not do so until he had turned his back to her.

Parkes is fifty-one years old, and was married twenty-five years ago, to a girl named Brown. She lived about six miles above Tunkhannock, near Springville. His wife is still living, but she had left him at about sap time last spring, and has not been back since. She is now near Maltby, nursing a sick woman. By her he has had nine children, these two, Billy and Melvina, being the eldest. The rest are healthy and bright children.

A GOOD REPUTATION TO HAVE.

The little story I am going to tell you happened just before the war, when every one was very, very busy. Soldiers were enlisting and going away from almost every home in the land.

One young man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night she said, "Did you pay that bill?" "Yes," he answered. In a few days the bill was sent in a second time. "I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this."

"I really don't remember, mother, you know I've had so very many things on my mind."

"But you said you did."

"Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did."

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

"I am quite sure," she said, "that my son paid this some days ago; he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it; but he told me that day he had, and says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure he did."

"Well," said the man, "I forget about it; but if he ever said he did, he did."

Wasn't that a grand character to have? Having once said a thing, that was enough to make others believe it, whether he remembered it or not.

I wish all the boys in our land were as sure of a good reputation.—*Christian Weekly.*

NOVEL BUSINESS FOR A CLERGYMAN.

As illustrating how very convenient it is for a missionary's wife to have her husband able to do any thing well that needs to be done, Mrs. L. H. Gulick told the ladies, at their recent meeting in Salem, an amusing incident of her life on the Pacific Islands.

On beginning their work among that people, they set themselves assiduously to secure a love for dress among the women. This they found to be a difficult undertaking. The women as well as the men having been accustomed to wear little or nothing, felt themselves restrained and hampered by clothing. But during Mrs. Gulick's absence in this country, some years since, an impulse came to those heathen women, that they must have dresses.

Of course Mr. Gulick rejoiced, but was somewhat nonplussed to find that they expected him to fit the garments, and otherwise to assist in their making. However, the opportunity must not be lost.

So he instituted a search, and fortunately found, in one of Mrs. Gulick's receptacles, the patterns which she had used for such purposes. In due time, a number of delighted women were ready in their gaudy red, blue, yellow and green calicoes—the gayer the better—to welcome again their missionary's wife, and a pleasant sight, we may be sure, they were to her eyes.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

Four buds of a night-blooming cereus in a conservatory in Trenton, N. J., gave indications, a few weeks ago, of sudden flowering. So marked was this that between morning and evening of one day the buds actually grew four inches in length. Such a rapid enlargement naturally excited the interest of the owner, and a few friends were invited to witness the unfolding of these strange blossoms.

At ten o'clock at night the unsightly plant still held the buds in durance close; but at eleven there was a mysterious movement, a sort of struggle for deliverance, and four magnificent beauties expanded into floral life, sending out such volumes of rich perfume that the spectators were oppressed with its superabundance. Before the morning dawned every fair blossom had drooped, shrivelled and died. Not the slightest trace of them remained, not a vestige of form or fragrance lingered—all had vanished as a dream.

"AN ARM FULL."—A picture, charming in its fidelity to nature, amusing to the young, and sure to recall to the old the scenes of a vanished childhood. A little pet-loving girl has found astonishing treasures in the barn, in shape of six playful kittens. She attempts to take three of them away, in spite of the remonstrances of old tabby—"an arm full" which she finds it difficult to manage. This is one of those pictures that not only arrest but hold the eye.

Printed on plate paper, 20x24. Price, $2 00 per copy. B. B. Russell, Publisher, 55 Cornhill, Boston.

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

Creak, creak, the lazy old grindstone,
I can make it go!
What's the use of grinding at all,
If you have to grind so slow?
O, how bright my hoe is getting!
See the water run!
A perfect river. Isn't it funny
That turning keeps it on?

Creak, creak, I tell you I'm going
To hoe my row of peas;
And grandpa's given me some onions—
There, I had to sneeze.
If I could get my breath a minute—
Grandpa bears on so—
This awful grindstone is so heavy,
I guess I will turn slow.

Little Corporal.

For the Companion.

HOW BERTIE LEARNED TO COUNT TEN.

One day Bertie's mother heard him counting his blocks.

This is the way he counted: "Two, seven, six, nine, eighteen, firteen."

"That isn't the way to count," said mamma. "Should you like to learn the right way—the way papa counts?"

Bertie was very fond of trying to do things "just like papa," so he said "Yes ma'am," very readily.

So his mother began to count, slowly, "One, two, three, four, five," and Bertie began to repeat the words after her.

After trying a good many times, he found that he could say them alone without a single mistake.

"Now, some more," said he.

"Isn't that enough for one lesson?" asked his mother.

"No," said Bertie. "I guess I could learn up to a dillion. Please tell me some more."

So she taught him to say six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

He found it harder work to remember those, but at night, when his papa came home, Bertie was able to count up to ten, with some help from mamma towards the last part.

"What a fine scholar!" said papa. "I shall have to send you to college!"

For a few days, Bertie counted a great deal while at his play. But his mother noticed that he always stumbled when he came to seven. Somehow he could not remember seven and eight.

She told him a great many times, but he kept forgetting. He would say, "One, two, free, four, five, six, nine, ten."

"No, no," his mother would say. "Begin again."

When he came to six, she would say "Seven, eight," to help him remember. But she thought he didn't try very hard, and if left to himself made the same mistake over and over again.

One day Bertie's mother went to Boston to do some shopping.

When she came home, Bertie was eager to see what she had brought for him. She showed him some new slippers, and some cunning little handkerchiefs. Then she opened a white paper parcel, and let him peep in.

"O, my!" exclaimed Bertie, dancing about. "Sugar eggs! Sugar eggs!"

"Sugared almonds," said mamma, and she gave him a few to eat.

When they were gone, Bertie asked, "What are you going to do wir the rest?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said his mother.

The next morning, Bertie's mother took out the almonds, and said, "Now, Bertie, if you can count these almonds without making a mistake, you can have them all. But if you cannot count them without my help, I must keep them till you can."

There were just ten of them.

Bertie didn't know that, but his mother did.

She laid them in a row, and Bertie began to count: "One, two, free, four, five, six,——nine, ten."

"What are those other two?" asked his mother.

Bertie looked sober. He began to suspect what his mother wanted.

"Begin again," said she, pleasantly. "Perhaps you can remember this time."

Bertie counted them again just the same.

"Once more," said mamma. "Now think *hard.*"

Bertie counted again, very slowly, but made the same mistake.

"I am sorry," said mamma, "for I should like to give them to you now. But I think you will remember if you try hard. You know I have told you a great many times. When you think you can remember, you may try again."

Then she put the almonds in a small lace bag, and hung it up over her work table.

Bertie went and sat down in a corner, with his face to the wall, and cried. If he hadn't been such a nice little boy, I should say that he howled.

When he began to quiet down a little, his mother said, "I'm afraid I shall have to keep one of Allcock's Porous Plasters for you, just as Aunt Eleanor does for her little Walter. Did you ever hear about it?"

"No, ma'am," said Bertie, wiping his eyes.

"Well, I'll tell you. She keeps the plaster on a shelf in the closet. It is a very sticky plaster. When Walter cries loudly, or says any thing naughty, his mother brings it out to stick over his mouth."

"And does she?" asked Bertie, eagerly, coming up to his mother's chair.

"Well, she never has yet, but one day when I was there she *almost* put it on, because he kept putting buttons in his mouth. You know he is a little bit of a fellow, and he might get choked. But he promised to 'never, *never* do it again,' so his mother at last laid the plaster away again. A few days after, I was there again, and your Aunt Eleanor was sewing some buttons on Walter's boots. While she was talking with me she happened to put one hand, with a button between her fingers, up to her lips. Walter saw it, and began flying about, exclaiming, 'Where's my plaster! Where's my plaster! Mamma's dot a button in her mouf!'"

Bertie laughed heartily at this story. After talking about it for some time, he edged up to his mother, and said, softly, "I guess I can 'member to count those candies now."

"Very well," said his mother; "you may try."

So she laid them out again, and after considerable hard thinking, and some scowling, Bertie counted them correctly. His mother made him do it several times, so that he should not forget again.

Then she gave him the bag, and he put all the "candies" in it, and danced. Then he sat down, and ate them up. MIRIAM.

SENDING HIS LOVE BY THE SUN.

A little boy who had been carefully educated to a missionary spirit showed his interest in the heathen the other side of the world, in a beautiful and novel manner.

One evening at sunset, after a storm of several days' continuance, he was attracted by the unusually beautiful appearance, and stood by our west window some time watching, when, as if recalling the thought that the sun rose in China when it set here, as he had been told by his mother, he began to repeat in a low, meditative tone, "Farewell, sun! farewell, sun! Good-by! *Give my love to the little boys in China.*"

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

A STRING OF FISH.

He was made to feel his want.
Send it per Chinese steamship.
He saw the great rout of the enemy.
Take your pick ere Lewis gets them.
He lay in the sun fishing. FLI.

2.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Highest point.
2. Charred wood.
3. Note.
4. Large quadrupeds. W. J. C.

3.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Complete I am part of a tree.
Behead me and I am an ancient vessel.
Replace my head and curtail me, and
I am a rod of wood or metal.
MANDY MORTON.

4.

REBUS.

A passage from Shakespeare. E. M. C.

5.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in king, but not in queen.
My *second* is in saw, but not in seen.
My *third* is in nut, but not in fruit.
My *fourth* is in shoe, but not in boot.
My *fifth* is in walk, but not in run.
My *sixth* is in pistol, but not in gun.
My *seventh* is in oar, but not in paddle.
My *eighth* is in bridle, but not in saddle.
My *ninth* is in dove, but not in thrush.
My *tenth* is in tree, but not in brush.
My *eleventh* is in worst, but not in best.
My *whole* is the name of a stream out West.
D. T. LUGTON.

6.

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Syncopate a bird, and leave an animal;
2. An article of food, and leave an article of furniture;
3. A vehicle, and leave an animal;
4. A coin, and leave a stamp;
5. Distress, and leave a household utensil;
6. A water-craft, and leave a small animal;
7. A burden, and leave a boy;
8. An article of food, and leave an ornament;
9. A machine for measuring time, and leave a bird;
10. An article of clothing, and leave a dwelling.
ISOLA.

7.

ANAGRAMMATIC PLANTS.

Red anvil.
Miss Jane E.
More rays.
Y shops.
Beter wires.
Try elm.

Conundrums.

What musical instrument asks a person to catch fish? Cast-a-net.

Why is a thrifty plant like a good sportsman? It shoots well.

Why is it vulgar to use a wooden platter for the loaf? Why, of course, because it is so under-bred.

Why is a dilapidated shoe like ancient Greece? Because it once had a Solon.

When is a concert-singer silent? When he holds his piece.

How may a man be forehanded? By doubling his fists.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Maine.
2. Chew, Hear, Ease, Wren.
3. School-days.
4. Mind is superior to birth.
5. A Sabbath day's journey.
6. Pink, Lilac, Cypress, Rose.
7. Peacock, Emu, Heron, Woodpecker, Goldfinch.

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CHURCH-GOING IN OLD TIMES.

People complain of cold churches, when the thermometer does not quite reach to 70°. What would they have done in old Puritan days, when there was no fire in the house, and the doors and windows gave full entrance to the cold blasts? Oliver Johnson gives a vivid sketch of church-going in the town of Peacham, Vt. He says:

In the winter the scene was different, but not less animating. The snow-drifts of those days were hard to beat, but they were rarely so deep that the people did not contrive to go through, over or around them in order to go to the meeting-house, and that, too, though it stood on one of the bleakest hills in the town, and was innocent of fire, save that which the women brought in their foot-stoves. In such a place, with the thermometer at 10 degrees below zero, and the wind making the loose sash rattle like a continuous fire of musketry, and driving the snow through every crack and cranny, it required both courage and fortitude either to preach or to hear. There was, however, one advantage that should not be overlooked; the aching feet and hands, and shivering bodies of the congregation, were a sure preventive of sleep. I have a vision now of the venerable Worcester in the high old pulpit, the wind shaking the broad sash at his back and sifting the snow into a drift on the floor around him, his hands red and stiff with cold, and his teeth almost chattering; and yet he goes bravely and unflinchingly on from "firstly" to "tenthly," the congregation suffering not less than himself, but listening with a patience which, if it could have been utilized to that end, would have served for so many martyrs undergoing the tortures of the inquisition. If, in such circumstances, a certain locality, more frequently mentioned in the pulpit then than now, seemed an almost desirable place on account of its warmth, why wonder? On such days as this, those who lived near the meeting-house opened their doors at noon-time to those who came from a distance, allowing them to warm their shivering bodies while eating their luncheon of nutcakes and cheese. Some, it must be confessed, preferred to go to the tavern, where they could warm the inner and the outer man at the same time, and fortify themselves for the second service by a noon-day dram.

ABOUT THE ERMINE.

Mr. Richard Bush, of the Russo-American Telegraph Exploring Expedition in 1867, in a letter to a Western paper describing the countries through which he passed during his journey, expresses his surprise at finding the little white weasel of the North, whose skin we have to pay so high a price for, no more highly esteemed in Siberia than our woodchuck, or even rat:

This day, while sitting cross-legged upon the platform in the court, eating, my attention was attracted by a small white animal, apparently of the weasel family, that darted back and forth beneath a pile of fire-wood in one corner of the hut, but its motions were so rapid that I could not catch a good view of it. I at first thought nothing of the animal, but, after it had made its appearance several times, I ventured to ask Vushin what it was. Much to my surprise, if not somewhat to my disappointment, he informed me that this miserable looking little creature, skulking about among old logs, and in deserted huts, was the imperial ermine that, from my earliest recollections, I had associated with kings and thrones.

In conversation with the *starasta*, at whose house we stopped, I was much astonished at the little value placed upon ermine by these people. These animals bring so small a price from traders (about six cents each) that few make any efforts whatever to capture them, and then they trap only a sufficient number to pay their light church taxes. In this manner, about fifty skins had accumulated on the hands of the priest, which he was more than willing to dispose of to me for the trifling sum of five roubles.

He also showed me the trap with which these animals are usually caught, which is quite a curiosity in itself, and exhibits considerable ingenuity. It consists of a small rectangular wooden frame, like that of a picture, in which a cross-bar is made to slide up and down in grooves on either side, something after the manner of the guillotine. A small, strong bow is lashed to the upper part of the frame, but the arrow, instead of being a loose shaft, is fastened to the sliding cross-bar in such a manner that, when the bow is sprung, this bar is pressed quickly and firmly against the lower end of the frame. The trap is so placed over the entrance to the ermine's abode that the animal, to get in or out, has to pass between the sliding bar and the bottom of the frame, and, in so doing, presses a fine string stretched across the aperture and leading to the trigger. The pressure frees the bow-spring, and before the animal can get through he is caught and killed without injury to the skin.

SINGULAR STROKE OF LIGHTNING.

A singular freak of lightning occurred at Newburyport, Mass. A lady, while walking out during a thunder storm, felt a shock of electricity, which momentarily benumbed her, but, recovering almost instantly, she continued her walk home. On arriving there she found that the lightning had actually struck a fold of her black alpacca dress, near the ground, where it was wet by the shower, and had scorched the edge of the fold, and then leaped off to the wet ground. The burned piece of the dress was cut out and preserved as a curiosity. The electric fluid burned a streak about eight inches in length, and on its edges the peculiar zigzag course of the flash was clearly defined—burned into the fabric. The surrounding cloth having been dry at the time of the occurrence, and consequently a non-conductor was unharmed.

RAISING QUEENS.

Henry Alley, of Wenham, is a most successful apiarist. He does not devote his attention to the raising of honey directly, but to the production of queen bees, in which queer commodity he does a very large and successful business. This year he has sent off no less than eight hundred and twenty-five queen bees, by mail, averaging over two dollars apiece. The bees thus sent are provided with honey enough to supply nutriment on the journey, and they go safely. During the summer, Mr. Alley has had two hundred and eighty nuclei hives scattered over his grounds.

STERLING MEN.

The Boston *Times* says there are yet some big-hearted men left in New Hampshire. A leading lawyer in Concord, the other day, on his way to court, stopped and auctioned off a load of wood which a poor boy had spent half a day vainly endeavoring to sell. Not long ago, one of the most popular Governors of the Granite State, finding a printer man in trouble because he could get no one to carry in a load of coal, took off his coat, borrowed a basket, carried in the coal, charged fifty cents for the job, gave it to a poor woman, and was as good a Governor afterwards as he ever was before.

A HARD HEAD.

A girl employed at the American Hosiery works, in New Britain, looked down the hatchway on Wednesday morning, just as the elevator was coming down. The car struck her on the head, and so pressed it against the rail that the machine was stopped. The girl was extricated from the position as soon as possible, but instead of being killed, as the horrified employees supposed, she only complained of a headache for a few hours, and was at work again in the afternoon.

THERE is some advantage in being fat. A few nights ago, a bulky lady in Bridgeport, Conn., alarmed by the approach of burglars, leaped out of bed with such force that she shook the house from garret to cellar, awakening a male lodger who slept on the lower floor, and frightened away the burglars before they had time to secure any thing.

A PLUCKY little boy lives near Leavenworth, Ka. When a rattlesnake bit him, the other day, he caught the reptile in his hand and pulled the fangs from the wound. Then he sucked the wound all the way to the house, and when there applied a poultice of onions, salt and tobacco. He went to work next morning, as usual.

A COUNTRY paper, speaking of the street-organ playing of a soldier without arms, who worked the crank with his foot, happily says: "His playing was far above the usual average; he threw his sole into it."

A CHICAGO bootblack, eleven years old, has purchased a $900 lot in Detroit, paying for it in scrip of such small denominations that it took three hours to count it.

THE intermarriage of two families in Maine is remarkable. One consisting of four sons and one daughter has married all of a neighbor's children, four daughters and a son.

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PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, DEC. 7, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

THE LOST CAVE.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

"To-morrow," said Mrs. Lewis, coming into the room, "to-morrow we wil all go to Phillips' Rocks."

"O, mother!" shouted Tom and Bob. Even Charles, just home from college, whose mind the boys thought perpetually bent on high classical lore, looked up quickly. "Can we manage it? Can you go, too, mother?"

"Yes, it's all arranged. Your Uncle John's family are going, and your Aunt Annie's. We will take the big spring wagon, start early in the morning, and stay until night. Your father thought it would be a pleasant day for Samuel. Besides, I want to show him as many of the peculiar features of the West as I can," looking toward Sam, with a smile.

That young gentleman dragged himself up from the sofa, where he lay stretched. "Much obliged, Aunt Jane, I'm sure. Um—ah! Rocks! What are these Rocks?"

Charley, who in his soul dubbed the fellow "a cub," answered him civilly, being his cousin and a guest.

"Some peculiar formations, which are interesting to geologists and antiquarians. They are about three miles from Canonsburgh. The opening of the Charter's Valley Railroad brought them into notice."

"And we'll pack dinner and supper, and stay all day!" shouted Bob. "Why, Wyper's folks, they all went once, and it rained like blazes, and they got under the wagons. What fun! It might rain to-morrow. It looks cloudy."

Sam, who was paying his first visit to his kinsfolk in Western Pennsylvania, and had, to tell the truth, never been ten miles out of Philadelphia before, was unwilling to be surprised or pleased at any thing. It is a peculiar whim, which sometimes afflicts older people than Sam when away from home.

"I don't suppose there's any thing in geology or Indian antiquities which you couldn't learn in the Academy of Sciences," he said. "I've been all through *that*.

When Tom, and Bob, and even Charles went out to help pack the great baskets that night, he felt it comported better with his dignity as "a city fellow" to sit still at his book, though he cast wistful glances at the hurly burly outside.

"I don't know much about such amusements," he said, loftily, when they came in.

Bob and Tom listened with awe. They always pictured Sam in lemon-colored kid gloves, and dwelling in a perpetual round of pleasures and attractive entertainments. He would have been sorry to tell them that his only fun at home was going to see a base-ball match on Saturday afternoons, where he bought ginger-snaps and pop from a cake-stand on the grounds.

The village street, next morning, was quite astir with the noise of the departure. There were four large spring wagons filled with aunts, and uncles, and cousins, while Rosa and Dr. Gibson (who were said to be engaged) came in a buggy. The Lewis wagon, in which were only boys beside the good mother, (who was almost a boy at heart,) was one stupendous noise in itself. They hoisted a flag and shouted, cheered everybody they met, and sang "The Little Brown Jug" all the way up street. Sam would have given the world to shout and sing with the rest, but he thought it best to keep a supercilious silence.

Then came the drive through low rolling hills, covered with golden corn, through thick forests of ancient oaks and gray sycamores, so different from the punier growths of the East, that even Sam felt as though he was coming back to the old homestead of the country.

The whole landscape was soft, luxuriant and calm, until, turning out of the shadow of a quiet wood, a sudden stretch of gigantic rocks rose before them, heaped in wild confusion, the largest of them rent in twain, the cleft edges showing where they once had fitted to each other. Some of these rocks stood apart, bedded in the deep grass, their gray sides stained with every shade of crimson and brown lichen, and about their summits a waving capital of feathery ferns.

THE LOST CAVE.

The party alighted from their wagons, and scattered through the woods and among the rocks.

But a greater surprise awaited them. By some odd construction of the ground, they fancied they had been driving through low-lying fields. Turning a corner of the rocks, they found themselves standing on a lofty peak, with the whole great valley of Western Pennsylvania at their feet. The Alleghanies, a faint blue line, defined the horizon; between, lay one of the richest and fairest pastoral scenes in the world.

Pastoral scenes did not interest Sam. He listened to Dr. Gibson, dilating, enthusiastically, to Rosa on the flying lights and shadows upon the nearer valley, and went off, yawning, to Mr. Lewis and Charles, discussing the probable volcanic action which had disrupted the stones, and he grew still more sleepy. Tom and Bob were kindling a fire to cook the dinner. There was something that appealed to his intellect and feelings in that. He smelled first one basket and then the other. His aunts were rival housekeepers, and seemed to have brought specimens of every meat pie or pastry which the skill of woman could devise. Sam chuckled inwardly.

Just then, his Uncle Lewis appeared with an old man leaning on his arm.

"This gentleman is the owner of the rocks, boys," he said. "There is an old Indian story which he will tell us about them."

Even Sam deserted the baskets to listen. They followed to a curious heap of rocks, overgrown with moss and small birches. Here and there were openings to a fox's hole or a bear's den.

"Though foxes and bears disappeared with the Indians," said the old farmer, "there is a larger cave under this pile, of which the entrance is lost. But there's an odd story connected with it.

"My grandmother lived down in the hollow, yonder, at a time when the nearest fort was that at Washington, eleven miles away. Her husband was one of the most successful hunters west of the Alleghanies.

"One summer afternoon, after he had been gone on a bear chase for more than a week, she saw a column of smoke rising from the trees down in the valley. Women then were as keen-witted as men. It's different now, of course; it's not necessary, now that things is made easy for them. She knew it was an Indian camp-fire. It was four years then since the red-skins had paid them a visit; but there was trouble down on the Ohio, and the back country was filled with scattered bands on the war-path.

"She knew there was not a moment to lose. There was a dry well back of the cabin, and to that she dragged and threw in her bed, a bundle of clothes, and whatever she valued the most. Then, wrapping up her baby, and taking Joe, her boy of four, by the hand, she darted out of the house, and up through the woods, to these rocks, taking a blanket, a loaf of bread, and jug of water with her.

"Just think of the good sense of the woman, looking ahead so far! But these women have the foresight of Providence where their children are in question, sir; I've often noticed that.

"Well, peeping from between the rocks, she could see the dark figures of the red-skins creep to the cabin. There were ten of them in all.

"She watched them until they had gone into the house, and then, holding her baby close, and pulling Joe after her, she crept through the narrow opening into the cave.

"It was very narrow, not wider than a fox-hole. It must lie somewhere close by here. I've heard it said, sir, how that boy, Joe, my father that was, never whimpered or cried, though he'd been dragged out of his warm bed, and brought into this wet, slimy hole. Howsoever, men and boys were a different breed from us in those days, I reckon.

"Well, sir, the red-skins ransacked the cabin, and, finding nobody, they came, yelling like mad devils, down to the rocks, and searched over, under, through them. They found nothing. The baby slept, and Joe crept close to his mother, and lay still.

"Her idea was, you see, that as soon as they'd discovered she wasn't there, they'd go back to the cabin, burn it, may be, and then make off. But they were too sharp for that. They knew there wasn't no other place of hiding for her, so what did the crafty red-skins do but encamp on top of the rocks?

"Just here, sir, where we stand, they built their fire, she lying underneath, almost dead with terror. Howsoever, Joe fell asleep, and she, counting they'd be gone afore morning, and being worn out, dozed off, too.

"When daylight came, the red-skins began the search afresh. How it was they didn't find her, God only knows! She used to say He must have dulled their noses and eyes both, for the trail of her and her child was fresh and warm. Twice they came up to the hole, and peered into the darkness, but turned off, saying nothing bigger than a rabbit could get in there. You see, 'twas mighty small, but she knowed the trick of it, and, besides, she had her children to save.

"Well, sir, there they stayed all that day, and the next. I've heard her tell, with her own lips, how she divided the loaf and milk for Joe, so's to make it last, not touching a mouthful herself, but giving the baby some of it, when her own breasts were dry; how that boy, Joe,—my father as was—carried himself like a man, never giving whimper or cry; how she listened to the baby's innocent coos and laughs as if it had been the voice of death; afraid to stop it, lest it might cry; how, in spite of wrapping the children in the blanket, the awful chill and damp of that grave-hole struck in them as well as her; how she was almost glad when the poor baby sunk into a low stupor, because its innocent voice was stilled.

"Now my grandmother, like the women of that time, sir, was of powerful build, a hearty eater, and not used to fasting, like these puny creatures now-a-days, who live on slops and toast. The hunger, she's often told me, gnawed at her like a wild beast, in her vitals. She felt her brain turning, and when the Indians begun to fry venison overhead, and the smell reached her, she thought she was going mad. Come what would, she must go out for food. It were better they should die by the tomahawk than by starvation.

"When night came, she left her two children lying as though dead, and crept out. The fire was flickering uncertainly; two Indians lay asleep, with their toes almost in the ashes, and another kept guard; the rest had gone.

"But what she saw the first was a heap of cooked meat on some stones, a bit off from the fire. She said she had no thought of Indians after that.

"She walked to it boldly, in the full sight of the Indian sentinel.

"Now herein, you see, lay her salvation. If she'd crept up, he'd have taken her for a woman, but he wouldn't believe such daring possible.

"Besides, she had drawn her light skirt up over her head; her face was white, and her mouth drawn open with fasting and pain. She wasn't a good-looking woman at the best of times, and I've no doubt, in the dim light, she was as unpleasant a figure as one would wish to meet.

"At any rate, the red-skin took her for a spirit. He raised himself with an ugh! drew back as she came up and took as much meat as she could hold.

"Now she, being a keen-witted woman, as I said, in a flash saw how the case lay. She raised both hands over her head, and walked slowly backward, then, with a wild shriek, dropped behind the rocks, and crept, swift as a snake, to her hole.

"The other Indians were wakened, and, not believing in the ghost, I suppose, went to work to search again. But they did not find her. The next morning they decamped. They left the half of a freshly-killed deer; why, nobody could guess, unless, taking her for a spirit, they wanted to buy her good-will.

"My grandfather came back that night, to find cabin, and wife, and children safe."

"It was a wonderful escape," said Mr. Lewis.

"Yes, sir. But it left its marks. My grandmother, I've heard say, had been a cheery, plump, jovial woman before she went into that cave. She came out of it aged as by twenty years, haggard and grave. She was that as long as I knew her. She'd been so close to Death that she never forgot the look of him."

"And the opening to the cave is lost?" asked Tom.

"Yes. It's been shut up these many years—choked by falling earth and moss, I suppose."

Mrs. Lewis called them to dinner just then, and they all started down the hill, the boys clustering around the old farmer except Tom, who sat still among the rocks, his hands clasped about his knees, looking thoughtfully at the ground.

What a dinner that was! Of course, Sam had eaten sandwiches, chickens and pies before, but the mountain air and the story gave them flavor and zest unutterable. He felt the hunger "gnawing in his vitals" as though he had not eaten for two days, and in every breath of wind could smell the venison over the Indian's camp-fire, or hear the "ping!" of an arrow.

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They were all so engrossed that nobody missed Tom, until, late in the afternoon, he suddenly stood among them, covered with clay from head to foot, his face pale, and torn with the jagged rocks, but his eyes flashing with triumph.

"I've found it! I've found the cave!"

"Hollo! You don't mean it, boy!" cried the farmer. "What kind of a place was it?"

Tom's countenance fell. "Well, it wasn't so much of a cave, really, after all. You might call it a muddy hole. But I found *that* in it!" triumphantly displaying a scrap of faded rag. "There is a piece of the very dress in which she played the ghost. No; I'd rather not trust it out of my hands, Charley, please."

Everybody gathered around to look and wonder, and nobody, whatever they might think, threw any shadow of doubt on Tom's discovery.

"But you missed your dinner!" said Sam, compassionately. "And the custards—O, if you had tasted Aunt Ann's custards!"

"Custards! Dinner! Why, boy, I wouldn't give up that rag if—if I never ate dinner again!"

Sam shrugged his shoulders.

But every boy was satisfied in his humor.

"A lucky thing," thought Mrs. Lewis, looking at Sam, critically, "that every boy's humor is not the same."

For the Companion.

MISS LYLE.

By Alice Robbins.

It was a hot, drowsy, almost insupportable summer's day. It semed to me as if my school-room had never been so close, or my suffering from heat so intense, before.

The pupils were all more or less affected by the sultry atmosphere, and how could I blame them if they lagged in their lessons or indolently lounged over their desks?

I think the heat made us all a little cross, for I caught myself once or twice speaking in irritable tones, and only the frown on Delia Agnew's forehead, reminded me that mutual forbearance was needed.

"Girls," I said, "don't let us lose our temper; the session is a short one, and we shall find our homes more comfortable than the school-room."

"Miss Simpson," said Mary Brown, who had come forward to the desk, as she looked at the book she held in her hand, "Miss Lyle has been weeping again. I declare it really makes me nervous; I wish she sat any where but by my side."

I cast a glance at Miss Lyle. She was a tall, dark girl, with a marked face,—low brow, wide, dark eyes, finely-cut features, and over all an expression of utter sorrow, as if life to her had thus far been a failure. I had once or twice endeavored to win her confidence, but she shrank from me, as she did from the scholars.

"We must try to ascertain what makes her so unhappy," I said.

"I don't believe she will give her confidence to any one," replied Mary Brown, still in the same low voice,—"for she repels us, do what we will. All we can find out is that she is a niece of Col. Lyle, and they say she is a great favorite with him, like a daughter, in fact. He has only one son. I'm sure she looks as dismal as if she had no friends in the world."

Two or three times that afternoon I tried to invite the confidence of Miss Lyle, but failed, and at last angrily resolved not to make any further attempts.

On the next composition-day Miss Lyle was not prepared for the exercise.

"I tried very hard, Miss Simpson," she said, quietly, "but it was impossible."

"But Miss Lyle I never excuse my young ladies for such remissness. You surely might have written a few lines. You seem well, and I must give you the largest number of checks. I am sorry that you have not done your duty to yourself and the class."

Her strong mouth trembled, and for one moment she cast an appealing glance that quite melted my heart. But she grew stern again, and turned away, saying,—

"I expected the checks," and the slight thread of sympathy was broken.

But by-and-by she began to haunt me. I found myself watching for her at the opening of the school, and noting the listless, weary way with which she came out of the cloak-room, and the air of dissatisfaction, of sometimes positive disgust that seemed to cloud her face, as she placed herself at her desk and took out her books.

Sometimes I dreamed of her, and it always seemed as if she were in some trouble, and I alone had the power to help her. Now she was in the midst of flames from which, in some mysterious way, I rescued her; again I would see her floating in the water, and almost at the peril of my life, I saved hers.

It was not pleasant to be thus followed with the strange consciousness that in some way I ought to help this girl, while all the time she was so cold and distant, and often almost disagreeable. I could not say to her "Tell me your trouble," unless she invited my confidence. A word, a hint from her would have been sufficient.

Meanwhile I noticed that she dressed with exquisite taste, and that the nicest and finest materials composed her general wardrobe. Also that in rainy weather she was driven to school by a very stylish coachman. Evidently she was surrounded by luxuries, and her wants were anticipated.

Gradually I began to observe a change in her demeanor. She turned to study with all her might, and soon made rapid progress. But at the same time she grew thin; there was a red flush on her cheeks and her eyes were fearfully bright.

"You study at home, Miss Lyle, do you not?" I asked, one day.

She glanced up at me with a look that was peculiar to her, and only said "home?" while her lip quivered; then she added, "Yes, I study hard. It is my happiness. I want to be thorough. I want to fit myself — to — to teach others."

"But Miss Lyle, suppose you break down in the effort; I think I ought to forbid this intense application."

"I won't break down," she said, a little proudly, and I went my way.

One day I happened to say in her hearing that I wished I could find a good housekeeper.

"Is it any thing unbecoming a lady to be a housekeeper for strangers?" she asked, looking up, hastily.

"Not at all," was my reply; "many a high-toned, educated lady fills the position to-day. I only wish I could find such an one; I would give her almost any price, and my grateful thanks in the bargain."

Miss Lyle turned abruptly away and walked off, nor did she renew the conversation.

As I grew more and more interested in the girl, I began to be alarmed about her. Her eyes startled me with their singular luminousness; and there was a shadowy, spiritual expression on the features, that threatened an early death, or some sad fate. She was rapidly distancing her class-mates, and all she seemed to care for was study.

One afternoon, at recess time, I happened to go to the window. Just outside stood Miss Lyle with such an unutterably sad expression that it quite made me sick with fear. Something must be done with this girl, I thought, and on an impulse to say something to her to divert her mind, I said,

"Miss Lyle, have you heard from your mother lately?"

What led me to say it I cannot tell, for I did not even know the girl had a mother. She turned round and looked at me, and grew so deathly pale that I caught her hand, and almost forced her in the low French window. Then I led her into my little parlor. She looked round wildly for a moment, and then burst into a sobbing cry such as comes from the depths of an almost breaking heart.

"O Miss Simpson, I am dying, I am dying of homesickness. I cannot live this way; and yet my mother thinks it is for the best. My father died and we lost every thing. Then my uncle made an offer to take me, and my mother, who was half-crazed, consented, and I am alone in that great house, and motherless. I cannot bear it. It is killing me. O, my mother, my mother! my home!"

Her sobs terrified me, and I tried to soothe her by every device I could think of. At last she grew more quiet.

"Where is your mother?" I asked.

She mentioned a distant Eastern city.

"She is a housekeeper," she half-whispered, "and consequently has no home of her own. But I must make her one," she added, with energy. "O, Miss Simpson, help me all you can. I must teach; I am working day and night to qualify myself. I *must* have my mother with me; I can bear this longing for a home no longer; it seems to be gnawing at my very heart."

"But you seem surrounded with every thing to make life pleasant," I said.

"You don't know," was her passionate reply, —"my uncle loves me, my aunt suspects and dislikes me, and makes my life almost intolerable. O, if you knew how I yearn for a sight of my mother's face!"

"You shall see her, my poor child," I said, drawing her to my side and kissing her forehead. "Will she come here and be my friend and housekeeper, do you think?"

The girl's face was like an illumination. She looked perfectly beautiful as she turned to me.

"I am sure she would, quite sure, only I did not like to ask it—I never could have spoken to any one, not even you, but you surprised it out of me. O, Miss Simpson, can you take her?"

"Certainly, certainly I can," was my answer; "and as soon as practicable I will give you a situation as under-teacher, if you wish it, so that you may be always in the same house with her. There! is your heart lighter?"

For answer she threw herself on my neck, and wept—not bitter tears, but tears of very rapture.

After that how changed she was! It was beautiful to see her steady devotion to me and to my interest. The pupils began to like her. She exhibited a capacity for loving that I had not dreamed of. And when her mother came she was the happiest creature I ever saw.

She is with me yet, but she will earn a more beautiful home than I can give her, for she holds a gifted pen.

THE FRENCHMAN AND BUTCHER.

A half-starved Frenchman, once, 'tis said,
Passed near a butcher's door,
Where British beef, good white and red,
Hung round in plenteous store.

The Frenchman gazed with longing eyes,
Then loud, "*bon! bon!*" he cried;
The butcher turned with quick surprise,
Then spoke with wounded pride:

"Get out, you great outlandish cheat!
Nor talk such stuff as that;
You say '*bone, bone!*' I say '*meat, meat!*'
And meat extremely fat!"

For the Companion.

THE PHILOSOPHERS OF KEW.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

"Marvellous!" exclaimed Prof. Tromp.

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Dr. Savage.

"Marvellous!" "wonderful!" chimed in several others.

"Isn't it as I told you?" asked Mr. Mole.

"It is indeed," said the rest; and they all stood and peered into a hole in the ground.

The town of Kew, though small, was renowned for the wisdom and erudition of its inhabitants. It seemed to be a nucleus which gathered to itself all the learning and much of the eccentricity of the country round about.

There Prof. Tromp, the famous astronomer, surveyed the heavens from the airy heights of his observatory; there Dr. Savage, botanist as well as physician, ranged the woods in search of rare plants, which he delighted to classify according to their order and species, and by means of which he also made many valuable additions to the *materia medica*. There Mr. Mole, the antiquarian, brought to light the hidden mysteries of the past; and there flourished the Scaliger Institute, which boasted a corps of Professors unequalled by those of any college in that part of the country. It was affirmed that, in comparison, Harvard was nowhere. It is manifest that no one could breathe such an atmosphere as this without being more or less affected by it, hence the inhabitants of Kew had habits and ways of thinking peculiar to themselves.

"Is it not as I told you?" asked Mr. Mole, whose visage was as leathery as some old-time parchment, and whose nose seemed to have grown long and sharp from prying into the secrets of nature.

"It is indeed!"

The hole into which the philosophers were gazing was an excavation which Mr. Mole had caused to be made because in digging for Indian relics he fancied he found indications of a mausoleum. But though he discovered no bones, he discovered something equally valuable, for there, twenty feet or more below the surface of the earth, was a heavy hammer, or mace, and a fragment of a horse-shoe, both much corroded by time, but in a state which left no doubt of their original design. He had hastened to summon the wise men of the town, who were now intent upon their investigations.

"The soil is thoroughly impregnated with iron," said the chemical Professor, "while lime predominates elsewhere in this vicinity. I will take some home for analysis;" and he scooped up the precious dust in a small tin box which he had brought for the purpose.

"Do you see this which I hold in my hand?" said Prof. Tromp. "It is an aerolite. I have seldom seen anything more curious;" and the learned astronomer was proceeding to favor his audience with a disquisition upon aerolites in general, and this one in particular, but was interrupted by the chemical Professor, who declared that it was lava,—he had been abroad and seen Vesuvius, and who should know lava, if he did not?

The dispute grew so sharp, that it threatened disaster to the cause of science, but it was finally settled in favor of the volcano, because on turning up the earth with a shovel, similar specimens were discovered in abundance, while certain rocks imbedded in the soil had evidently been subjected to the action of fire.

When night fell, and they could no longer pursue their researches, they proceeded with their relics to the antiquarian's place of abode, and sat up till midnight endeavoring to elucidate the mystery of their origin.

The mace, they decided, was evidently a weapon of warfare, and must have belonged to some race much more powerful than our own, for, as one of the Professors remarked, "it would have required a Hercules to wield it."

Both that and the horse-shoe were of wrought iron, "which," said Mr. Mole, "presupposes a knowledge and use of implements and materials such as belong to an advanced stage of civilization. Do you say that it proves that our American Indians understood these things?" continued he. "But we know that they did *not* understand them. No, it proves something quite different; it proves that our land was inhabited by a civilized race before the advent of the Indian."

The philosophers all nodded assent to this proposition, and advanced many wise theories of their own which I will not relate at length. Suffice it to say that every thing was adjusted harmoniously, and they separated with mutual good feeling. Indeed, the matter did seem very plain, for a horse-shoe supposed a horse, and a horse supposed a master, and to whom should the warlike mace belong if not to the rider of the horse?

The next step was to request one of the Institute students, who was quite an artist, to embody the idea in a drawing, which he did by producing a spirited picture of a knight of the middle ages on a rampant steed.

The story soon got abroad, and strangers flocked to see the site of the extinct volcano, and the mace and horse-shoe—those relics of a being who, for any thing they knew, might have been overwhelmed by the eruption.

So great was the excitement produced, that the learned antiquarian was at last requested to deliver an address in the open air, on the spot where the discovery was made, which was listened to by a large concourse of people, escorted thither by the Kew band.

Old Mrs. Foster sat in her door, smoking her pipe, as was her wont of a pleasant afternoon. She was almost a hundred years of age, but retained her faculties in a remarkable degree, which was perhaps the reason Mr. Mole had not long ago captured and set her up among his "fossil remains." I am sure he often looked upon her with covetous eyes, but the old woman seemed still to have a pretty strong hold of life, and had by no means lost her interest in what was going on in the world.

As she sat at her door, smoking, she heard the music of the Kew band, and great was her curiosity to know what it portended; but her house being remote from the village, it was some time before she saw any one of whom she could make inquiry. At last she saw a woman coming that way, whom, as she drew near, she recognized as Betsey Pike.

"Ho, Betsey," cried she. "What is all this pother that I hear? Fourth o' July doesn't come in September this year, does it?"

"Lor sakes, granny, haven't you heerd?" said Betsey,—for there were people even in Kew who said "Lor sakes."

"No, I haint heerd nothin'. Set down in the door here, and tell me about it."

Betsey complied, for in truth she cared very little for the address, and rather preferred being chief speaker herself.

"Why, they've found something, the wise heads has, that goes to show that there was a volcano here once. A volcano is a mounting that sends forth fire and smoke, you know." (Betsey had studied geography in her young days.)

"Dew tell, now! Where do they say that it was?"

"Down by Berry's oak. You know where that is, don't you?"

"Yes, and did long afore you was born; but there never was no seeh a mountain there sence *I* can remember, and I don't believe there ever was."

"But this was long *afore* you can remember, and I haven't told you all; they've found some things that goes to show that there was folks lived here afore the Injins, and that knowed a sight more than the Injins, too."

"Seeh as what?"

"Wal, chiefly an old horse-shoe and a mace."

"What might that be?"

"Why, a great kind of iron cudgel, or mallet or something,—I don't exactly know what."

"It's my belief they've found old Peter Croft's hammer."

"Who, for the land sake, was Peter Croft?"

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"He was a blacksmith, that had a shop right close under the oak, and a house, too, but they was both burnt down."

"But that couldn't be, granny, because these things was found twenty feet or more under ground," said Betsy.

"Ay, of course they was. Peter was an odd old genius,—at least, so they said,—he died afore I was born; and he built in a kind of holler, because he said how it was warmer in winter. We children used to play with the melted iron and things where the old shop stood. There was a cellar, too, as belonged to the house; but after a while Mr. Berry he bought the land, and he filled every thing up all level. Mr. Berry's been gone this sixty year and more. Yes, yes, they've found the remains of Peter's old blacksmith shop,—that's what they've found."

"But they do say the roots of the tree growed right atop o' these things."

"Well, why shouldn't it strike its roots out there when it was all filled up? What's to hender?"

"I believe my heart you're right," said Betsey, laughing; for though she was not highly educated, she had a keen appreciation of a joke.

She was not long in spreading among her townspeople Mrs. Foster's theory of the late discoveries, and many a laugh was enjoyed at the philosophers' expense; but when the rumor reached the ears of these gentlemen, they exclaimed,—

"What ignorance!" "What credulity!" and the relics may be seen in the museum connected with the Scaliger Institute, to this day.

For the Companion.

A SINGULAR BIRD-CATCHER.

By C. A. Stephens.

It was the queerest, quaintest place I have ever found, our camp on the "thoroughfare" leading out of the Pomgokwahem Lake. Pomgokwahem is the Indian name for heron, and by *thoroughfare* I mean an outlet flowed by a dam below; flowed so as to make the stream wider and more sluggish than before. The lumbermen of the Penobscot waters do this to aid in floating out their logs.

We were on a sort of dry point running out into the stream, fringed on the water's edge with great hemlocks and pines. Overhead these trees formed a dense, cool shade, but beneath we could look out upon the water between their trunks, which were bare as columns. The breeze came in from the water. It was a delightful spot to while away the hot mid-days of early September.

Out at the very extremity of the point, and standing partly in the water, now that the stream was flowed, was a low, scrubby cedar. Its wide, drooping lower limbs were partly submerged in the water. We had noticed it at once when we first came to the point.

Among the boughs of this cedar, up some eight or ten feet, Jud (there were three of us,—Tom Evarts, Jud Moody and myself,) had espied a wood-duck's nest, the prettiest and most interesting of all the wild ducks in our Northern waters.

The young ones were hatched. Indeed, from the usual habits of the bird, they ought to have been hatched much earlier in the season. Something had disturbed the parents, or destroyed their first nest, perhaps.

There were nine of the little yellow, downy chicks. We could have easily shot the old ones; but were in no need of game, and very soon we became much interested in watching their movements in their reedy, sylvan home.

The fifth day after we first camped on the point, they began to leave the nest. I do not know whether this was caused by the mother-bird, or was prompted by instinct on the part of the young ones. They were far from being large enough to fly; but, one by one, during the day, they scrambled over the edge of the nest and fluttered down into the water.

Some of them seemed to merely fall without using their wings at all. Once in the water they were at home, and floated off among the rushes like egg-shells. There was something amusing in their familiarity with the water. Buoyant as corks, there was no danger of their drowning. They had only to draw back their tiny necks and sit quiet, or paddle on at pleasure.

The mother-duck swam back and forth, piloting out each chick as it tumbled down. When at length they had all left the nest, she swam away into the open water with the whole flock tossing and rippling about her. It was a very pretty sight.

Late in the afternoon she came back under the nest with her brood; and they sat all night, clustered together beneath the cedar boughs. After sunrise the next morning, they started again for the open water. We saw them sail out through the reeds toward the channel. The old one seemed to be feeding them on some sort of water-bugs.

The current bore some one of them occasionally away from the mother; though as soon as they were ten or a dozen feet from her, they would exert themselves to get back. One of them, however, was hardly strong enough to breast the current. Notwithstanding his efforts to reach the mother, he was carried farther and farther down the stream.

The mother didn't seem to notice his troubles. She was absorbed with the other eight. It quite excited our sympathies to see him borne so relentlessly away. When he had been carried forty or fifty feet from the rest of the brood, there was a great splash and the chick suddenly disappeared under the water.

"Hollo!" exclaimed Jud; "what was that?"

"Something grabbed him," said Tom, "from under water."

"What could it be?" said I.

"A water-snake, I guess," replied Tom.

"Might have been a turtle," suggested Jud,—"a mud-turtle."

The old duck heard the splash. She glanced suspiciously around; seemed to miss one of her brood, and at once swam along to where a bubble or two struggled up to the surface of the stream. Turning her head down, she looked into the water, eagerly scanning the depths below; then going back she gathered the chicks together, and hurried towards the shore, as if apprehending farther danger.

The question as to what sort of a creature had pulled down our poor little duckling so remorselessly, puzzled us very much. Jud finally came to the conclusion that it was a muskrat, who had his mud house over on the other bank of the thoroughfare. Such an act of wanton aggression was so contrary to Jud's ideas of natural justice, that he forthwith brought down his rifle, and watching his chance, sent a ball through the poor muskrat just as he was getting up on the roof of his house to enjoy the afternoon sun. Without a single sound or complaint the poor little victim rolled off into the water and floated down with the current.

"There!" exclaimed Jud, with the air of a person who has done an act of justice. "No more gobbling here. Fair play's a jewel, the world over."

On the next morning the old duck had forgotten her loss. She again took her young brood out into the stream. We watched them for a time, floating about so prettily. There were eight of them. Something drew our attention from them for a few minutes, and when we again looked there were but seven.

"Another gone!" said I. "It couldn't have been the muskrat. Poor fellow! killed on mere suspicion!"

"I tell you it's a snake," said Tom.

Jud went back to his old opinion, charging it to the turtles. "Let's put in our canoe and go out there," said he. "Perhaps we can see him on the bottom."

Carrying down our little skiff, we slid it into the water, and getting in, paddled to the spot. The old duck instantly sailed back among the rushes with all the little ones bobbing after her. The water was ten or fifteen feet deep and the bottom was muddy. We could just discern the old sunken logs, lying bedded in the mud. But no turtles were in sight. We searched along both banks for a quarter of a mile, or so, for water-snakes, and saw several sunning themselves on old tree trunks that projected into the stream, but neither of them was the criminal for whom we were in search.

The duck did not desert her home under the cedar. The next morning saw her leading out her brood once more Our curiosity was now thoroughly roused, and we determined to watch sharply to see if another chick was taken. The young ones could now swim much better than on the first day. They wandered from the mother in all directions: some to a distance of several rods. They had not been feeding for more than fifteen minutes, when another one disappeared under the water with a quick splash. Something black glanced up from the surface of the stream the same instant.

"That was smartly done," cried Tom. "I believe it was a fish."

"Who ever heard of a fish catching ducks?" said Jud.

"No matter for that," said Tom; "that looked just like a fish's tail to me."

"If it's a fish, let's fish for him," said I.

"So we can," said Tom; "but we better wait till afternoon. He wouldn't bite now, after making his breakfast on duck."

"How will you fish?" said Jud; "from the canoe?"

"No," answered Tom; "from the shore, I guess, will be better. We can tie two or three lines together to make one long one, and so float the hook."

"What can we bait with?" said I.

"O, a frog will do the work."

"Better take a bird. This fish seems to prefer birds," said Jud, laughing.

"Well, I will," said Tom. "Much obliged to you for suggesting it. I'll take a young partridge. I found a nest of them just hatched, out here in the woods yesterday."

Tom went into the woods, and in less than a quarter of an hour returned with two partridge chickens, just out of their shells. He put them in the bottom of the canoe to keep them from running away, for they were quite sprightly and wild.

After dinner (if the reader may be pleased to call a roast haunch of carribou and two partridges served on a large flat rock, dinner) Tom tied four strong lines together, such as we used for catching togue trout. He then took a hook that had already hooked a seven-pound togue. This he fastened to the long line; and to make it float, attached to it the big cork we had had in a large bottle of vinegar. Not to kill the partridge chick and thus lose the advantage of *live bait*, he tied it to the hook quite closely, yet not so as to prevent the use of its legs or wings. It was a cruel act, but hunters don't think much about such things.

After this was done, he raised the other end of the line upon a high pole, so that the whole line would be clear of the rushes, and then threw the hook and bait out into the middle of the stream, considerably above the spot where the duck had been caught, so that they might float down past the cedar. The little partridge fluttered and splashed as the current bore him away; but the cork kept him from sinking. He had gone a number of rods, but there were no bites. Jud began to laugh. Tom drew the line to the shore, and then threw it again. Again it floated down past us.

"Don't seem to bite," said Jud. "Guess he isn't hungry."

"Wait a bit," said Tom, throwing the hook once more. And sure enough, as the chick floated past the cedar the third time, there came the same quick splash as when the duckling was seized, and down went the bait. Instantly the line tightened with a jerk, but held.

There was a great pulling to and fro, accompanied by a waving motion of the water. Tom pulled on the line, but would not draw it in, lest the heavy strain should break it. "Bring the canoe!" cried he. "We must get it up by some other means than pulling"

We paddled out into the stream, but before we were over the spot where the line was fast, a large brown-black creature floated up to the surface, drowned It was an otter.

We found its burrow afterwards under the opposite bank.

An otter can remain under water a long time,—from three to five minutes, I have observed,—but at the end of that time it must come to the surface, or it will drown. The hook had caught fast into the creature's nose.

For the Companion.

THE MERRY KINGS.

King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.

An old historian speaks of the "troublous season of King Henry VI., the prosperous reign of Edward IV., and the pitiful life of Edward V."

Edward IV., —(1441—1483)— the victorious White Rose, in the War of the Roses, was one of England's merry kings. One summer day, "when the leaves grew green," and blossoms hung on the greenwood tree,

> "King Edward would a hunting go,
> Some pastime for to see."

So says a very old ballad, which also gives a pleasant picture of his appearance as he rode away from his palace:

> "With hawke and hounde he made him boune;
> With horne, and eke with bowe;
> To Drayton Basset he took his waye,
> With all his lords arowe."

As he was riding "o'er dale and down," in a merry mood, he saw at a distance "a bold tanner" riding along the highway. Not an ambitious man was this "bold tanner;" he aped no doublets, and drove no two-forty horses; so we infer from the ballad which was,—

> "A russet coat the tanner had on,
> Fast buttoned under his chin;
> And under him a good cowhide,
> And a mare of *four-shilling*."

"Stand still, my lords!" said the King, "stand still "under the greenwood spray," and I will go to yonder fellow, and have a talk with him. It will be a jolly joke to inquire the way to Drayton Basset, and to ask him the news, and to offer to swap horses with him, for he rides a sorry steed."

Then the lords gathered "under the greenwood spray," and the King rode forth to meet the "bold tanner."

"God speed thee, my good friend!" said the King. "Pray show me the ready way to Drayton Basset."

Now the tanner looked upon men of fine cloth with contempt, and, as the King was very splendidly dressed, he held him in ill favor.

"To Drayton Bassett?" said the tanner. "If *you* are on your way to Drayton Basset, I would advise you to go directly forward until you come to a pair of gallows, then turn in upon the right hand."

This was an old way of saying "You be hanged!" but the King received the uncivil answer good-naturedly.

"That is an unready way," said the King. "Go down with me to Drayton Basset, and thou shalt eat and drink of the best, and I will pay thy fare."

"Thou payest no fare of mine," said the tanner. "I make no doubt that I have more nobles in my purse than thou hast pence in thy pocket."

"God give thee joy of them," said the King.

"But, my fine fellow, what art thou?" asked the tanner. "The clothes that thou wearest on thy back would well cover a lord."

"I did not steal them," said the King. "But I have a question for you. You are riding about the country, far and near; what news do you hear?"

"I hear no news," replied the tanner, "but that cowhides are dear."

"Cowhides? Cowhides?" queried the King. "Pray tell me what things are those?"

"Why, art thou a fool?" said the tanner. "I carry a cowhide under me"

"What is thy craft?" asked the King.

"I am a barker. Pray tell me what is yours?"

"I am a poor courtier, and right tired am I of the service. I would fain quit the court, and learn thy trade of thee."

"Heaven forefend! If thou wert my 'prentice, thou wouldst spend more than I should gain, by forty shillings a year!"

"If thou wilt not receive me as thy 'prentice," said the King, "let us at least swap horses before we part, for I am in a trading way to-day."

Now the King's horse was an elegant, high-spirited steed, and the tanner's was a poor, old, tumble down beast, sharp-backed, hollow-ribbed, most pitiable to behold.

"That we will," said the tanner. "But I must have some boot of thee."

"That would be against reason," said the King. "My horse is a much finer animal than thine, and that thou well canst see."

"Yes; but my horse, Brocke, is gentle and mild, stands where you leave him, never runs away, while thine is unruly and untame, stepping here and there."

"But what boot wilt thou have?" asked the King."

"No pence nor half-pence," said the tanner, "but a noble in gold."

"Here's twenty groats," said the King. "Twenty groats of white money!"

"Twenty groats!" exclaimed the tanner. "I would have taken my oath, just now, that thou hadst not a single penny. But, though thou hast got Brocke, my horse, thou shalt not have my cowhide."

The tanner took his precious cowhide and threw it across the gold-mounted saddle on his new horse.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellow," he said to the King. "'Tis time that I was gone!"

The King helped the tanner into the stirrup, and the latter gave rein to the impatient steed. The delighted fellow started off in fine style, but his triumph was of very short duration, for, when the horse heard the cowhide rattle, and saw the cow's tail wag, he pricked up his ears, broke rein, and made for the forest in hot haste.

The tanner was now frightened out of his wits, expecting every moment to be thrown and dashed in pieces.

> "The tanner he pulled, the tanner he sweat,
> And held by the pummel fast."

He landed at last with his choice cowhide upon a soft spot of earth, and, finding himself whole, hurried back, with an incensed countenance, to the King.

"Take thy horse again with a vengeance!" he said. "I will have no more of him."

"My horse would have borne thee well enough," said the King, "but he knew not of thy cowhide. But, jolly tanner, if thou wilt change, then *I must have some boot of thee*."

"What boot wilt thou have?"

"No pence nor half-pence, but I must have twenty pounds."

"Here's twenty groats out of my own purse," said the tanner, "and here are twenty that I had of thee. I have just one more, and that we'll spend together at the inn."

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The remainder of the story is happily told in the quaint old ballad:

"The King set a bugle horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;
And soon came lords, and soon came knights,
Fast riding o'er the hill.

"'Now out, alas!' the tanner he cried,
'That ever I saw this day!
Thou art a thief! yon come thy fellows,
To take my cowhide away!'

"'They are no thieves,' the King replied,
'I swear! so mote I thee!
But they are the lords of the North country,
Here come to hunt with me.'"

When the tanner discovered that his new acquaintance was no less than the King, he began to tremble, thinking he would be hanged:

"'Away with thy fear, thou jolly tanner,
For the sport thou hast shown to me,
I wote noe halter thou shalt wear,
But thou shalt have a knight's fee.'"

So said the King. The tanner was then made a knight, and was assigned Plumpton Park as an estate. He received the office gladly, and promised the King that when the latter should come to Tamworth,—

"Neat's leather should clout his shoen."

We have followed the ballad with but little deviation in relating this story. The story in the main is no doubt true, for it was a custom among young kings at this period to seek such adventures as these. Doubtless, some of the incidents were colored to suit the rhyme of the ballad-maker. But the incident is in keeping with the early character of the merry King, Edward IV.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

CONGRESS.

Congress, or the National Legislature met on Monday, December 4th. This will not be the first session of the present Congress, for it met on the 4th of last March, and continued to sit for several weeks.

Each Congress has a life of two years, extending from the 4th of March in the odd year to the 4th of March in the next odd year. Thus, the present Congress came into existence on the 4th of March, 1871, and will continue till the 4th of March, 1873.

The first Congress assembled in the spring of 1789, at New York,—but it was not until some weeks had elapsed that it was organized for the transaction of business; and Washington did not take the oath of office as President of the United States until the 30th of April, 1789,—which is the date of the beginning of our present form of national government.

Since the organization of the first Congress, in the spring of 1789, forty-one have been held down to the 4th of March, 1871. The present is the forty-second Congress, and this national body is now drawing toward the close of its eighty-third year.

Congress, like the British Parliament, and like all good constitutional bodies of its class, or order, is not only composed of two chambers, but these are essentially different in the conditions of their election, and in their terms of life.

The House of Representatives, or "lower chamber," is one of the most popularly constructed bodies in the world. It is based entirely on population, without reference to age, or sex, or condition, or color, or origin. The only qualifications for membership are citizenship, and the age of twenty-five years,—and neither of these qualifications would be very strictly enforced, were any district to disregard either of them, or both.

The Senate is as aristocratically-constituted a body as the House is democratically-constituted. While members of the House must be chosen every two years, members of the Senate are chosen for six years. Representatives are chosen by the direct action of all voters, under systems of suffrage that approach to universality. Senators are chosen by the Legislatures of the States from which they come.

Every member of the House of Representatives represents a district in which the number of persons is, as nearly as possible, the same as it is in every other district. Every Senator may be said to represent half a State, as each State has two Senators. But the States, as is well known, are very unequal, both in respect to population and wealth. The State of Delaware has two Senators, the same number as New York, and yet Delaware in population and wealth falls below single counties in New York. Oregon has the same power in the Senate as Pennsylvania, yet the number of the population of the two States is widely different.

Strange as it may seem, this inequality of State representation, anti-democratic as it is, excites no bad feeling in this democratic country. The Senate is as strong an institution as there is in the world.

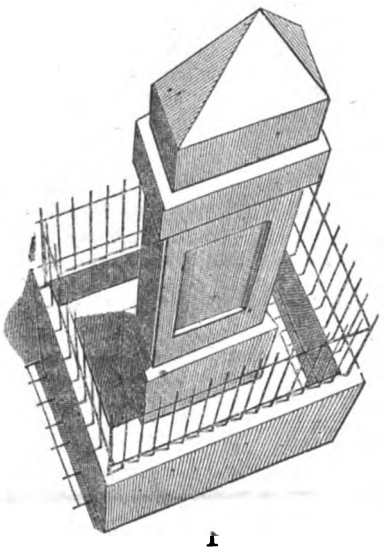
The two branches are differently organized, in some respects. The House has a *Speaker*, elected by the members,—and that officer appoints the committees. The Vice-President of the United States is President of the Senate, but he is not allowed to appoint committees, which is done by the Senate itself. The Senate chooses a President, to act in the absence of the Vice-President, who need never enter that body, if he is inclined to remain at home, and indeed the country has often been without a Vice-President. The House has a Clerk; the Senate a Secretary.

The Senate, unlike the House, exists always. It is the treaty-making body, the House having nothing to do directly in aiding negotiations. It also confirms or rejects appointments to office, a matter with which the House has no direct association.

A CURIOUS OPTICAL ILLUSION.

The Horizontorium, an optical illusion, sometimes used as an evening pastime in England, very pleasingly illustrates the fact that a person cannot always correctly define an object by the appearance presented to the eyes.

The Horizontorium has been drawn in many different ways, but always on the same principle, in isometrical perspective, that is with the vanishing point below the plane of the picture. A favorite representation used to be a castle or fort, with turrets, palisades, and a sentry standing outside his box, the first appearance to the eye being a shapeless assemblage of objects.



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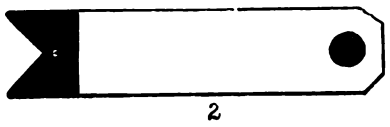

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We give a picture that illustrates the same principle of optics. Our object is to make the ill-proportioned figure present the appearance of a neat, well-shaped tomb-stone, enclosed by an upright fence. To do this a sight piece should first be prepared. It can be cut from thick paper, the shape of the diagram in the illustration numbered 2. The end of this sight piece should be bent so that it will stand upright, and then it can be held by gluten to the spot marked 3 in the picture.

Let the paper rest upon the table, close one eye, and look steadily with the other at the tomb-stone through the little hole at the top of the sight piece. A well-proportioned tomb-stone, surrounded by an upright railing, will be seen. The tomb-stone will not only appear well-proportioned, but will seem to *stand out* from the paper, as though viewed by a stereoscope.

It is possible to multiply designs to any extent, as the principle on which the Horizontorium is constructed is a very simple one. The hint and the design given we trust may lead our readers to enjoy some pleasant evening pastimes.

WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.

Providence seldom allots more than one great gift to a single person. Good writers are usually poor speakers, like Goldsmith, who "wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll." The right word that always came to his mind when he was writing, was not remembered in ordinary conversation.

"Sir," said a person, speaking of Goldsmith, "the man was a fool. He would say 'That is as good a shilling as ever was *born!*' *Coined* would never have entered his head. He was a fool, sir!"

Thackeray, with all his wit and versatile gifts, was a poor speech-maker.

AN AGED WOMAN, AND WHAT SHE SAW.

Mention was made, not long since, in the French newspapers, of the death of a lady in her hundredth year,—Madame la Duchesse du Plessis d'Aremcey. She was a noted personage in the reign of Napoleon I., whom she has survived more than fifty years, and who became Emperor when she was about thirty-three years old. Her life was passed during a period of stirring events, and it may be interesting to refer to some of the most prominent.

At the date of her birth, the old French monarchy of the Bourbons was in existence. She lived to see it swept away, and to witness in its place two French Empires, both of which also passed away at an interval of almost sixty years; and three French Republics. Two of the latter long since ceased to exist.

She saw France four times invaded. A young woman when the Allies entered France in 1792, and a middle-aged woman when they came in 1814, and in 1815, she survived to see the yet more terrible German invasion of 1870. Between the first and the last of these invasions, almost fourscore years elapsed.

England owned a large part of the present territory of the United States when this French lady was born. Now we are a nation, and England's rule among us is a thing of the past.

In 1771 England had not obtained half that Indian dominion which now is hers; and Lord Clive himself, who founded that dominion, and who died in 1774, would be astonished, could he come back, to see the English power in India.

The Australasian world was then unthought of. Now it is full of new communities, that are growing up into Christian countries, in which another century will see many millions of men and women of European descent.

Spain owned most of South America, and not a little of North America, in 1771, and there were Spanish Viceroys in Mexico and Lima; and now Spain's American possessions consist of a couple of islands. Mexico and Lima are capitals of independent nations, and a Spanish Viceroy is no more to be seen in either than a Spanish Inquisitor.

Poland was a great and an unbroken kingdom in 1771, not even the first partition then having taken place, and now that unfortunate nationality is as dead as the old Roman Empire.

Turkey was one of the great powers of Europe in 1771. Now she exists only because the leading nations cannot agree among themselves as to the best way to eat her up.

Another great power in Europe in 1771 was Spain, the equal of England, and France, and the German Empire, and the superior of Russia and Prussia. Now she is of no more weight in Europe than is Belgium, which had no national existence in 1771, while Prussia, then with little influence in Europe, is now at the head of the nations, and has become the new German Empire.

Since 1771 there have disappeared from the list of nations, besides Poland, the old German Empire, the Mogul's Empire in India, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the Pope's temporal dominion, the Republic of Holland, the Grand Dukedom of Tuscany, the Republic of Venice, and a score or two of lesser States in Italy, and Germany, and elsewhere.

To balance these losses there have come into existence in the last hundred years the Republic of the United States, the Empire of Brazil, the Republics of Mexico and Peru, the Austrian Empire, the Kingdom of Italy, the new German Empire, the Kingdom of Greece, half a score of Spanish or colored nations in America or the West Indies; the Kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, and the Liberian Republic, and the Kingdom of the Sandwich Islands.

The Barbary States have ceased to be pirates, and Algiers has become a French dependency.

In the East, China and Japan have been thrown open to the world, and Persia has dwindled almost to feeble imbecility; the East India Company has ceased to be a political power, while a British Queen rules directly over Hindostan, wearing the crown, and wielding the sceptre of Akbar and Aurungzebe.

All these changes have occurred in the course of one human life; and yet, great as they are, they form but a small and comparatively insignificant part of the changes that have taken place in a century; for much more important are the changes consequent on the use of steam for ships and railways, the introduction of the electric telegraph, the invention of various kinds of murderous arms, the thousand mechanical inventions, the conquests of science, the discovery of the virtues of vaccination, the creation of new kinds of food and new sorts of clothing, and the addition of countless conveniences to our daily lives. Why, there are a hundred useful things known to the young people of to-day that the French lady no more knew in her youth than Robinson Crusoe on his desert island.

IN THE CARS.

Whatever is indicative of a kind heart is generally both winning and graceful. I always recall with pleasure a little incident that occurred in a steam car in which I was riding, and which left a pleasant picture in my mind.

The car was nearly filled with people, when there entered it two men with their families, each taking opposite seats near the door. One of the men was a laboring Dutchman, and as his wife held a small babe, he constituted himself the nurse of three sturdy little fellows, very nearly of a size, whose appetites were equal to any that I ever saw gratified.

The gentleman opposite was elegance itself, with a certain ineffable grace about every feature and movement that was very attractive. He also had with him his wife, who evidently was an invalid, and a boy, the reflection of his own manly beauty.

The Dutchman answered all demands upon his purse with ready generosity, regaling his three boys with pop-corn and apples; but at last, as if the idea had occurred to him that his children might be *hungry*, he opened a knapsack, and took from it an immense Dutch-cake.

Having given what might be regarded as a loaf to each of the children, he restored it to the knapsack, when he caught the eye of the boy opposite, who was regarding the performance with a pleasant smile.

In an instant, the knapsack was thrown open again; out came the Dutch-cake, and an ample triangle was handed across to the dainty little fellow, who blushed, and glanced at his aristocratic father for permission.

The gentleman took it from the Dutchman, with a smile that fully acknowledged his recognition of the favor intended, and gave it to his son, who, in turn, thanked both his father and the Dutchman. Then he held it in his hands, the Dutchman watching him with a little uneasiness visible in his honest face, as if afraid it was not quite good enough for such as he.

The father, in the meantime, continued to read his paper, but, presently, looking at his son, and seeing him eating the Dutch-cake with evident relish, he glanced across at the Dutchman, and the two exchanged smiles that did one's heart good to see. It was a smile of parental sympathy.

When the Dutch-cake had all disappeared, the gentleman took down his son's lunch-box, and treated the whole of his rough neighbor's party to sponge-cake. The eagerness of the three boys and the coyness of the father did not at all detract from the pleasure which must have been felt by the gentleman in his cordial and truly gentlemanly act.

It is difficult to define what there was in this little scene that left such an indelible impression, as if a sunbeam had been stereotyped on my heart; but any one who is a parent, or who loves children, or who has felt the satisfaction that their smiles afford, will readily understand why it remains like a beautiful picture upon the walls of my memory.

C. W. F.

A PHILOSOPHER'S QUESTION.

When Phyrrus, king of Epirus, was preparing to wage war against Rome, Cineas, a wise and good man, asked him what were his expectations as to the result of the career upon which he was about to enter.

"To subdue Rome," answered the King.

"What will you do next, my lord?"

"I will conquer Italy."

"And what then?"

"I will subjugate Carthage, Macedonia, the whole of Africa, and Greece."

"And when you have conquered all that you can conquer, what will you do then?"

"Do? I will sit down and spend my time in peace and comfort!"

"Ah, my lord," said the sage, "what prevents you from sitting down and spending your time in peace and comfort now?"

NEWTON.

Newton was very absent-minded at times of intense study. He once asked a friend to dine with him, but forgetting the appointment, ordered dinner for but one. His friend came, and supposing the plate in the dining-room was for him, ate his dinner without interrupting the

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philosopher, and departed. Presently Newton came into the dining-room. "I declare," said he, moodily, "if it were not for the empty plate, I should say that I had not dined."

REDEEMING A DESERT.

An immense desert extends for many hundred miles on this side of the Rocky Mountains, which American engineers have declared uninhabitable. The soil is fertile, but there are no trees, nor springs of water, and no rain falls.

If there was no possibility of redeeming this desert, it would be a more formidable barrier to emigrants than the Rocky Mountains. But French engineers, by boring Artesian wells in the great desert of Sahara, have succeeded in covering large areas with grass and palm trees. In Egypt the millions of fig and orange trees, set out by the late Pacha, Mahemet Ali, have already changed the climate, and rains in summer are common, where formerly rain was unknown.

One cannot doubt that our enterprising emigrants will effect similar changes in the great American desert, and make it, in spite of formidable hindrances, the seat of populous and thriving communities.

A FIRE HELMET.

Sir Humphrey Davy, by scientific knowledge, constructed a safety lamp, which is a perfect protection for miners against explosions from fire damp. Prof. Tyndale has put his chemical skill to similar use by inventing a fire helmet, which will guard firemen in burning houses from all danger of suffocation by smoke or flame. The construction is very simple. It consists of a hood made of metal and wire gauze. Opposite the mouth and nostrils is a layer of cotton-wool moistened with glycerine. Outside of this is a layer of small leaves of charcoal, upon another layer of dry wool; and last comes a layer of small pieces of caustic lime. Experiments are said to have proved perfectly successful; and firemen, armed with this helmet, can stand for a long time in the thickest smoke without inconvenience.

THE TROUT AND THE SNAKE.

Brook trouts, it is said, like blue fish, bite eagerly when they are full. A gentleman, who is very skilful with his line, says that he has often caught trouts that were so gorged that their food protruded from their mouths; and that he once caught a large trout that had endeavored to swallow a small snake. The reptile had gone down tail first, and its head was projecting from the fish's mouth. Both were alive and active, although the snake's tail was commencing to be acted upon by the gastric juice of the trout's stomach, and the flesh was gone from the tip of the tail, and the bone exposed. It has been doubted whether living matter could be digested in the stomach of an animal, and this circumstance is interesting from its undoubted authenticity.

SHORT IN COMPARISON.

A literary man, who was quite tall in stature, once ridiculed an English poet who was below the medium height. The poet was a wit, and remembered that a little diamond may be of more value than a mountain of glass. He sought relief for his wounded feelings in the consolations of rhyme, with the following result:

"Though born to be short is my fate,
Yet so was the great Alexander;
And when I go in at a gate
I don't have to stoop like a gander.

"I'm no long, lanky hoddy doddy,
Whose beaver mounts up to the sky;
But, though scarcely four feet in my body,
In soul, I am thirty feet high!"

CAUGHT.

The Evening New York *Despatch* tells a funny story about the too intimate acquaintance of a pack of dogs, and a locomotive:

The single track trestle-work over State Street, used by the Lake Shore Railroad passenger trains, is a remarkably uncomfortable crossing place for man and beast if a train happens to be approaching. It is too narrow for standing room at the side, and there is from twelve to twenty feet of a jump to mother earth.

A day or two ago, a squadron of vagrant dogs, numbering upwards of a dozen, took it into their canine heads to cross that bridge, and away they went, skipping over the ties as lively as a lot of crickets.

The poor brutes had failed to consult the time card, or they might have seen that the day express was just due; but perhaps that did not matter much, as they had visual information of that fact about the time the leader had reached the centre of the bridge. The train came thundering along, its cow-catcher well in front, and the curs, after one moment of bewilderment, set up a chorus of frightful howls.

Some of the dogs tried to slip past the monster, and others turned tail and made a run for it, but the result was all the same, and the cow-catcher scooped them up by twos and threes, keeping a hundred weight or so of animated legs and bodies turning handsprings and somersets, until the last yelper had been pitched off.

Quite a crowd of persons collected to count the dead, but the dogs disappointed them, as every one had sufficient life left to limp away.

PAPA'S COFFIN.

Custodians of dead-houses in cities must grow callous by long familiarity with the surprise of sorrow, or their hearts would break with witnessing almost daily scenes like the following, from the New York *Times*:

Late in the day (Thursday) a young woman, leading by the hand a boy and girl, aged respectively five and six years, applied for admittance at the Morgue. She explained that she was in quest of her husband, Dennis McMahon. He had been shot in the right hip and abdomen, and conveyed to the hospital, but died shortly after being admitted.

The officer in attendance explained the case to the woman in as few words as possible, and kindly asked what disposition she wished to make of the body. Trembling like an aspen leaf, she listened to the story, her face changing from pale to ashy white, and her lips moving as if to contradict the story.

While listening to the details of the death of her husband, the children, unconscious of the magnitude of their loss, were meanwhile running round among the piles of coffins, asking for "papa."

The little boy pointed innocently to a pile of children's coffins, and said to his baby sister, "See where they put little girls; O! pretty! pretty!" rubbing the side of the little coffin with his hand.

In the meantime the little girl, in her search for "papa," was endeavoring to lift up the lid of a coffin, and peering through the space between the lid and the edge of the coffin, said,

"Here's papa, all ice." "No, God forbid, darling," said the mother; "papa is not here."

The incident moved to tears all who witnessed it, and when the woman explained that she had not enough money to pay her car fare to Catharine Ferry, which she wished to cross to see her priest, a dozen hands went into as many pockets, and a good little purse was instantly made up for her.

WEBSTER'S RETORT UPON WIRT.

Daniel Webster was never known as a "wit," being of a genius vastly greater than that; but he was quick enough, when he had almost gained a point, to parry any attempt to surprise him from his advantage.

He was once engaged in the trial of a case in one of the Virginia courts, and the opposing counsel was William Wirt, author of the "Life of Patrick Henry," which has been criticised as a brilliant romance.

In the progress of the case, Mr. Webster introduced a highly respectable witness, whose testimony (unless disapproved or impeached) settled the case, and annihilated Mr. Wirt's client. After getting through the testimony, he informed Mr. Wirt, with a significant expression, that he was through with the witness and that he was at his service.

Mr. Wirt arose to commence the cross-examination, but seemed for a moment quite perplexed how to proceed, but quickly assumed a manner expressive of his incredulity as to the facts elicited, and coolly eyeing the witness a moment, he said:

"Mr. K., allow me to ask you if you have ever read a work called the 'Baron Munchausen?'"

Before the witness had time to reply, Mr. Webster rose quickly to his feet, and said.—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wirt, for the interruption; but there was one question I forgot to ask the witness, and if you will allow me that favor, I promise not to interrupt you again."

Mr. Wirt, in the blandest manner, replied,—

"Yes, most certainly;" when Mr. Webster, in the most deliberate and solemn manner, said,—

"Sir, have you ever read Wirt's 'Patrick Henry?'"

The effect was irresistible, and even the judge could not control his rigid features. Mr. Wirt himself joined in the momentary laugh, and turning to Mr. Webster, said,—

"Suppose we submit this case to the jury without summing up," which was assented to, and Mr. Webster's client won the suit.—*Bench and Bar, by L. J. Bigelow.*

A SHREWD WASP.

Insects can make hard masters, compelling weaker ones to work for them, and then using their slaves for food. Two witnesses vouch for the truth of the following story in the Albany *Evening Journal:*

They (the two witnesses) saw a wasp riding on a green worm, about one and a half inches long. How far he had ridden, they did not know; but after they saw him, they watched him until he had ridden all of twenty-five feet Occasionally the worm would stop, lie motionless, as though dead, when the wasp, after a while, would spur him up, and then the worm would go on. The wasp would keep the worm in as direct a course as he could. After a while, the worm stopped, and the wasp dismounted, and quickly ran and removed a little stope or piece of ground about two inches from where the worm lay, and then, seizing the worm by the head, drew it into the hole. Presently the wasp came out, put on the gravel top over the hole, covered the stone over, and seemed to be getting ready to fly, when they killed him, and then dug down about two inches, and dug out the worm, which was dead.

A NEW HIDING-PLACE.

A thief in New York escaped capture a few days ago by his cool impudence. It required a rare presence of mind, worthy of a better cause.

The citizens of Bergen, N. Y., on Saturday, chased a thief into a school-house in that city, and thinking that he was hid somewhere on the premises, a search was made, but without effect. It subsequently transpired that on reaching the school-house he had introduced himself to the principal of the school as one of the visiting committee, and was closeted with him in conversation until the search had been abandoned. He escaped capture.

STRENGTHENING THE MEMORY.

Theodore Parker gave the credit of his remarkable memory to his father's careful training. The father made him give an accurate account of the book he had been reading, before allowing him to read another. There is good sense in the following article:

As a general thing, we read too much, and think about what we read too little; the consequence is that most of the people we meet know something in a superficial way about almost every thing, and very little in a thorough way about any thing. Not a tenth part of what is read is remembered for a month after the book, magazine or newspaper is laid aside. Daniel Webster, who had a rich store of information on almost every subject of general interest, on being asked how it was that he could remember so accurately, replied that it had been his habit for years to reflect for a short time on what he read, and so fix all the facts and ideas worth remembering in his mind. Any one who does this will be surprised to find how retentive his memory will become, and how long after reading a book or interesting article, the best portions thereof will remain.

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Its title is "GRANDPA'S HIRED MAN." It represents a hay-field on a hot July afternoon. The farm-house is in the distance, partly covered by trees, and over it hangs the gray summer haze. Not far away, lusty men are loading a huge wagon, while in the foreground are grandpa and his little pet, raking the newly-made hay.

The man is approaching old age. His tall, muscular form is somewhat bent, and the strong, pleased, time-worn face is watching his little "three-year-old" grandchild, whose hands are tugging at a heavy rake, and whose face is a very picture of baby complacency and delight.

Neither grandpa nor his pet "hired man" is turning off work like the boys, but there is sunshine in their faces, as well as in the fields, though one reflects the rising, and the other the declining light. Little tot is charming as pencil can make him, and so delightfully has Mr. Darley blended the simple happiness of childhood with the pensive playfulness of age, that the picture not only pleases, but *holds* the observer,—like those rare faces that grow in attraction the more they are seen.

Mr. Darley, in American subjects, is unquestionably the first draughtsman in America; and in this picture he fully sustains his claims to that position. It is, in every sense of the word, a choice work of art, admirably conceived; one that will make a graceful and fitting ornament for any home.

The size of the picture, including its margin, is 17¾ by 25 inches. It is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready so that we can send it to all persons entitled to it at the latest by the first of March next,—but probably before the first of February.

Send, therefore, your subscriptions when the year expires for which you have now paid, and the picture will be sent you as soon as it comes to us from the printer.

Remember that we give the picture to both old and new subscribers. Any person who subscribes for the paper for one year, between Nov. 1, 1871, and Nov. 1, 1872, and pays $1 50 for it, will receive the picture.

A subscriber who is now owing for part of a year, and who pays only for that year, will *not* be entitled to it. Such subscribers must pay one year in advance of their present year's unpaid subscription, in order to secure it.

The offer of this picture will prove a help to our friends in obtaining new names, for it will be given, as we have stated above, to each new subscriber.

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DERIVATION OF "YANKEE."

The term "Yankee" is a modification of the French term, *Anglais*, meaning English. It is stated that the English settlements were called by the aborigenes *Ingese* or *Yengese*, and in after years, especially during the struggle between the colonists and the mother country, *Yengese* became modified into "Yankee," and was used by the British soldiery as an opprobrious epithet. According to Thiery, "Yankee" is a corruption of Yankin, diminutive of John, a nickname given to English colonists in Connecticut by the Dutch settlers in New York. Dr. Gordon, in his "History of the American War," says it was a cant word in Cambridge, Mass., as early as 1713, and that it means excellent, as a yankee good horse, or yankee good cider. He supposes that it was adopted by the students as a by-word, and being carried by them from the college, obtained currency in other colonies, and so was subsequently applied to the New Englanders.

EAT SLOWLY.

"I hold," remarks a physician, "that thirty minutes should be spent at each meal, and spent, too, in chewing the food a good portion of the time, and not in continued putting in and swallowing; and in pleasant chat and laugh, instead of the continuance of the intense nervous pressure of the office or library. If you lay out to spend thirty minutes in this way at your meals, you may rest assured you will not eat too much, and what you do eat will be in the best condition for appropriation to the needs of your system."

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THE SCOTTISH BALLAD, "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

Leigh Hunt once remarked that Robin Gray had "suffused more eyes with tears of the first water than any other ballad that ever was written." The song was once very popular in England, and it is still a favorite among those charming people who have the gift of ballad-singing. It was written by Lady Anne Barnard, who died in 1825. The history of the composition is curious. Lady Barnard thus relates the circumstances under which it was produced, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott:

"Robin Gray," so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavored to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; ———, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it.

While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me:

"I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one."

"Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed.

At our fireside, and amongst our neighbors, "Auld Robin Gray" was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing any thing, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret.

Meanwhile, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. "Robin Gray" was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavored to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the "Ballat of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship," as performed by dancing dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity.

"Auld Robin Gray."

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O, they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, O, he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work, my mother cou'dna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, O, for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said Na, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, "Woe is me!"

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For, O, I am but young to cry out, "Woe is me!"

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin!
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, O, he is sae kind to me!

THE TURNING POINT.

A poor young man, after a youth of hardship, went to London to seek employment. He hoped to find occupation and support as a writer. He was conscious of genius, and, according to the custom of the period, applied to several noblemen, distinguished as patrons of literature and art, for assistance. His applications did not receive a favorable response.

His scanty purse was at last empty, and he found himself a wanderer in the great, inhospitable city, without a home or a friend. He was a religious young man. In his helplessness and distress he had found that he could not put his trust in nobles, and he now resolved to look wholly to God for help. One day, at this gloomy period, he wrote in his journal:

"My God, my God, I put my trust in thee; my troubles increase, my soul is distressed. All day long I call upon thee! O, be thou my Helper in the needful time of trouble.

"Why art thou so far from me, O Lord? Why hidest thou thy face? I am in poverty and affliction: be thou with me, O my God. Let me not be wholly forsaken of my Redeemer."

He made new efforts for employment, committing his way to the Lord. Once, after applying to a nobleman, he says,—"I was in such agitation that I walked Westminster bridge from evening to daybreak."

But God certainly will fulfil the desires of those that fear and put their trust in Him. Altered days came, and brought the asked for blessing. He found a patron, and one who directed his steps aright, and he afterwards became an eminent poet, a clergyman, and a benefactor of the poor—

"Nature's sternest painter, but the best."

That young man, the fragrance of whose life yet lingers, as a blessing to men, was Rev. George Crabb. He had reached the turning point in his career; perhaps his destiny was poised at that hour of prayer.

LITTLE TEASE.

Hiding her grandmamma's knitting away,
Teaching the kittens their letters, in play,
Clambering up to the table and shelf,
Having a tea party all by herself.
Quiet a minute, in mischief, no doubt,
Pulling the needles and thimbles about,
Sewing her apron, demure as you please;
Any one got such a dear little tease?

Printing her hands in the soft, tempting flour,
Tumbles and bumps twenty times in an hour;
Tangling the yarn, and unravelling the lace,
Doing it all with the prettiest grace.
Mother is scolding her very bad girl,
Says that she sets the whole house in a whirl;
Looks at her pouting there, down on her knees,
Clasps to her heart again dear little tease.

QUEEN VICTORIA, AND MENDELSSOHN.

An interesting letter, written by the great German composer Mendelssohn, gives an exceedingly pleasant picture of the Queen Victoria as she appeared "at home," thirty years ago, unencumbered by the stiffness of State trappings and the pomp of courtly ceremony. The letter is dated Frankfort, July 19, 1842, and says:

Prince Albert had asked me to go to him on Saturday, at two o'clock, so that I might try his organ before I left England; I found him alone, and as we were talking away, the Queen came in, also alone, in a simple morning dress.

She said she was obliged to leave for Claremont in an hour, and then suddenly interrupting herself, exclaimed, "What a confusion!" for the wind had littered the whole room, and even the pedals of the organ, (which, by the way, made a very pretty feature in the room,) with leaves of music from a large portfolio that lay open. As she spoke she knelt down and began picking up the music; Prince Albert helped, and I too was not idle.

Then the young Prince of Gotha came in, and there was more chatting; and the Queen asked if I had written any new songs, and said she was very fond of singing my published ones.

"You should sing one to him," said Prince Albert; and, after a little begging, she would try the "Fruhlingslied" in B flat—"If it is still here," she added, "for all my music is packed up for Claremont."

Prince Albert went to look for it, but came back, saying it was already packed.

"But one might perhaps unpack it," said I.

"We must send for Lady ———," she said. (I did not catch the name.)

So the bell was rung, and the servants were sent after it, but without success; and at last the Queen went herself, and while she was gone Prince Albert said to me,—

"She begs you will accept this present as a remembrance," and gave me a little case with a beautiful ring, on which is engraved "V. R., 1842."

Then the queen came back and said, "Lady ——— is gone, and has taken all my things with her. It really is most annoying." (You can't think how that amused him.)

I rummaged about amongst the music, and soon discovered my first set of songs. So, of course, I begged her rather to sing one of those than the Gluck, to which she very kindly consented; and which did she choose?—"*Schoner und schoner, schmuck sich!*" sang it quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. Only in the line, "*Der Prosa Lasten und muh,*" where it goes down to D, and then comes up again chromatically, she sang D sharp each time, and as I gave her the note both times, the last time she sang D, and there it ought to have been D sharp. But with the exception of this little mistake it was really charming, and the last long G I have never heard better, or purer, or more natural from any amateur.

Then I was obliged to confess that Fanny had written the song (which I found very hard, but pride must have a fall), and beg her to sing one of my own also. If I would give her plenty of help she would gladly try, she said, and then she sang the *Pilgerspruch* "*Lass dich nur,*" really quite faultlessly, and with charming feeling and expression.

I thought to myself, one must not pay too many compliments on such an occasion, so I merely thanked her a great many times; upon which she said,—

"O, if only I had not been so frightened; generally I have such long breath."

Then I praised her heartily and with the best conscience in the world, for just that part with the long G at the close she had done so well, taking the three following and connecting notes in the same breath, as one seldom hears it done, and therefore it amused me doubly that she herself should have begun about it.

CHINESE ADVENTURE.

An English officer relates how, after the storming of Ling Po, (during the "opium war,") he was out with several men, each of whom was a member of the regimental band. They were looking after the wounded, when they were set upon by a gang of Chinese soldiers, and nearly lost their lives. A comical accident brought the barbarians to bay.

There were our enemies yelling and shouting in full pursuit. If we were overtaken, we knew what our fate would be,—instant death, or else some horrible torture, for in their eyes we were so many foreign devils.

I looked back twice, each time to see the fierce faces of the yelling mob panting in pursuit, and once I grew almost giddy with dread; but I was pressing on the next moment, my heart leaping with joy as Corporal Smith exclaimed,—

"Hold up, sir, we'll stand by you to a man. And look! there's the end of it at last!"

The end of the lane was indeed there; but, to our horror, we saw that it was blocked up by the ruins of a couple of houses, evidently too near the wall, which had been knocked down by our gunboats.

"It's all up now, boys," said the Irishman, with a howl; "but let's die game, for the honor of the ould regiment. I'll give 'em a call, though, anyhow," he exclaimed; "it may bring help;" and as we faced round, he put his cornet to his lips and blew a loud rallying call; and there, in the face even of a horrible death, so great was the force of habit, that the other five bandsmen involuntarily raised their instruments to their lips.

"Here, what a fool I am!" roared Smith, lowering his huge bell-mouthed, brass piece the next moment, for the Chinamen were within half a dozen yards, and rushing at us with lowered spears.

"Quick, my boys! a man apiece first. Fire, sir, fire!"

I had already taken aim at the nearest man with my revolver, when, as Smith lowered the great ophicleide, the foremost "braves" saw its huge belching mouth directed full upon them, and stopped short, screamed with horror,—turned, and in a moment there was a regular *stampede*, the frightened wretches trampling one another in their hurry to escape.

"Arrah!" shrieked Dennis, "the cowards are afraid of the wind insthruments! Blow, boys, blow! Give 'em the big notes, corporal; let out at 'em, Tom, with the thrombone. Hooray, then! Don't be afraid. Let go with the clarinet, Tim; that'll give 'em the toothache. Ah, if only Micky Blane was here wid the pipes!"

I have heard men learning, and I have heard the practice in the band-room; but never before, I am confident, did such roaring, unearthly sounds issue from the mouths of instruments of brass, as were sent after the retreating Chinese.

"Fire away, boys!" shouted Dennis, as he saw in the distance some half dozen men pause, as if to see how many had been slain by the fearful weapon that put them to flight.

The instruments brayed, roared, howled, and made such discords as would have sent a professor mad. This second discharge had the effect of sending the last tail flying round the corner.

A SHIRK CURED.

In all armies there are, of course, men who are cowards at heart. They show it in various ways,—some by deserting, others by straggling from the ranks in the midst of a battle, others by pretending to be sick or disabled in body or limbs. Here is an instance where a "shirk" of the latter sort was very ingeniously cured. It occurred in one of our Northern regiments, during the late war, and is told by a correspondent of *Putnam's Magazine:*

I remember the apparently painful condition of a soldier whose right leg was drawn up at an angle from the knee—caused by rheumatism, he said. He was known to be a skulker. Several surgeons had examined the limb and found no appearance of contraction of the muscles; but all their efforts to pull it into shape were useless.

Some of them became convinced by the stubbornness of the member, insisted that it could not be flexed, and advised the man's discharge. Dr. H——, however, had seen much of the same difficulty in hospitals, and put in practice a mode of treatment which he had seen successfully tried in several cases.

The man, by his direction, was brought over to the division hospital and confronted by the surgeon and two assistants with their sleeves rolled up.

"I understand perfectly well the nature of your difficulty, my man," said the doctor, "and think I can cure it by cauterization."

"What's that?" the victim asked, in distrustful wonder.

"Cauterization? O, that's merely burning to a blister, from the hip to the heel, with a white-hot iron. Get on the table."

"I—I don't want to," the shirk stammered, his face turning whiter than the doctor's irons, and his teeth chattering. "You sha'n't do it; it won't do me a bit of good."

"Mount that table, or I'll have you tied to it," was the stern command; and the fellow obeyed with a groan, not yet quite certain that this extreme measure was really to be resorted to.

"Strip the leg! Steward, bring in those irons!"

They came, hissing-hot from the fire, and the miserable creature on the table shrieked, "Doctor, doctor! you aint't a-going to burn me with those things,—be you?"

"I am that,—from hip to heel," replied the doctor, coolly, taking one of the ugly instruments in his hand and approaching the table.

"You sha'n't do it! Let go! my leg's well, I tell you!" the man screamed; and, tearing away from those who held him, he jumped nimbly to the floor and ran out of the hospital with two as straight legs as there were in the whole army. He returned to duty next day, and was effectually cured of his malingering propensities.

A STINGY MERCHANT "SOLD."

A covetous merchant in Havana, who had vexed Signor Blitz by many meannesses, suffered a severe penalty for his churlishness. The skilful magician overwhelmed him with confusion and shame by making him the victim of sleight of hand. The time was adroitly chosen, at a large and brilliant party. The Signor tells the story:

The guests were constantly grouping around me, in the hope and expectation that I would amuse them with some experiments. Most eager among them was the individual I have alluded to. Without hesitation, I consented, and commenced operations by causing the disappearance of handkerchiefs, rings and gloves, and the producing of an inexhaustible supply of bouquets, which were presented to the ladies. The eyes of all looked electrified, especially those of the merchant, who, after endeavoring to account for what he himself and others had seen, remarked it was a happy faculty, the obtaining the growth of flowers without owning a foot of land. Why did I not supply fruit in like manner?

"Are you fond of it?" I asked.

"Yes, I live upon it," he answered.

"That will account for the quantities in your pocket."

"In mine?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have made a mistake."

"O, no! I'll take them out, if you will allow me."

"With all my heart, sir."

He turned his body partially round, while my hand entered his pocket, and withdrew bananas, oranges and other fruits, one after another, not only to his consternation, but to the great merriment and glee of his acquaintances.

"Well, you assisted yourself liberally tonight," I said.

"No, sir! I never carry things away!" he indignantly answered.

"But facts speak for themselves," I retorted; "and here is a quantity more of things!" taking from under his necktie ham sandwiches and grapes.

He appeared confused and ashamed at what had taken place, and, lifting his hands, protested he was not guilty of stealing, and by what magic means they came about him, his philosophy could not fathom. This, however, did not subdue the taunts and laughter he was subjected to, or prevent my realizing full satisfaction.

PUT SALT IN IT.

"Mother, what makes you put salt in every thing you cook? Every thing you make, you put in a little salt, and sometimes a great deal."

So spoke observing Annie as she stood "looking on."

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find out."

"O, mother, it doesn't taste a bit good!" said she, after she had tasted of it.

"Why not?"

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie, a day or two afterward, "Jane Wells is the worst girl I ever saw; she slaps her little brother, and pulls his hair, and acts real hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her brother he would be kind to her, she only spoke rough to me, and hit him again. Why won't she take my advice, mother?"

"Perhaps you didn't put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do, and your words, spoken in the spirit of Christ, will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in it, or else it won't taste good."

The above is the sense of the word salt in the *Scripture* proverb; but in the *classic* proverb, "with a grain of salt" (*cum grano salis*) means an "allowance" or "qualification" with which you are to receive a statement that may not be quite true.

SOME NATIVES OF THE CAPE.

Some lively lady correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* stowed herself away last summer in a cosy place called "Haven of Pines," South Yarmouth, Mass. She chats in this way about the company she found there:

Robins, blackbirds, bluebirds, tree-toads, claws, and a sweet little bird with light gray breast and jet black throat, which sings "He did it! he-e did it!" come about the houses almost as fearlessly as the chickens. All but the last one; he is so timid and shy, for all he is so persistent in accusation, that he will fly away to the dark pines the moment you make any motion near him. Swinging on the topmost bough, or hid amid the thick leaves, his sweet, wild voice rings out, "He-e did it! he-e did it!" What did he do, pretty bird? I hope he never did you any harm.

One day I stood so still under the trees

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where he was singing that he flew out and alighted on a bough so near me that I saw exactly how he looked. He is perfectly lovely; as small as the sparrow or chip-bird, but far more beautiful.

There were other natives, however, not quite so agreeable. There are fleas here. I believe in telling both sides of a story. I've just caught a fine fat fellow, smaller than an ox, but perhaps large enough to make a pair of India-rubber boots for Titania. That is only one, and they never appear in larger force, as they do in some far more expensive places. Why, I found seven at one time, one morning, in my bed, at a very genteel hotel in ——. They would not be pleased to have the name mentioned in this connection. Fleas will haunt sandy soil, and nip their predestined victims.

AN EXPENSIVE RIDE.

Dr. Franklin tells a good story about his getting a whistle for nothing which proved very costly. And the Poughkeepsie boys, who stole a ride on a locomotive, found it far more expensive than if they had paid their passage. *Every Saturday* says:

There are four little boys in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who will probably evince in future no very strong disposition to steal a ride on a locomotive. These four boys, who were playing about the depot at Poughkeepsie, the other day, climbed upon the wooden guard, just above the bumper on the rear of the tender, supposing that the engine was a switch engine, and that it would run down the track a short distance, and then back into the depot again.

Unhappily for our young friends this was not the case, as they shortly discovered. The locomotive moved off, and continued increasing its speed; it was going at the rate of forty miles an hour. The guard upon which the young scamps were sitting was only six inches wide. Three of the boys were perched upon the guard, and the fourth sat astride of the iron links which protrude from the bumper, a position which hid them from the view of the engineer. There they were clinging for dear life to the wood work of the tender, bowling along forty miles an hour.

They dared not climb to the top of the tender for fear of losing their balance, and their cries were drowned by the noise of the engine. Over bridges, and on the edge of precipices they were whirled, the tender surging to and fro, the dust filling their eyes and noses, and almost choking them to death, and entirely obscuring them from the view of the flagmen and trackmen whom they passed.

The locomotive was signalled at New Hamburg, Mr. James Signor having seen the boys on the rear of the locomotive when it left Poughkeepsie. The poor little fellows, covered with dust from head to foot, presented a sorry sight. The boy who was astride the link was unable to walk when taken off, his legs being awfully chafed by the motion of the engine. The hands of the other boys were blistered terribly, and the blood oozed out from under the finger-nails, so tightly had they grasped the wood-work of the tender.

They were nearly exhausted, and could have maintained their position but little longer, when they would have been, probably, instantly killed by the fall. They were taken back to Poughkeepsie, where the incident had become noised about, and a large crowd of people was in waiting at the depot to see them when the train they were on arrived. As we have said, our young friends will not be in a hurry to try that over again.

"GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

One of our exchanges is inclined to poke fun either at Capt. Hall, or the geographers. He thinks somebody must have made a mistake in describing the climate of Greenland. He says:

What a humbug our school geographies must be! They told us, and have taught our children, that Greenland was a region of perpetual frost and snow, of icebergs, reindeer, snow-shoes and endless winter. Bishop Heber sang of its "icy mountains" in connection with "India's coral strand," and the character of that northern country, as illustrated by other writers, has always sent a chilly feeling through our blood. But now comes Capt. *Polaris* Hall, the explorer, writing from Disco, away up in the latitude of 70°, in the cold waters of Baffin's Bay, with the word that he and his crew are basking in a regular summer atmosphere. Hear him:

"Flowers blooming, brooklets flowing, birds singing and babies rollicking in the grass. In going to the big glacier, the perspiration rolled off us like rain-drops."

Who would not as soon go to Greenland as any other "palmy plain," after this?

"MEAN TO BE A MAN."

One likes to meet a boy of genuine grit, and there are some in every community with the mettle in them, as shown in the following incident:

A gentleman once met a little fellow, seven years of age, on his way to school. Stopping him for a moment, he said, "Well, my little boy, what do you intend to be when you grow up?" He had asked the question a great many times before, and some boys told him they meant to be farmers, some merchants, some ministers. But what do you think was the answer of this little boy? Better than all of them. "I mean to be a man," he said. It matters very little whether he be a farmer, or a merchant, or a minister, if he be a true man; and to be a true man he must be a good man.

For the Companion.

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

O, mother, dear, did you once think,
When we went off to-day,
That I could be so still in school,
And not run round or play?
Yes, I *did* feel a little 'fraid
When we went in, to see
So many little boys and girls
All looking straight at me!

Dear brother Will and cousin Kate
Told me the way to do,
And Will said I might sit with him,—
The teacher said so, too;
She let me take a g'ography
That b'longed to Robbie Meade,
I looked at all the pictures,
And then went out to read.

I took my nice new reading book
With A, B, Cs, you know,
Read them all through, spelled lots of words,
Like "see," and "do," and "go;"
Then told what State we all live in,
How many counties in it,
How many minutes in an hour,
And seconds in a minute.

She told us who is Governor,
(But I've forgot it now,)
And lots and lots of other things,
And then we made a bow.
I think she must be very good
To teach the children so,
And I want to go the next day—
Say, mother, *may* I go? A.

Fletcher, Vt.

For the Companion.

THE BATTLE OF THE UMBRELLAS.

One morning when Ken woke up, he found it was raining. The sky looked quite dark, and the rain dashed against the panes in a way that made him think of Nora washing the windows on cleaning days.

Ken hoped he could stay at home from school that day.

But when he hinted his wish to his mother, she said, "I should laugh to see a great boy, almost seven years old, afraid of the rain. You are not made of sugar, though you *are* pretty sweet;" and she gave him a little kiss in the back of his neck.

So Ken put on his rubbers and his little waterproof coat, while his mother wrapped up some luncheon for him.

"Why don't my waterproof have a round bag on the back like yours, mamma?" he asked.

"That isn't a bag," said she, "it is a hood, to put over my bonnet when it rains. I can make one for you if you want it very much."

"'N look like a *girl*," said Ken, contemptuously. "Please, can I carry an umbrella?"

Now, Ken's mother didn't often let him take an umbrella, but this morning, it rained so very hard, she said he might take one if he would be sure and bring it home again. "It is a new one," said she, as she took it from the rack, "so you must be careful, for your father wouldn't like to have it lost."

Ken meant to be very careful indeed, and he walked off under the umbrella, quite proud and happy. To be sure, it was very heavy, and it almost touched the ground behind, but he didn't care for that. Men carry umbrellas, and Ken liked to feel like a man.

On his way, he overtook Willie Ayres and Joe Bent. *They* had umbrellas, too. And *theirs* were very heavy, and almost dragged behind, as well as Ken's.

Of course, the boys all tried to walk together on the sidewalk, and they took up considerable room, I assure you. But they laughed, and talked, and dragged their umbrellas along till they reached the school-house.

At recess, it had stopped raining, and was beginning to clear off. Joe Bent proposed that they should take out all the umbrellas, and make tents of them.

There were about half as many umbrellas as there were boys, so, when they were all spread open, and arranged in rows, they made quite an encampment.

"Let's have *two* camps, and play soldiers!" said Ken.

The boys all agreed to this, and chose two of the largest boys for captains. Then they divided their tents and soldiers, having half encamped on one side of the play-ground, and half on the other side.

Very pleasant-looking foes they were, as they sat smiling at each other from under the shelter of their black tents.

"We ought to fight," said Ken's captain. "Let's us begin. We'll make a sortie, just as the Paris soldiers did."

"We haven't any guns!" said one boy.

"So we haven't!" exclaimed the captain. "But never mind; we'll play we had. Now all stand up here in a row, and when I say, 'Forward! March!' you all run over there as quick as you can, and knock their tents over!"

The word of command was given, and away scampered the brave soldiers right into the midst of the enemy, who were so taken by surprise they had no time to prepare themselves for the attack.

Away rolled their tents in all directions, and the assailants retreated to their own camp, greatly pleased with their success.

"Let's do it again," said one, as soon as the others had put their tents in order again.

Accordingly, at the word of their captain, they rushed across the field, expecting to repeat their fun. But the other captain shouted, "Charge bayonets!" and suddenly a whole row of open umbrellas was turned upon the advancing foes, tumbling them over into the mud, and bringing the whole company to grief.

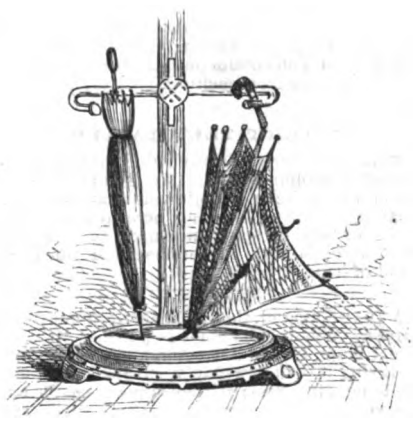
They were fairly chased back to their own tents, which they, too, seized for weapons, and a "regular pitched battle" began.

The noise brought the teacher to the door. She rang the bell immediately, and so brought the war to an end.

It was a sorry-looking company that obeyed her call—with torn and muddy clothes, and red faces, to say nothing of some very cross looking ones.

And—don't you ever tell—four of the soldiers were actually *crying!* Did you ever hear of such a thing?

But I think the umbrellas had the worst of it.



Here is a picture of Ken's when he carried it home. What do you suppose his mother said—and his father? MIRIAM.

A BRAVE BOY.

A company of boys in a street in Boston, one day after school, were engaged in snowballing. William had made a good hard snowball. In throwing it, he "put in too much powder," as the boys say—he threw it too hard, and it went farther than he intended, right through a parlor window! All the boys shouted, "There, you'll catch it now! Run, Bill, run!" Then they took to their heels.

But the brave William straightened up and said, "I shall *not run*." He went directly to the house where the window had been broken. He rang at the door, acknowledged what he had done, and said he was sorry. He then gave his name, and the name of his father, and of his father's place of business, and said the damage should be paid for. That was true courage. It is cowardice that would lead a boy, when he has done an injury like that, to sneak away and run to conceal it. How noble and brave it is to see a boy confess a fault, and not be afraid to face the consequence!

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A sign.
2. A distance.
3. Large animals.
4. A dwelling. FLI.

2.

BIBLICAL WORD SQUARE.

A Jewish prophetess.
A city of Galilee.
A girl's name.
A father of giants. ISOLA.

3.

REBUS.

HAUTBOY.

4.

INVISIBLE COLORS.

What is this color, Edward?
These hot days Bob lacks strength.
Hand me a pin, Kitty, quick!
Cannot you and Dick agree, Nelly?
You will certainly break that knob, Luella.

C. L.

5.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a masculine name,
My *second's* the color of war,
My *third* is ambitious of fame,
And hope shineth therein as a star.

(To guide us o'er life's troubled sea,
To cheer an existence like this;
May it ne'er set for thee or for me,
But guide us to regions of bliss!)

Thus formed, a gentle, winged creature, I ween,
May, warbling, midst gardens and orchards be seen;
And oft, when chill frost binds the bosom of earth,
He claims our protection, and flies to our hearth.

6.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

The initials form a household article; the letters next to the first form part of that article; the finals signify burdened; the penultimate letters spell a female name:

1282. 1, To ruin. 2, The Pope's triple crown. 3, Unclosed. 4, Pertaining to the evening. 5, Highly valued.

7.

I'm the name of a *country*; yet, though it absurd
May appear, I am also the name of a *bird*. J. B.

Conundrums.

Where would you like to be when overtaken by a storm on the ocean? In *A-dry-attic* (the Adriatic sea).

Why is a hungry dog at dinner time like Elba in 1814? He gets the *bony part* (Bonaparte).

Where should all botanists be? In Botany bay.

How is it that the trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? It is because they *leave* out their summer clothing.

Why are some plants like soldiers? Because they have *pistols* (pistils) and *shoot*.

In what respect do most plants resemble swine? In the inveterate habit they have of *rooting*.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Eel, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, Sunfish.
2. Acme, Coal, Mark, Elks.
3. Bark, Ark, Bar.
4. And with that word she struck me on the head,
   And through the instrument my pate made way,
   And there I stood, amazed, for a while,
   As on a pillory looking through the lute.
5. Kansas River.
6. 1. Crow, Cow; 2, Meat, Mat; 3, Cart, Cat; 4, Dime, Die; 5, Pain, Pan; 6, Boat, Bat; 7, Load, Lad; 8, Bread, Bead; 9, Clock, Cock; 10, Coat, Cot.
7. Lavender, Jessamine, Rosemary, Hyssop, Sweet brier, Myrtle.

THOSE who think the sense of touch is keener than that of smell can hardly have heard of that colored citizen who, reposing at the log fire along with several fellow-contrabands, announced that somebody's heel was burning, and subsequently added, by way of postscript, "Golly, it's *dis* nigger's heel!"

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For the Companion.

OUR DOG NEL.

Do dogs understand what is said to them? If not I do not know how to account for the conduct of our Nel.

I always disliked dogs, and was one day quite disgusted when my husband came home with a small specimen of a rat terrier following him. She came up to me at once, and in her dogish way tried to make friends. In no very pleasant, and yet rather measured tones, I said,—

"Here, you go out of this room, and never come in again unless I call you."

Nel gave me one of her knowing looks, but waited, as much as to say, Do you mean that?

"Yes, go miss, go now."

She turned, and in a very subdued way trotted off, and never after would enter the room unless I called her. My husband, at the time, bade her come in, but she only came to the door, and looked at us both wishfully. Every other room in the house she entered freely, but the combined invitations of the whole family could not coax her to enter that apartment without permission, but if I said "Come, Nel," her joy seemed to know no bounds, and she came at once to me with very lavish caresses.

This conduct so won my affection that I suffered her to remain with us, and she has now been for years a member of our family.

Last summer I used to watch her as she brought up her young family of pups in our back yard. Whenever I made her a visit she expressed the most unbounded delight, and the little ones also joined in jumping, and barking out a welcome. My visits had always been made in my working wrapper, so it chanced one morning when dressed for church, that I went to the back door, and the little ones failed to recognize me in my strange dress.

Nel rushed forward with her usual welcome, but the pups barked angrily at me, until at length Nel lost her patience at their ill manners, like any other respectable mother; and turned sharply round, and striking them right and left with her paws, sent them sprawling wherever they happened to fall,—a discomfited but now perfectly quiet family. She then continued her attentions to me, quite regardless of the effect of her hasty but effective discipline.

C. W. W.

A "DEAD" HERO COME TO LIFE.

The Peoria (Ill.) *Transcript* gives this strange story of a soldier who had long been reckoned among, and shared the honors of the veterans killed in the war:

The soldiers' monument in the Court House square bears, among the many names of the heroic dead, the name of one of the heroic living, Mr. John M. Wilson, formerly of this city, now of Lynchburg, Va. Mr. Wilson was a member of the Seventy-seventh Illinois regiment, and in one of the terrible battles before Vicksburg, received a ball plum between the eyes. It passed into the forehead, through the head, and out at the back part of it, cutting entirely clear of the brain. After being shot through the head, his comrades naturally supposed Mr. Wilson to be dead, and left his body on the field. He fell into the hands of the rebels, was nursed by them, lived to see the close of the war, and is now better than a dozen dead men. Mr. Wilson is visiting his friends in this part of the country, and returns to Virginia in a few days. He shows a desperate scar, the hole in his head made by the bullet being large enough to admit of a person inserting his finger therein.

BUILT OF SMOKE.

The vulgar phrase, "saved his bacon," might take for one of its meanings "he made money by leaving off smoking:"

A man who lives in Albany, and whose business was that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling. "Why," said he, "this is my smoke house." "Your smoke house! what do you mean?" "Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I computed that what I saved with interest would amount to three thousand dollars, and I concluded to put the money saved from smoke into my house; hence I call this my smoke house."

The same rule will apply to many other useless luxuries, which only perish in the using, instead of real and substantial benefits and comforts. A little more figuring at compound interest would perhaps be of much utility.

INSECTS "FIDDLING."

The chirping and singing of the cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of; but they do not sing—they fiddle. By rubbing wings and legs together—each in a manner peculiar to the species—these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best insect instrument performer is the "katydid." Each wing contains a little tamborine, and by the opening and shutting of the wings these are rubbed against each other, and produce the sound of "katy-did-she-did," which can be heard at such a long distance, and gives the insect its name. These sounds are supposed to be useful in enabling insects to find their mates; or they may indulge in them for their own gratification, and to add to the general harmony of nature.

DADDYISM.

Kate Field tells of an Eastern man who was commending the services of a young Philadelphian to a Chicago merchant. "He comes of a very good family. His grandfather was a very distinguished man," said the Easterner. "Was he?" replied Chicago. "That's of no account with us. There's less daddyism here than in any part of the United States. What's he himself?" Miss Field thinks "daddyism" is an inspiration, and ought to go into the coming dictionary of Americanisms.

HOW TO KEEP ICE.

A German chemist, Dr. Schwarz, gives a simple recipe, by which he says he has kept for eight days a piece of ice weighing six pounds: Put the ice into a deep dish, cover it with a plate, place the dish on a pillow stuffed with feathers, and carefully cover the top with another pillow, thus excluding the external air. Feathers are well-known non-conductors of heat, and thus ice is preserved from melting.

A STRICT TEETOTALLER.

Temperate Parent (introducing his son to the district schoolmaster)—O, Mr. Tompkins, sir—I would partic'larly request you to abstain from teaching my little Jonadeby here to work sums in ale, or beer, or spirit measures, as he's been brought up a stric' teetotaller, and jined the Band of 'Ope.

A REAL diamond, though brilliant, is not transparent. When a diamond is polished, but before it is set, its genuineness may be ascertained by laying it on a newspaper. If the stone hides the letters, it is real; if they shine through and are visible, the "diamond" is paste, rock crystal, or other imitation.

IT is not likely that any one will be more careful about addressing and stamping his letters for knowing that 810,094 letters were received at the Dead-letter Office in September—but such was the fact, nevertheless.

A LITTLE Athol girl of five summers was severely stung by a hornet, and, running into the house, she told her mother that she had been bitten by something, that looked like "a yellow carriage with the top turned back."

A COMPETENT BOY —There is a boy of ten years old, who lives in the city of New York, and blacks boots for a living; supporting by the money he makes three younger orphan brothers and sisters.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 50. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, DEC. 14, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

TOM'S FORTUNE.

"It's all very pretty, but it isn't true!" said Tom Wheeler, banging the book down on the table.

Mrs. Wheeler looked up from her sewing. "What isn't true, my son?"

"No, not a word of it! Why, this story. You see, the girl set off to seek her fortune; and first a cow stopped her, and then a sheep, and then an apple tree wanted her to help them. So, as she was very good-hearted, she milked the cow, and clipped the sheep, and pulled the weight off the tree. So, when the Troll chased her—that's a wicked giant, a Troll is—first, the cow helped her to get away, and then the sheep, and then the apple tree. Now, when we had lots of things, —horses, and dogs, and cows—you know, mother,—before father died"——

"Yes, I know, Tom."

"Well, they never helped me, as good as I used to be to them. Not a cow nor a dog of them all. And I was mighty kind to them, I tell you!" said Tom, rubbing his shins reflectively before the fire, and unlacing his shoes.

"The kind act always comes back to us, Tom."

Tom looked puzzled. He was only a little fellow, and not much given to studying out a moral for stories.

"I don't know what you mean, mother," he said.

"You will some day. Are you going to bed, dear?" putting her hand softly on Tom's head.

"Think I will. I've got a good snap of work before me to-morrow."

Tom tried very hard to talk like a man. Mrs. Wheeler and her little boy were very poor. It was three years since his father died, leaving them alone in Philadelphia.

The great, close city was a dreary place to both of them, used as they were to the fields and hills. But what could they do? Mrs. Wheeler was only able from day to day, to make money enough to buy what they ate. There was no way by which they could get into the country, nor work for them when they were there.

So far, Tom had not been able to help his mother. He tried hard. He used to go at first, morning after morning, and offer to hold horses, or carry home baskets for ladies at market, but he was so very small, and had such a small, piping voice, compared to the great, swaggering street boys, that nobody ever noticed him.

Then his mother advanced ten cents (and ten cents was a large matter to them both,) for Tom to go into what he called the newspaper business. He told her famous stories of newsboys who had become millionaires, and set off at daybreak to buy his ten *Inquirers* damp from the press.

"Ten at two cents apiece. There's a gain of ten cents this morning—twenty, doubling it on the afternoon paper. Put in forty cents to-morrow. That would be a clear profit of sixty by night. Why, in a week I'll have—I'll have"——

Tom's arithmetic and voice failed him together. The rush of coming riches bewildered him. He took up his station on a crowded corner, and began to call "*Inquirer*." But his voice died down into a whisper. People shoved and pushed by, bought papers from one dirty fellow here, or another there, but nobody looked at Tom.

What could be the matter?

Presently, one of the other newsboys did see him.

"What yer doin' in this hyar beat?" he yelled, charging on Tom with his head down, full in the stomach.

Down went Tom, with a splash, in the gutter. Splash, went the mud! The passers-by laughed; a policeman came up. The newsboys shrieked, and Tom, with one spring, made at the boy's throat who had knocked him down.

"None o' that! None o' that!" said the policeman. "Fighting afore my very eyes! You come to the station, young one!" catching Tom by the shoulder.

TOM'S FORTUNE.

"I don't think it was that boy who was to blame," said a gentleman who was going by. "The other one attacked him."

"Tim?" said the policeman, (who was Tim's father). "Reckon that's a mistake, sir. I know that feller, Tim. He's on this beat, and a peaceabler boy don't live. Howsoever," shaking Tom off as if he had been a bit of molasses candy that stuck to his fingers, "you kin go this time, young one. But don't let me ketch you fightin' under my eyes ag'in. Now foot it home!"

Poor Tom looked in the gutter where his papers lay, a soaked, muddy heap, and then walked slowly home, trying to whistle. But when he got there, he put his arms about his mother's neck, and sobbed himself to sleep.

The next morning he was bright as a lark. Mrs. Wheeler brought out another new ten-cent note.

"Will you try newspapers to-day, Tom?"

"No, ma'am, I think I'll go into the candy business."

"Very well."

But one has to learn every trade, even the buying of candy. Tom's gum-drops were stale, and his sour-balls sugary. He carried them round from depot to depot, horse-car to horse-car, but to no purpose. Nobody would buy.

Tom had that stock of candy for two weeks, and at last, one evening, he and his mother being very hungry, made a dismal feast out of it.

Money was very low with his mother, but she could not bear to see Tom disappointed. Three times more she advanced him the ten cents which were to bring him fortune, as his cat did Whittington. Tom would sit at night, counting over his sure gains to-morrow.

"How did Benjamin Franklin begin? With a sixpence!" he would say. "Or Stephen Girard? Not more than I will have, and only look over there!" waving his hand over to the stately white marble pile of Girard College. But three times was Tom balked.

"I don't believe trade's the thing for me!" he said. "I ought to have a salary;" and so he began going about trying for a situation as errand-boy, slop-boy, coal-boy—any thing. But he was so little, and so easily scared!

One or two months passed. Mrs. Wheeler allowed Tom to go on trying. It kept the little fellow's heart up. She was growing paler and thinner every day. Tom found out that she went twice a week to the hospital doctor. He said nothing to her, but one day when she had gone home, he went into the office.

"What ails my mother, sir?" he said to the old gray-haired gentleman at the desk, his eyes wide, and his heart in his throat.

"Too much work, my boy."

"What will cure her, doctor?"

"What she cannot have, I'm afraid. Good country air and rest."

"Yes, sir. Thank you. Good-by, sir."

Tom touched his hat, and walked off, manfully. But once outside, he began to run, pushing against everybody he met. He was blinded with tears. It seemed to him he could not keep from screaming aloud.

"She *shall* have it. Money can get any thing, and I can earn money like the rest," he said, doggedly.

He bought a *Ledger* with the penny he had for a roll, and studied out the list of "Wants."

"WANTED—A Boy about ten years of age. Must be clean, quick, willing to work. Must have good reference."

"That's me!" shouted Tom. "Must have good reference. "That's mother!"

Now one reason Tom never had been able to get a situation in a store was that there was always a crowd of other boys before him. This place was at the other end of the city. He must have car fare to reach it in time.

"Mother," he said, that night, "will you give me another ten cents to-morrow, to try with?"

Mrs. Wheeler hesitated. She had but two ten cent notes in the world, and where any others were to come from she did not know. But she could not disappoint Tom.

"Yes, you shall have it," she said. It was on this night that Tom was reading the old story of the girl and the Troll.

"But cow, nor dog, nor sheep never helped *me*, no matter what I did to them," he said again, as he went off to bed.

"Good-night, mother. I've got lots of work before me to-morrow," laughing and nodding as he climbed up the ladder into the loft-room overhead.

Tom was up early, washing and scrubbing himself, and brushing his clothes clean. "I'll be clean, any how, and I'm sure I'll be willing to work," he thought. "Good-by, mother," bursting in, with red cheeks shining with the soap, and his white collar turned down over his patched coat.

Tom ran off, his heart beating like a drum, to the place where he was to take the cars. It was a crowded corner. Early as it was, a swarm of newsboys and boot-blacks were on the pavement, and just in front of the door where Tom stood waiting, was a close carriage, with a lady inside.

The car was long in coming. Tom amused himself in watching the capers of a little dog that was dashing in and out of the crowd, kicked and yelping at every turn.

Suddenly, however, a great, overgrown mastiff ran across the street and seized the terrier by the neck. That was more than Tom could stand. In a moment, he had a half brickbat in his hand, and, whang! it came plump against the carriage window, and into the lady's lap!

The lady gave a scream; then there was an awful pause. Everybody looked at everybody else.

"You'd better cut it!" said a small boot-black beside Tom, who happened to be the only one who had seen him throw.

"Who threw that stone?" said a gentleman, coming out of the store, whip in hand.

Nobody answered.

"Who threw that stone?"

Up spoke Tom's friend, the boot-black. "The boy wot did it, he's runned around the corner."

"I wish I had him, then!" growled the gentleman, stepping into the carriage.

Tom felt a horrible choking in the throat; his fingers clutched the note that was to take him to get the place. Then he stepped boldly out before all the crowd, his face as red as fire.

"I threw the stone, sir," touching his hat.

"Hol-lo!" said the gentleman, who had the keenest eyes under the grizzled brows that Tom had ever seen. They seemed to look at Tom from head to toes, in an instant of time. "Hol-lo!" he said again, more slowly. "Well, you young scoundrel, what did you throw it into my carriage for?"

"I was firin' at that dog yonder. It was worryin' the pup. I can't stand seein' a big dog worryin' a pup."

"O, you can't! Well, what did you come to tell me of your carelessness for? Hey?"

Tom's face grew redder as he pulled out the ten cent note. He would sooner have felt a tooth going. "I want to pay for the glass, sir. I reckon mother'd say that was honest."

The gentleman glanced at the lady inside. "Your mother would? But *you* would rather keep the money—is that it?"

Tom thought this was hardly fair. "Here's the ten cents, sir," holding it out. "It's all I've got."

"What's your name, boy?"

"Tom Wheeler."

"Well, keep your money, Tom Wheeler." Tom's very broad smile made him stop. "What are you going to do with it, eh?"

"Pay my fare to Front Street. There's a line in the *Ledger* about a boy that's wanted."

"O, very well. I hope you may get the place, Tom. There's the car. I'll recommend you—as a window-breaker;" and he pulled the reins and drove off, as Tom jumped aboard the car.

No. 440, where the boy was wanted, proved to be a dingy, high warehouse, with a private office, on the steps of which a crowd of boys were waiting, all of them much bigger and better dressed than Tom. They went in one by one. His turn came at last. A sharp-faced clerk was at the desk.

"Boy is engaged," said he, as soon as Tom's pug nose appeared over its edge. "Stop! What's your name?"

"Tom Wheeler."

"Go in that room there."

Tom went in. There sat the gentleman and lady of the carriage!

"Yes, it was I who wanted a boy; but you will hardly suit me. Where do you live?"

Tom gave the number of his mother's house. "If you're going to punish me, don't let *her* know it!" he said, crushing his hat in both hands. "She's got nobody but me. She's sick. We're mighty poor. I started out to try and make some money. Them ten cents was almost all she had. Don't go and tell her I've got to go to jail!"

The young lady jumped up and came to him. "Why, you poor child!" said she, taking Tom's hands in hers. Her face was very rosy, and her eyes were wet. "You do not understand at all! You are too little to be the boy in the warehouse. But I am this gentleman's daughter, and *I* want a boy, and, if I am not mistaken, I want your mother, too."

"You had better go with the boy, my dear,"

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said her father, who, for some reason or other, had turned away, and was wiping his eyes with his handkerchief.

In another moment, Tom was seated in the carriage and driving towards home. They found his mother sewing, looking whiter and weaker than ever. It seemed as if she and the young lady were friends in a moment. Miss Hale (for that was her name,) sat down beside her.

"You need fresh country air, and rest, and good cow's milk to drink," said she. "Now come directly into the carriage with me, and I will show you what I propose."

They drove, and drove, and drove,—away out of the crowded streets and the stubble fields, and out into the rolling hills, with the broad, sunny meadows and glancing river between. Then they came to a great park, with a stretch of forest trees leading up to a large old stone house, more beautiful than any thing Tom had ever seen.

"That is where I live," said Miss Hale, stopping at the gate. Then she led them into the prettiest little cottage, overgrown with roses. There were three bright rooms inside, all ready furnished. "The gardener needs a boy of Tom's size," she said, "and it is so hard to find one that is honest and truthful, that my father at once determined to take him. You shall have this cottage, Mrs. Wheeler, and a good salary, if you will stay and be our gate-keeper. We know what the mother of an honest boy must be."

Tom's mother tried to speak, but she was so glad that she began to cry, instead.

"There, there!" said Miss Hale. "Now it is all settled. Go back home, and I will send for you in the morning."

So they drove and drove through the hills, and the broad, sunny fields, and by the glancing river, and it seemed to Tom as if the road to heaven could not be more bright.

"You have earned all this for us by telling the truth, my son," said his mother, holding his hand.

"I don't know. I was thinking it was because I took the pup's part. You mind about the cow, and the sheep, and the Troll. Yes, I think the pup had something to do with it."

For the Companion.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

By Alice Robbins.

"What is the matter, John?" cried Mrs. Bartlett, looking up from her sewing.

"Send the children out," said John, in a hushed voice.

"Ellen, take Charley outside the door; Carrie, the irons must be hot now. Be very careful how you iron your blue dress," said the mother, commanding her voice.

"Now, what about the fire, John? I know it is that?"

"Yes, it *is* that. You and I were looking at it so securely last night, but the wind has changed, and old Spotsford says it will be upon us before midnight. He is going away with his family, though there is nearly as much danger in doing that as there is in staying here. I have an awful feeling; a presentiment of some dreadful calamity."

"What shall we do, John?"

"Heaven only knows. We have neither horse nor carriage, and Emma in the state she is."

"Mother," called a low, weak voice.

The husband and wife exchanged glances, then Mrs. Bartlett went into a side-room. It was a plain, large apartment, but notwithstanding there was a bed there, and a wasted figure on it, it was evidently the parlor. Every thing had been contrived for the comfort of the invalid, who had not left the position in which she now laid for years.

"Mother," said the sweet voice, again, "don't be frightened, don't be discouraged. I dreamed that we were in dreadful trouble, but we were saved, all of us, and some of the neighbors. Isn't the fire coming? If it is, don't take any thought for me—God will see to me. Tell father to pray."

Father was called in and did pray, kneeling there by the bed of his darling, the household-angel, she who had been sweetness and solace for so many weary years.

Mr. Bartlett had once been a tradesman in the city of New York, but having failed in business, had gone to the great West to try his fortune. He had succeeded for a time, and then, as the saying is, things went against him. His eldest daughter, Emma, was almost fatally injured by a dreadful accident. He was crippled by bad harvests, and could only make a living by hard work for his growing family.

Since he had been in the West, his brother had become rich in New York, and had often urged him to come back, and by his help resume business. But a certain pride had so far prevented the man from assenting to his brother's request. So much for his past history.

Presently one and another of the neighbors came in with anxious faces. What were they to do? Down at Richville, five miles off, the roar of the fire could be heard. The children listened to the details of the frightful news through doors and windows, and began to cry.

"Shall we be burned alive, mamma?" asked Carrie. "I just touched the hot iron, and see how it is blistered. O, mamma, take us away. How hot it is! How far off is the fire?" and Mrs. Bartlett had all she could do to comfort the little ones, for Ellen and the little boy now joined in the entreaty to be saved.

The men were in the kitchen, endeavoring to devise ways by which the buildings could be saved, or they and the family could escape; but whichever way they turned, there seemed to be no practical plan that could be adopted. It was ten miles to the river, and they might any moment, in attempting to reach it, be met by the awful conflagration.

Emma had sent for the children, and in a short time had calmed them.

The wind had changed and was coming from the south-west. The woods were on fire in almost every direction. It was decided, however, that before dusk they would gather what household goods they could, put them in a wagon, attach neighbor Jeffries' two black horses, and take a direction due east. There they might come to water, and stand a chance of saving themselves. Emma was to be laid on a bed in the light wagon, and another neighbor's horse draw as many as could be taken in that vehicle. The rest were to trust to their feet.

It was an awful hour. Suddenly the silence was broken by a loud shout. John looked up and saw his son Francis in the distance, his gun on his shoulder, and his hands full of the game he had shot.

He came on and into the house, full of news.

"Father," he cried, "I've found a cave!"

"Found a cave!" echoed the little party.

"Yes; you know that curious hilly place about two miles from here. Well, as I was crossing it, I happened to touch a loose stone, and down it dropped out of sight. I thought that was singular, so I stopped a moment to search for the cause. I found a hole. Into it I dropped other stones. Then I enlarged the cavity. It seemed to be a cave, for the wind rushed out of it into my face. I easily removed more stones, until the hole was large enough to admit my body. I then twisted some paper I had with me, and lighted it with one of my pocket-matches, and went as far as I dared. It is actually a cave, and so cool, out of this hot air! I really wanted to stay there. It seemed to go on an incline as far as I went, and I guess I went into it over a hundred feet."

The men looked at each other.

"A providence," whispered one.

"Can it really be true?" asked another.

"Of course it's true," said Francis, not noticing their preoccupied looks and manner. "Here, mother, cook one of these chickens for supper; I'm mighty hungry."

"Frank, the fire will be on us before midnight," said his father.

Frank looked up, surprised.

"We were discussing the means of escape," continued Mr. Bartlett.

"Then that cave is just the place," cried Frank, throwing down his gun. "We can't be too soon. I'd no idea the fire would reach us."

"We will get all the provisions together that we can," said Mr. Bartlett to his wife.

"It's as dry as a bone there," said Frank; "I'll take the bedclothes and make a place ready for Emma,—poor Emma!"

"We shall have to work smartly," said Mr. Bartlett.

All was now confusion and activity. Mrs. Bartlett went about gathering up eatables, cooked and uncooked. Sundry bags were prepared for the children, who were wild to get away. The neighbors—there were only two or three families in the vicinity—brought round their teams, with their wives and little ones. Clothes were packed, bedding bundled and bound up, every thing put in the smallest possible space, and the little caravan set off. Emma, who had been taken up with the bed she laid on, seemed in unusually good spirits. She cheered them on the way, sang, chatted and smiled, and no one knew the pangs it cost her to be cheerful.

It was not far to the cave, and most of the little party were in good spirits. They found it, as Frank had said, dry and delightfully cool, and soon, not having forgotten to bring lamps, they made it quite cheerful. Emma was lodged in the farthest part that was accessible, and all the provisions brought in. Frank and the men carried in moss and earth, with which, in addition to the stones, to stop up the narrow mouth of the cave.

"All is done that can be done," said Mr. Bartlett, when the little congregation had gathered together; "now we must trust to God's providence."

Suddenly the sweetest voice in all the earth, to him, swelled into song,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

and all joined in, though many a tone trembled.

They made a fire near the mouth of the cave, in order to prepare the supper, and there they sat down, all feeling that this might be their last meal together; for the atmosphere had thickened, the sun grown dark.

Night came on,—faster flew the hours. None slept save the children, and even they moaned and talked in their sleep. The heat grew almost intolerable; all listened with a feeling of awe, for now the tornado of fire was coming. A horrible roar; a moment or moments of choking suffocation followed. The men threw themselves on the floor. The cave was filled with smoke, the children shrieked, and some prayed and others groaned.

At last they began to whisper to each other that the worst was over. Gradually the stifling heat and smoke passed off. They were safe, and the mighty fiend had gone over them, not harming so much as a hair of their heads.

Afterwards it was ascertained that of all that township of two hundred, they were the only souls saved alive.

Not all, though. When they went to Emma, who had been so brave through the fiercest of the trial, they found her sweetly smiling, but quite dead; dead, with the song of holy triumph on her lips.

For weeks the cave was their home; for the house and all belonging to it were burned to the ground. They buried the "sweetest saint" not far away, and smiles mingled with their tears as they thought how she was spared the trouble to come.

For the Companion.

A THANKSGIVING.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

"A story, my dears? Why, where's that nice book full of stories you had for a Christmas present? You haven't read that through yet?"

"O, but grandma, we don't mean that kind of stories; we mean something true and real—something that happened when you were a little girl, and you knew all about it."

"Then you don't think printed stories are 'true and real,'" said grandma, laughing. "I guess the people that write them wouldn't consider that much of a compliment. Well, true or not, you'd be sorry to be deprived of them. When I was a little girl, we didn't have books written on purpose for us, as you do; at least very few. There were nine of us, brothers and sisters, and the only books I remember, that we considered our own, were 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and a volume of fairy tales. These went through the family. As to children's newspapers and magazines, I don't suppose there was such a thing published in the country."

"But you had grandmas to tell you stories?" queried little Kitty, not willing to be diverted from the main point.

"And Christmas days, with roast goose and evergreens," said Olive.

"That's a new kind of dish," cried Ethan, with a laugh, in which all the group of young people joined.

"I mean hung up round the room," said Olive.

"Well, now you've mended it," said Ethan.

"You know what I mean," said Olive, impatiently; "and I think you're very silly to laugh at your own nonsense."

"I think so, too," said grandma, soothingly. "As to Christmas, we didn't make much account of it in those days; we considered it a kind of remnant of Popery—but we had our Thanksgivings, and made much of them. Suppose I tell you a Thanksgiving story?"

"O, do, do," cried all at once, nestling a little nearer grandma's rocking-chair.

"It isn't much of a story, either, but it like to have been the saddest Thanksgiving we ever saw in our family. It happened when I was about ten years old; Dolly was two years older. For weeks beforehand, mother and sister Jane had been preparing for the day, which we all intended should be one of uncommon festivity, because our sailor lad, Davie, who had been absent on a three years' voyage, was to return, and celebrate it with us. Once he had been reported shipwrecked, and for a week he had been mourned as dead, which I suppose was the reason that father, when he came into the kitchen, and beheld the preparations, said, with tears in his eyes, 'That's right; let us kill the fatted calf, for my son that was dead is alive again.'

"As for Dolly and me, I am afraid we thought as much of our pretty new dresses as of Davie, or any thing else. I remember they were French blue merino, trimmed with a yellowish braid—and merino was not very common in those days."

"Bother the dresses!" exclaimed Ethan, irreverently; "let's hear the story. I know what it's going to be, though. I read one just like it the other day. When you had got all ready for Thanksgiving, news came that Davie was drowned, and spoiled every thing."

Grandma shook her head. "No, Davie came precisely when he was expected, but so grown and browned that he seemed to us younger ones quite a man, and it took us several days to get used to him. The day before Thanksgiving it began to storm—moderately at first," continued grandma, "and now and then there was a break in the clouds which seemed to indicate fair weather; but as the day wore on the storm increased. I remember once in the evening father went to the door, and when he came back, he said, 'If it keeps on at this rate, the roads will be all blocked up by to-morrow morning.'

"'It will be bad for those who are expecting their friends home,' said mother, and then looked round upon her own little group as if thankful that they were all safe under the paternal roof.

"Mother was sitting at one side of the fireplace, and father at the other, while we were drawn up between them in a half circle, excepting Davie, who was stretched at full length on the rug, playing with baby. Baby was only a year and a half old, so, of course, Davie had never seen him before, but they were getting acquainted very fast. Robin, for so we called baby, was a fine large child of his age. I can recall his looks as he sat on the rug, as well as though I had seen him yesterday. He wore a red flannel dress spotted with black, his dimpled arms and neck were bare, and his light, glossy hair was brushed up in a roll from front to back of his head. Father never would have it parted, because he said it made him look like a girl. It made a pretty picture—the child and the sailor lad with his blue jacket, and long black neck ribbon tied so jauntily, both in the full glow of the firelight.

"Robin was allowed to sit up later than usual that night, and when at last mother took him in her arms to carry him to his crib, kissed us all twice over, and then looked back from the doorway to kiss his hand, and say 'By by,' to each one separately, which we thought a very wonderful performance indeed.

"We children soon followed little Robin to bed, for we meant to rise early the next morning, and make a long day of it.

"It seemed to me that my head had but just touched the pillow, when Dolly wakened me, and said it was time to get up, although in fact I must have been asleep eight good hours.

"'Lie still,' said I; 'it isn't sunrise yet; see how dark it is!'

"'That's because it storms,' said she. 'They've been moving about down stairs ever so long.'

"So we got out of bed, but when we went to the window, we found the snow all heaped up against it, and that was what made it so dark, for in reality it had left off storming, and the sun was shining brightly.

"We put on our clothes quickly, and ran down stairs in a state of great excitement, which was increased when we found that the lower windows were blocked up entirely, and mother was getting breakfast by lamplight."

"O, wasn't that jolly!" exclaimed Ethan.

"We thought so," said grandma, "and could hardly sit still long enough to eat our fried chicken. Father said the snow was six feet deep on a level, while some of the drifts were fifteen feet. In a little while, the men, and father with them, were all out with their teams and shovels, while the boys followed them, shouting and frolicking like wild creatures. It was a merry sight, and Dolly and I ran up stairs that we might have a better view from the second story windows.

"By-and-by mother brought Robin up, and wrapping him in a shawl, set him on the floor, bidding us amuse him, and keep him quiet. This was not difficult, for he knew there was something unusual going on, and was full of glee, so we had only to turn and speak a word to him now and then, to make him perfectly contented.

"Pretty soon I heard Davie calling. 'There, I forgot to sew on his button. I'll be back in a minute,' said I. But he kept me longer than I expected, and when I went back, neither Dolly nor the baby was there, and the snow was sifting in at the open window, so I shut it down, and went to the kitchen.

"'Where's the baby?' asked mother.

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"'Dolly has him,' said I.

"'Well, you may stop and beat these eggs for me, and then it will be time for him to have his nap.' I did as she bade me, and then went to find Dolly. She was watching the men roll the path from the barn to the house.

"'Where's Robin?' I asked.

"'Why, I thought *you* had him,' said she. 'I just left him for a minute, and when I went back he was gone, so I supposed you had taken him. Isn't he with mother?'

"'No,' said I. 'I thought *you* had him.'

"'Then may be he's crawled into the closet, or under the bed, and gone to sleep,' said Dolly; and we made a thorough search through all the chambers, but found no trace of him. By this time we began to be frightened, and told mother about it, and though she was just putting the last touch to the Thanksgiving pudding, you may be sure she dropped her spoon and spices pretty suddenly, although she did not really believe any harm had befallen her baby. But when she had searched in all possible and impossible places, calling his name from room to room, without discovering the least token of him, she looked from one sad face to another, and sinking down on the settle, exclaimed, 'The gypsies!' that was all she could say.

"A wandering tribe, with their great wagons, had been about the town for several days, and she thought they had stolen her child.

"'They must be very remarkable gypsies if they could get into the house over these drifts, and run off with a big baby like Robin, and nobody see them,' said Davie.

"'What *do* you think, then?' said mother, imploringly.

"'Girls, come and show me the very spot where you left him,' was Davie's answer.

"We all went up stairs again.

"'There, he was sitting just in that spot when I saw him last,' said I, pointing to the floor.

"'So he was when *I* saw him last,' said Dolly; 'and we stood right by that window.'

"'How came that snow on the floor? Was the window open?'

"'Yes, the window was open.'

"Davie raised the window without a word, and saw, what we all saw as we pressed forward, a bit of plaid woollen and fringe; we knew it for a piece of the shawl in which the baby was wrapped.

"He sprang out into the deep, soft, yielding drift, and made his way to it, and tossing off the snow with his hand, soon uncovered the cold, still face of little Robin. He raised the child, and struggled back with him, and mother received him in her arms.

"She thought, and so did we all, that he was dead; but he was only asleep, though it isn't likely he would have awakened from that sleep but for Davie's timely thoughtfulness."

"But how the mischief did he get out that window?" asked Ethan.

"O, that was easy enough,—there was a chair standing by it, and the window was not very high. Well, when father came home, and heard how his baby had been half an hour under the snow, he took him in his arms, and bowed his face over him, and when he raised it, there were tears glistening on Robin's hair.

"The child was then quite bright again, and you may be sure we had a Thanksgiving indeed."

For the Companion.

A PERILOUS FLIGHT.

By Prof. James De Mille.

During the last war between England and France, each country sent out privateers to prey upon each other's commerce. Of these privateers the British were the more numerous, but the French probably secured the most plunder, for the British merchant fleets greatly exceeded in number those of the French.

Sometimes, however, a British privateer came to grief, and among those who thus met with ill fortune was a craft that belonged to Halifax, which, in an evil hour, was captured by a French frigate, and carried to Gaudaloupe.

Here the prize was sold; the captured seamen were sent off to various prisons; while the captain, the mate and the second mate were sent to a hulk in the harbor.

They had not been confined there long, when a British frigate arrived off the harbor of Gaudaloupe. She took her station there, shutting in the French frigate, blockading the harbor and seizing several unsuspecting merchant vessels which sought to enter the port.

These proceedings excited the deepest disgust in the minds of the French authorities, but roused very different feelings in the hearts of the captain of the privateer and of his two officers. To them the presence of a British frigate was a temptation which was hard to resist. In that ship, which was only two or three miles away, lay safety, and friends, and country, and home. By making a bold effort they might escape from a painful captivity.

Such a temptation was very great, but the risk, on the other hand, was equally great. In the first place, it would not be possible for them to obtain a boat, or even a float, of any kind. The guard was rigid. The Englishmen could not speak French, and therefore could not even make an effort to bribe their guards. Only one way remained, therefore, and that was to drop into the water somehow, and swim for it.

It was in this that the terrible risk lay. The frigate was at least three miles away. To swim so far required more vigor than most men possess, but more than this, there was one danger that threw all others into the shade, and that was—the sharks. They had seen these ocean hyenas from the deck of the hulk, and well knew that to venture into the water was almost certain death.

Could they run such a risk as that? Dared they encounter the chance of meeting one or more of these monsters in their own domain? Were the terrors of captivity so great, and the chances of liberty so strong, as to counterbalance the horror of such a danger?

Yes; they were. Their captivity seemed intolerable. The presence of the British frigate made it appear worse than death, and when escape seemed so near there was no risk which they would not run in order to effect it.

Of the three the captain was the most resolute; the mate was roused by his chief to the proper pitch of daring, while the second mate was a calm, cool, stolid man, without one particle of fear in his nature.

Having made up their minds, they waited for an opportunity to escape. At last a favorable time came. It was a fete day of some kind. Many of the guards went on shore. Those that were left had an allowance of wine served them to maintain the festivities of the season.

With the courtesy so common among Frenchmen, they even relaxed the strictness of their regulations among the prisoners, and distributed wine and refreshments among them. The captain and his associates partook but sparingly of these, and while all the rest gave themselves up to merriment, they waited and watched.

Midnight came. The three men managed to secure a rope which they bound to the stern-railing. It was very dark. The water was smooth as glass. The guards were in another part of the ship.

"Now for it," whispered the captain. Hastily stripping off his convict dress, he let himself down into the water.

The second mate waited for the first mate.

"You go first," said the first mate. "I'll follow. Don't wait."

Upon this the second mate, who had stripped himself in the meantime, followed the captain.

The first mate still hesitated. He looked down to the water. He could just see the heads of the captain and the second mate moving away. The sight did not encourage him. The thought of the sharks made him tremble. He tried to overcome his horror, but could not. Then he waited irresolutely to see what would become of the others. He listened intently. They were lost to sight. To his ears there came no sound whatever. Now he began to work up his courage, but by this time the thought that they were far away, and that he would be alone, overwhelmed him. He could not venture. And so he stood, a pitiable object, unable to decide, longing to go, yet not daring to venture. Thus he remained for more than an hour, when a movement took place among the guards, who came to the quarter deck for a dance. Whereupon the poor first mate crept below in despair.

Meanwhile, the daring swimmers at first swam rapidly, so as to get as far as possible from the hulk. Then, finding that there were no signs that their flight had been discovered, they relaxed their efforts. The captain waited for the second mate to come up with him.

"Where's Johnson?" he asked.

"He said he'd come after me."

They looked back, listened, but there were no signs of Johnson. Both guessed the truth at once.

"The fool!" muttered the captain.

They now swam on.

"We've a long tug," said he, "and must take it easy."

"I don't care for any thing," said the second mate, "except the sharks."

"Hsssh," said the captain, "don't mention that word—don't think of them, if you do they'll be sure to come. Mind your own business, and perhaps they'll mind theirs."

This was the plan they followed. They swam on in perfect silence, slowly, and without too much effort. Both were good swimmers, though neither had ever undertaken such a distance as this. But the time seemed long, indeed, and the place which they wished to gain seemed a great way off.

As they moved on in silence, they saw a shadowy object before them on the water. It was a boat. A man was in it. His back was toward them, and he was looking toward the sea. They at once recognized it as a scout boat, stationed here to watch the proceedings of the frigate.

The two swimmers now paused. In a low whisper the captain suggested to the other a bold plan, by which they could make their escape certain. The second mate agreed to it. Instead of retreating they swam directly, but noiselessly, for the boat. The man in it was occupied with his watch over the frigate, and did not think of any danger from the rear.

Suddenly the Englishmen grasped the edge of the boat, and by a tremendous effort swung themselves into it. The boatman turned in horror, and seeing two naked figures, gave a wild yell, and leaped into the water.

Upon this the captain and the second mate seized the oars.

"Pull for your life; he'll give the alarm. They'll be after us."

Scarcely had they said this when a shriek, long, loud and sharp, came over the water.

"He'll never give any alarm," said the second mate. "The sharks have him."

At this fearful idea a thrill of horror passed through the captain. He made no reply. They now pulled vigorously, and sped rapidly through the water. Soon they saw sights around and close by them, which showed them how narrow had been their escape. The black, horny fins of sharks appeared on either side, as though they regarded the men in the boat as their lawful prey, of which they had been cheated. Narrow, indeed, had been their escape.

Nothing further happened until they reached the frigate. Here they were kindly received, and in due time reached their own homes.

It was not until five years after that they saw their companion, Johnson. He was liberated at the end of the war, and brought home a broken constitution; but in spite of the sufferings which he had endured, when he heard the captain's recital of their adventure, he declared he was glad he had not attempted to escape.

For the Companion.

HABITS OF READING.

By Rev. E. E. Hale.

All young people read a good deal now; but I do not see that a great deal comes of it. They think they have to read a good many newspapers, and a good many magazines. These are entertaining, they are very entertaining. But it is not always certain that the reader gets from them just what he reads.

On the other hand, it is certain that people who only read the current newspapers and magazines get very little good from each other's society, because they are all fed with just the same intellectual food. You hear them repeat to each other the things they have all read in the *Daily Trumpet* or the *Saturday Woodpecker*.

I see no objection, however, to light reading, desultory reading, the reading of newspapers or the reading of fiction,—if you take enough ballast with it, so that the light kites, as the sailors call them, may not carry your ship over in some sudden gale. The principle of sound habits of reading, if reduced to a precise rule, comes out thus: that for each hour of light reading,—of what we read for amusement—we ought to take another hour of reading for instruction or improvement. Nor have I any objection to stating the same rule backwards. For that is a poor rule that will not work both ways. It is, I think, true that for every hour we give to grave reading, it is well to give a corresponding hour to what is light and amusing.

Now a great deal more is possible under this rule than you boys and girls think at first. Some of the best students in the world,—who have advanced its affairs farthest in their particular lines,—have not in practice studied more than two hours a day. Walter Scott, except when he was goaded to death, did not work more. Dr. Bowditch translated the great "*Mecanique Celeste*" in less than two hours daily labor. But then it was regular as the movement of the planets it described. It did not stop, for whim, or by accident, more than Jupiter stops in his orbit because a holiday comes round.

"But what in the world do you suppose Mr. Hale means by 'grave reading,' or improving reading? Does he mean only the stupid books that 'no gentleman's library should be without'? I suppose somebody reads them, at some time, or they would not be printed; but I am sure I do not know when, or how, or where to begin." This is what Theodora says to Florence, when they have read thus far.

Let us see. In the first place, you are not all of you to attempt every thing. Do one thing well,—and read one subject well,—that is much better than reading ten subjects shabbily and carelessly. What is your subject? It is not hard to find that out. Here you are, living perhaps on the very road on which the English troops marched to Lexington and Concord. In one of the beams of the barn, there is a hole made by a musket-ball, which was fired as they retreated.

How much do you know of that march of theirs? How much have you read of the accounts that were written of it the next day? Have you ever read Bancroft's account of it? or Botta's? or Frothingham's?

There is a large book, which you can get at without much difficulty, called the "American Archives." The Congress of this country ordered its preparation, at immense expense, that you, and people like you, might be able to study, in detail, the early history, in the original documents, which are reprinted there. In that book you will find the original accounts of the battle, as they were published in the next issues of the Massachusetts newspapers. You will find the official reports written home by the English officers. You will find the accounts published by order of the Provincial Congress. When you have read these you begin to know something about the battle of Lexington.

Then there are such books as "Gen. Heath's Memoirs," written by people who were in the battle, giving their account of what passed and how it was done. If you really want to know about a piece of history, which transpired in part under the windows of your house, you will find you very soon bring together the improving, and very agreeable solid reading which my rule demands.

Perhaps you do not live by the road that leads to Lexington. Every body does not. Still you live somewhere, and you live next to something. As Dr. Thaddeus Harris said to me, (Yes, Harry, the same who made your insect book,) "If you have nothing else to study, you can study the mosses and lichens hanging on the logs on the woodpile in the woodhouse." Try that winter botany. Observe for yourself,—and bring together the books that will teach you the laws of growth of those wonderful plants. At the end of a winter of such careful study, I believe you could have more knowledge of God's work in that realm of nature, than any man in America now has,—if I except, perhaps, some five or six of the most distinguished naturalists.

When I own a book, and am reading it carefully, I write, with a pencil, on the last page of it, references to the particular points in it which I think I may need to remember again, or to recur to. Then I have my own index ready for me at any future time.

But I have, perhaps, already advised you somewhere, not to buy many books. If you are reading in books from a library, never,—as you are a decently well-behaved boy or girl,—never make any sort of mark upon a page which is not your own. All you need then is a little page of paper, folded in where you can use it for a book-mark, on which you can make the same memorandum which you would have made on the fly-leaf were the book your own. In this case you will keep these memorandum pages together in your scrap-book, so that you can easily find them. And if—as is very likely—you have to refer to the book afterwards in another edition, you will be glad if your first reference has been so precise that you can easily find the place, although the paging is changed. John Locke's rule is this: refer to the page with another reference to the number of pages in the volume. At the same time tell how many volumes there are in the set you use. If you use this rule, you would enter Charles II.'s escape from England, as described in the "Pictorial History of England," thus:

Charles II. escapes after battle of Worcester.

Pictorial History of England, p. $\frac{391}{885}$ Vol. $\frac{3}{4}$

You will have but little difficulty in finding your place in any edition of the "Pictorial History," if you have made as careful a reference as this is.

My own pupils, if I may so call the young friends who read with me, will laugh when they see the direction that you go to the original authorities whenever you can do so. For I send them on very hard-working tramps that they may find the original authorities, and perhaps they think I am a little particular about it.

Of course, it depends a good deal on what your circumstances are, whether you can go to the originals. But if you are near a large library, the sooner you can cultivate the habit of looking in the original writers, the more will you enjoy the study of history, of biography, of geography, or of any other subject. It is stupid enough to learn at school that the Bay of God's Mercy is in north latitude 73°, west longitude 117°. But read Capt. McClure's account of the way the *Resolute* ran into the Bay of God's Mercy, and what good reason he had for naming it so, and I think you will never again forget where it is,—or look on the words as only the answer to a stupid "map-question."

I was saying very much what I have been writing, last Thursday, to Ella, with whom I had a nice day's sail, and she, who is only too eager about her reading and study, said she did not know where to begin. She felt her ignorance so terribly about every separate thing, that she wanted to take hold everywhere.

She had been reading "Lothair," and found she knew nothing about Garibaldi and the battle of Aspremarte. Then she had been talking about the long Arctic days, with a traveller, and she found she knew nothing about the Arctic regions. She was ashamed to go to a concert and not know the difference between the lives of Mozart and of Mendelssohn.

I had to tell Ella, what I have said to you, that we cannot all of us do all things. Far less can we do them all at once. I reminded her of the rule for European travelling, which you may be sure is good,—that it is better to spend three days in one place than one day each in three places. And I told Ella that she must apply the same rule to subjects.

Take these very instances. If she really gets well acquainted with Mendelssohn's life—finds that she knows him, his habit of writing, and what and

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him what he was,—she will enjoy every piece of his music she ever hears with ten times the interest it had for her before. But if she looks him out in a Cyclopædia, and forgets him, and looks out Mercadante and forgets him, and finally mixes up Mozart, and Mercadante, and Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer, because all four of their names begin with M,—why, she will be—where a great many very nice boys and girls are who go to concerts,—but where as sensible a girl as Ella does not want to be,—and where I hope none of you want to be, for whom I whom I am writing.

But perhaps this is a long enough lecture. Now you may read a story, or go and play.

THE OLD APPLE-WOMAN.

"Dear love ye, ye're such a nice, lady-like little girl, that I loves to sell ye apples and things. What does I keep a stall for? Why, to git my living, deary; ye don't think I do it for the pleasure of it, sure, 'specially when I has to sit in these cold north-easters, or hold a 'brilly over my head, to keep off the rain.

"No, darlint, I has the rheumatis' too much to *like* to do it if 'twa'n't for the bit o' money I makes, to pay for my rint and keep us, Tilly and me, in dacent condition.

"Where do I live, missee? Well, where do 'ee live, child? Over there, eh, in one o' them big houses? I thought as much, little one, and yer father's a gintleman, so no wonder the little girl has leddy manners, not a bit of it; for sometimes he steps up here to buy apples, and he always has the good word for me, same as yerself.

"Well, dear heart, it wouldn't be doing ye no good to tell ye where I and Tilly lives. It's not in a big brown stone front, though the house is big enough, mebby, but I lives on the first floor, underneath, and sometimes it's filled with water, it is, intirely, so't Tilly and me have to git out some way, and go into the neighbor's, but it's rint I have to pay all the same.

"Who is Tilly? Well, then, it's a poor, unfortunate girl that met wid an accident, and was carried into my place. So she clung a holt o' me, and to the hospital I had to go along wid her. So, seein' she hadn't no friends, why, when the lameness in her back let her come, why, they just brought her to me, and I've kep' her ever sense, poor thing! But then, it's that good she is, her keeping brings a blessing, just mind that!

"Sometimes she picks up wonderfully, and then it's nice, handy little things she can do to bring in the money, till she gets back lame again, and then, poor darlin', she has to suffer alone when I'm tending my stand out here.

"Haven't I no children of my own? No, miss. I've had seven of 'em; fine, curly-headed children they was, miss, as would do your heart good to see; but some disease, unbeknowned to the doctors, took 'em off. I've ginerally thought 'twas living about in damp places, for they had delikit constitutions, and couldn't stand what other childers does.

"Did I always live in America? Lord love ye! no, dear child! My home was green ould Ireland. And we couldn't stay there along o' my daddy's havin' trouble wid the agent. Them agents is terrible creeters to poor people, so me father came over here, with six souls of us.

"There was the ould grandmother nigh on to the fourscore, me mother, two stout lads, willin' to work, me fadther and mesilf. We'd a little money, too, that would a bin nice to begin wid, but it was all stolen from the poor man, and it seemed as if he couldn't git over it. From that, I'm sorry to say, he took to drink and went wrong.

"Me two brothers went out West, and some way they kept havin' bad fortin, till bimeby I didn't hear no more, and it's been six years and over since I got a line from either. May be they're both dead; God rest their souls.

"I went out to sarvice, and then I married, and a good husband was Mike, but delikit. Every bit o' work he got, no matter how heavy, he'd do, to support me and the childers. But one day he took to his bed, and thin he left me for a better country, poor soul.

"Well, thin I did the best I could, but the best was poorly, wid all the little ones to support, so one by one the good Lord took 'em, and thanks be to His name. It's a hard world, intirely, for thim brought up dacent, and wants to be respictable. They'd been bad boys, mabbe, and that sure would a broke the heart o' me. But now I knows what I'm a going to meet when I sees 'em up there in glory.

"A letter for me? Well, the postman don't honor me that way often. I'll break the seal, deary, for mabbe you can read it. And I wonder who'll be writing to me."

Child reads:

Chilton, O.

DEAR AUNT,—Father says if you will come here, he will send you money to pay your passage, and the children's, too. We've got a big farm, but it's only a little time ago; before that, father says he was discouraged. There's a plenty out here for you to do, and father says, write him if you can come right away.

Your nephew, JOHN.

"Well, the Lord be praised, which I didn't expect to hear *that*, this side the grave. To be sure I'll go, good luck to it; me and Tilly. Dear heart, ye're just glad enough to cry for me, aint ye? Well, I never thought—glory be to God!

"And may be, little one, you'll write the letter, and say that I and Tilly'll come. Tilly's as good as my own—and they'll be the last apples *I'll* sell for many a day." ALMA.

THE BONNY HANDS.

I own the charms of rounded arms,
Of eyes that love's soft lustre shed,
Of raven hair, and tresses fair,
Of cheeks that coy with white and red;
Of pouting lips where Cupid dips
The arrows that to hearts are sped;
Yet none of these my fancy please
Like the bonny hands that make good bread.

Some hands have art to move the heart,
By waking music's sweet appeal;
Some borrow dyes from perfect skies,
And through the canvas make us feel;
Some make the dress fair forms caress,
To win the heart, and turn the head.
For me, more rare beyond compare,
Are the bonny hands that make good bread.

Gay maiden, vain the rustling train,
Those jewelled hands so idly crossed
The idle mind can pleasure find
In every hour ignobly lost!
Your jewels shine, your looks are fine,
But I'll not seek, whene'er I wed,
For jewelled hands, or gold and lands,
But for bonny hands that make good bread.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S RESTING PLACE.

On Tuesday, September 19th, the remains of the late President Lincoln were transferred from the tomb where they had lain for more than six years, to that which had been prepared for them in the Oak Ridge Cemetery, near the city of Springfield, in Illinois. The remains, also, of the two children of Mr. Lincoln, one of whom died but recently, were at the same time transferred to the same tomb,—and there the three bodies will remain till they shall have been resolved to the dust whence they sprung. This final reunion of father and sons is exactly what Mr. Lincoln himself would have approved.

It is a remarkable fact that this interesting incident took place almost without notice. There was no ceremony at the re-burial of one who, at the time of his death, was the foremost man of all this American world.

In 1865, when the dead chief was taken from Washington to Illinois, the whole country assisted at the funeral, and the procession that followed may be said to have contained all the people of all the land, and to have extended from the national capital to his Western home. The public mind was greatly moved, and every one joined, as it were, in the "voice of weeping and of loud lament." But time brings with it change. A few years pass. The great man and his sad end have lost their hold upon public sympathy and attention, and indifference and apathy are exhibited when his tomb is completed, and he is consigned to his final resting-place. What a comment on the brevity of human emotion, and the shallowness of the interest that is excited by human fame and a public life!

Our Presidents are scattered widely in the wide land over which they once were chiefs. All who were chosen to the presidency, with the single exception of Gen. Grant, are dead. Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Johnson "still live," but they were not elected to the presidency, only succeeding to it through the deaths of their superiors in office.

Five of the Presidents sleep in Virginian earth: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Tyler. Two are buried in Massachusetts: John Adams, and his son, John Quincy Adams. Two others, Jackson and Polk, repose in Tennessee.

President Harrison is buried in Ohio; Van Buren in New York; Taylor in Louisiana; Pierce in New Hampshire; Buchanan in Pennsylvania, and Lincoln in Illinois.

Sectionally, their remains are significantly and appropriately divided among the different sections of the Union. In time, probably, almost every State will have a President sleeping within its borders, but not one of them will give a grave to a man to whom the Republic will be under greater obligations than to Abraham Lincoln.

THOMAS NAST.

Thomas Nast, who has recently done so much in New York towards purifying the city government, has proved that an artist's pencil is more than a match for wealth and political power. His wonderful pictures in *Harper's Weekly* have made the leading rogues in the New York ring notorious, and turned even a portion of the lowest classes against them at the polls. The increase of the sale of *Harper's Weekly* from 130,000 to 300,000, on account of these pictures, shows his influence.

He stands at the head of humorous artists in the United States, and puts more genuine fun into his pictures than Nasby into his letters, or Josh Billings into his proverbs. He has won success by study and hard work. Born in Landau, Bavaria, in 1840, he came to this country with his parents when six years old, and at fifteen began to draw for an illustrated paper. In his enthusiasm, he allowed only four hours for sleep, and found he was injuring eyes and health by intense study. But he earned money as well as reputation, and went to Europe in 1860, to recruit and to study. Since 1862 he has been employed regularly on *Harper's Weekly*, and has contributed largely to its success. He uses art only to strengthen the right, and make the wrong ridiculous and hateful.

THE MAMMOTH.

The mammoth, or hairy elephant, is quite extinct; a live one has never been seen since men have known how to read and write, but the bones of the animal may be found in most of the large museums in different parts of the world. The museum at Cambridge, Mass., the Boston Museum of Natural History, and the old Warren Museum have very wonderful relics of the mammoth, which any visitor may see.

One of the most remarkable specimens of the remains of this animal ever put on exhibition is to be found at St. Petersburg, where it was long regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It has a very curious history.

There is a vast country in the North of Asia, of which Siberia forms a part, a dreary land, high and rocky on the south, and flat and frozen on the north. Some of the longest rivers of the world flow across it. Often the air is warm, and there are frequent showers on the south or mountain side, when every thing is frozen for hundreds of miles inland, near its northern boundary on the Polar Sea. As a consequence, the water flowing down the long rivers meets the ice, and melts it away, often inundating the country for great distances.

In the year 1799, a native chief was searching for ivory on the banks of the Lena, when, to his great horror and fright, he saw in a huge, river-washed ice-block, of great size, what he took to be a beast of evil omen.

He fell sick from terror, but on recovering his nervous energy, he recalled the fact that the beast had tusks like those for which he was searching, and he again visited the spot. There stood, all encased in transparent ice, a creature like an elephant in shape, nine feet high, and sixteen long, and with enormous tusks projecting for eight or ten feet, and curving at the tips.

The huge brute was hairy. Black bristles protruded from its body from a foot to sixteen inches long; it also had red hair that covered the whole body, and short fur. The chief waited and watched for it five years, for it was deeply encased in a huge, transparent block of ice.

By the end of that time the ice had melted, and the mammoth presented itself in its flesh and hairy hide to the astonished natives. The tusks were cut off, and sold. The neighboring inhabitants came with their dogs, and feasted on the carcass, and the wolves picked the bones.

It was a strange feast for man or beast,—and such an one as probably was never tasted before,—the flesh being supplied by an animal that had been dead, probably, thousands of years.

Fortunately, a naturalist heard of the remarkable discovery, and collected the bones and specimens of hair. Thirty pounds weight of the latter were gathered from the wet sand bank on which the mammoth rested. He also repurchased the tusks. The whole was carried to St. Petersburg, a distance of more than seven thousand miles, where it may still be seen in the museum, of which it forms a most remarkable feature.

We give an illustration of the gigantic carcass as it appeared to the astonished chief, and to the natives, when the transparent ice-block, that had entombed it, had become partly washed away.

OUR GRAND DUCAL VISITOR.

The Russian frigate *Svetland*, on board of which the Grand Duke Alexis serves as first lieutenant, arrived at New York at midnight on Saturday, Nov. 18th. The frigate is one of three vessels forming a squadron, and carries the flag of Vice-Admiral Possiet, commander of the squadron.

His reception by the New York authorities did not take place until Tuesday, the 21st, or what the Russians call the 9th of November. They not only reckon days by the old style, but go still further by one day, making a difference of twelve days between St. Petersburg and Washington. The welcome to the young Duke seems to have passed very pleasantly, with the exception of some few mistakes, and mistakes will occur even after the most careful preparation.

With the exception of the Prince of Wales, this country never has had a visitor of more exalted rank than the Grand Duke Alexis; though the difference between the two gentlemen is considerable, as the former is heir apparent to the British throne, while the latter is simply the son of an Emperor, and the brother of a prince who, under the ordinary course of events, will be an Emperor at some future time.

The Grand Duke Alexis was born Jan. 2d, 1850, and, consequently, he will be twenty-two years of age in a few weeks. He is the fourth son of Alexander II., Czar of all the Russias; but his eldest brother dying, he is now the third surviving son of that great sovereign.

His mother is a German lady, Mary, a daughter of the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, who became the wife of the Czar in 1841, when he was heir-apparent, and when Czar Nicholas, his father, was at the height of his greatness.

At an early age, though his youth was sickly, the Grand Duke Alexis showed a fondness for sea-life, and finally he was allowed to enter the naval service, in which he has since remained. He has the same treatment as other officers, and takes the regular course in regard to rank, being now a lieutenant. If report can be trusted, he is well up in his profession, and promises to make a good commander.

He makes a better impression on our countrymen than the Prince of Wales. He is more manly in his bearing, seems more intelligent, and better fitted for his high position. It is really a fact worthy of note, that a member of the reigning family of the most absolute despotism of Europe should wish to see the institutions of a republic. But Russia and the United States have always been friendly; and it is probable that a strong government is as much needed by the people of Russia as a free government with us.

The emancipation of the serfs by the present Emperor of Russia will prepare the way for better institutions. When the Russians become intelligent and thoroughly civilized, they will be the leading nation in Europe. They have a great future before them.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

One of the most interesting of the spectacles afforded by contemporary events, relates to what is now going on in the territory that was taken from France by the Germans, in consequence of their triumph in the last great European war.

It will be recollected that the Germans compelled the French to cede them all the country called Alsace, and part of the country called Lorraine, in eastern France, and also such other territory in the vicinity as would serve to make these large cessions more valuable. The number of inhabitants in the districts thus taken has been stated at 1,600,000,—but it is probable that it is nearer 1,800,000.

The territory thus lost to France contained some of her most important places, as well in a commercial as in a military sense. It includes such cities as Strasbourg, Metz, and Thionville, and some others of lesser note. The French feel their loss sorely, and they are likely to chafe over it for generations yet to come.

The right of a conqueror to take possession of the territory of the conquered, is, according to the opinions and usages of the world, indisputable. No man of sense contends against it, because contention in such a case is impossible.

The French have no right to complain that the Germans took from them territory so fair and so valuable, so rich in itself and so promising of future riches. When the French and the Italians conquered Lombardy from the Austrian Empire, in 1859, they kept what they had conquered, and it was the first part of the Italian Peninsula that was added to the Sub-Alpine Kingdom in the process of making the Kingdom of Italy.

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As the Germans have done no more than has been done by the French repeatedly, in similar cases, the latter only make themselves ridiculous by complaining of their loss, as if they were exempt from the laws of war, and the consequences of defeat.

But, while it is foolish in the French to complain because part of Lorraine and all of Alsace have been taken from them, it does not follow that the Germans are wise in taking those countries. On the contrary, it may turn out that they have acted very unwisely in taking them.

It appears that the people of those countries are intensely French in all their preferences and feelings, and they are even more opposed to a union with Germany than most Irishmen are to the union of England and Ireland.

This is all the more remarkable because the countries in which this strong French feeling exists is largely composed of Germans. All the territory taken by the conquering army, Count Bismarck says is only taken back, as it once belonged to Germany. No doubt he is right, but most of it became French very long ago. At any rate, it is so thoroughly French now that the Germans have no prospect of making it a loyal part of their empire in this century, if ever.

The Germans in "Alsace-Lorraine," as the new country is called, are situated much the same as were the Austrians in Italy, before the French broke up their power there. The Italians used to treat the Austrians, socially, as if they were mangy animals, intercourse with whom was sure to communicate a disgusting disease. This is the line of conduct adopted in the ceded countries, and it will lead to constant trouble.

The very men who hold the local offices in those countries speak of themselves as still being Frenchmen, and of their attachment to France; and it is clear that they expect France will attempt to regain what lately she lost,—as sometime, no doubt, she will. Naturally, the Germans are indignant because of all this, but they cannot see how they are to bring about a change.

A MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

Some boys run into mischief from an inborn love of meddling. As a cat goes for a mouse, so a boy's hands go for any thing that stimulates curiosity or makes a laugh. One of this tribe recently startled weak nerves in London. A huge steam-roller was passing through Pall Mall on its way to smooth the walks in St. James Park. The driver, feeling hungry at noon, shut off the steam, and left the machine standing while he went into a restaurant for dinner. A wandering boy saw the empty seat, and could not resist the temptation of trying his hand at management. He mounted, turned the stops, let on the steam and started the roller. It was sport for a moment or two, but proved more than he had bargained for. He could not guide the elephant, and jumping off, made sure of his own safety. The huge machine moved on, frightening ladies to screams and fainting, and at length came to a stop by plunging through a store window, crashing all before it, and injuring several customers. The driver secured his machine, but the boy who started it was not so easily found. It proved, however, dearly bought fun.

A MATHEMATICAL JOKER.

Benjamin Greenleaf, the teacher and mathematician, whose arithmetics have puzzled the brains of two or three generations of scholars, was a pleasant but somewhat eccentric man, who loved a joke, especially if it was a mathematical one. Going, one day, with a basket on his head, into a room where there were several boys, he asked one boy after another, "Are you fond of fractions?"

Each lad, fearing that a problem would follow, said, heartily and promptly,—

"No, sir."

But one courageous fellow said "Yes, sir." To him was given the basket with its contents—a number of nice apples halved and quartered, with the remark,—

"You may divide those fractions."

This was a more pleasant practical joke than the one he played upon some young ladies at Bradford.

He gave the senior class a problem, with the promise of a gold watch to the girl who succeeded in solving it.

After they had labored for some time, he informed them, one morning, that it couldn't be done!

CUVIER AND THE GHOST.

Baron Cuvier, the naturalist, did not believe in ghosts, and some students, who held that a belief in such things was a part of human nature, resolved to put his opinions to the test. So they made an effigy to represent the devil. It was a bullock's head and horns, with phosphorus to light up the eyes and the mouth. One night they put this into the naturalist's room when he was asleep, and communicating with it by means of a hollow tube, they made it seem to exclaim, "I have come to eat you up." The professor arose slowly, and looked at the awful figure very deliberately. "I have come to eat you up." The professor gave the bullock's mouth a critical examination with his practised eye. He then suddenly exclaimed, "Gramniferous! You can't do it!" Having satisfied himself that he was not the kind of food for which his visitor was looking, he took refreshing slumber again, and we presume enjoyed calm dreams.

MISTAKEN IN THE SEX.

An Irishman having taken his child to be christened, (the mother not being able to go with him,) became frightened at the crisis, and could not think of the baby's name. He blundered and stammered, until the priest, a little weary, said, "Call him John. Call him John," and forthwith baptized it. Poor Pat went down the aisle evidently very much disturbed, and muttering to himself, "Be gorra! I don't know what the old woman will say to this, for we've got another John at home, and this is a *girl!*"

EMULATING MRS. PARTINGTON.

An old servant in a neighbor's family emulates Mrs. Partington in her style of conversation. She thinks the children are kept under too strict and orthodox control, as regards family discipline, and remarked the other day, that she "didn't believe in bringing up children in such a superstitious tragedy." And when Charlie, the youngest boy, said, at the breakfast table, that the molasses wasn't as good as usual, she said, "That's because your mother has *deluded* it."

HIGH-HEELED BOOTS.

American ladies submit to any torture at the demand of fashion. High-heeled boots are not quite so bad as tight waists, but the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* says some hard things about them:

High heels to shoes, crippling the feet, and distorting the limbs, are an outrage on grace, on anatomy, on humanity, entitling the authors, could they be detected, to criminal responsibility. A convention of corn doctors, in the interest of their trade, could not devise a better scheme for good times. Women whose pedals are solidified may escape with corns, of which we hope and pray they may have a full and a tender crop. But that a whole generation of little girls should have their toes jammed into the points of their boots, to do the work of heels, and that their legs should be thrown out of the natural ballast, and the pliant bones bent into semicircles, is a sacrifice to fashion which would disgrace a nation of Hottentots.

Should the wicked custom hold a few years, there will not be a decent foot, or an æsthetic leg in our female population, except among washerwomen, and the like. And all this is a trifle compared with the mischief done to the pelvis, spine and chest, by the constrained attitude which the abnormal elevation of the heel must of necessity induce. Fashion is at best a cruel tyrant; but the whole history of her capricious rule does not exhibit a grosser violation of natural laws, and a more unpardonable assault on the beauty and health of woman, than the invention of high-heeled boots.

KILL YOUR FISH.

Our Dumb Animals gives a letter from a Frenchman, who says that the fish caught by the Dutch are far more excellent eating than those caught by us, and says the reason of it is that they *kill* the fish instantly on taking them from the water. This practice at least seems more merciful than the ordinary way of letting them lie, and pant themselves to death:

It is the custom in Holland to kill the fish as soon as he is drawn from the water, while we let him lie in an agony which produces a sickness on the animal economy, softens the flesh, and gives to it the principles of dissolution. This answer seemed to me a gleam of light. No one would eat sheep, or a chicken that had died a natural death or been drowned, and precisely for the reason that the Dutch allege in the case of the fish. Why should we be less delicate in regard to creatures that swim than to those that walk or fly.

The Dutch kill the fish by making a slight longitudinal incision under the tail, and the operation, which is performed with a very sharp instrument, can be done so quickly that it is practised even in the largest fisheries, not excepting those for the herring.

At Andermale, on the Rhine, is a very celebrated salmon fishery. They kill the fish there by thrusting a steel needle into their heads.

BALD-HEADED BUTTER.

A witty New-Yorker once startled a dull Irish waiter by showing him several flies in his succotash, and asking for another plate, as he liked "his flies separate." The same gentleman must have been travelling in Missouri:

A gentleman, who had been brought up on good country butter, lately stopped at a leading hotel in St. Joseph, Mo., and looking over the tempting bill of fare, made his order. It was promptly filled, and he was indulging in the hope of a luxurious feast, when, helping himself to some butter, along with the unctuous mass a long hair, evidently from some human cranium, came curling out on his knife. He held it up, gazed suspiciously at it for a moment, and then motioned for the waiter. The latter individual promptly entered an appearance, when the guest, holding the knife up before him, pointed to the capillary substance attached to it, and exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole table, "Look here, my friend, have you any bald-headed butter about the house?"

PRESENTIMENTS.

Dr. Guthrie tells of a strong impression he once had that he ought to call upon an old lady in his congregation. The feeling was so strong that he went, and found the lady in danger of burning to death. The fire had fallen out into the room, and as she was paralytic, unable to move herself, in a few minutes her clothes would have been in flames. Here is a similar instance:

The Bangor *Whig* says that a musician, named Charles Berry, of Augusta, played at a ball at Kendall's Mills, last Monday evening, and after the ball retired to rest as usual, but was restless, and unable to sleep, and a sensation of dread, or something wrong, took hold of his mind. He strove to shake it off, and courted sleep in vain. So strong did this uneasiness become, that he at length arose, and took the first train for Augusta, and immediately went to his home, where he found his wife and little son of four years of age, both nearly suffocated with coal gas. It was a long time before they could be revived. Had he been absent an hour longer they would have doubtless both been dead.

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The man is approaching old age. His tall, muscular form is somewhat bent, and the strong, pleased, time-worn face is watching his little "three-year-old" grandchild, whose hands are tugging at a heavy rake, and whose face is a very picture of baby complacency and delight.

Neither grandpa nor his pet "hired man" is turning off work like the boys, but there is sunshine in their faces, as well as in the fields, though one reflects the rising, and the other the declining light. Little tot is charming as pencil can make him, and so delightfully has Mr. Darley blended the simple happiness of childhood with the pensive playfulness of age, that the picture not only pleases, but *holds* the observer,—like those rare faces that grow in attraction the more they are seen.

Mr. Darley, in American subjects, is unquestionably the first draughtsman in America; and in this picture he fully sustains his claims to that position. It is, in every sense of the word, a choice work of art, admirably conceived; one that will make a graceful and fitting ornament for any home.

The size of the picture, including its margin, is 17¼ by 25 inches. It is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready so that we can send it to all persons entitled to it at the latest by the first of March next,—but probably before the first of February.

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NOT THIS WORLD ONLY.

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung,
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care or pain.
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be,
Were *this* world only made for me!"

There is a sermon in these two stanzas. The hour of trouble, and of sickness, and of death will come, and we should remember these things in prosperity, and prepare for them. Sad indeed would be our condition were *this* world our only solace and hope.

The stanzas were written by the Princess Amelia, a favorite daughter of George III. Her girlhood had been passed amid the splendors of the court, at that time in the full tide of honor and prosperity. She mingled in its gayeties and festivities, and, although lovely and exemplary in her character, gave but little thought to the higher concerns of life.

In 1810, she was attacked with a lingering and fatal illness, when she turned her mind almost wholly to religion, and found inward peace. Her sufferings at times were heart-rending to witness, but her confidence in God kept her mind serene, and brought the sweetest anticipations of another and a better world.

The old king loved his daughter, and watched over her with childlike fondness and devotion. The winter of age was upon him. He was nearly blind, and very gloomy at times, in view of another probable attack of insanity, a disease that had cast a deep shadow over several periods of his life. Though monarch of the most advanced and prosperous nation upon which the sun shone, he was humble in heart, and very devout.

His conversation with his afflicted daughter was very often upon Christ, and the sweet consolations of His love.

"The only hope of the sinner," he declared, "was in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. Do you feel this hope, my daughter? Does it sustain you?"

"Nothing," said an English divine who witnessed these interviews, "can be more striking than the sight of the King, aged and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the princess lies, and speaking to her of salvation through Christ, as a matter far more interesting to them than the most magnificent pomps of royalty."

The death of the princess overthrew the mind of the King. He never was himself again. But in his few lucid moments, it was his consolation to remember, like her he had so tenderly loved, that *this* is not the only world.

A FIRE-PROOF NEGRO.

The capabilities of the black man have been much talked of since his emancipation, and experiment has proved that these have not been overrated—in *some* particulars, at least. We always knew him to be unrivalled in his power to stand heat, working and sleeping under a frying sun, as no other man can, but the real champion salamander of the race we did not hear of till the other day. Mons. Chaubert, who could stay in a hot oven till a leg of mutton on his shoulder was roasted, will have to stand back now. He may have called himself "coke," but this Carolina darkey is Coker:

The Denton (Md.) *Union*, after correcting some statements going the rounds about Nathan Coker, the colored man known as the "Carolina Fire King," goes on to say: "He can, however, eat red-hot anthracite coals, stir up red-hot coals in a furnace with his hands, lick a red-hot bar of iron until it is cold, receive molten lead into his mouth and keep it there until it cools, and it has been said that he has walked on a red-hot bar of iron barefoot.

This feat we have never witnessed, although we have seen him apply a red-hot bar of iron to his bare feet, and keep it until it had lost its redness. But we have noticed there are times when fire seemed to affect him, and we have seen him start back from its touch. We remember, a few years ago, while he was mixing lime for the plasterers who were at work finishing a building for us in the town, he ran his hand into the lime while being slaked, to take out the core, but he withdrew it in a twinkling. The lime burned him, and he felt its effects very sensibly.

Another time, a company of young men tricked Coker rather badly. He made a wager with them of twenty dollars, that he could sit on a red-hot stove for fifteen minutes. The stove was heated up till it was all aglow with redness, the Fire King took his seat, and actually, it is said, sat out ten minutes of the time; but one of the wags, pouring a little coal oil on the stove, drew him from his position in double quick, and burned him severely. He is a remarkable negro, and no one yet has ever been able to explain his dealings with this element.

For the Companion

LITTLE MAUD.

With her large dark eyes, and her soft brown hair,
A little child was the fairest flower
In the princely home of the millionaire:
Her father's pride, and her mother's care;
Youth, hope and love were the priceless dower
Of little Maud.

She watched one night for papa to come,
And to meet him sprang, as he gained the hall.
But his cheeks were white, and his lips were dumb,
His eyes were fixed, and his whole frame numb
With a great despair; he had lost his all.
Poor little Maud!

Then the young wife sprang to the strong man's aid,
For she read the worst in his ghastly face.
"Take courage, my own! Be not dismayed!
Of a life obscure I am not afraid,
And home will be sweet in any place,
With you and Maud."

By a small white house in a country town,
Where the wild birds sang in the grand old trees,
And a small stream danced over pebbles brown
From early morn till the sun went down,
Free as the wings of the mountain breeze
Played little Maud.

But there came a change, when the brown leaves fled
Like guilty things from the vengeful blast,
When she shrank from her father's voice and tread,
And without his kiss crept off to bed.
From the shores of right he was floating fast,—
Alas for Maud!

Then hope, that had smiled on fortune's fall,
Died darkly out in the mother's heart.
Her husband's love had been all in all,
But the nectar cup was changed to gall.
O, wine, what a fiendish curse thou art!
Poor little Maud!

From a troubled sleep she was roused one night
By the still approach of a nameless fear.
To her mother's arms she sprang in fright.
But they clasped her not, and her face was white,
And her darling's voice she could not hear.
Ah! woe for Maud!

In a gay saloon was a merry throng,
There were prime cigars, and the best champagne,
And *he* was there, where at filthy song
And jest the laugh was loud and long,
While a small, scared face pressed the window-pane;—
Outside stood Maud.

Yes, he was there, with a wine-flushed face;
His voice rose high in the song profane;
Of his better self was left no trace.
She dared not enter that noisy place,
So back she turned from her errand vain,—
Poor little Maud!

Back to the depths of the winter night,—
But she heeded not the starless gloom.
The snow in her hair wove garlands white,
And stiffened her limbs, and dimmed her sight,
As she struggled on to the gates of doom.
Devoted Maud!

In the little heart was great despair,
She fancied God had forgotten her;
And she could not say her evening prayer,
For she thought the dear Lord did not care
How great her pain and her sorrow were.
Heart-broken Maud!

In the drifting snow one shoe stuck fast,
But the small bare foot was too cold to ache.
Her cloak flew off in the next fierce blast,
Then low she sank, for her strength was past.
"Help me, O God, for Jesus' sake,"
Cried little Maud.

God came in a blast of the north wind bold,
That opened the gates of the summer land.
Out of the night and out of the cold
This sweet lamb sprang to the upper fold,
And a happy mother clasped the hand
Of darling Maud.

My brothers! you that are strong and young,
And you on the summit of snow-capped years,
Let your social glass to the winds be flung,
Let woman condemn it with heart and tongue—
This parent of shame, and crime, and tears,
That murdered Maud.

H. J. A.

TOUGH, AND PROUD OF IT.

Some persons can abuse themselves more and longer than others can, but it is none the less a crime for that. The dashing, dread-naught character, described as follows in a Florida letter, may rough it in his reckless way a few years longer, but he will break down at last, like the "one hoss shay," all in a heap:

Mr. E. is a sort of prince among the Southern farmers, the richest man in this region—has somewhat less than 100 acres under cultivation, and several hundred in wild lands, over which, and for thirty and forty miles around, his 1,500 or 2,000 head of cattle range at will, and fatten upon the wild grass. His Southern brethren look up to him as the paragon of excellence, whose opinions on all matters are as good as law, and his word is as good as his bond—generous, hospitable, whole-souled. He is truly worthy of the high regard in which he is held, and yet this man, in style, dress and manner of life, lives as the roughest.

As he was passing my house a few evenings since, I hailed him, and urged him to stop with us, as a dark, heavy thunder shower was approaching, but he declined, saying, "What do I care for the rain? You see me with my flannel shirt and pants only, and my long boots in the stirrup. Thus, without blanket or other covering, I often, when hunting cattle or wild beasts, when night overtakes me, tie my horse to a tree, and lie down in a dry place, if I readily find one—but frequently I found myself well drenched with rain and mud before morning. But what do I care for the rain? I never fear it. I never get sick, and never suffer; good night, sir;" and off galloped this hardy specimen of Southern chivalry, amid bright flashes of lightning, heavy rolling thunder, and torrents of rain, priding himself on exposure and long endurance.

PAGANINI.

Paganini, the most wonderful violinist that ever lived, could imitate with his instrument almost every sound of nature and of art, and awaken any emotion that he desired by the magic play of his bow. He could excite almost in a moment a great audience into smiles or tears. We find the following account of his playing in a musical review:

Many were the persons of keen musical sensibility, who averred that they often felt his tones in the roots of their hair, and even at times vibrating and tingling throughout their whole being. His powers and skill in expression were of a kind to produce alternate tears, laughter, astonishment, the noblest emotions, and the most beautiful or eccentric fancies. No wonder that his hearers shed tears when he could make the violin itself appear to weep.

His execution surpassed belief, even with those who were present, as it seemed impossible that a single instrument could give the effect sometimes of half a dozen. His double-stopping was as rapid as any other player's single notes and he could make a rapid cadence of single notes by the power and art of the fingers only, and while waving the bow in the air. Indeed, his bow was continually seen flourishing in the air like a magic wand, as a signal or command to the orchestra behind him.

While his powers of expression varied from deep passion to the most delicate shades of emotion, he had also a descriptive and even imitative faculty which led him now and then into effects that laid him open to accusations of foul play and illegitimate means from instrumentalists who were incapable of such strikingly ingenious feats.

For example, one of the pieces was called "The Witches under the Walnut Tree." You heard—let me say you *saw*—an old beldame come hobbling along in the twilight of evening. She is evidently toothless and lame. Her faltering, mumbling old song suggests this as she advances toward the foot of the walnut tree. Presently, another beldame, with a different voice, advances to a somewhat different measure. The two meet and confer together in a weird dialogue—not merely singing, but *talking*. When it came to this pass, the audience exploded, with one accord, in an overwhelming applause.

But the magician proceeded, without taking any notice of this, and the noise speedily sank down to its previous hush of silence. The old hags then sang a sort of quailing, toothless duet; then came whizzing and whistling wind, rushes of rain, and the gloom of midnight. Then it cleared off, and some birds sang in the upper branches of the tree, in shrill, cold notes, indicative of dawn breaking; and then, in the far distance, we distinctly, though faintly, heard a cock crow. There could be no doubt of it, nor of any of these effects. Everybody felt it, and the triumph of Paganini in London was complete.

A DUEL.

The New Orleans *Times* relates an amusing incident which occurred a good many years ago between two men in Mississippi, whose names have since become historical in the annals of this country. We refer to Robert J. Walker and Dr. William M. Gwin, Duke of Sonora.

An altercation occurred between them, which led to a challenge from Mr. Walker. Walker was a man of remarkably diminutive size, while the doctor towered like a giant, with the brawn and bone of a London porter. Walker was bent on fighting; but the doctor, who was naturally a jovial and kind-hearted soul, did not feel at all aggrieved towards his adversary.

Be that as it might, the doctor accepted the challenge, and chose the Indian war-tomahawk as his weapon. The terms were so arranged that on a given day the combatants were to be posted one hundred and fifty yards apart, and, at a given signal, to rush past each other, like knights in a tourney, flinging their tomahawks in their course.

The doctor caused it to be bruited abroad that he practised every day in a savannah, a few miles away from the town where both resided. Piqued with curiosity, Mr. Walker allowed himself to be persuaded to visit the spot surreptitiously, and view the achievements of his antagonist. Not so surreptitiously, however, that Dr. Gwin was not aware whose prying eyes were fixed upon his movements.

Measuring off one hundred and fifty paces from the solitary stump of a pine tree, the doctor bounded with a spring and a yell that would have delighted Chingachook, the venerable padre of the last of the Mohegans; his tomahawk poised high in the air, a grin of demoniac ferocity lighting up his strongly-marked features. As he neared the stump he projected the missile, with a powerful sweep of his arm, clean up to the handle into the soft pine, and, panting, came to a dead halt.

There was something so ludicrously savage in all this, that Mr. Walker and his companion burst involuntarily into a fit of laughter from their ambush. The laugh betrayed them; a reconciliation took place, and up to the breaking out of the Confederate war, and it may be, up to Mr. Walker's death, they were fast friends.

A YOUNG ADVOCATE.

Tad Lincoln, who has recently died, was not spoiled by petting. He had a warm heart, always ready to pity suffering, and help the needy. A correspondent of the *Ledger* tells an incident on the day on which Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. It was a reception day, and a poor maimed soldier waited below, with nobody to speak to him, or help him, till Tad spied the neglected man:

About eleven o'clock, "little Tad," the President's son, entered the crowded ante-room, leading the maimed soldier, whom he had picked up below. The soldier paused on the threshold in dismay. He seemed appalled at the sight before him. Generals, judges and senators were waiting for an audience, and what could he hope in such a crowd? Shame seemed to mantle his face like a veil, when he looked at his tattered, untidy garb, among the grand persons that surrounded him.

Not so his little usher. Pulling his companion forward with words of encouragement and smiles, he beckoned him on till he reached the door before which the grim usher stood, saying to every new comer, "The President is engaged, sir; you must wait."

The privileged pet of the White House was disgusted with the check put upon his freedom. He insisted upon leading the soldier directly into the presence of his father. He attempted to force his way through, but his puny strength could not resist the man-at-arms. The young soldier desired to withdraw from the contest. He quailed under the eyes of a hundred men, some of them the first Generals of the land. He attempted to retreat, but little Tad held him to his position. He resorted to tactics often tried, and said never to have failed. He screamed at the top of his voice, "Father, father, they won't let me come in."

The well-known voice struck the ear of Mr. Lincoln in the midst of his discussions. He arose, pen in hand, and went to the door.

As the well-known form appeared, little Tad pushed the soldier in, and the door closed. Taking him aside, Mr. Lincoln learned the necessities of the case. The wounded man told his complaints to one who, if he heard at all, heard the story through. At once he granted his request, and little Tad, with a face radiant with smiles, led the soldier back to the stairway, gave a loud whistle, threw up his heels, and disappeared through the doors of the private library of the President. Shortly after, the private secretary appeared at the door of Mr. Lincoln's room, and said,—

"Gentlemen, the President will receive no more to-day."

With that proclamation Mr. Lincoln's public levees ended. Almost his last official act was to hear the sad story, and afford relief to a friendless boy. That night he left the White House, never to return!

HOW TO KEEP A SITUATION.

Be ready to throw in an odd half hour or an hour's time when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. Though not a word be said, be sure your employer will make a note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him, and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you. Those young men who watch the time to see the very second their working hour is up, who leave, no matter what state the work may be in, at precisely the instant, who calculate the extra amount they can slight their work, and yet not get reproved, who are lavish of their employer's goods, will always be the first to receive notice, when times are dull, that their services are no longer required. Remember, you are not a slave. Then serve your employer as a friend; in due time he will be a true friend to you.

Certainly, the way to keep a situation, and to command satisfactory pay, is to make yourself so useful to your employer that he cannot afford to do without you.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

ONLY TWO DAYS IN A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A missionary of the American Sunday School Union gives the following, from an address he heard from an aged minister in Missouri:

"I was about fourteen when I heard of a Sunday school at Bowling Green, Ky. A lady invited me to attend, and her manner was so kind, I went. She furnished me with a new Testament, the first I had ever seen, and bade me commit to memory the first chapter of John's Gospel. On reading the first verse I was struck with awe. The name of God, and the sublime sentiment, so impressed me that my small lips

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dared not pronounce them. With fear and trembling I committed the chapter, because of my promise, and the next Sunday went and recited it. But I left the Testament and never returned. But, dear fellow-parents, (he said this with much emotion) although these were the only two days I ever spent in the Sunday school, I owe my salvation to that Sunday school, and to the kind lady as the means."—*Observer.*

PLUCKY.

Kansas girls are sure to be good riders, and to conquer the most stubborn horses, if many of them have pluck and endurance like one mentioned by the Topeka *Record:*

As a gentleman was coming into town the other day, on the Wakarusa road, he noticed a young girl mounted on a pony. Pretty soon the pony began to display a bad temper, and very shortly afterward threw the girl, who turned a somerset in the air and struck on her head in the road with terrible force. The gentleman got out of his buggy and went to her assistance. He found she had had a bad fall, and had a cut across her forehead. He advised her to abandon pony riding for the present, but she wiped the blood from her face, and insisted on mounting her fractious steed again. Anxious for her safety, her friend watched for further developments, and in a few minutes she was hurled over the pony's head, and this time struck with such force it seemed as if she must have broken every bone in her body. The pony took the opportunity to gallop off. She was again helped to her feet, half-stunned and covered with dust, and urged to abandon riding such a fractious brute; but, clutching her riding-whip, she started off in pursuit of the pony, evidently determined to ride him, or get her neck broken in the attempt. She was apparently about sixteen years of age.

SAVED BY A CHILD.

Some people when they see danger, take to screaming, and are unable to give any help. Here is a girl who does not belong to this class of persons, as the following paragraph from the Boston *Journal* shows:

About half-past ten o'clock this morning, while several little girls were at play near the bank of the river in Cambridge, by the bridge, one of them, named Bessy Dolan, fell in the water, and would have been drowned, had it not been for the decided action of one of her playmates, Katherine McCartney, who is hardly more than eight years old. This little heroine caught up a long stick lying near, and waded in nearly up to her middle, reaching the stick to her companion, who luckily caught it and held on until drawn out. The scene, which hardly occupied two minutes, was anxiously watched by the occupants of a passing horse car, some of whom scrambled down the bank only to find their assistance was not needed. The young Ida Lewis seemed to have no idea that she had done any thing extraordinary, but proceeded to wring out her soaked stockings with all the coolness of an old washerwoman in the performance of her regular day's labor.

THE ARDENNES DOG.

The dog of the Ardennes accompanies the flock when it leaves the penfold in spring, only to return when the winter's snow drives the sheep home again for shelter. Each shepherd possesses one or two of these dogs, according to the size of his flock, to act as sentinels. Their office is not to run about and bark, and keep the sheep in order, but to protect them from outside foes. When the herdsman has gathered his flock in some rich valley, these white, shaggy monsters crouch on the ground, apparently half asleep; but now and then the great sagacious eyes will open, and, passing over the whole of their charge, remain for a while fixed on the distant horizon as though they followed a train of thought which led them away from earth, so sadly do they gaze into the infinite.

But let the mountain breeze bear to his ever-moving nostril the scent of the hated wolf, or his quick ear detect an unknown noise; then is the time to see one of these dogs in his glory. His eyes become black with fierceness; his hair stands erect; his upper lip becomes wrinkled, showing a range of white, formidable teeth, while a low growl alone escapes from his throat. When his keen faculties have detected the whereabouts of his foe, he rushes forward, with a bound that overleaps all obstacles, and a bark that echoes from all the surrounding hills.

Every dog of the like breed that may be near, takes up the note, and rushes gleaming through the brushwood to join in the attack. Tender as the childhood he protects, woe to him who dare lift a hand on one of the little ones with whom he has been brought up. It is not he who buys him who is his master; it is he who fed him when a pup, who petted and shared his pittance with him; he it is who has his love, and who reciprocates his faithful affection. — *Overland Monthly.*

NOT HIS FAULT.

A strange mystery often seems to lie under unusual initials. A student once entered his name in a college album as F. V. Jones. The professor asked what F. V. stood for. The student said he would rather not tell. "But," said the other, "it is the law of the college that the name be entered in full." "Well, if you must have it, they are for Flavius Vespasianus, *but it's not my fault!*"

A QUEER HUMORIST, who had a hard time of it, says, "When a man begins to go down hill, he finds every thing greased for the occasion."

THE CRICKET'S SONG.

BY MARY N.

What does the cricket sing,
Chirping all day long?
"Summer flies on fragrant wing,
Autumn's in our song.

"By-and-by leaves will turn,
Red and golden first;
Sumachs, too, begin to burn;
Hazel-burs to burst.

"Rose-trees have gone to seed,
Lilacs have forgot
All their perfume; and the reed
Sighs, but blossoms not.

"Frosty odors in the air
Hint of snow to come;
Golden-rod blooms everywhere;
Singing-birds are dumb."

Nursery.

For the Companion.

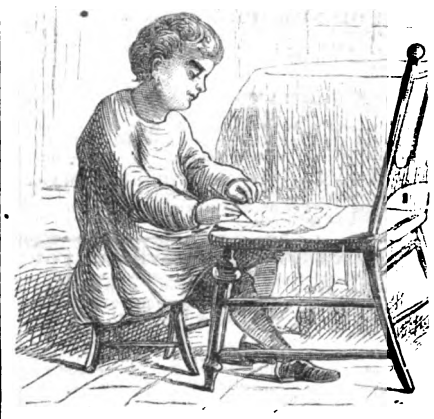
HERMIE'S LETTER.

"Mamma!" cried little Herman, "do, please, give me a pencil and some paper. I'm a doin' to write a letter to my Aunt Alice."

Mamma smiled as she looked for the paper and pencil. She was thinking it would be a queer letter, for Hermie couldn't write a bit, and didn't know B from W. But Hermie didn't care for that.

He sat down on a cricket, with his paper on a chair before him, and began his letter with a very grave face.

He scribbled away a long time, and covered the paper on both sides with funny-looking marks, which he called words.



"There!" said he, at length, "now it's done! Will you please put it in an enmelope, mamma?"

"May I write a few lines to send with it?" asked mamma.

"O, please don't," cried Hermie, anxiously. "You always do, and I want this letter to go all by its own self. I've told her every single thing."

"Very well," said mamma; "it shall go all by itself. But you may put in that pink bow Aunt Alice forgot when she was here last. It is up stairs, in her room."

The bow was brought, and mamma put it in his letter, and directed an envelope to Aunt Alice.

Hermie sealed it himself, and put on the stamp.

Then he watched for the postman, and gave it to him, with many charges to send it that very day.

When the postman had gone, Hermie came to his mother to talk about the letter, and wonder what Aunt Alice would say when she received it.

"She'll be s'prised to get one from Hermie, and nobody else, won't she?" said Herman.

"Did you sign your name at the end?" asked mamma.

"Why, no," said Hermie. "Did I ought to?"

"Yes. How will she know who it is from?" asked mamma. Hermie looked puzzled.

"Do you always put your name down?" he asked.

"Yes, that is the right way," said his mother.

"O, well," said Hermie, after some thought, "Aunt Alice'll know my writing. Besides, I told her all 'bout my garden. And I asked her to come in two weeks, 'cause it's my birthday."

And Aunt Alice did know. If she did not recognize the writing, she knew where the pink bow came from, and she guessed the rest. And she had promised Hermie's mother to come and see them on his birthday. So a few days before, there came a cunning little letter directed to Herman. It was put under his plate at dinner, so that papa might enjoy his surprise.

When Hermie turned his plate over, the letter fell into his lap. "O, my suz!" he exclaimed, "I've got a letter from Aunt Alice!"

"Well, I declare!" said papa. "Do open it quickly, and read it aloud."

Herman proudly cut the envelope with the scissors mamma brought, and took out the letter.

"Now all teep twiet, and I'll read it," said he. He folded his fat arms across the open sheet, and began:

"'Dear, darling little Hermie,—I want you to come and see me; so are I a comin' to see you. I want Hermie to harness old Jim, and come to the depot next birfday morning, at the four o'clock train'—no, it's the 'firteen' o'clock, or the ''leven'. O, dear, I can't tell which it is, it is writed so bad!" and Hermie, holding the letter wrong side up, scowled at it with all his might.

"Let me help you," said mamma. So she took it, and read it aloud, while papa and Hermie listened.

Aunt Alice said she received Hermie's letter, and understood every word in it. And she was coming the night before Hermie's birthday, and stay three whole days. And she should bring him a present.

"There!" said Hermie, triumphantly, "I knew I was reading it right."

Hermie rode over to the depot with papa to get Aunt Alice, when the time came. He could hardly wait till morning to see what she had brought for him, but she said he had better, because he would want a whole day before him to play with it.

So he waited, and in the morning Aunt Alice brought out a large box full of beautiful building blocks. "There," said she, turning them out on the carpet. "Now let me see you build houses, and churches, and bridges as good as any body."

"O," said Hermie, sitting down to his work, with a long sigh of satisfaction, "I'm so glad I writed you a letter. 'Cause if I hadn't, p'raps you'd forgot to come, and bring me these nice blocks."

"Perhaps," said Aunt Alice, laughing.

MABEL DEANE.

THE LISTENERS.

Two little town boys lost their way in a wood, and late at night took shelter in a solitary inn. At midnight they awoke, and, sitting up in bed, heard some one talking in the next room. The boys put their ears to the wainscot and distinctly heard a voice say,—

"Wife, get the big kettle ready to-morrow, for I mean to kill our two rogues out of the town."

The poor boys shuddered. "O, dear, this innkeeper is a cannibal!" they whispered softly to each other. "What shall we do?"

After a moment's thought, they got out of bed and sprang out of the window, hoping to escape that way. But one of them hurt his foot so badly in jumping that he could go no farther, and besides, the great door of the yard was locked.

So they crept into the pig-sty, with the little pigs, and lay there trembling till morning.

In the morning came the innkeeper; he opened the sty-door, sharpened a knife, and called out, "Now, you little rascals, out with you! your last hour is come!"

Both boys set up a cry of horror, and begged on their knees to be spared.

The man was surprised to find them in the pig-sty, and asked them why they thought him a murderer.

The boys sobbed out, "Because we heard you say in the night, that you would kill us this morning."

Then the innkeeper laughed, and said, "O, you silly boys! I never meant you. I was talking of my little pigs, whom in joke I always call my little rogues out of the town, because I bought them in the town. But so it always is with listeners, as the rhyme goes:

"'Put your ear to door or wall,
You will hear no good at all.'"

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty letters.
My 2, 26, 16, 9, 5, 18 is an insect remarkable for its nest.
My 9, 20, 24, 28, 6, 22 was a heathen idol.
My 13, 25, 16, 3, 9, 5 was a city of Northern Africa.
My 14, 17, 15, 7, 20, 9 is used in making bread.
My 17, 10, 1, 4, 12, 24 was a queen of Persia.
My 21, 16, 5, 8, 13, 3 is a European country.
My 24, 19, 29, 11, 3, 10 is an island in the Levant.
My 27, 8, 16, 24, 12, 1 is a small animal.
My 30, 23, 16, 13, 6, 10 was a woman noted for benevolence.
The whole is part of a verse of the Psalms.

ISOLA.

2.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in bee, but not in fly.
My *second* is in purchase, but not in buy.
My *third* is in laugh, but not in fun.
My *fourth* is in fast, but not in run.
My *fifth* is in cake, but not in pie.
My *sixth* is in stain, but not in die.
My *seventh* is in wet, but not in rain.
My *whole* is a town in the south of Maine.

3.

REBUS.

A passage from Shakespeare. E. M. C.

4.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM.

Twelve of the United States.
1. African oil.
2. Cool road.
3. We sharpen him.
4. One Lard dish.
5. Know rye.
6. A Balaam.
7. Seen Jewry.
8. I am N. E.
9. Much *sass* state.
10. *Cuncti nocte* (all in the dark).
11. *Advena* (a new comer).
12 Lead ware. S. L. B.

5.

Find, by substituting words of similar meaning, the names of three English poets in each sentence:

A man-servant sent a swine into a fen.
The hoary old man was merry and quick in running.

G. M. BROAD.

6.

An insect of the wing I be,
Although my feet are only three.
My third foot changed, I then have four,
Which standing still from hour to hour,
Await your pleasure and your pain
With equal patience. Change again;
The chances are that, out of me,
Reverse of fortune you may see.
First I have much to do with honey;
Next, with sickness; last, with money.

Conundrums.

When is a lawyer strongest? When he is feeblest.

Why is an errand boy like an old horse put up at auction? Because he'll go for what he'll fetch.

When an old bachelor is advised to marry, what part of California does he name in his testy answer? *Marry? poh! sir!* (Mariposa).

Why is the rudder of a boat like a hangman? Because it has a stern duty to perform.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book? The *fin* (is).

What time is that which spelt backwards and forwards is the same? Noon.

Which letters are letters of credit? I, O, U.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Omen, Mile, Elks, Nest.
2. Anna, Nain, Nina, Anak.
3. Be not the first to quarrel with a friend.
4. Red, Black, Pink, Green, Blue.
5. Robin Red Breast.
6. Spoil, Tiara, Opened, Vesper-time, Esteemed, STOVE, PIPES, LADED, IRENE.
7. Turkey.

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AN INCIDENT IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

From a Correspondent.

Constantinople is the most intricate and bewildering city with which I am acquainted. If some mighty giant had thrown its houses from the moon, they could not have fallen so as to present greater apparent confusion to a stranger. The streets go reeling about as if drunk, twisting, turning, doubling, dodging, playing hide and seek with each other, and with the unfortunate man who is unacquainted with their eccentricities.

So, as a matter of course, the very first thing I did upon landing in this Turkish city was to get lost. While waiting with my friends for a tedious custom-house examination, I thought to save time by stepping into a neighboring shanty for the purpose of making some inquiries about the departure of steamers.

After talking in French with a man for five minutes, and learning about as little as was possible in that time, I started to rejoin my friends, but they had gone. With them was the dragoman or guide, and also my baggage, and I was left with nothing except a most profound ignorance of Constantinople. Something must be done; so I entered the steamship office again, and asked more French questions, this time as to the location of the Hotel de Paris, for I very luckily remembered the name of our proposed hotel.

The obliging clerk thought that if I turned to the right at the second corner, and kept on a long distance, I might possibly meet somebody who could tell me where it was, and that was the extent of his knowledge. So I turned the second corner as he directed, and a great many other corners, and kept on a long distance, but did not meet any person who seemed at all likely to give me the necessary information. It occurred to me, in my anxious state of mind, that I had certainly met more men, women, dogs and donkeys than I had ever seen before. At last I ventured to hail a swell looking fellow in white turban, gaudy jacket, and trousers flapping about his legs, and asked him in my prettiest French where the Hotel de Paris was.

All the answer I got was a short grunt. Then I put the question in German. Another grunt. Then I tried him in Italian, using the only three Italian words I knew. A prolonged grunt in response, showed that my Oriental friend was getting out of patience, and concluding further attempts useless, I turned away.

I now began to grow alarmed. Had my life depended on it, I could not have found my starting-point. Go on I must.

I now determined to address the first man I saw with a hat. Anxiously scanning the passing crowd of red fezes and white turbans, I at last spied the familiar beaver. Never was a beaver more welcome or half so charming as that. Its owner proved to be a Frenchman, who kindly told me he didn't know where the Hotel de Paris was, and thought the probability of my ever finding it was very doubtful. I thought so too. A most miserable sense of my helpless plight crept over me. I thought the swarthy Turks glowered upon me with their black eyes. Suppose I should wander about until after dark in the horrid place!——suppose?—— Just then a series of dreadful yelps came up from the direction of my feet, that made me jump and almost frightened away the few wits I had left. These came from one or two dogs, that were sleeping, Eastern fashion, in the street. I had stepped upon the leg of one of them, and he was unable to control his feelings.

At last a sign with an English name upon it, attracted me, and entering the store, I found a man who spoke a little Anglo-Saxon, and, better still, knew where the Hotel de Paris was. I told him he might make up his mind to take me there, for I had no intention of leaving him except at the door of the hotel. He kindly asked me to be seated, and in about two minutes a man entered the room with two tiny cups of black Turkish coffee. We drank our coffee and then smoked a cigarette. These Oriental hospitalities over, we went forth, and after many turnings and much bewilderment on my part, we finally reached the hotel. My friends had just settled down to the idea that I was drowned in the Bosphorus, and were somewhat surprised to see me. But they profited by my experience, for not one of the party ever dared to stir out after that without a guide.

HAROLD.

UNEXPECTED FATE.

"Saved through the tempest to
Sink in the calm"

is so often true of human life that we hardly know when to feel most secure:

A young French volunteer from Orleans was lately attending a birthday festival of an uncle in Paris. During the evening he enlivened the gay throng by recounting his many "hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field," until all agreed that he was born under a lucky star. The party had scarcely adjourned to the drawing-room, when the volunteer remembered that he had left something in the dining-room, and went back to look for it. In a dark passage he met a servant carrying a pile of plates, from the middle of which there stuck out the blade of a carving-knife, against the sharpened point of which he ran. The end of the handle pressed against the girl's chest, and the weight of the plates gave the weapon a deadly impetus. The steel entered the young man's breast, and so severely wounded him that he died in a few minutes after he had told his friends how the accident happened.

A DEVIL IN THE TELEGRAPH.

In civilized, semi-civilized and barbarous nations, people have the same disposition to ascribe any effects the cause of which they cannot understand, to supernatural agencies. The Chinese have great faith in the power of devils, among whom they include all foreigners.

A line of telegraph about fifteen miles long was lately constructed near Shanghai, and after puzzling their brains over the manner in which messages were transmitted, the Chinamen finally came to the conclusion that they were carried along the wires by devils in the employ of the foreign barbarians. To this they made no special objection, until a Chinaman chanced to die suddenly in a house which stood near one of the telegraph poles. It then occurred to a native genius that one of the devils had come down from the wire and killed the man; whereupon his compatriots gathered together and demolished the line in very short order.

SODA DEFINED.

A gentleman travelling in Tennessee, just after the close of the war, overheard the following conversation between two women of that country, who had been to town and were returning home on the cars:

No. 1—What has you in that paper?
No. 2—Soda.
No. 1—Soda! What's soda?
No. 2—Why, don't you know what soda is? That ere stuff what you puts in biscuits, that makes 'em git up and hump themselves.

SEED AND FRUIT.

The seeds of the mammoth trees in California are not more than half an inch long, a sixth of an inch wide, and as thin as writing paper, and fifty thousand of them only weigh a pound; and yet from these little seeds those immense trees have grown—not less than three thousand years old, and some from three hundred to four hundred and fifty feet in height—more than double the height of Bunker Hill Monument or Trinity church.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

A poor colored woman in New Haven recently bequeathed between two and three thousand dollars, money she had saved by a life of toil in washing and scrubbing, to educate any poor colored student who might enter Yale Divinity School to become a preacher, and if no colored student is presented, then the money may be applied for the benefit of a white student.

A VIRGINIA woman thought to frighten her son, a young man, as he was coming home, the other night. So she went out to meet him with a sheet thrown over her head. But he did not scare as well as she expected. On the contrary, he struck the "ghost" with a heavy whip he was carrying, and she fell senseless.

NEW JERSEY has published the following pathetic epitaph:

She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts for her with grief are swellin',
All empty stands her little chair—
She died of eatin' watermelin.

A PHYSICIAN was going his rounds among some small pox patients in a hospital, and, stopping by the bedside of an Irishman, he inquired,—

"Well, Pat, how are you to-day?"

"Faith, sir, I'm better; but I am so wake that I should not be surprised at all if some one was to come along and tell me I was dead."

NASHVILLE is in an ecstasy of admiration over Mrs. More, who, when her little boy fell into a deep well, instantly swung herself down, "hand over hand," caught the child with her feet, drew herself and son all the way up again, and then, woman-like, spanked the boy for falling in.

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Boys little dream, while they are BOYS
If they shall live till they are men,
How many things will mar their joys,
How much they'll meet to cause them pain,
They little dream how cares will press,
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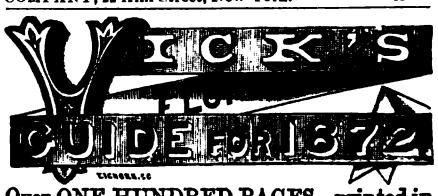

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NUMBER 51. VOLUME XLIV.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON, THURSDAY, DEC. 21, 1871. No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Companion.

SOLOMON JONES' DONKEY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

By Ledgeside.

All down the valley of the Otter Creek River, the gray morning light was stealing softly; creeping in under the shadows of dark gray bowlders, touching the leaves of fern, and brake, hemlock, sumac, spruce and cedar; waking with its gentle touch, birds swinging in lofty trees, birds hidden in waving grass, squirrels buried in holes, rabbits burrowed in earth, weasles, hedgehogs, woodchucks, all safe and snug in their many homes "made without hands," but all ready and watching for this first matin song the glad light sings.

Somebody else was watching for it too, and that was Will Nilson, the boy who lives in the great stone house, standing at the head of Prospect Street, the largest and handsomest house in Granby. For Will's father owns half the town, including three mills, a grocery, two shoe shops, a barber shop, and the building which contains the post-office and the four lawyers' offices.

Will is an only son, but he has two sisters, one younger and one older than himself. Both of these, as well as his mother, are bent upon spoiling this handsome boy, for Will is one of the kind that those who know best, love most dearly.

Do you want me to describe him? I have told you he was handsome, and for one I am really sorry for it. When a boy has brown curls, blue eyes, a sweet mouth and white teeth, people are very apt to overlook a great many faults, and if he grows up without being ruined from indulgence, there is reason for a special thanksgiving.

Will's father did give thanks heartily, that there was something about his boy that overtopped the fine face, looked down upon it, and put aside both praises and petting, as "well enough for mother and the girls, but father, he's the best, after all." Not very complimentary to the sex, you will see, but no matter, Will is only *the boy*.

Among Will's other independent ways was the one of never getting up in the morning until he chose. The whole family called him by turns, but the calls only made the naps the sounder, until his father shouted,—

"You, Will!"

Then no more delay. Will's brown head came quickly off from the pillow, the blue eyes opened —very, very blue—and the sweet mouth sent a ringing good-morning over the house, that came to every member of it, like the music of silver bells.

How Will, so contrary to his usual custom, came watching for the dawning of this day, let me explain.

Solomon Jones was teacher of Granby high school. He was tall and lank, with high shoulders, little head, placid face, and an unfortunate voice, with a sound like a bray in it. Now how nature could have put a soul like Solomon's into such a casket, it would be difficult to say, for he was a right noble man, as well as a fine scholar and a most excellent teacher. The boys all loved him, but that, I am sorry to say, did not keep them from making fun *of* as well as *with* him. Now the *with* was very well, but the *of* was a different matter, as my story will show.

Solomon had an old mother and two maiden sisters, who were wholly dependent upon him for their support, and as his salary was small, he had to supply their numerous calls by overwork. Not a boy in the school but would blush to have called him funny names, expressive of his leanness, if he had known that the teacher worked his bones bare, his muscles large and knotted, and his hands brown, rough and tough, in order to furnish life to those he loved. As it was, he was just the type of a country schoolmaster, who always has been, from time immemorial, and always will be, made the butt of jokes.

SOLOMON JONES' DONKEY.

One of these, I am sorry to say, to be played upon him, was the occasion of Will's wonderful early rising.

Solomon owned a donkey, a quiet, peaceable animal, unusually stumpy, with ears so long, that when he was flapping them, they looked like brown wings, ready to carry the head away.

This donkey worked on the farm, and that was the only other thing about the establishment that did work, beside Solomon. I have no doubt he would have dug up the vegetables and marketed them himself, if he had only been taught how, so docile and intelligent was he, and so dearly did he love his ungainly master. He had many ways which he had taken up himself, in order to save trouble. I should like to tell you of them, only I have neither time nor space.

To dress this donkey in Solomon Jones' clothes, and to put him in his place within the desk, as schoolmaster, that was the great feat, toward the accomplishment of which Will had, for a whole week, bent all his energies. He had neglected his lessons, he had been cross at home, and forgotten several important errands entrusted to him by his father, all just for this. You will see, to start with, what a great and commendable object it was!

By dint of much search, Will had found in Mr. Jones' barn an old, cast-off suit. Solomon was very neat, and never allowed himself to do any labor in the clothes he wore at school; beside, he was poor, and could not afford to injure any thing; so these were carefully hung on a row of nails behind the barn door, out of sight, and were in daily use.

To abstract these after dark, hide them behind a clump of alder bushes, was the work of a late twilight hour. To catch and dress the donkey in them, to put upon his head an old hat of Solomon's, and upon his nose some great pasteboard spectacles, made to imitate the steel ones worn by the master, was no slight task, requiring, as Will well knew, hours of slow, persevering work.

Bob Twain was to be his accomplice. "If you want a secret well kept, keep it to yourself," Will had often heard his father say, so now he had told no one of his intentions, until late last night, when he caught his friend Bob—gay Bob, mischievous Bob—and confided the whole to him.

"Wake up!" Bob had said, in answer to his parting injunction to be at the oak by Wilson's barn when the clock was striking four. "Wake up! Not if all the donkeys in the whole inhabited world were braying in one united chorus under my window, should I wake without you called me. Whistle, Will, whistle so!" (giving a sharp whistle, long, but broken up into twitches.)

Will knew the clansman's call—indeed, he had taught it to Bob—and he tossed it back at him, sharper, longer and twitcher than Bob's very best.

Stealing along now through the beautiful morning light, with a description of which my story begins, he soon stands under Bob's window; and as for the whistle, if it had been a small pistol, fired right under Bob's nose, I doubt whether it would have waked him half so soon. Here he was, with his head visible, "in less than no time," Will said, and in a shorter time still, the boys were stealing through the light, down the road, to the patch where the faithful old donkey was trying to appease a wonderful appetite with a breakfast of the thinnest grass donkey ever browsed.

"Hollo, old Dry Bones!" shouted Will, his clear voice shaking the dewdrops as it passed them, and rippling over the waves of sweet morning air, as if it had charmed them to bear it along.

"Now for it! How are you, Mr. Solomon Jones? I hope we find you fully prepared for your morning recitation. A hundred lines of Virgil won't make a bad breakfast for you, Long Ears! You can chew up a bushel of Greek roots at your leisure, and ruminate on algebra, with a touch at conic sections all along shore."

"Every dog has its day," chimed in Bob, taking off his cap, and making a most respectful salutation in the very face of the astounded donkey, "and I don't know why every donkey shouldn't. Respected domine, allow us to enrobe and conduct you to where your attached and expectant pupils are waiting to pay you homage. Get up there! Allow me! You won't!" as the four feet began to stretch themselves out ominously, and the long ears to move slowly up and down.

One thing was certain, the donkey was awake, and was trying to understand his situation. Should he accept it or not? That was the question. Now, donkey, be true to your master! As you love him, show these boys your heels. Give them the benefit of a few well aimed kicks, and you will do him the best morning service you ever did.

But no; Will's cheery face, with its good humor and its fun, proves too much, even for a donkey. Thistle looks at him, solemnly, winks full at him, waves his brown banner up and down, down and up, through the ambient morning air, and surrenders. Unfortunate, unfaithful Thistle!

His hind feet are put in the pants, which are strapped over his back by old ropes with big tin buckles to resemble suspenders, and turned up in the legs—turned up until the question is, What has become of the legs? there is such a preponderance of seat.

Thistle tries to look round and investigate, stamps first one foot, and then another, but without the least symptom of impatience.

Then, on his front legs the old, torn, patched, seedy brown coat; as Thistle has only four extremities, the arms of this are stuffed out with straw, and the body coaxed up over his neck, by cutting a long slit in the back; the tails of the coat are fastened by four leather straps to the front legs, and there he stands!

Now for the hat, and such a hat! Mr. Jones had a peculiar taste in this line, and this one napless, with torn brim, rusty, fusty, pinched, broadened, flattened, bearing neither the form nor comeliness of a hat—this beats all!

To fasten it on Thistle's head was the greatest of the puzzles. There was no spot made for it; it was too flat and narrow, and those ears-- "Those confounded ears!" Bob kept saying.

Put firmly on to the left ear, the right knocked it off; put on to the right, the left performed the same kindly office, until the light, no longer gray, was dancing around the group in innumerable rays of gold, lighting up Thistle's new uniform in an altogether warning manner, and shining, Will thought, in a peculiarly translucent way, upon the footpath leading over the fields, toward Mr. Jones' house.

It was of no use. "Unless they chose to present the teacher before his school as if he had been up all night at a spree, and had a brick in his hat, it wouldn't do, anyhow," Bob said, and so, after nearly an hour of hard work, off went the hat, and demurely following Will, on went Thistle in the direction of the school-house. Recreant Thistle!

At the steps of the door came into play Will's reserved force, in shape of a bag of nice oats.

Thistle hadn't seen, much more tasted one, for many a long month, and the sight and smell, what donkey could resist! Up after Bob, Will still leading, over the flight of stone steps he goes carefully—suspenders, buckles, buttons and lappings all holding tight—on, right on, until he stands in his master's place within the neat little enclosure, behind the simple oak desk.

"Put the oats on the cover; let him eat," says Will, rolling on the floor, and laughing at the droll sight.

"Isn't it rich!" shouts Bob, rolling, and laughing, and clapping, too. "Now for fun! Your servant, Mr. Solomon Jones, respected principal of the Granby high school!"

And recreant Thistle winked and bannered in reply. O, Thistle! Thistle! what of your poor, tired out, sickly master, when he comes in, and sees you there? What of his feelings, donkeyed in this style? Is there nothing to wound, and grieve, and annoy him? Do you suppose there can be any true fun in a thing that does this to a gentle, trusting, loving human heart?

Fun, boys, is it, when at the very bottom lies a wound? We shall see as our story goes on.

THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

A rose ought to be beautiful, which has such a charming romance connected with its name.

"An Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture; but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the fire. And as he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a young, dark-faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain, and wishing to save his life, urged him to escape. But he would not do so unless she would flee with him. She consented. Yet, before they had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent, and preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles. And from that day this beauti-

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ful flower has always been known between the caves of Florida and throughout the Southern States by the name of the Cherokee rose."

For the Companion.

MISS PIPER'S POPLIN.

"Pretty well worn!" said the little dressmaker. "Very *much* so!" And she smoothed a fold of the goods that lay in her lap.

"Shabby!" and she gathered it up again into a drapery.

"Horrid!" she said once more, and shook her head till the two thin little curls on each side shook to correspond.

But it wasn't about the cloth in her lap she was talking at all, though she was looking very hard at it, and turning it this way and that, to get the shades it took in different lights. And it certainly was neither worn, nor shabby, nor horrid, but a nice piece of blue poplin, fresh from the store under her shop. So it *couldn't* have been that she was talking about.

It was a very rainy morning, and, though such are not generally considered favorable for a battle, Miss Piper looked upon it as the very time, because "there wouldn't be many in," and so, as she had one to fight, she had chosen the hour to form her lines, and bring on an attack.

"Now I'm determined to have it out with you, Miss Piper," she said, looking resolutely at her image in the little twelve inch, red-framed glass over the cutting-table; "I know *just* what you've got to say. You've worn your alpaca four years, and it's rusty—quite rusty. It might be made over for a shop dress, but for other purposes you need a new one—absolutely need it. You've had to work late and reckon close a good while to save the money, but it's in your pocket at last, and you've decided on dark blue. It's *so* much worn this winter, *so* stylish, and used to be very becoming to you. You've worn black for economy's sake till you feel like a funeral, and this time you're going to make it a matter of taste for once. Dark blue—*so* desirable this winter!

"There, that's what *you've* got to say; now listen to me. You profess to be a friend to that poor blind girl across the passage. You go and put your arms round her, and tell her that you cry all by yourself, sometimes, thinking how she was at the window the day her lover's regiment came home, listening for his step, and heard some one say they had come back without him. Yes, you do; and think of how she is left all alone now in her darkness; and how the bits of work she can manage to do by the touch of her poor white fingers hardly put bread in her mouth. That's all quite true, Miss Piper, but you know well enough that, at the very moment you put your arms round her to tell her this, you see that her dress, the only dress she has in the world, is *so* much worn—shabby! horrid, Miss Piper!

"Now is that what you call friendship? I should think it a good deal more like it if you, with your two eyes good for years, were to take this blue thing down stairs again, change it for a black, and fit it to Rose Donnithorne. And when that's made up, you can get time, by working a little late, to turn your alpaca for yourself,—it's only been turned once. The waist is all gone, but, by taking the first side gores for new sleeves, you'd have enough in the cape for a new waist; and you'd have to take off the quilling round the bottom, because you wouldn't have enough for new on the waist; but if you didn't have a basque, you'd have enough come off the cape to make a plain fold round, and by running it up in points on the seams, you'd get quite an air, and take off the plain look you get by taking out the side gores. *There*, Miss Piper, have you any thing more to say?"

Apparently she had not. The battle seemed decided, and, wrapping the blue poplin in its brown paper again, she tripped down stairs, with the face if not the figure of a conqueror.

An hour later, Miss Piper tapped at the door across the passage, with a "cut and basted" waist in her hand, and a skirt hanging over her arm. She tilted her head a little to one side to listen for an answer, but the blind girl was humming a tune, and didn't hear her.

"Always singing, you dear thing!" she said, when at last she made herself heard. "I wish I could keep myself in such spirits in my room. I wish I knew how you do it. Now I've *such* a favor to ask! You'll think I'm the boldest thing; but it's that new dress I told you I'd decided to get. You see, it is *so* hard to fit a dress to yourself,—*such* a difficulty; and I thought if you'd just let me slip it on you a moment—we're *so* much the same figure, you know, my dear!"

Just as she said this, she caught sight of her sharp little shoulders and elbows in Rose's glass, side by side with the blind girl's graceful form.

"O, what a horrid fib!" she said to herself. "I wouldn't have said it if I'd 'a' thought. I knew I should have to deceive her till I get it done, or she'd never let me; but I *didn't* mean to tell downright fibs!"

"How soft and fine!" said Rose, as she felt the cloth with her delicate fingers. "You'll take real comfort in it, won't you?"

"I think I shall," said the little dressmaker. "I don't know when I've had a dress I expect to take such comfort in!

"That was well done," she added to her image in the glass. "Quite skilful."

"I'm so glad you've got it," said the blind girl. "Dark blue, you said, didn't you?"

"Darker than any shade of blue you ever saw, dear," said Miss Piper, nodding approval at the image. "There, those biases are lovely. Now if you'll just have patience *one* minute, till I get the hang of the skirt."

"No patience at all," said Rose; "it's a pleasure, Miss Piper. I only wish I could help you with the sewing. But I *shouldn't* have said we were just the same height."

"Well, dear, but it's the general air you want to judge of these things more than any thing else, you know."

"How delicious your fingers feel, passing over the seams!" said Rose; "but you mustn't fit it too well to me, or it won't do for the owner."

"Never you fear!" said Miss Piper; "I expect it will fit the owner better than if I'd tried it on myself. There, dear, that's all: I thank you."

"O, not at all; not the least in the world," said Rose. "You must bring it in again after it's done, and let me feel of the finish when it's on."

"Yes, dear, that's just what you shall!" said Miss Piper, and she had to leave the room with her handkerchief in her mouth, to keep her from laughing at the very witty turn things had taken all through the interview.

Such a snipping of scissors and whisking of threads as went on the rest of that morning! Spite of all her other engagements, and countless interruptions, the last inch of Miss Piper's candle saw the dress finished on the second night following; pretty well into the small hours, it is true, but, though she could hardly believe it herself, she wasn't even sleepy.

"But you *must* go to sleep, Piper," she said, "or you'll never feel bright to go down with it in the morning. But, though you say it yourself, you haven't sent a more stylish dress out of the shop this season. A real air!" and she spread it over the cutting table, and sat down in the rocking chair for a grand survey.

"Yes, it has an air, there's no question; but I wonder what makes you feel so strange to-night; as if something was going to happen; as though she would need that dress more than you think. And so lonely yourself! Not that that is any thing new, but such an unusual fit of it to-night! more and more every minute, Piper, till it seems as if you couldn't get along with it; as if you couldn't live so another day, with nobody to care for you, and nobody to live with. If Rose would only come over this side! But she never could live in such a huddle of work, and so many coming in. I guess you'd better go to bed, Piper. It's the late hour that makes every thing seem *so* strange, so much as if something was going to happen!"

The sun was only respectably up, the next morning, when Miss Piper started down stairs with the dress, and the remark that this was the greatest pleasure she ever had in her life. But when she came up again, it was only to drop herself into the rocking-chair, and fall into a perfect handkerchief-full of tears and sobs.

"Never!" said Miss Piper, "there never was any thing like her in the world! The way she resisted me, and said she couldn't, and she wouldn't, and I mustn't! and then, when I cried, and said I was so lonely, and begged her not to break my heart, and that the alpaca had only been turned once, how she let me put the dress right on to her, and then stroked my face with her soft hands, and said, 'Dear Miss Piper, you can't be lonely any more, because I shall love you so much!'" and the little dressmaker rocked and sobbed as hard as she could have done if any one had said she was the ugliest thing in the world.

Then she stopped, and looked up at her image in the glass. This time its eyes were very red.

"You wicked Piper!" she said, shaking her finger at it very hard, "aren't you ashamed to have been talking or thinking about being lonely, when there's that poor thing sitting in her blindness, and her Fritz, who would have made every thing right, lying in his grave! Well, if any thing *would* bring him out of it, 'twould be seeing how like an angel she looks in that new dress! It's black, to be sure, for him, but her skin is like pearl, and she's just the most perfect form to fit that ever walked the earth. Piper, what *does* make you feel so as if something was going to happen? If there *was* such a thing as coming back from the dead—*O*, my goodness! may Heaven have mercy upon us!" and the little dressmaker dropped back into the rocking chair from which she had just got up, and screamed again, frightfully.

She needn't have done it, though, for it was no ghost, but Rose's real Fritz who stood at the shop door, and who hadn't come back from the dead at all, but only from the dead line in the enemy's prison.

In five minutes more, he had her place in the rocking chair, and she was scampering off "to break it to Rose," as she told him, but still more, as she added to herself, "to get a blue ribbon or two for that black dress."

And the next day, Fritz came to the shop door again, and this time with a very large pattern of dark blue poplin, "to wear to the wedding, Miss Piper, if you'll do us the favor," and when the little dressmaker found she couldn't work on it because she was crying again, and it spotted with water, she took her handkerchief and went down to tell Rose how happy she felt. But when she came back, it was to rock and to cry harder than ever.

"Never!" she said, "there never was any thing like them in the world! To think that they say they want me to go and live with them in their new house, and come over to the shop every day just the same, and how Rose says I shall be a comfort,' and if I'll bring in the alpaca, she thinks she can manage to rip the seams!"

Z. A. R.

For the Companion.

NORA'S LESSON.

By Alice Robbins.

"If my brother did such a thing as that, I would *never* speak to him, I would never own him again, never."

So said Nora Werians to a school friend, as they talked over some dreadful misdeed that had just come to light.

"Nor I, either. I should think Carry Simpson would never hold her head up again. Do you suppose she will come to school? Of course not; I am sure she will not. She is the proudest girl I know, and I don't feel half so sorry for her on that account. Suppose it was my brother Ned, or your brother Harry?"

"O, don't suppose such a thing," shuddered Nora. "My brother Harry! Why, he is just my idol! Does he look as if he could be mean, or wicked?"

"No, indeed," was the enthusiastic reply, with heightened color; "every body likes your brother Harry, and our Ned is something of a favorite. But Tim Simpson was always getting into trouble—always forward, and presuming, and disagreeable. I never liked his face, and he never seemed so happy as when he was teasing us girls. I just looked for something of this kind. I don't think any body liked him. It must be pretty hard, though, for Carry; he was her brother, and I suppose she liked him, after a fashion."

The girls had now arrived at Nora's house, and parted, after many lingering last words. Nora tripped merrily up the marble steps, and entered the handsome vestibule. Some way her brother's presence seemed strangely beside her. At one time, as she took off her hat in her own room, it seemed to her that he was calling her. "But how foolish!" she said to herself, as she stood by the mirror, smoothing her hair. "Harry is away in New York, and I must be nervous. It is that terrible matter about Tim Simpson that has made me feel so. Dear Harry! he will be home for the holidays in a week, and I wonder what he will bring me."

Still, wherever she went, she was conscious of that haunting presence. All the evening she could talk of nothing but Harry, and when she retired that night her thoughts were full of him.

"How strange," she said to herself, "if I should go into his room, suddenly, and find him there!"

Acting upon the impulse of the moment, she opened the door, slowly, as if half fearful of some unexpected vision. Little by little the light crept in, showing her all the familiar furniture—Harry's desk, his cabinet of curiosities, his portrait, painted by an artist friend, his Indian collection of bows and arrows on the old-fashioned stand in the corner—all were there, but no Harry.

"How foolish I am!" she said, standing before the picture, which seemed, somehow, to have taken on an expression of profound grief. The contemplation of his handsome brow, large eyes, expressive mouth, and the beautiful, curling hair, filled her with a sad, restless wistfulness as she looked.

"It's all that terrible thing we were talking about," she said to herself, again and again. "I am sure Harry is incapable of doing any such evil thing," and so she tried to comfort herself.

It must have been midnight, when, suddenly rousing from some painful dream, she seemed to hear footsteps, cautious and slow, near her room door, as of one walking stealthily. Leaning upon her elbow to listen, the sounds appeared to pass on to her brother's room. What could it mean? Still listening, she heard a match struck against some sharp surface, and then she became aware of a faint light streaming through her brother's keyhole, and from under his door.

What did it mean? Her heart began beating violently; it seemed to shake her as she sat there, cowering and shivering in her bed.

"It may not be late," she said to herself, "but I have waked up too soon, and papa has gone to Harry's room for something."

At that moment a clock in the hall struck twelve. Nora shuddered as she heard it. Her father always retired at ten, and all the household was still, save this mysterious noise. She crept carefully out of bed, afraid of thieves, and yet not sufficiently courageous to give the alarm.

Presently something fell, and then, indeed, the girl's heart sank, for she distinctly heard the low, impatient sound her brother always made when any thing went wrong.

Quietly she dressed herself, trembling in every limb. If it should be Harry, why had he returned, and at that hour? She thought of all her previous trouble, of her vague impression that he needed her, called her; and when she was dressed, it was with terrible misgiving that she neared the door, and placed her hand upon the ivory knob.

If she opened it what should she see? If he was there, what would he say? It was useless for her to stop to reason, and all at once she turned the knob, and the door opened.

There she stood with a wild look in her eyes, and there indeed stood Harry, her brother, a carpet bag at his feet, his manner and appearance totally unlike any thing she had ever seen before. His eyes were bloodshot, his hair neglected, his mouth white and drawn, his whole face changed from its once serene and smiling beauty.

"Harry!" escaped her trembling lips, as her hands came together; "O, Harry!"

And still he did not speak, only stood and looked at her, vacantly.

"What does it mean?" she cried, in a low frightened voice. "What are you here for so late? What are you doing? Where are you going? O, Harry, darling, you are pale as death. Something has happened. Tell me what it is."

"Go back, Node," was all he said.

"I won't go back. I know something dreadful has happened. I won't go back." She came forward, and fell, half fainting, into a chair. "No matter what you have done, Harry"—and her voice grew hysterical—"I'll love you all the same; only tell me—tell me."

"I'm ruined, Nora, that's all," said the young man, in a harsh tone, and fell on his knees, bending almost to the floor, with covered face, and heavy sobs.

Nora was at his side in a moment; her arms were about him.

"O, Harry, darling! I said to-day you were my idol. I said—did I say that whatever you did, you would be the same to me? No; let me say it now; nothing shall lessen my love for you, dear Harry—dearest Harry! Only tell me—tell me! I am your sister. I will stand by you—only tell me."

"Nora, go away. You will go fast enough when you hear. I have committed a crime—have done a terrible deed. I have killed a man. Nora, what do you think of that? They will call it manslaughter, for I struck him in passion, and he died the day after; but O, Nora, I did not mean to do it. He insulted me, and you know my quick temper. Now, I am in hiding—must disguise myself, and become a fugitive and a wanderer. It will kill mother; but think what it would be to go to prison, to live in a prison year after year; why you would hate and despise me; you would never speak to me again."

Nora drew back for a moment. A deadly sickness made her ghastly. A terrible fear seized every nerve of her tender frame; but she had only to look at him, worn and white with months of sickness, her beloved brother, her counsellor, her dearest friend, her noble beautiful Harry, now utterly prostrate, stricken to the earth with shame and horror.

"Yes, I would," she cried, catching her breath. "I would go with you—I *will* go with you. I won't stay alone, behind. Let me get ready now. I'll go with you to prison, or to death. They sha'n't separate us, Harry; never! never!"

And so she wound her arms again about him, her head sank on his shoulder; the room swam

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round; she fell down, down—it seemed hundreds of feet—when, suddenly, with a great cry, she opened her eyes on her little sister Clara.

"Nora! Nora! How you did groan! Harry is here. I run in as soon as ever I was dressed. He came last night, long after we were all asleep; and he's brought me a wax doll that opens its eyes; only think! opens 'em just as wide, and as bright!" and the child was suddenly gathered up in Nora's arms, with a loud, hysterical sob.

"Why, what are you crying for?" asked Clara, as soon as she could recover her breath, after the hug; "and how funny you look! What made you catch me so?"

"O, dear little child," said Nora, "you don't know how thankful and happy I am to see the sun shining, and to know that Harry is not a"——

"He's brought *you* something, too, I 'spect," continued little Clara, quite ignorant of her sister's dream-agony, "and he looks just as handsome!"

"Dear Harry! I wonder if I am sufficiently punished for my wicked speech of yesterday? Poor Carry Simpson! I know, now, how she suffers. And how real my dream was! I shall never forget it as long as I live—never! I shall remember Harry's remorse, his eyes, his face," and she shuddered anew, as she hurried her toilet, eager, anxious to see her brother, that the effects of her dream might be more thoroughly banished.

And such a meeting as it was! Harry did not know what her unusual fervor meant, for she was not generally demonstrative, but afterward she told him, with tearful eyes, and though he only laughed at the recital, yet it furnished food for reflection.

And Nora was effectually cured of pharisaical feelings towards those who sin, and was taught to sympathize with the innocent who suffer for the sins of the guilty.

For the Companion.

IRENE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Elizabeth M. Coggeshall.

"I comprehens," said Irene, as she rested her fat, dimpled elbow on the table, in her favorite position.

"What new breed of hens is that, Irene?" asked Harry.

"O, let the child alone," interposed his mother. "What is it you comprehend, dear?"

"All about Santy Clauses, and putting 'fings in stottins."

"If you understand so well, what made you think of it now?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"'Cause I was finking—please, can't I fix the stottins, and will you put fings in all?"

"Yes," answered her father, "only you mustn't hang up all there are in the house."

"No, no," laughed Irene, clapping her hands, "only I don't like so much 'tiality."

"Pa's or ma's?" asked Harry; but Irene was lost in some plan her curly head was arranging, and his bungling attempt at wit dropped undeeded.

Christmas eve would not come till Thursday, but Irene was so full of her project that on Tuesday the stockings were all arranged in the spare chamber. Mrs. Lee went in to make an examination, and then she found out what was meant by partiality. First, pinned on the top bar of the towel stand, was one of mamma's stockings, then one of papa's socks, next Harry's, and last, Irene's own gay balmorals. But under these, on the third bar, was another row; the first, a baby stocking which had once been Irene's, but now was a complete fit for Clorinda Arabella, the queen of the doll's department. Then a miniature pair, knit on darning needles, each of which had a streamer of white paper, sewed with a perfect hail storm of stitches to the tiny toes. On one was printed "Dog"—a small d, a very large O, and a g running mostly to tail. On the other, "Cat," with the C lying selfishly along half the paper.

After Irene had gone to bed, Mrs. Lee explained the arrangement to her husband and Harry, and asked what they could do to carry out the child's design, and not break their promises.

"I'll tell you," said Harry, after a moment's thought; "when I went to Mr. Snow's, after your collar, mother, I saw the cunningest set of furs—tippet, and muff, and skating cap—just the fit for Clorinda. I thought how Irene would jump if she could see them."

"That's capital," said Mr. Lee. "I'll get them in the morning."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lee, "but the doll isn't the trouble; it's Carlo and Major. I think her idea is to have something to please them, and it seems like a difficult matter."

But the next day, Mrs. Lee took her sister into council, and between them they at last decided upon a little toy mouse, which, at the end of a string, would afford sufficient sport for Major; and a diminutive basket for Carlo, who was never so proud as when following his master from market with the day's dinner in charge. There was also a pair of tiny rockers found for Miss Clorinda, to make her skating outfit complete.

Christmas eve, the towel stand was brought down into the dining-room, and the children went to bed early, in order to be bright and fresh for morning. How Irene's brown eyes sparkled as she caught sight of the unshapely stockings! Her own was so stuffed and bundle-laden by all the aunts, and uncles, and cousins, that delighted to remember their little sunbeam, that it fairly overflowed upon the table and chairs.

"Do begin on your stocking, Irene!" shouted Harry.

"Don't you s'pose I'm going to see what my children got, first?" she answered, in an injured tone.

She untied the furs and the skates from Clorinda's stocking, while the family stood back to look at her.

"If I ever!" she exclaimed, in a low tone, and the color flashed over her face, up among her curls, and her hands trembled with the excitement of her delight. Then came Carlo's basket, and the mouse for Major's amusement. She sat down upon the floor, first taking up one thing, then another, till at length, with a long sigh of inexpressible joy, she exclaimed, "*Won't* they be g'atified?"

It was curious to see how soon both dog and cat learned the use of their special playthings. Of course, one touch dispelled for Major all illusion as to the vitality of her mouse, but she enjoyed the make-believe as heartily, in appearance, as her little mistress. Every day, she would come rubbing and coaxing about her, till the mouse was found, and they frolicked till tired out.

Carlo soon learned to follow Irene about the yard, and, in stormy days, through the house, carrying home imaginary provisions for Mistress Clorinda, and bearing her skates in his basket to and from the tub-full of frozen water in the wood-shed, that served for skating rink.

"Don't you fink my way of fixing stottins is pretty good?" Irene asked, one day when Carlo and Major had been making sport for the whole family.

Her mother had to say she thought it was.

ANECDOTES OF SNAKES AND THEIR HABITS.

"As to the inquiry you made about charming," continued the major, "I must reply that although I have no doubt some serpents possess a peculiar power to arrest the attention and even to attract other animals, such as is described under the name of charming, I have never seen it done. But though *I* can tell you little on the subject, here is Mr. S——, who has not only seen the process of charming, but *felt* it."

"Yes," said Mr. S——; "twice in my life have I experienced what I can account for only by admitting the fact of fascination by serpents. The first occurred when I was a boy. I had chased an unusually large coachwhip snake into a low brush heap, where I followed from side to side, striking with a pole whenever he showed his head.

"He evidently enjoyed the fun, for he could withdraw his head long before the pole reached it; then soon after he would show himself at some other point, where he would push out his head for five or six inches, shaking it and licking his tongue at me in cool defiance.

"I was conscious of strong excitement, produced, as might naturally be supposed, by the provoking sauciness of the snake; but I was also conscious of another thing not quite so natural, a *peculiar light* playing around the serpent's head, tinged with several colors of the rainbow. This iridescence I attributed, for a time, to weariness of the eye; and I should probably have continued my efforts without a suspicion of the truth, had not a negro man passed by, who said,—

"'Young massa, you better leb dat snake 'lone, and come 'way. Ef you don't min', he charm you.'

"I took the negro's advice and came away; but it was as much as I could do. I was strangely *weak*, and there was an attraction to the spot so strong that I had to tear myself away by the exercise of reason."

"The account you give," said another person present, "reminds me of an incident in my own experience, which I will relate after you have given us your second. Please let us hear it."

"My second was later in life," resumed Mr. S——. "I was travelling in a family carriage, and had stopped for rest opposite an avenue leading to a farm-house. Soon after leaving the carriage, on my way to the house, my attention was arrested by a black snake climbing a live oak, about ten feet above ground. The sight of a serpent climbing a tree is not at all unusual, especially the live oak, and black snakes are famous climbers.

"It is probable I should not have stopped had it not been for an unusual appearance. The snake seemed to be ascending the tree *without mechanical support;* that is, it did not *seem* to sustain itself by either grasping the tree in its embrace, or by resting its body upon knobs and projecting points of bark, (as it really did,) but to lie against the tree flat and unsustained.

"This singular appearance so awakened my interest that I paused to watch it. The moment I did so the snake ceased climbing, and turned to watch me. In the course of a very few minutes, I was conscious of that peculiar iridescent light investing its body that I recollect seeing around the head of the coachwhip. There was no weariness of the eye now to cause it, nor excitement; nor, so far as I can judge, was it a mere fancy, for I was perfectly self-possessed; and after calmly watching the serpent and its surrounding of light for about fifteen minutes, I left the spot, conscious of no other influence than a deep interest which almost rooted me to the track.

"This is all I have to relate; but I will also say, that after this experience I have no more doubt of serpents exercising a fascinating power, and of my being fascinated in those two instances, than I have of now looking you in the face."

The other person being called upon for his incident, said:

"What I have to relate is by no means satisfactory on the question of charming. It only *looks* that way. I once caught a young rattlesnake, and teased it to make it show its temper. Indeed, I had mistaken it for a spreading adder of uncommon beauty, or I should not have dared to toy with it as I did.

"The spreading adder is an exceedingly stupid and slow-motioned snake; so much so that although it has fangs and can inflict a poisonous bite, it seldom does harm. It depends for its safety mainly on hissing, flattening its head, and assuming a terrible look; and when every other expedient fails, it will pretend to bite itself and then to die, throwing itself over on its back, with its mouth wide open, to all appearance dead as a stone.

"While in this state you may fill its mouth with sand, you may strike it, you may even crush its tail, without obtaining the first sign of life. It is so resolved to *appear* dead, that if you reverse its position it will immediately turn again upon its back, as if it supposed that all dead snakes must lie so. But if you will stand perfectly still for two or three minutes it will peep stealthily at you, then lick the dust from its mouth, turn its head very slowly, and afterwards its body, into the natural position, and make off as fast as it can move. If, however, you obstruct its course by putting your foot upon it, or by pushing it back with a stick, it will instantly throw itself upon its back and be as dead as before.

"I mention these facts to show how I dealt with that young rattlesnake, supposing it to be an adder. It was astonishingly patient, not shaking its one little button of a rattle until it had undergone my rough treatment for about five minutes. I was strongly tempted to set it free, as I always do with harmless serpents, and even with adders, and would have done so but for the reflection that it would eventually grow to formidable size, and might take some person's life.

"I therefore held down its head with a forked stick, while I prepared to kill it by tobacco juice. The poor thing seemed to divine my murderous intention, and forcing its head far enough through the forks of the stick to turn its face to mine, it gave me a look so full of meaning and so supplicating, that I can never forget it.

"When at last the time came for me either to kill it or let it go, there was a great struggle between my feelings and my judgment; or, as you said just now, I was enabled to do my duty only by an exercise of reason. I cut off its head and tail, wrapped them in leaves and put them in my pocket, to examine at leisure the fangs and rattles.

"The feelings experienced impressed me at the time as being rather stronger than was natural, and I have oftentimes questioned since whether, admitting that snakes possess the power of charming, this unusual sympathy might not have been the beginning of it on myself."

"An angry rattlesnake," said the major, "is a dangerous looking customer, and does not belie its looks. Yet it has some noble traits. It is never mean and sneaking, like some other snakes, and like certain two-legged 'snakes in the grass' we occasionally meet in society. Indeed, there are few men who may not justly go to the rattlesnake for a lesson of patience, forbearance and courage. I can bear honorable testimony to the fact that in general it is not easily provoked; that it never molests unless first molested; and that, like a brave man, it never strikes without giving warning, unless it may be in the heat of August, when it is said to be blind and to strike at every thing that approaches.

"I was once at a crowded ferry where several wagons had congregated, and were waiting their turn to cross. A wagoner had taken his seat on a stout grape vine that looped itself conveniently beside the road, and was amusing himself by swinging a few inches backward and forward. While thus engaged he heard, as he supposed, the soft chirp of a grasshopper near him, and, after a while, a sharp, momentary r-i-n-g that made him start.

"'That sounded very much like a rattlesnake!' he exclaimed.

"'Lots and cords of 'em along this river bank,' answered the ferryman, coming up soon after.

"The wagoner resumed his motion, and every once in a while heard the gentle r-i-n-g repeated. Presently the ferryman came up again, and, looking hastily around, exclaimed,—

"'Save you, stranger! Thar's a rattlesnake jist at yo' back!'

"The wagoner sprang from his seat, looked around, and turned pale. An enormous rattlesnake, coiled and ready to strike, lay among the leaves, so near the looping vine as to have been fanned by the motions above it. The wagoner seized a stone, and, though I protested earnestly against his taking the life of a creature that had spared his own, he was in such excitement that in an instant the stone flew from his hand, and our good-natured and generous snake lay writhing in death. I have always thought meanly of that man, and am glad never to have met him since. That snake ought not to have been killed by his hand.

Concluded next week.

THE SETTLER'S TALE.

"We were having a kangaroo hunt," said the Australian settler, "some years ago, up at a place where I was. Kangaroos were not so scarce then as they've grown since.

"Being a bit of a sporting man in a mild way, I was visiting a squatter who was also fond of a bit of the field-work. Over night one of his men had come in to report tracks that he had seen near a water-hole some few miles away.

"The country about there was so woody and rocky that my host said we had better go on foot; so we did, taking with us a black fellow, and one of his men—an old convict—who held the two dogs in a leash, till we came to the spot—what they call out there a creek—a long water-hole that depended on the wet season to supply it afresh after the long, dry Australian summer.

"Well, gentlemen, it was not long before we put up a kangaroo, when I felt almost ashamed to hunt it, for the poor beast sat up on its hind legs and tail for a few moments, turning upon us its simple, doe-like face, as much as to say, 'How can you be such brutes?' but it turned directly, gave a bound that startled me, and was off, flying over rock and bush in a most surprising manner.

"Then the dogs were slipped, and away we were scrambling amongst bushes and rock, tripped up now and then, but making a rush over every bit of open ground, to try and keep the dogs in sight; but as to my host and self, we were separated directly.

"I was not much used to this sort of thing, but I soon warmed up to the chase, and, now getting a peep at the dogs, and now led by the shouting and barking, I managed to reach the spot in pretty good time, where the black fellow was dancing about with delight, and the convict was coupling up the dogs, as they lay panting and lolling out their great red tongues, beside the female kangaroo they had killed.

"Long as I had been in the country, it had never fallen to my lot before to be in at the death of a kangaroo; and once more I could not help pitying the soft, mousey-skinned animal, it looked so innocent, tame and simple. But there! it does not do for men who hunt to be too sentimental; and besides, they may make a mistake in the character of their quarry; for I've never seen the animal yet that was not, when driven to bay, a perfect savage, either from fear or natural courage.

"'Where's the governor, sir?' said the man, as I came up.

"I have not seen him since I tripped over a creeper and came down crash—bruised myself awfully. He did not stop when I went down. I thought that he would be on here.'

"'Help! help!' came a faint cry from the distance.

"'Dat a gubner!' exclaimed the black fellow, grinning as if it was the most humorous thing he had ever heard.

"'Yes, that's him,' said the convict, changing color. 'He's among the blacks, and we've no guns.'

"In a moment there floated before me visions of savages in their war-paint, their bodies streaked with white to resemble skeletons, while boomerangs and spears seemed to come whistling through the air. But it was all imagination; for there was no sound to be heard, but once more the cry for help, when the dogs leaped up and howled.

"'No black feller 'bout here,' said the gentleman in our company; when, following his example, we set off at a run in the direction of the cries, the black far outstripping us, though we kept him well in view till he disappeared behind some rocks; but only to turn back directly and to come running towards us, shouting, 'Ole man got him!'

"We pressed on, panting heavily, and in a few minutes were in full view of the strangest sight I ever saw in my life—one which seemed to quite paralyze the man with the dogs, for he stopped short, holding tightly by the leash, in spite of the angry struggles of the animals and his master's anguished cries for help.

"There, some fifty yards in front, was a fierce struggle going on, apparently a vain one on the part of my host, who was tightly clasped round the waist by a tremendous great kangaroo, such as we settlers call an 'old man.'

"The squatter was kicking and struggling with the energy of despair, striking fiercely at the beast with his fists, and doing all that he could to get away; but there is no doubt that, if we had not come up, the next minute would have been his last; for, in spite of his struggles, the animal kept on slowly—hop—hop—hop, nearer and nearer to a great water-hole; and though a strong and hearty man, my friend seemed like a child in his enemy's grasp.

"'Loose the dogs!' I shouted to the convict servant, but, utterly confused, he only held on tightly, letting the faithful beasts drag him along with them, till, with one cut of his knife that he had held ready to skin the dead kangaroo, the black severed the leathern thong, and coupled as they were the dogs dashed down upon the 'old man.'

"Then came a fierce hurrying rush and a scramble—a frightful howl—and one dog turned over on its

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back, disabled by a kick, and then half strangled by being dragged about by its companion, who had made good his hold upon the kangaroo's throat. The dog shook fiercely till, in its agony, the kangaroo loosed its hold upon my friend, who fell down exhausted just upon the edge of the water-hole as the dogs and their enemy rolled from the bank into the deep water, which directly after was lashed into a muddy foam by the fierce struggle going on.

"It would have gone hard with the poor dog if just then the leash had not given way, leaving him free from the weight of his fellow's carcass hung to his neck; and now, in spite of the fierce tearing and kicking of the 'old man,' he held on tightly to the place in his throat where he had first fixed his steel-trap jaws. By degrees they struggled into shallower water, and so exciting was the battle that my friend forgot his late peril, and sat up, panting, to see the end.

"Suddenly, with one of his tremendous leaps, the kangaroo bounded right on, clearing the bank, and alighting amongst some low scrub at the lower end. But the dog still held on; and, dodging about till he could get a chance, the black brought down his club with tremendous effect upon the 'old man's' head, when the brute rolled over, dead; a huge fellow, who had stood up over six feet high.

"'That was a narrow escape,' I said, as I helped my friend to his legs, while the convict drew out of the water the carcass of the other dog.

"'Yes,' he said; 'let's get back. I've had enough of it for one day. I feel quite sick and ill. If I had had a knife I could have got on; but, unarmed, I was as helpless as a child.'

"I had heard of such adventures before, but had never seen any thing of the kind, so I said, 'What do you think the brute would have done?'

"'Done!' echoed my friend. 'Drowned me as dead as that poor dog there. Poor brute! one of the best kangaroo dogs I ever had. An old beast!' he exclaimed, kicking the dead body of the kangaroo viciously, which was, after all, hardly to be wondered at. He came upon me all of a sudden—hop—hop—and before I had recovered from my surprise, he had me tightly round the waist, and then began to hop away. I hardly knew how I felt at first; but when the thought struck me that he was making for the water-hole, the feeling was awful, and my struggles did hinder him a bit.'

"'A good thing, too,' I replied. 'Then we only came up just in time!'

"'Only just,' said my friend; and he looked whiter than ever."

For the Companion.

A WORD OR TWO TO GIRLS.

By Alma.

Girls, you do not know how silly you look when you ape the airs or the wisdom of women. The affected smile and the conceited strut look very absurd to other people. Do you fancy that all who see are admiring you? It isn't so. Some of them are laughing at your silliness.

Every morning, two girls pass my window on their way to school; I should have said one young girl, and one old young lady. Mary is the name of the first, and she looks it. The quiet, unstudied smile with which she greets me, and in her simple dress, and with her light, natural walk, make her a fitting object for admiration. Mary is almost twelve, but I don't believe she is almost engaged. I never hear her talking about her flirtations with the boys. Her mother must be a sensible woman. I do not believe she sends her to midnight parties, or carries her to fashionable watering places till her sweet, fresh girlhood is exchanged for a ludicrous, unformed bellehood.

I fancy Mary don't live on tea, cookies, caramels, ice-creams and comfits. I can almost see her breakfasts in her red cheeks, clear eyes, and firm, white teeth; plenty of wholesome milk, coarse bread and fruit. And then her ways, so charmingly frank and childish; no shyness, and no boldness. Her manner never seems to say, "I know a good deal more than I would like to tell." Then there's her dress, just on the boundary of fashion, without its ridiculous burdens. Fresh, clean, tasteful, her books carefully covered, her face well protected, I often think it would be a pleasure to teach such a girl.

The other girl is, I think, quite thirteen, though no larger than Mary. Her walk is ridiculous, for she is always aping somebody else. At least, that is the most charitable construction I can put upon it. She is covered with flounces, and I am sure she pinches her small body with corsets. There is a sly looking out of the corners of her eyes to watch if she is observed, that deceives no one.

I am sure that she goes very often to midnight balls, and that she dresses in the most labored and fantastic style, for once, walking behind her, I heard the following conversation:

"O Jenny, come down after school and see my dress. It's got forty-nine tucks in it; I counted them myself."

"Is it for the ball?" queried Jenny.

"Yes, I expect to have a delightful time; as nice as I had at the last quarter ball. Mamma wanted me to wear the white satin dress I wore then. But I wouldn't be *seen* twice in the same dress, would you?"

"I don't know," answered Jenny.

"Well, I wouldn't. It looks mean, looks as if you couldn't afford better. And I'm determined to wear the same satin shoes I did then. They'll hurt awfully, because I have grown a little, but I hate large feet! and those shoes are such a splendid fit!"

"You poor foolish child!" thought I, "what kind of a woman is your mother?"

I have no patience with young girls of this character. It is shocking to think of those dreadful assemblies called fashionable balls, routs, hops, or whatever evil name they go by. Let the children dance and frolic on the green grass. It will not make them stupid the next day. Let them breathe the pure air of heaven, and not the stifling, gas-filled atmosphere of a crowded hall, learning how to bow, and grimace, and grow hopelessly wicked and deceitful.

"What a little, ladylike creature that is!" said a person to me, pointing to a small, perfumed, flounced, laced, miniature woman of ten, who had been drilled in the art of carrying her handkerchief gracefully, and sundry other mockeries called accomplishments.

I am afraid I shocked the good woman by replying that I thought she looked more like a little monkey; and so she did.

I have no patience with mothers who want their girls to be little ladies. Be children, girls, till you are at least fourteen, fifteen, sixteen. Learn to enjoy good, rational and simple pleasures.

Be girls; be good; be natural; and it shall be said of you, by-and-by,—

"A noble woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command."

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.

Mexico is the strangest country under the sun, and takes the lead in disorder and revolution. At the time we are writing, it is in one of its regular revolutions, as we may call them; for while in other lands a revolution is an irregular thing, in Mexico it is almost as regular as the course of the seasons.

There has been a presidential election in Mexico, and President Juarez has been again chosen to the executive office. So far as we can see, the election was a fair one, and the decision made should have been submitted to. Indeed, at one time, it appeared that every thing would go on smoothly; and Americans, in spite of all they had seen before, began to believe that the Mexicans had learned something from experience, and would live quietly,—for at least a few years.

But a change came with marvellous rapidity, and soon there was news that showed that outbreaks were taking place in many parts of the country, the object of the rebels being the overthrow of the Juarez government, and the setting up of something else. Full as Mexican history is of such events, we doubt if ever she has known a more convulsed condition of affairs than at present exists within her borders.

It is now about fifty years since Mexico became independent of the rule of Spain. Having achieved nationality, she has maintained it, notwithstanding her revolutions. Yet in all those fifty years she has never known what orderly life is.

She has had every form of republican government that has been known in the Western World: a federal form, a centralized form, and a military form,—if there can be such a thing as a military Republic; and each she has rejected.

Then she has had two Emperors: Agustino, commonly known as Iturbide, (pronounced E-tur-bee-dec,) and Archduke Maximilian of Austria.

Iturbide's empery was overthrown by his countrymen; and when he sought to regain the crown he had lost, they caught him speedily, and shot him promptly.

Poor Maximilian—a man who deserved a better fate—was induced to become a Mexican Emperor by the arts and lies of Napoleon III., who abandoned him to the Mexicans, by whom he was taken prisoner, and shot. Emperors fare but badly on Mexican soil,—but then more Republican chiefs than Emperors have there been slain.

All these changes have taken place within the observation of most living men. A man need not be above fifty-five years old to recollect them all. Santa Ana, who figured in the earliest of them, is yet living.

Still Mexico flourishes,—after a sort. That country is better off now than it was when it threw off the Spanish yoke; and the worst times she has known as an independent nation were better for her than were the best days she knew under the rule of the Viceroys that were sent to her from Spain. She suffered then from stagnation, which is almost invariably fatal. She suffers now from fever, which need not lead to death.

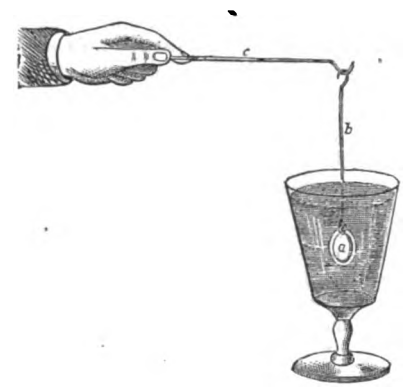
THE SLEEPING BABE.

The baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps,
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain, and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.

POWER OF RESISTING FIRE.

Last week we published a paragraph, in which a description was given of the wonderful exploits of a negro, who is able to handle red-hot irons, live coals, melted lead, &c., without seeming injury. With this particular case we have now nothing to do, but it suggests a very interesting subject, the power which certain persons seem to possess, of resisting the action of fire.



It would require much space to record all the instances in which fire has been handled with impunity. It was discovered in the middle ages that certain persons, supposed to be miraculously protected, could resist the action of heat. Hence arose the Ordeal by Fire, under the rule of the Saxons, a form of appeal to Divine judgment. Either the accused person was compelled to walk on red-hot ploughshares, or he had to carry a piece of heated iron in his hand for a certain distance. If he did this without injury, he was regarded as innocent.

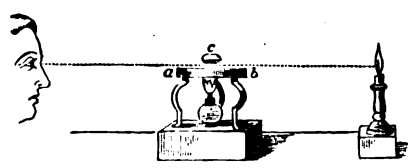
In the year 1680, an Englishman named Richardson travelled through Europe in the character of a Fire King. He chewed and swallowed burning coals, ate molten glass, drank a flaming composition of pitch and sulphur, and held a red-hot heater in his mouth.

In the early part of the present century a woman performed similar feats in London. It is stated that she stood with her naked feet on a plate of red-hot iron, and washed her hands in boiling oil.

A scientific explanation of such cases as these was discovered by M. Bousigny, who made a special study of what he called the *sperodial state of bodies*. He proved experimentally in his own person, that it is possible to plunge the hand into molten lead, and yet sustain no injury.

The first edition of M. Bousigny's book was published in 1842, and in it he demonstrated the remarkable fact that there is no actual contact between bodies in the sperodial state and the surfaces on which they appear to rest.

To make the illustration clear, let *a*, Fig. 1, be a lump of silver or platinum, egg-shaped, and weighing about a quarter or half a pound. Having been made as hot as possible, it is suspended in water by means of the hooked rods, *b*, *c*. What we affirm is, that the metal *a* will not be in actual contact with the water, but that the water will recede from it, as represented in the engraving.



Or, again, let *a*, *b*, Fig. 2, be a well polished capsule of iron kept at a red heat by the lamp beneath it. Let fall into this capsule or tray a few drops of cold water, and they will immediately collect together in the form of a speroid, *c*, which has the appearance of trembling. This tremulous motion is caused by the vapor which escapes from the bubble, and which is interposed between it and the red-hot plate, like a spring cushion, though invisible.

That there is no real contact can be proved by blackening the water before it is dropped; the light of the candle may then be distinctly seen through the thin stratum of vapor.

The theory for our purpose is, that there is a natural humidity of the skin, which in certain states of the body is thrown into the sperodial state. Hence when certain persons plunge their hands into molten lead, there is no actual contact between the skin and the metal.

The feet and hands of so-called magicians, who have wrought wonders with fire, have usually been hardened by some chemical process. But free from any intentional imposture, there are persons so constituted, that, for a brief period, they are able to resist the action of fire. Whether or not this is the case with the negro blacksmith to whom we have alluded, we are unable to say.

WHAT SHALL WE BUILD WITH?

We are all builders. Every man, woman and child is building something. There are some who build fine houses on a firm foundation, and others build castles in the air. Every young person is building two structures, the *character* and the *body*. It is of the body we are going to say here a few simple, astonishing things.

So many elements enter into the structure of the body that it is very interesting as well as useful to inquire a little about this. Of course, it is built up mainly from what we eat and drink; so that the question, "What shall we build with?" means chiefly, *What food is best adapted to nourish the whole body, and to promote its growth and health?*

It is satisfactory to know in the first place that a *variety* of food is desirable as well as pleasant. It would be strange if this were not so, since there is, in God's kind care, such a variety provided. But we can be unreasonable about this, and bring sickness upon ourselves by a too great variety at one time, or by an unwise selection. We find, however, that the most *healthful* diet is a somewhat *varied* diet. The following facts will in part explain this:

First: Muscle, and fat, and brain, and bone, are built up of different materials. There are very few single articles of food that contain *all* the building materials required. Milk contains all that is needed for the young child, and would no doubt sustain the life and activity of an older person better than any other one thing. It contains fat, in the form of butter—*for a healthy* baby must be always fat; and cheese, which nourishes especially the muscles, and a kind of sugar, having not much sweetness, but very solid and good when crystallized, which is also fattening, (as all sugar is) and avoids the necessity for an inconvenient amount of butter. Milk contains also lime and phosphorus, which are needed especially for the bones and brain, and a trace of iron, which we all need.

Second: The digestive organs do not thrive except *under the impression* of more or less variety of food. That is, a selection of one or two articles representing pretty fairly all the elements of the body, does not long give to the body a sense of well-being, and may, after a time, become loathsome. This *in part* accounts for the indifferent bodily state of some of the honest poor. They get enough to eat, but they do not get it in healthful variety.

A few words more are necessary to complete this subject, and we will reserve them for another week. G. H.

New Publications.

The Model Sunday School Speaker. A Collection of Dialogues, Addresses and Miscellaneous Pieces for Exhibitions, Monthly Concerts, Anniversaries, etc. By Anna Monroe. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston.

A much needed and a very admirably prepared book, a copy of which should be owned by the officers of every enterprising Sunday school. The selections are not only attractive, but, unlike many pieces which one hears at a Sunday school exhibition, they are such as repay the speaker for learning and the hearer for his attention.

American Home Book of Indoor Games, Amusements and Occupations. By Caroline L. Smith. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston.

The best American book on the subject that we have seen, and one admirably adapted for use during the holidays and the long winter evenings. It describes in simple language *all* the innocent home amusements for children, and very clearly unfolds the mysteries of natural magic, and those intellectual games that add to the brightness of the fireside the harmless attractions of mirth.

Dick and Daisy Series. By Miss A. F. Samuels. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

1. Adrift in the World.
2. Fighting the Battle.
3. Saved from the Streets.
4. Grandfather Milly's Luck.

High-toned, beautifully written, and exceedingly pleasing and interesting. Each story is comparatively short, complete in itself, and neatly illustrated.

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HOW FRENCH LOANS ARE TAKEN.

Every body has been surprised at the promptness with which the French nation have subscribed for large loans. When Louis Napoleon was Emperor, the loans he put on the market were taken in a single day, and the amount offered was greatly in excess of what was needed. Directly after the war, when one might have supposed the wealth of the nation was exhausted, an immense loan, proposed by M. Thiers, was taken at once, without difficulty. Our government loans have been taken much more slowly, and only after great effort.

A recent writer, acquainted with French life, solves the problem. He says that the laboring classes, both men and women, are very economical. They begin to save as soon as they begin to earn, and at twenty years of age generally have money invested; at thirty or forty, they have hundreds of pounds laid by, and when the call comes for a government loan, they are glad of the opportunity to invest, as it is safe, and yields a good interest. Most of the money offered came in these small sums. It would be well for young people in the United States if they began life with a similar economy.

OUR PRESENT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

DARLEY'S FINE ENGRAVING, that we offer as a Present, will be sent to every subscriber to the *Companion* who is entitled to it, as soon as we receive it from the printer. It may not be ready until the first of March next, but we hope to receive it before that time.

We shall also give it to every new subscriber to the paper.

It will be given to every old subscriber, who, between Nov. 1, 1871, and Nov. 1, 1872, renews and pays his subscription *for one year* from the time his present subscription expires. For instance, if your year expires next January, it will be necessary to pay for another year, in order to secure the picture. If it expires in February next, or in March, or in any month that follows up to November, 1872, you must pay for the paper for one year beyond that month, in order to be entitled to the picture.

It will be given in addition to the Premiums and Presents that we offer for *new names*.

A PRINCE IN TROUBLE.

Princes, like common mortals, have their troubles. Even the honeymoon may not give freedom. The Prince de Polignac had recently a hard experience. Starting just after marriage for a pleasant bridal trip to Dieppe, the happy couple found, on arriving at Rouen, that the train they were to take would not leave for two hours. They changed their plans, therefore, and took passage to Havre, but reaching this city, their passports were demanded.

"I have no passports," said the bridegroom, "I am Prince de Polignac."

"Mighty fine!" said the policeman. "We know that joke, my friend; it's rather stale. Come along." To add to the discomfort, the policeman telegraphed to the father of the bride: "A man calling himself Prince de Polignac, just arrested at Havre, says he is your son-in-law. Is it the case?"

The answer came promptly, "The man must be an impostor. My daughter and son-in-law have gone to Dieppe."

There was no further appeal. The young couple spent their wedding night at the lock-up. The release, with apologies, came the next day.

PIN MONEY.

Ministers' wives generally claim wedding-fees as their perquisites, under the convenient name of pin-money. It sometimes amounts to a handsome income, and we have known daughters to receive a liberal marriage outfit from this fund. But an editor's wife fared far better from a similar fee. Mr. Walter, of the London *Times*, used to announce in his marriage notices the amount of the bride's dowry, which often counted thousands of pounds. He remarked once, in jest, to his wife, that a man marrying so much money could afford a fee to the printer for publishing his good fortune to the world.

"Yes," said the quick-witted woman, "these fees would make a nice little pocket-money for me."

The experiment of making a charge was tried, half in joke, and at first amounted to little; but Mrs. Walter, at death, bequeathed the right to her daughter; and the proprietors of the *Times* purchased it from the daughter, a few years ago, at a valuation of £4,000 or £5,000 a year. Any of our readers would feel comfortable with $20,000 pin-money a year.

THE SPIDER-EATER.

There have been numerous cases of men who have risen from lowliness and poverty to positions of honor and distinction, but only one such case has come to our notice in which the first upward step was to devour a dish of spiders. This, however, is true of the late Dr. Heim, of Berlin, whom the famous Blucher once toasted as the "Field-Marshal of doctors."

Heim's father was a poor clergyman with a salary of three hundred dollars, on which, however, he managed to educate six sons. When Ernest, the youngest, was still a boy, they one day received a visit from an army physician, whose gold-embroidered hat so struck the child's fancy that he at once resolved to become a doctor. One day at breakfast he made known his resolution, but his father replied that to give him a doctor's education was impossible; it would require far too much money. The boy, however, stuck to his determination:

"I shall be a doctor, I shall be a doctor!"

His father knew that the boy had a great dread of spiders, and thinking to change his mind, said, "Why, how can you ever be a doctor? You are frightened when you see a spider, and a doctor ought to be able to eat spiders."

The boy's face wore a troubled expression, but from that time he was noticed to be hunting in the kitchen, barn and sheds for spiders. A fortnight after he presented himself before his father, holding in his hand a piece of bread and butter thickly covered with large, fat spiders.

"Look, papa, I found it very hard, but I can do it now." And forthwith he devoured, apparently with great zest, the whole of the dainty morsel. "Well, I can be a doctor now, can't I?" he exclaimed, triumphantly.

The father's heart was touched. "If I can manage it, you shall be, you spider-ogre! You are too fierce for a parson."

And so Heim became a doctor.

GIVING THE TRUE REASON.

Few persons have the courage to ask a favor with as much candor as courtesy. Public men meet with so much dishonesty in applicants, that an instance of real plainness is a relief. This is how a frank, outspoken boy fared at the hands of Dean Richmond, the late noted railway king, who was known far and wide for his gruffness of manner:

A boy working in a printing office, wished to get a passage over the Central Railway. With this purpose in view, he entered the office where the magnate was, fearing that he would be rudely rebuffed when he made his mission known. After a moment's hesitation, he said, falteringly,—

"Mr. Richmond, I believe?"

"Yes; what do you want of me?"

"I should like, sir, to get a pass from Albany to Buffalo, as I can go up on the boat for nothing."

"On what grounds do you ask for a pass?" (This with a rising and very rough voice.)

"On the grounds, sir, that I don't want to pay my fare."

Richmond, without another word, wrote out a pass, and handed it to the applicant.

The boy took it, saying, "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Richmond."

"You needn't thank me, youngster. I'm glad to accommodate you. You are the first person I've ever known to ask for a pass on the right grounds."

AN ELOQUENT PLEADER.

The most touching scene in Walter Scott's novels is the picture of Jeannie Deans pleading for her guilty sister. No pathos could be more tender or melting. The following incident in a New York court will remind every reader of Scott of this masterpiece:

A short time ago, in the New York Court of Special Sessions, a boy ten years of age was arraigned for stealing, and pleaded guilty. As soon as he appeared at the bar, his little sister, about nine years old, who was on the other side of the room, commenced crying, bitterly, and was about to rush to her brother, but was restrained by the mother, who was also bathed in tears. Justice Dowling told her to come up, and she ran up to the little prisoner, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, while sobs almost choked her voice,—

"O! Johnny, Johnny, what brought you here?" and they wept in each other's arms. The girl then turned to the justice, and falling on her knees, held her hands up, beseechingly, and prayed, "O, judge, judge, let my brother go!" The mother stood inside the bar, weeping and there was not a dry eye in the court-room. Justice Dowling, who was deeply moved, could not resist the affecting appeal of the child, and said, "Take him with you, my girl!"

She ran to the gate to meet him, and clinging to him, they reached the mother, and the three left the court, objects of the sincerest sympathy, and a sigh of relief appeared to issue from every bosom as they passed out of the room.

THE MONEY OR THE LIFE.

Men will spend time and money over blood colts and fancy dogs, who consider children—even their own children—a "bother." In any struggle for preference between selfishness and the safety of a human life, it is pleasant to know that a victory for the better is gained as it was here:

A story is told of a man on a burning steamer. When the fire was discovered, the boat was headed for a near shore. This man was just coming home from California. He was buckling about his body a belt filled with the gold of hard, heavy years. He was preparing for a plunge into the waves.

"Please, sir," said a little, pitiful voice, "can't you swim?"

"Yes."

"Then won't you save me?"

He hesitated a moment, and hated himself for it the next. He could not save both the money and the child. Flinging away the belt, he said,—

"Yes, God helping me, I'll save you."

Stopping toward the little one, he said, "Put your arms around my neck, and hold on good. I think I can make the shore."

The surf was almost too much for him. His gold would have carried him under. But the pressure of the little arms lent force to every stroke. The thought of the precious little life, for which he fought the breakers, trebled his strength, and both were saved.

A USELESS TUNNEL.

A tunnel was cut through the Alps more than three centuries ago, when it was a more wonderful achievement than the recent Mont Cenis Tunnel, but it has never been made of much practical benefit:

The Mont Cenis Tunnel, although so much has been said about it, is not the first that has been constructed through the Alps. More than three hundred years ago, a tunnel was built by the Marquis of Saluces, through the Mont Viso, at whose foot the Po rises. It is about one-sixth as long as the Mont Cenis Tunnel. It opens on the Italian side, at the very source of the river Po, about 2,600 yards above the level of the sea, and more than 2,150 yards of its length is cut in a straight line through the solid rock in the very heart of the Alpine chain. Strange that such a work should have been almost forgotten, and should now be of no practical use.

A Beautiful Present.

WE SHALL GIVE TO

EVERY SUBSCRIBER NOW ON OUR LIST,

WHO CONTINUES TO

Take the paper---Paying for it

For One Year from the date when his present Year expires,—a copy of

Darley's New Picture,

Designed by him expressly for subscribers to the Companion.

Its title is "GRANDPA'S HIRED MAN." It represents a hay-field on a hot July afternoon. The farm-house is in the distance, partly covered by trees, and over it hangs the gray summer haze. Not far away, lusty men are loading a huge wagon, while in the foreground are grandpa and his little pet, raking the newly-made hay.

The man is approaching old age. His tall, muscular form is somewhat bent, and the strong, pleased, time-worn face is watching his little "three-year-old" grandchild, whose hands are tugging at a heavy rake, and whose face is a very picture of baby complacency and delight.

Neither grandpa nor his pet "hired man" is turning off work like the boys, but there is sunshine in their faces, as well as in the fields, though one reflects the rising, and the other the declining light. Little tot is charming as pencil can make him, and so delightfully has Mr. Darley blended the simple happiness of childhood with the pensive playfulness of age, that the picture not only pleases, but *holds* the observer,—like those rare faces that grow in attraction the more they are seen.

Mr. Darley, in American subjects, is unquestionably the first draughtsman in America; and in this picture he fully sustains his claims to that position. It is, in every sense of the word, a choice work of art, admirably conceived; one that will make a graceful and fitting ornament for any home.

The size of the picture, including its margin, is 17½ by 25 inches. It is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready so that we can send it to all persons entitled to it at the latest by the first of March next,—but probably before the first of February.

Send, therefore, your subscriptions when the year expires for which you have now paid, and the picture will be sent you as soon as it comes to us from the printer.

Remember that we give the picture to both old and new subscribers. Any person who subscribes for the paper for one year, between Nov. 1, 1871, and Nov. 1, 1872, and pays $1 50 for it, will receive the picture.

A subscriber who is now owing for part of a year, and who pays only for that year, will *not* be entitled to it. Such subscribers must pay one year in advance of their present year's unpaid subscription, in order to secure it.

The offer of this picture will prove a help to our friends in obtaining new names, for it will be given, as we have stated above, to each new subscriber.

Send for Circulars, Premium List and Cards, if you wish them as aids in obtaining new names.

ONE MONTH FREE.

The COMPANION will be sent free to January 1, 1872, to all new subscribers sent us during the months of November and December, 1871.

OUR PREMIUM LIST.

Our offers of GIFTS and PREMIUMS are the most liberal and the largest in number and variety ever made for *new subscribers* in this country.

The Premium List was sent on the first of November to all of our subscribers.

If you have not received one, or if a second copy is wanted, by notifying us, the List will be sent to your address, without charge.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

The Companion given with other Publications.

We will send to any person, the Companion, and either of the Publications given below, at the following reduced rates. Payment must be made in advance.

Harper's Weekly and the Companion	$4 80
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Lippincott's Magazine and the Companion	4 80
Galaxy and the Companion	4 55
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Arthur's Home Magazine and the Companion	2 85
New York Observer and the Companion	3 55
The subscriber to the Observer must be a new one to that paper.	
Zion's Herald and the Companion	3 55
Moore's Rural New Yorker and the Companion	3 80
Christian Era and the Companion	3 00
Hearth and Home and the Companion	3 95
Appletons' Journal and the Companion	4 55
The Nursery and the Companion	2 70
The Independent and the Companion	3 55
The subscriber to the Independent must be a new one to that paper,	
New England Farmer and the Companion	3 55

The subscriptions to these Publications can commence at the time they are sent us. We do not furnish Specimen copies of any of them. They need not necessarily be ordered to the same person, or the same Post-Office as the Companion. Our responsibility ends when subscribers receive their first number.

CONUNDRUM.

In the case of a house burning down, why could not the *piano* be saved?

Answer—Because the engine couldn't *play* upon it.

What book of the Bible would that piano call upon in its emergency?

Answer—Hosea. (Hose *here!*)

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To any Boy or Girl, is a **Novelty Job Printing Press.** Instructive, Entertaining, Profitable. Unequalled for Business Printing, or for general Job Work. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet to B. O. WOODS, Manufacturer, 351 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; W. Y. Edwards, 543 Broadway, New York; Kelley, Howell & Ludwig, 917 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Kellogg & Loomis, 45 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill., Agents. 51—1t

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WALTHAM WATCHES.

The Waltham Watch Company have by far the largest and most complete establishment in the world, employing a body of artisans which for skill, intelligence, training and expertness, are unequalled in this or any other country.

With every facility in the art at their command, the Company confidently claim that their watches are better than the imported article of even much higher cost, and are at least twenty-five per cent. cheaper in their several grades than any watches whatever of American manufacture.

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A Boy's Watch.

A small Silver Watch, made on purpose to suit the rising generation of American Boys, has just been brought out, and is already immensely popular.

The price has been put low because it is a Boy's Watch, and to bring it within the reach of all. Its special trade mark is **"American Watch Co., Adams Street, Waltham, Mass."**

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For Young Ladies and Gentlemen, in every variety of styles, suited to the tastes and means of the great majority of respectable young people.

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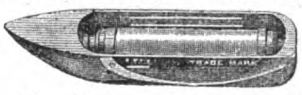

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"FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE."

A father will do almost any thing to show his affection for a son who has left his home on some mission of love or duty, a fact that Mr. Moody recently used at a public meeting to illustrate the fatherhood of God, and the sympathy and intercession of Christ. The incident was reported in the *Congregationalist:*

"Some years ago, in war time," said Mr. Moody, "a well known judge, who had much interested himself for the welfare of the suffering soldiers, resolved that, while a certain case was pending, he would turn away all applicants for charity, that he might devote himself wholly to the duties of his profession.

"One day a soldier came into his office, poorly clad, his face bearing the deep lines of suffering. The judge, pretending not to notice him, continued his work. The soldier fumbled in his pockets for a long time, and then said, in an uncertain, disappointed voice, as though he saw that he was unwelcome, 'I *did* have a letter for you.' The judge, acting against the promptings of a warm, generous heart, made no reply. Presently, a thin, trembling hand pushed a note along the desk. The judge raised his face slightly, and was about to say,—

"'I have no time for such matters as these,' when he discovered the writing was that of his own son, a soldier in the army.

He took up the note. It read in substance,—

"'DEAR FATHER,—the bearer is a soldier, discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can, *for Charlie's sake!*'

"All the tender emotions of his soul were laid open. He said to a friend afterward, 'I took the soldier to my heart for Charlie's sake; I let him sleep in Charlie's bed. I clothed him, and supplied him with every comfort, for the sake of my own dear boy.'

"My friends, God will never turn the needy away without a blessing, for his dear Son's sake —for Jesus' sake."

THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

A writer in the *Maine Journal of Education* thus argues the necessity of Latin as a common school study:

Very many English words are directly derived from Latin. To illustrate, take almost any line from the poets,—the thirty-second from the Æneid, and observe our indebtedness to its roots; "*Errabant, acti fatis maria omnia circum.*" From the verb *erro* we obtain err, errant, errata, erratic, erroneous, and error. From *ago*, we get agent, act, with its derivatives, and, indirectly, actuate. Derivatives from the third word, such as fate, fatal, etc., suggest themselves to one even not accustomed to look for the source of language. Several pages of the Unabridged contain *omnis* and *circum*, in composition. This verse is undoubtedly a fair specimen, but I think scholars will grant that it is not uncommonly relevant.

Simply to know the origin of a word is not practical, in the popular sense. But when that knowledge enables us to spell correctly, it assumes an importance which all will acknowledge. Belligerent, inuendo, omnivorous, supersede, and such words, to the thinking student o-Latin, cease to be catches. Their componenf parts at once decide their orthography, as well as their meaning. The first word is oftener pronounced *be*-lig-er-*ant* than otherwise, but the noun *bellum*, and the participle from *gero*, determine immediately its spelling. To the Latin we owe but little of that part of etymology which treats of inflection,—and to its credit. Our syntax and prosody, however, are based almost entirely upon it. Two years' drill in the Latin grammar is a far better preparation to parse Milton than half a dozen in English. Had not Milton been a thorough classical scholar, our grammarians would not find such an expression as "than whom" to bother over. Compare Lycidas with the fifth eclogue of Virgil, and question the need of classical learning, even to comprehend this great writer.

STOLE WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

A Sacramento lady found herself guilty of larceny the other day, under rather peculiar circumstances. She was riding in a crowded railway car, and occupied a seat with another lady passenger. Like a great many other women of the present day, she wore curls,—her own hair, of course, but it wasn't fastened on strictly according to nature's programme. By-and-by, as the train was jolted along, she felt something falling about her face and neck, and in a second it flashed across her brain that her curls had become detached. The predicament was a shocking one, but she endeavored to save herself as much as possible by quietly passing the capillary ornaments into her pocket, thanking her stars that she was almost at her destination. At the station she hastened to the dressing-room to repair damages to her toilette, when behold! the mirror reflected back the fact that her curls were in their proper position, and an examination of those in her pocket showed that they were not hers, but of a different color, belonging to the lady who sat by her side in the car.

For the Companion.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I.

The crown of France shone bright and fair
On youthful Robert's golden hair—
A King of gentle grace;
And, on that day of dimmed renown,
There lived a chief in Liege's town,
Beside the creeping Maas.

His name was Colin, and he bore
A fame no chief e'er won before,
For blows in battle hard;
His mallet swinging in each hand,
He oft unaided slew a band,—
They called him Jean Mallard.

He fought for loyalty and truth,
And, fighting, spent the strength of youth,
And every foe withstood;
Till, late in life, against him rose
Count Louvain with a hundred foes,
In Ardennes' summer wood.

The fight was hot, the fight was hard,
But 'gainst them all stood old Mallard
And faced a hundred spears;
Till, taking him by swift surprise,
They smote his face and pierced his eyes;
Then Ardennes rung with cheers.

But, Samson-like, though blind, he dealt
Such blows as never foeman felt;
To shun them were in vain;
This way they fled, and that they run,
But of the bravest men not one
E'er saw the light again.

The evening brought his dewy gems,
Night came with starry diadems;
The moon's unclouded face
Lay full on Ardennes' airy leaves,
And full on Liege's rosy wreaths,
And on the dimpling Maas.

The old man wandered mid the trees;
The river, creeping to the seas,
To Liege went sobbing on.
He heard the waves upon the shore,
But saw the mirrored moon no more,
Nor golden light of moon.

He pined and died. They buried him
One summer eve at moonlight dim,
But minstrels sung his fame;
And oft beneath the lunar light,
When Hesper led the stars of night,
The chieftains named his name.

II.

For hawk and hound in Ardennes green,
For tilting spear and gleaming scene
Within the charmed ring,
Young Robert led a merry court;
And far the harpers did report
He was a merry King.

One day, upon the snow-filled dells,
Old Bruges dropped her Christmas bells,
And gayly sung the bards.
Then called the King his sportive wights,
And bade them act, in mimic fights,
Such deeds as old Mallard's.

They blinded one with vizor tight,
And, armed with mallet for the fight,
He bade the others fly.
And friend and foe did he pursue,
Till King and princes from him flew,
While merriment ran high.

His mallet fell with rapid stroke,
And now a prince's jewels broke,
And now a lady's pearls.
But oft the maids his stroke did miss,
And for a blow he gave a kiss,
While laughed the captive girls.

The King repeated oft the play;
The children followed, day by day,
In merriment as rough.
And to this time do sportive feet
Young Robert's pantomime repeat,
The play of BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

BABOO ENGLISH.

No art of drollery or talent at riddle-making can put words together more absurdly than a blundering foreigner in his first attempt to write a new language. A Bengalee Baboo utters the following complaint through a newspaper:

With due deference and profound submission I beg to offer you these few lines, consisting of the narratives of my deplorable case, to which I am turned to your honor's consideration. It is well known throughout all the parts of India that your honor's amiability and cordiality *against* the Bengalee Baboo is universally employed, when you can; and I thank you, kind sir, speaking generally from the complete sect of Baboos, if you will kindly extend your foot and crush the income tax; and all our families to their dying day will ever pray for your longevity, posterity and family honors.

I am but poorly in circumstances, and my extensive family are almost *starved*, on account of the immensity of the import, which monthly aggregates the mind. I have been attended to all the meetings in Allahabad, but as I am but small in statue, and nothing to stand on, I was *unappeared*, and so lost my design of addressing the population. I cannot express my grateful feelings to you when you ponder us and try and do what we are unable to erase this impost from the face of the earth, and relinquish us wiser if not richer men.

If the government officials are in want of money, then I say why have they not been (and) taxed other things, and not all of us degraded morals (mortals.) Why were they not effected an imposition on tobacco, and from the European gentleman, if they were compelled to pay on pegs (*i. e.*, brandy and soda water)—from the Rejpoot districts a tax on all the *male* children that were born from day to day.

I am confident that your honor's noble temperament and greatness, will ever excuse me from stuffing your valuable area, and if you suppose that these few lines would effect a cure, I trust your honor will insert the poor attempt at epistleism from my pen.

A WONDERFUL MAGICIAN.

Many of our readers have seen the feats of Signor Blitz, or Mr. Harrington, and wondered at the sleight of hand that can make the deception so complete. But their best tricks were mere child's play, compared with the performances of Pirnetti at the Russian court, more than fifty years ago:

"Did not your majesty command my presence at seven o'clock precisely?"

"Just so!" exclaimed the Czar, in the height of exasperation.

"Well, then," said Pirnetti, "let your majesty deign to look at your watch, and you will perceive that I am exact, and that it is just seven o'clock."

The Czar, pulling out his watch, violently, in order to confound what he considered a piece of downright insolence, was completely amazed. The watch marked seven o'clock. In turn, all the courtiers drew out their watches, which were found, as usual, exactly regulated by that of the sovereign. Seven o'clock indicated with a common accord all the watches and clocks of the palace. The art of the magician was at once manifest in this strange retrogression of the march of time. To anger succeeded astonishment and admiration. Perceiving that the Czar smiled, Pirnetti thus addressed him:

"Your majesty will pardon me. It was by the performance of this trick that I was desirous of making my first appearance before you. But I know how precious truth is at court; it is at least necessary that your watch should tell it to you, sire. If you consult it now, you will find that it marks the real time."

The Czar again drew forth his watch; it pointed to a few minutes past eight; the same correction had taken place in all the watches of those present, and in the clocks of the palace. This exploit was followed by others, equally amusing and surprising. At the close of the performances the Czar, after having complimented Pirnetti, brought back to his remembrance that in the course of the evening's amusements he had declared that such was the power of his art that he could penetrate everywhere.

"Yes, sire, everywhere!" replied the conjuror, with modest assurance.

"What!" exclaimed the Czar, "could you penetrate even into this palace, were I to order all the doors to be closed and guarded?"

"Into this palace, sire, or even into the apartment of your majesty, quite as easily as I should enter into my own house," said Pirnetti.

"Well, then," said the Czar, "at mid-day to-morrow, I shall have ready in my closet the price of this evening's amusement—one thousand roubles. Come and get them. But I forewarn you that the doors shall be closed and carefully guarded."

"To-morrow at mid-day, I shall have the honor of presenting myself before your majesty," replied Pirnetti, who bowed and withdrew.

The gentlemen of the household followed the conjuror, to make sure that he quitted the palace; they accompanied him to his lodgings, and a number of police surrounded the dwelling from the moment he entered it. The palace was instantly closed, with positive orders not to suffer, under any pretext whatever, any one to enter, were he prince or valet, until the Czar himself should command the doors to be opened. These orders were strictly enforced, confidential persons having watched their execution. The exterior openings to the palace were guarded by the soldiery. All the approaches to the imperial apartments were protected by his dignitaries, whom a simple professor of the art of legerdemain possessed no means of bribing. In short, for greater security, all the keys had been carried into the imperial cabinet. A few moments previous to the hour affixed for Pirnetti's interview with the Czar, the chamberlain on service brought to his majesty a despatch which a messenger had handed him through an opening in the door. It was a report from the minister of police that Pirnetti had not left home.

"Aha! He has found out the undertaking is impracticable, and he has abandoned it," observed the Czar, with a smile.

Twelve o'clock sounded. While the last stroke yet reverberated, the door which communicated from the bedroom of the Czar to the cabinet opened, and Pirnetti appeared. The Czar drew back a couple of paces, his brow darkened, and, after a momentary silence, he said,—

"Are you aware that you may become a very dangerous individual?"

"Yes, sire," he replied, "but I am only an humble conjurer, with no ambition save that of amusing your majesty."

"Here," said the Czar, "are a thousand roubles for last night, and a thousand for this day's visit."

REDEEMING A PROMISE.

Mrs. Woodhull and other free lovers think that marriage vows have nothing in them binding for life. We prefer the kind of fidelity to promises shown by the Scotchman in the following romantic story:

About fifteen years ago, a young Scotchman had as neighbors, in the mountain region of Scotland, a family in which there was a little girl of four years. One day, he took the little girl on his knee, and playfully told her father, "One day, I will make her my wife." Not long after, the father, and mother, and little girl resolved to emigrate to America, which they accordingly did, landing in Portland, in 1857. In a few years, the family removed to Mexico, Oxford Co., living there till last year. Not many years after this family came to this country, the young man who had trotted the little girl on his knee resolved to emigrate to America, which he did. Arriving in this country, he proceeded to Montana Territory, where, by good luck and industry, he managed to amass a large fortune. Having richly filled his coffers, his mind reverted tenderly to thoughts of love, and he recalled his early vow to some day wed the little yellow-haired girl he used to trot on his knee to "Banbury Cross." He knew her parents had emigrated to America, and that they had landed in Portland. He journeyed to Portland, then diligently inquired their whereabouts, and learned the family was in Mexico. Up to Oxford county he turned his steps, and, on approaching the house where the object of his pilgrimage was said to live, he saw a yellow-haired maiden in the porch.

"Does Mr. —— live here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied she of the yellow hair.

"Is your name Annie?" said the Scotchman.

"Yes, sir," replied the blushing girl.

"Then I love you," was bluntly interjected by the Scotchman.

The young lady of course thought he was insane, and scampered off into the house.

The Scotchman soon found the father and mother, who recognized and gladly welcomed him.

"Don't you remember fifteen years ago, I took your little four-year-old girl on my knee in Scotland, and said I meant some day to make her my wife?"

"O, yes, I remember!" said the mother, "but not for years have I thought of those happy old days."

"I am here to redeem my pledge," said the Scotchman.

"Let the girl speak for herself," said the old gentleman, choking with emotion. It did not take a long time for the young lady to get acquainted, not long for her to decide that this Scotchman was just the man she had been waiting for all her life.

"I want to be married at once," said the Scotchman.

"But I've just engaged to work in Lewiston," said the young lady. Then, getting hold of a bright idea,—"I have it; I'll go down there to work for a little while, and then I'll come back here to be married."

Down to Lewiston went the girl; at work for a week was she when she concluded she did not like to do housework, and returned home.

Next week, the parson drove up in his two-wheeled chaise, and the twain were made one.

The Scotchman and his young wife are now settled happily in Iowa, where the old folks, who have finally agreed that truth is stranger than fiction, now comfortably pass their declining years.—*Lewiston Evening Journal.*

ENCOUNTER OF AN ANT AND A MOSQUITO.

One of the most singular duels or battles (though the *fighting* was pretty much all on one side) that ever took place in the insect world, recently occurred in New Orleans.

The scene of the battle was the marble top of a bureau; the actors an ant of the smaller size, and a mosquito. The winged combatant seemed to be stupid from too hearty a breakfast on human blood. The ant approached and retired several times in quick and eager, but very cautious dashes. But the temptation was too great; he rushed in and was soon entangled among the limbs of the insect, which now began a fearful struggle. The ant first clung to a leg, and by close observation through a magnifier, he was seen fiercely biting at the upper, or thigh joint.

The mosquito tried to fly, but fell after rising a few inches. The ant had then disabled one leg, and had changed to another. The mosquito flew up again, but fell instantly as before, and then the fierce and relentless ant attacked one of the wings, and in less than forty seconds it was paralyzed and useless. The work was done, and the unwinged ant had conquered. There was a tempting skinful of ruby blood, but he did not stop to enjoy it. He released his hold, backed off, paused for breath, and then went three or four times round his ponderous victim. Suddenly, being satisfied that his conquered antagonist could not move, he darted away, went rapidly down the side of the bureau, met several of his brethren, saluted each of them with his antennæ or fore legs, and rushed on. Having thus saluted a dozen or more, they turned back, surrounded the dying or dead mosquito, and by inexplicable engineering, bore him slowly but triumphantly away. The weight of the mosquito must have been twenty times that of his fierce and eager little assailant; but with true strategic instinct he did his work by detail, a leg at a time, instead of making an indiscriminate onslaught. In the spirit of the boy who was dig-

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ging out a woodchuck, the ant was "bound" to kill the mosquito, because the colony was "out of meat." Much is said about the sagacity and cunning of the ant, but the method in conduct, mingled with evident combative eagerness and spite, was a most remarkable exhibition.

HOW NOT TO DO AN ERRAND.

George was sent to the fish-market to buy a mackerel for breakfast.

"It is for *this morning's* breakfast, George," said his mother, "therefore be as spry as you can."

Twenty minutes would have done the errand. Twenty minutes passed — thirty — forty — forty-five. Where *is* George?

George *went* to the market *spry*. The first thing which caught his eye was a big iron pot, into which a man was shovelling lobsters to be boiled — *green* lobsters, which came out *red*. That, George thought, was funny enough, and he must look; but, you see, it took time, and time that was not his. Then he thought of the mackerel, and bought it. On his way home, he met a small dog with a red blanket on his back. That took his eye, and he had to stop and look; and another boy stopped and looked, and they both stopped and had a bit of a talk about something else; but, you see, it took time, and time that was not his. Presently, he went along and met another boy, and the other boy had something to say; and there was a loud "Whoa! whoa!" down a side street, which they both ran down, just to see what the matter was with a cart and a horse at odds with each other. All this ate up the minutes.

The cook, out of all patience, ran out to the gate with her gridiron in her hand, to see what had become of the mackerel; for the coffee was waiting, and the cakes were waiting, and, what was worse, the children were hungry, and the father was going off in the cars, which, like time and tide, wait for no man. At last, the father had to go without his breakfast, or with only half a breakfast; and there was General Delay, with his two aids, Fretting and Grumbling, putting this well-ordered family quite out of sorts.

At last, the cook at the gate spied George shuffling along, his toes one way, and his eyes another, and she called him a pretty hard name, which I should not like to tell you.

The mackerel came at last, but it did not taste half as good as it would have tasted in season.

Is this the way to do an errand? Will a boy who does his work *so* ever be wanted? I think not.—*Child's Paper.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Few things excite heartier laughter, and few mortifications are more easily compensated for by the laughter they excite, than the dodging about of two persons or parties at cross purposes, Box and Cox fashion, both entirely out of their reckoning, and bumping their heads against each others' mistakes.

Something like this happened when a young gentleman in New London invited a young lady to take a ride down to the beach and spend a part of the afternoon with him scratching their names in the sand, and inviting the breakers to wet their feet. The lady, of course, accepted, and at the appointed hour the gentleman with a nice little phaeton and a spirited livery stable horse, drove up to the house, and for want of a better place, hitched the animal in front of the next house. He then went in and waited half hour or more for the lady to arrange her hat. Now it so happened that two young ladies in the next house had ordered a carriage for the same afternoon, and their servant, discovering one in front of their house, informed them of it, and they took it and started off. Some few moments after this took place, the lady and gentleman came out and to their surprise found their conveyance gone. At first they were at a loss to know how to proceed. The gentleman finally determined to hunt it up. After spending two hours in this way, he returned to the starting-point, hot, dusty and tired out, just as two young ladies were alighting from the object of his search. Explanations took place, and a good laugh was indulged in at the joke.

NEVER MIND THE GLORY.

My friend had climbed up behind the famous clock in the great cathedral at Strasbourg, when his attention was called to a stone in one of the highest pinnacles, far beyond the common view.

It was exquisitely wrought and finished, but its beauty could not possibly be observed, excepting by those who took the pains to ascend to a close inspection.

When the question was put, "Why was this perfect work consigned to so obscure a place?" the response was, "A woman spent the labor of a life upon this stone, losing health and sight in its execution. When it was completed, she asked that it might be put high up in this spot."

They told her that it would not be seen, and that, therefore, her life work would be wasted; but still she insisted that the stone should be where it is, saying that "even though mortal eye were never to behold it, God and the holy angels would see it, and her ambition would be satisfied with this."

If our motive in all that we do were only how to please our heavenly Father, not one labor of our hands would be lost.—*Christian Banner.*

Eyes have they, yet see not—needles.
Ears have they, yet hear not—old book leaves.
Tongues have they, yet taste not—buckles.
Hearts have they, yet pity not—cabbages.
Arms have they, yet toil not—chairs.
Hands have they, yet steal not—clocks.
Legs have they, yet walk not—tables.
Teeth have they, yet chew not—combs.

THE LOCUST.

Leaves are turning purple,
  Orange, too, and red;
Skies are growing hazy;
  Buttercups are dead;
Still is every beetle,
  Grasshopper and gnat;
But the locust is a chatterbox,—
  Chatter, chatter, chat!

Sheaves are on the upland,
  Standing in a row.
Nodding us a "good-by"
  Just before they go;
Ripened nuts are falling
  Round us pitter-pat;
Will the locust never, never end his
  Chatter, chatter, chat?

Bees were grumbling fellows,
  With never much to say;
This is what the locust
  Tells us all the day:
"Sunny days are going,
  Children, mind you that!
So, come; enjoy them while you can,—
  Chatter, chatter, chat!" *Nursery.*

For the Companion.

TIDY.

I can just remember it. I was six years old.

Mother let me go a visiting to see Ella Woodford. She was out in her play-house under the mulberry trees. I remember how it looked.

I guess I can make its picture; but the nicest was the little black dog curled up under the table. I looked at it, and knew it was the dog I wanted.

We played and played, and got supper with ginger snaps and mulberries. Mulberries and ginger snaps go together.

Then we played concert. I sung Biddy's song—

"I wish I had a little black dog,
To follow me when I go abroad."

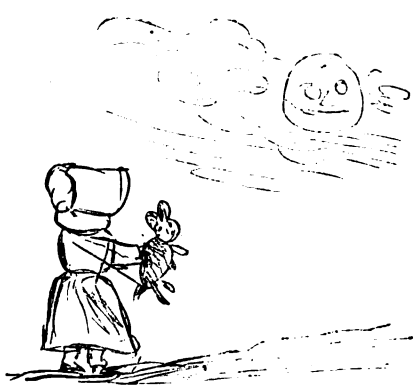
Ella made a speech; 'bout all I remember was, "Ladies and gentlemen, the young lady has sung so beautiful, I feel as she had better have a little black dog, to follow her when she goes abroad. All those in favor say 'I.'"

I said *I*, loud.

We let out the concert then.

Ella told me she had saved the dog on purpose. She said she had another like it, and its name was Fido. So I named mine Tidy. So we had dogs alike—Tidy and Fido.

I carried mine home in the moonlight. I looked at the man in the moon most, so any thing else wouldn't scare me.



I remember how I got my dog, and how I lost it, more than the dog's own self.

One day we sat on the doorsteps, Tidy and I, watching the circus go by. We thought it was pretty nice, and Tidy only sat and barked at it, till he saw another little white one. Tidy didn't know any better than to run.

I couldn't call him back. I believe he run the hardest when I called, Tidy! Tidy! Tidy! He never came back. I hope the circus knew Tidy liked cookies. Brother Tom came home. I told him about it, and said I thought it was worse than no dog to have a little black one, and then have it run off so. And Tom said,—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost.
Than never to have lost at all."

TOPSY TURVY.

P. S. I don't sit in mother's chair yet. My foot is well. I'm glad, and some sorry, for I like to write Natural Histories, and it aint so easy for me to keep still now, only when it rains.

TOPSY TURVY.

THE TURNOVER AND THE ORANGES.

"Just see what a beautiful turnover mother has baked for me," said a little boy to his aunt, as she entered the room where he was sitting.

"It is a very nice turnover," said his aunt. "Will you give me a part of it?"

"It is hot," said the boy, taking the plate in his hand, as if he feared he should lose his treasure.

"But I will wait until it cools; will you give me a piece then?"

"I am not going to eat it now; I shall put it away."

"But I shall stay here all day; I am in no hurry. Will you not give me a taste when you eat it?"

"It is a very small turnover," said the boy.

"I only want a very small taste. Will you not give me that?"

"It is not good."

"O, I think it is good. Your mother makes good turnovers; I know it would taste good to me."

"Mother would not be willing; she made it for me."

"I am sure your mother would be willing; she is always generous."

"I want it all myself," said the boy, at last giving the true reason.

This is a correct report of a conversation which took place more than forty years ago. The selfish boy is still living, and he is a selfish man. I have observed him through all these years, and whatever he has, he wants it all himself.

A few days ago, the very same lady who asked for a part of the turnover, gave six oranges to a little boy about four years of age. She gave them all to him for his own, but she told him she wished him to give away part of them. So he immediately gave one to his sister Helen, and another to his sister Alice, and two to other members of the family. His aunt then said to him, "You must not give them all away; you must keep two yourself."

But his mother, in whose lap he was sitting, said to him, "Will you not give one of those to auntie, and the other to me?"

"O, yes," he cheerfully replied, "I will."

"But what will you do? How will you get any orange?" said the mother to him.

"You will give me some of yours," said the generous, confiding boy.

The future of this darling boy is known only to God, but we trust that while he lives he will be ready to "deal his bread to the hungry," and to "have pity on the poor."

THE DUTIFUL DOG.

A shepherd in the county of Norfolk had a favorite dog, which had been his faithful companion for many years. One day, this shepherd went to remove a flock of sheep from one fold to another. They had to pass by a gap in the hedge, where the shepherd told his faithful servant to watch, saying, "You stand there, Jack!"

After the man had led his sheep to their new fold, he went about other work, and thought no more about the dog until the evening; but then, when he was sought for, he was nowhere to be found. The next day, the shepherd chanced to remember what he had told the dog to do the day before. He immediately set out to the place where he had left him, and, to his delight, found him at his post of duty. The poor animal was much pleased to see his master, but he did not move from his post until he was called. Might not many children learn a lesson of obedience and steadfastness in duty from the shepherd's dog?

"NOTHING BUT BOOTS."

Little eyes watch sharply, and little tongues ask queer questions:

At the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, a little child was standing with her mother at Lord Ashburton's window, to see the funeral go by. She made no remark until the Duke's horse was led by, the saddle empty, and the boots reversed in the stirrups, when she looked up into her mother's face, and said, "Mamma, when we die, will there be nothing left of us but our boots?"

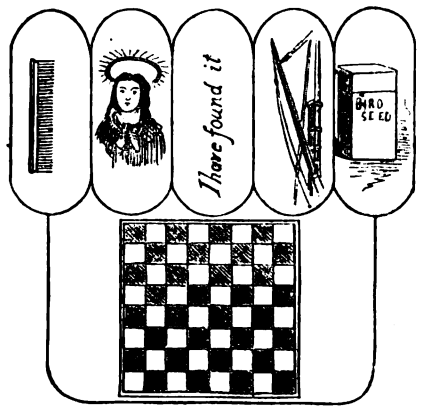
Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

My home is in the woodland shade,
  My refuge in the bower;
I lie concealed beneath the folds
  Of many a fragrant flower.
To plunder my perfumed abode
  A burglar came by day,
When I, the object of the search,
  Was swiftly borne away.
Onward we sped o'er flowery meads,
  Where beds of cowslips grow;
Where winding streams, with rippling sound,
  Through verdant landscapes flow.
Thus was I hurried of by force,
  From golden cup and bell;
Henceforth my home was doomed to be
  In some well guarded cell.
At length another burglar came,
  Who laid a fiery train;
Then thousands fell, my captor too
  Was numbered with the slain.
Now if I'm clearly understood,
  I'll wait for your reply
To one important question, sir:
  Pray tell me, What am I? ZETA.

2.

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



ALBERT GLEAVES.

3.

A DISH OF VEGETABLES.

Turn the rope as I do.
I saw Tom at Oliver's last night.
Go on, Ion! go faster.
Conrad! I shall not speak again.
Put the beef in the pot at once.
It cannot be, Ethel! MEDORA.

4.

BIBLICAL WORD SQUARE.

A beautiful flower.
A prince of Midian.
A country remarkable for its wealth.
A mountain in Palestine. ISOLA.

5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My dear little folks,
  Here's a riddle for you:
I made it one day
  When I'd nothing to do;
And if you guess well,
  At some time or other,
When I'm lazy again,
  I will send you another.

1. A pleasant place to ramble in on a long summer day,
2. And if you lost each other there, a word you'd loudly say;
3. But do not run or call too much, or you the third will be,
4. And perhaps may have to take the last, instead of your good tea.

When you find these four words,
  Set them all in a row;
Write their first letters large,
  And their last ones also.

You'll see that they spell
  The names of two toys;
The one liked by girls,
  And the other by boys. T. C. C.

6.

RIDDLING RHYME.

I know a shoemaker, who makes shoes without leather,
He loves a bright fire, whatever the weather;
His shoes, I should think, must be very good wear,
For his customers often have more than one pair.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. "The heavens declare the glory of God."
2. Belfast.
3. "I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your lordship."—*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Scene 2.*
4. California, Colorado, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, Alabama, New Jersey, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Nevada, Delaware.
5. Butler, Hogg, Marsh, Gray, Gay, Swift.
6. Bee, Bed, Bet.

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For the Companion

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

A year has passed since we last touched upon the topic of Christmas games, a year of the blessings of Christianity, all of which have come to us through the blessed Saviour, who lay in the manger at Bethlehem.

The merry days have come again, and we are asked for plays to lend inspiration to the scenes of festivity and merry-making. We gladly comply with the request, although we have room for only a few.

New Games of Blind Man's Buff.

The Bountiful Bag is a Christmas play that unites present-making with the happiest features of the game of the historic Blind Man,

Make of very thick paper a large bag, and fill it with candy, sweetmeats and presents, taking care that some of the articles are long and others short, so that they may not all drop out of it at once, when the paper becomes broken. If many articles are enclosed, the most valuable one, marked by a ribbon or gilt paper, may be considered as a prize.

Suspend the bag from the ceiling in the middle of the room, some six or eight feet from the floor. Select one of the Christmas party as a blind man; bandage his eyes, and put into his hand a short stick.

He is to go from one corner of the room to the spot over which he supposes the bag to be suspended, and is told that he can strike for the bag once. If he fails to hit it, one more chance is offered him. If he hits it, which is, however, not very likely, the bag will be torn, and some of the treasures will fall to the floor.

The boys and girls now leap forward, and scramble for the treasures, when a scene of merry excitement ensues, such as is seldom equalled in the common game of Blind Man's Buff.

Each of the company is in turn to be made a blind man or blind woman, until the bag is so torn, that all of its contents are discharged. This is a mirth-provoking game,—a play with fun in it,—just fitted for a Christmas party.

Another way of playing *Blind Man's Buff* is to place the blind man in the centre of the room, and then arrange the other players along the sides of the room, about eight feet apart. Each of the players thus arranged must speak the name of the blind man, when the latter, with extended arms, is to move towards any person whom he wishes to catch. The players are not to change their positions, nor is the blind man to be released, if, instead of coming to the person he wishes to catch, he finds himself in contact with the side of the room.

The Blind Man's Wand is another variety of the old historic game. The blind man carries a cane, which he points in every direction. The person whom it happens to touch must do three things at the command of the blind man, and from these the latter is to guess who the person is. If he guesses wrong, he must try again, and repeat this until he can tell who the player is that his cane touches.

He may command the person to sing, to make a rhyme, or pun, or a speech, when the latter, of course, will, as far as possible, change his voice. Or the blind man may feel of the person's hand, hair, features, or cause him to perform some act that will make him laugh. This is also an amusing play.

Acting Rhymes.

This play seems to be new, and is becoming quite popular. It is full of fun, and is suitable for young gentlemen and ladies, as well as for children.

Two persons are sent from the room. Those remaining select a word, when the former are recalled. Then the principal speaker says, for example,—

"It rhymes with *eye*."

One of the guessers, thinking that he knows the word, heaves a deep *sigh*. The company exclaim "Wrong!" and hiss him. The other, thinking that he has the right word, begins to *cry*, but is hissed, when both go from the room in disgrace, for consultation.

They are recalled, when similar rhymes are acted, and when the right one has been found, the whole company cheer.

Charades and Forfeits.

The best charade that has recently come under our notice is the acted word *dumbfound*, a ghost, a giant, a mock elephant, or some terribly surprising thing being brought into the final scene. The syllable *dumb* is easily acted, while a dialogue concerning some lost article will enable the players to represent *found*. The word *announce* (*Ann, ounce*; final act *an ounce*) is suitable for a comic charade, and the word *farewell* (*fare* and *well*) for the last charade of the evening, or for the close of a miscellaneous evening's entertainment.

One of the best forfeits we have recently seen is the command "to bite an inch off from the end of the poker," which one may do without biting the poker, a fact that a novice may be slow to comprehend. Another good forfeit consists in compelling a person to act as though he had just entered the room after a long voyage at sea, a forfeit that is supposed to discover the warmth of one's heart.

Christmas plays, especially those like the Bountiful Bag, should be conducted by the older members of the family, so that there may be no unfairness, and that the small players may be given the same advantages that the larger and stronger ones have. Any thing that may lead to the spirit of rivalry or jealousy among the young should be carefully avoided on any occasion, but especially on Christmas eve.

AN INFATUATED LOVER.

Young men often have a hopeless passion, but it isn't every chimney-sweep who aspires to a Queen, or suffers so hardly as a penalty for love. There is a genuine tragedy in the story:

A chimney-sweep, named Edward Jones, has just died in London, who, thirty years ago, was known all over the kingdom on account of his infatuation for Queen Victoria, then young and attractive. He went down by the chimney of St. James palace a number of times, but always escaped when chased, except on one occasion, when he was caught in the act of entering the Queen's apartments, and put in prison. As soon as his time was up, he tried repeatedly again to see the Queen, and the police took the matter in hand. He was arrested, and sent to Australia. He lived for many years at Sydney, but was allowed to return to England about five years ago, always desperately enamored of the Queen. His remaining years were spent in miserable poverty. Not long since a rumor was started in London that Queen Victoria was dead. He heard it just as he was retiring to rest, uttered a groan, and died instantly.

LUCID.

The Albany *Times* relates the following anecdote, which is characteristic if not true. While passing through State Street, lately, we met a lady, who approached us, and asked,—

"Are you acquainted in this place, sir, if you plaze? I would like to find one John McHunnigan, me first cousin. He's living with me brother, so I'm tould, here below; and I have lost the direction. My brother's a contractor, and my first cousin left the country eight years ago, and went to Westconsin, and the last I heard of him he was down on the railroad by Philadelphia; and if ye only knew any one that wanted a woman to do the work about the house for the bit she'll ate and a place to slape, for I haven't closed my eyes this two nights; and if ye had ten cents about ye to give a poor woman that walked all the way from Troy last night, and haven't broke my fast for the last twenty-four hours, I'd be much obliged to you, if ye plaze, sir, and God bless ye!"

We gave the lady the "stamp," and passed on, meditating.

A MODEL COMPOSITION.

If all boys could write compositions with the wit and point of the South Danvers scholar, who gave the following description of his native town, the day of reading compositions would bring with it much sport and enjoyment:

South Danvers is in the United States. It is bounded by Salem, and reaches to Middletown. Its principal river is Goldthwaite's brook, which empties into Salem Harbor. Its principal lake is the mill pond, which is dry in summer. Its principal productions are leather, onions, South church and George Peabody. South Danvers has many religious sects, among which are the Orthodox, who worship the minister; the Spiritualists, who worship every thing, and the Unitarians, who worship brains.

A BOY near Brooklyn, Iowa, aged fifteen years, ate a quantity of slippery elm bark, a day or two afterward was taken violently ill, and four days from the time of eating the bark, died. On a post mortem examination, his stomach was found full of the bark twisted into balls.

AT a vocal entertainment the other evening, one of the lady singers wore a low-necked dress. A little girl of three years, seeing her, exclaimed, to the amusement of those in hearing, "O, mamma, what makes her go barefooted in the neck?"

ONE of the best temperance sermons ever delivered is this sentence by the late Rev. Samuel J. May: "If it is a *small* sacrifice for you to give up drinking wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a *great* sacrifice, do it for your *own* sake."

AN old lady, 109 years of age, recently attended a love-feast in Niles, Mich. She arose, and said, "I am glad to be with you; I am over 109 years old. I love the Saviour, and have now enjoyed religion 100 years.

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NUMBER 52. VOLUME XLIV.

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For the Companion.

SOLOMON JONES' DONKEY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

By Ledgeside.

Will Nilson and Bob Twain attracted the attention of their respective families on the morning of the dressing up of Thistle, by the quiet, demure way in which they ate their breakfast.

"There is mischief going on," whispered Kitty Nilson to her sister. "Mark my words, when Will minds his food and nothing else, remorse is doing its work."

"Rather too much of a twinkle in his eye for any deep remorse," answered Alice, laughing; "but there is roguery, somewhere, and I imagine, before night, the where will be well known. Mother, caution Will to behave, before he goes to school."

The bell of the Granby high school had just ended its last call, when Will rushed up the steps, books under his arm, cap swinging in his hand, cheeks very red, eyes very bright, and breath coming short and quick, as if he had been racing with the cars.

he door of the school-room was shut, and an ous stillness seemed, to Will, to have fallen he entire building.

it failed? Had somebody gone in? and tle quietly nibbling on the stinted grass ore's pasture? Where was Bob? Had he p ? Was he coward at heart, notwithstanding all his brag?

Thoughts move swiftly at such moments. While Will was hanging up his hat, all this and more had flashed through his mind. He had to make a greater effort at self-command, than he had ever been conscious of doing before, ere he could walk up to the shut door and open it; but he did, at last, and the scene that met his eye, though he has grown to be a man, now, he has never forgotten.

In the desk stood Thistle, quietly eating the last of the oats which had been left open before him, but in addition to the preparations he had made, some one had attached a white paper to the two outstretched arms of the old coat, printing upon it, in great black letters,—

SOLOMON JONES.

The donkey seemed to him to fix its dull eyes upon him as he entered, and to blink out, "Hollo, there, old fellow! You have come at last, have you? We have all of us been waiting for you."

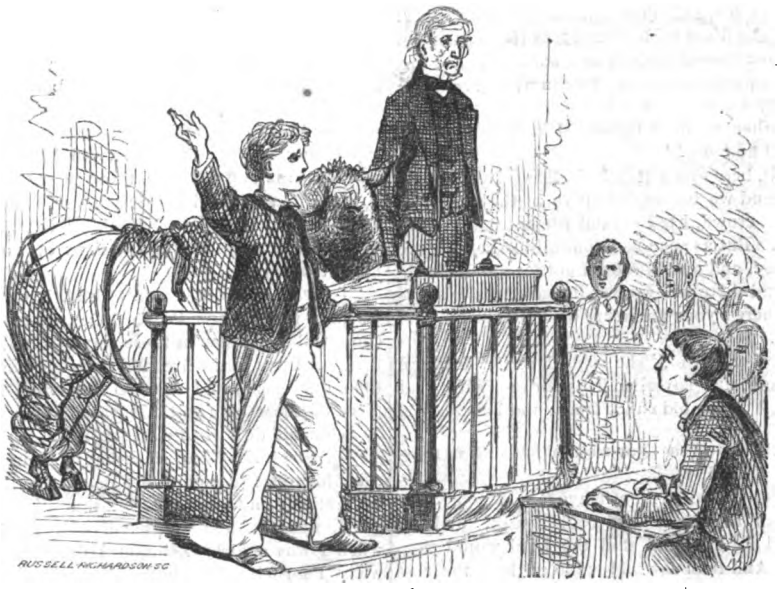
Just in front of the desk, on a bench, with his face buried in his hands, sat Solomon Jones. He was so crouched and shrunken, that Will had to look at him twice before he was sure who it was, and then he slunk to his seat, awed and frightened.

The ominous stillness outside the door was to him doubled in its awful intensity, until it seemed like a live thing, that struck him, as he went before the rows of solemn looking boys. Even Bob Twain, sitting there bolt upright, looked pale, and fidgetted in that helpless, noiseless way, a boy will, when he is thoroughly scared.

Will dropped down behind his desk, and made a last effort to resist the spell. He lifted its cover, and fumbled among the loose papers, as if he was searching for something he could not find. But it was of no use. The still master, with that bowed head, drew him out from the desk, drew his eyes toward him, and fastened them there.

The great, round-faced clock on the wall behind Thistle, ticked loud, and moved with its long hands slowly over five, ten, fifteen minutes, and yet there sat the teacher and there sat the pupils; now and then a deep sigh from the one, and the simultaneous movement from the other, by which a crowd always betray their consciousness of intense excitement. Sixty boys, all held spell-bound, thus, by the betrayal of suffering in this one man—and only the laughed-at schoolmaster, Solomon Jones, after all!

I do not know how much longer this could have continued, but as the clock struck the half hour, he took down his hands, and rising very slowly and with much difficulty, said, in a voice so changed that the clrildren would hardly have recognized it,—



SOLOMON JONES' DONKEY.

"Young gentlemen, I have heard of these things," pointing to the donkey, "being done in fun. I have been trying, since I sat here, to convince myself this was meant for nothing more,—but I can't. I know better than any of you my unfitness and inability to teach you, but I have tried to do my best, and I had hoped at least to have commanded your affection, if not your respect. I do not know how many of you are concerned in this, nor do I ever wish to know by whom it was done. It is enough for me, that, after having taught you for a year, a boy among you could be found willing thus wantonly to injure my feelings. I cannot stay here any longer. It may seem weak and unmanly to some of your parents that I should resign, but I am compelled to. If you feel as little respect for me as this indicates, I have mistaken my work and must find it somewhere else. The school is dismissed."

Slowly he turned to the hook upon which hung Thistle's rope, evidently with the intention of loosening the animal and taking him away; but up sprang Israel Burt, head boy of the school.

"Mr. Jones!" he said, and his voice trembled as he spoke, "Stop, sir, if you please. Will you demand to know the boy or boys who have done this?"

"I would rather not know. I don't want to remember it against them," said noble Solomon Jones.

"But, sir, it is only fair. Nine-tenths of us, I promise you on my honor, knew nothing of it. Nine-tenths of us will not let you go; and, furthermore," drawing himself up, "I, as one of these nine-tenths, take upon myself the task of discovering and punishing the boy who has done this wicked, unkind act, let him be whom he may. Say, boys," looking around the school, "do you stand by me?"

"Yes, yes. Go ahead. We'll back you," from the whole crowd.

"All right," facing them now. "Let us do it up quick and thoroughly. The boy who brought that donkey here, let him rise this moment and own up. Here is a chance for him to show he's a man yet, if he has done a brutal act."

Not a boy stirred. Bob Twain stared full in Israel's face, his eyes very large and his mouth gradually opening. But he did not move.

Will Nilson half started to answer the appeal; but there was something in the moral aspect of the school that appalled him. He sank back again.

Mr. Jones was standing now by the side of Thistle, looking round with a very pale face, but keen, searching eyes, upon the crowd. There was something entreating in his looks, that moved Will far more than Israel's words. But still he sat.

"Coward, are you, too?" rang out from Israel. "Well, it's no more, perhaps, than we should expect from a fellow that could do such a thing. Look here, boys, there is a difference, you see. The donkey is well enough. He's a better brute than the boy who put him there, and his style of dress would have been comical enough anywhere else than here; but when they came to put him *there*," pointing to the desk, "and to write that name on him," pointing to the placard, "why, that made a different matter of it. It became rude and brutal. A personal joke, ninety times out of one hundred, is unkind as well as impudent. I mean a joke of that kind. Donkey, indeed! I should just like to know what of the donkey there is in our faithful, gentle-hearted teacher?"

"None, none," answered the boys.

"No, not a particle. He's A No. 1. We don't want any other, and what is more, we won't have any other. You, fellow, you!" looking round upon the school, "haven't you a bit of a man left in you? Can't you own up when you see what trouble you have made, and what a cruel act you have done?"

Will's throat grew suddenly so full that his very breath choked him. He became white and red by turns. But if iron bands had held him down, it seemed to him they could scarcely have bound him closer than did the frowning head school boy, the pale, agitated, keen-eyed teacher, and that strongest, but most invisible thing of all, the disapprobation of the school.

Bob, with less quick moral sensibilities, began to fidget and stare blankly at Will, to push his hands down, and as nearly through his pockets as he could, and finally, when mortal boy could bear no more, to break out into whistling a bar of "Yankee Doodle,"—a queer, cracked whistle it was, to be sure, but a whistle which brought down upon him from Israel a sharp

"You stop that, Bob Twain," and he stopped it.

"Five minutes further grace,' went on Israel; "but first, let's get out the donkey Gently, gently," as the boys, by one common impulse, made a rush toward Thistle. "Don't hurt the poor thing. I wish every one was as little to blame as he is. Out with your knives; cut the straps!"

Many knives were busy, cutting away the fastenings that held the clothes to Thistle's back, and no sooner were they loosened than, much to the amusement of the school, he set up a bray which, if it did not mean thank you, meant something quite as good.

"One more chance," said Israel, as, the work all done, he stood swinging the rope in his hand. "Whoever brought him in, let him get up, and before us all lead him out. If he doesn't, and we ever find him out, I here say, in the name of our whole school, that we will exclude him from our fellowship from this hour forward and forever."

Israel's speeches were a little unfortunate. They began well, but he almost always managed, before they were over, to get into them something which threw off a part, at least, of their good moral effect. So now, the threat with which this ended made Will settle himself closer in his seat, and determine against the first and noblest act of reparation, a generous confession. If he ever felt mean, ashamed of himself, wishing an act undone, and as little like Will Nilson as the same boy could feel, this was the moment.

For Bob I have not much to say. His responsibility in the thing was so small in comparison with Will's, and he had so much less of a noble, manly boy in his make, that perhaps we can be more patient and forgiving toward him; but it was mean in him, after all.

"Not going to lead him out, eh?" There was something so scornful in Israel's tone now, that Will felt the hot blood tingle in his body from head to foot. "All right! A noble kind of a chap, you are! But I don't wonder! It's all of a piece. The sneaks only are caught in doing things that hurt folks—hurt their feelings, I mean. I say," stopping suddenly, and looking once more round the school, with an entire change of tone, "Come out, even now. I, for one, don't believe there is a fellow among you who hadn't rather own up than not, if he only can get himself to the sticking place. I wish I could do it for you, I do, and no mistake, it would be so much gencrouser"—Israel forgot his grammar in his earnestness—"and manlier, and"——

"Give me the rope, I did it," shouted Will Nilson, so loud and sudden, that half the boys started nervously.

"You, Will Nilson! Nonsense; you're trying to screen some one else," said Israel, holding tight on to the rope, which Will was attempting to clutch with a very shaking hand. "You couldn't have done it; you're too generous a fellow, and Mr. Jones likes you too well. You wouldn't have hurt him so for a small fortune, Will, you know you wouldn't. You can't gammon me. It's Bob Twain you're trying to cover. I saw it in Bob's face the moment he came in, and I meant to give him a chance, and thrash him afterwards, the—the—the coward!"

"*I* did it," repeated Will, putting his lips together firmly, and stepping round to the side of the desk where the teacher stood, "and, Mr. Jones, I ask your pardon," and now the tears were really running down Will's cheeks. "I didn't mean to insult you or wound you, indeed I didn't. I only meant fun"

"O, Will, *you* couldn't have done it!" put in Israel

"But I did," persisted Will. And it was a cold, trembling hand that Mr. Jones held tightly and warmly in his.

"I forgive you, my boy," he said gently "but Israel is right; never do a thing that can wound, for sport. It's serious sport sometimes."

"I helped," said Bob, noisily pushing over desks, as he strode out to join them. "I printed the name, and Will didn't know it. I am a fool. a dolt, an idiot. Thistle is a big man in comparison. I sincerely ask your pardon, Mr. Jones, and—and—am a"——

"A boy who has learned a lesson well, and will never be guilty of the same thing again," chimed in Israel.

"If I am, call me—me—woodchuck!" said Bob looking very red and crestfallen. "I say, fellers!" Here Bob broke down, and if he knew what he meant we don't.

Six months from that day, the boys of Granby High school were marched out, with crape on their left arm, Israel leading the procession, to

L M Hosford Oct70

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attend the funeral of their teacher, Mr. Solomon Jones. No one could tell why, but from that day a down-heartedness, a discouragement, that would not be lifted, took hold of him.

He sank under it and the overwork, until the time came when the thin hands could do no more, and the long, lean body laid itself down to its last repose.

Will Nilson shed torrents of tears, as he stood at the open grave. He did not mean to do an unkind thing, he only meant fun, and didn't think; but he would have given so much, then, if he could have undone this joke; if he could have dropped himself back to the beautiful summer dawn, when in the soft light he stole out to dress Solomon Jones' donkey.

For the Companion.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

By Mary A. Denison.

I aint got much to tell, but I'll say this, it's Hannah as saved me, soul and body, under HIM as we should allers look to.

Hannah's my daughter, ma'am, and she's sitting at this present moment under her own vine and fig-tree, mending stockings, perhaps, for Jack Spinnich, who married her, and a very well-to-do fellow Jack is, to be sure.

He begun with two wooden shanties, and now he owns a brick block. Think of that! Why, I feel as if I was uncommon rich in such a son-in-law.

And then, I have a seat at his fireside, my own particular chair, and my own particular cricket, and sometimes, when I sits there with little Jenny on my knee—she's Hannah's daughter—I do wish Lucy was alive.

Lucy was my wife, and a sweet, tidy woman when I married her. We lived out o' town, on a bit of cleared land, and I'd put up the house, and got the garding to that point where it begun to pay handsome, when I begun my pranks.

Up till that time, there hadn't been no liquor-shop in Mayville, but a smart, black-eyed chap, he set up one, and, with a bright fire, and a cheery welcome, he somehow got in customers jest as easy as could be.

It was about that time little Hannah was born, and her mother begun to be sickly, and Hannah, she was a crying, fretful little creatur', so, instead o' staying at home and helping my poor wife, as I should, I got to going to Brake Mells' cursed shop, where songs were sung, and I was treated, and things were bright with a false glitter, as I learned afterwards, to my sorrow.

Well, mine was a head that couldn't bear much of the hot stuff they sold, and, though it didn't make me jest wicked all to wunst, it sort o' muddled the brain, so't I wa'n't fit for out-doors or in-doors. The things didn't seem to grow after that dretful shop was settled in Mayville, and I found myself a going backward.

This didn't suit poor Lucy; but as often as she spoke of the shop and the liquor, I'd begin to swear, and that hurt her so, you see, she couldn't bear it. She'd 'a' done any thing for peace, any thing but one, and that was this.

I thought I'd bring my liquor home, but the first thing Lucy done was to snatch the jug from my hand like a fury, take it out doors before I could speak a word, and smash it into bits with the axe-helve.

"There, Abner," says she, her eyes a shining, and her breath quick, "that's what I'll do always—mind, *always*, if you bring that wicked stuff into this house. It's ruined us a'ready, and I'll *die* before I'll have it near me!"

Well, seeing 't she was in arnest, I stopped right there, and if I'd been a man, and stopped altogether,—looking at that poor creatur', white as a sheet, and trembling all over,—looking at her, and remembering that what went for liquor ought to have gone for good nourishing meat, I should have had her now, poor soul.

Well, things went on slack enough, till my Hannah got to be six or seven year old. Never very stout, she wa'n't,—sort o' spindlin', but one of the sweetest and best of children. When I remember how she used to go in rags and without shoes through the cold, dretful winters, I hardly darst to look her in the face, though she's forgave me, long, long ago.

Well, it went from bad to worse, as the saying is, till I got to care for nothing but drink, and my poor Lucy, sick as she was, had to go to day's work, and in the summer season Hannah picked berries to git enough to eat.

Of course, every time I come to I was ashamed enough o' myself; and when I said to Lucy, "Why didn't you kill me? Why don't you run away from me and git some rest?" she never answered; but, O, the look in her eye! I hope I won't see that look in the judgment. I see it now, sometimes, and it wakes me up in the middle of the night, when I lay thinking of my miserable past, till it seems as if there wasn't another so wicked as I in all the world.

Well, well, I got so I couldn't bear the sight of the misery I didn't seem to have power to stop, and so, like a coward, I went off. Yes, sir, left my poor family when little Hannah was ten year old, and went, a very vagabond, into the city, where I jest steeped myself in rum.

P'r'aps a year had passed, and I stood at one of the street-corners—what do you think—begging for pennies. Yes, I'd got past work then. I'd lost all sense of respectability, all care of being a man, and 'd got reduced to beggin' for enough to git a drink with.

So, as I stood there, shakin' in my rags, one winter morning, sober, because I couldn't help myself, who did I see, coming along the streets, crying bitterly, but Hannah? Why, it struck me like—worse than a blow of any kind, and I just stood there, breathless, till the child caught sight of me, and then you ought to seen her! Why, she lifted up her hands, as if I was one of the most blessed angels, and come flying to me, and dropped down on my bosom with great sobs, crying,—

"Father, O, dear father! I thought I never should find you!"

Well, here *was* a state! I all rags, and she all rags, and we two crying there in the street. It made a crowd, I tell ye, and where to go I didn't know. But as soon as I could, I led her off into an alley, and an old room I got for almost nothing, and there we two was by ourselves.

"Where's your mother?" said I, as soon as I dared.

"Mother's dead," she sobbed, settin' down on the floor, and covering her poor face with what was left of her old calico frock, and how she did cry!

Well, if ever a poor wretch felt like a murderer, I did then.

"Mother died a month ago," said poor little Hannah, as soon as she could speak, "and she prayed for you, and said the Lord would save you. And then she told me to go into the city after she was buried, in one of the farmer's carts, and I should find you, and you would stop drinking, right off, and get something to do, and we should live together, and be real happy.

"The people there all told me I had better not come, and discouraged me, and called you hard names, and said you wasn't worth saving; but I *would* come. I sold mamma's ring, and gave the money to a man, to bring me in, and I've been looking for you all yesterday and to-day. O, father, don't *never* drink again! mother said you wouldn't."

You might 'a' knocked me down with a straw. I felt a creeping through my bones, and the lifting up of my hair that was just as if *she* had come, and laid her cold fingers right over my heart, and that minute I had strength given to me to swear, solemn, that I wouldn't *never*, NEVER, NEVER, touch a drop of the horrid stuff again!

It seemed to hearten me right up. With all my hunger, I felt light and happy. I took my little gal by the hand and went out, and the fust thing I come across was a big wood-pile, and when the man looked at me as I asked for work, I told him my story, the best I could, and he pitied me, and took me into his kitchen, me and little Hannah, and give us both as much hot coffee, and bread, and meat, as we could eat and drink, and I earned two dollars that day.

Well, the woman, she got interested in little Hannah, and you wouldn't hardly have knowed the gal when she come to go home with me, she was so nicely fitted out with clothes.

So the long and the short of the story is that the man took me into his store as soon as I got decently dressed up.

After that, it didn't take long to make a home again. Hannah was offered a good place, but she said she'd rather stay by father, and keep house for him; and that's what she did. It's sort o' queer that I've lost all care or relish for drink. I didn't expect that, 'cause it's somethin' almost supernateral, but 'twas so; and little Hannah watched me close. I didn't blame her for that.

She was a right smart little thing, was Hannah. By help of one of the neighbors, she got learnin' enough to read and cipher; and then, at twelve, she went to night-school, and—well, I'd like to have you see my Hannah, that's all. It don't seem to me that she can be the daughter of such a man as I used to be; but there's Lucy, she give her her grace, and her beauty, and her pretty tastes, and here's this little child is a goin' to be jest like her.

I don't think Lucy is sorry a bit now, seein's to be jest like her.

I don't think Lucy is sorry a bit now, seein's things has happened as they have, for she's been enjoying heaven all this time. And I'm sure, in my old age, I've found a little heaven on earth with my daughter Hannah, and, what is more, in my love for the blessed Saviour, through whose mercy I've been saved.

THE LIFE-LEDGER.

Our sufferings we reckon o'er
With skill minute and formal;
The cheerful ease that fills the score
We treat as merely normal.
Our list of ills, how full, how great!
We mourn our lot should fall so.
I wonder do we calculate
Our happinesses also?

Were it not best to keep account
Of all days, if of any?
Perhaps the dark ones might amount
To not so very many.
Men's looks are nigh as often gay
As sad, or even solemn;
Behold! my entry for to-day
Is in the "happy" column.

For the Companion.

POOR ZEB.

By Ruth Chesterfield.

"Grandma were you born in this house?"

"O, no, dear!" said grandma, "but I was born in a house that stood precisely where this one does. It was much larger than this, and had dormer windows, and a great hall through the middle. It was a much more imposing house than this, according to my way of thinking, but then, it wasn't so snug, and it took a sight of wood to keep it warm.

"To tell the truth, I don't think it ever *was* warm in the winter. People didn't expect to be comfortable winters in those days. First, we'd turn our faces to the fire, and then one side, and then our backs, and so keep revolving, like a piece of meat on a spit. It was about as much as Zeb could do just to tend the fires."

"Who was Zeb?" asked Ethan, who had put aside his top, and joined his sisters at the first intimation of a talk about "old times."

"He was a colored boy that lived at our house when I was a girl. Zebulon Paine, his name was. Poor fellow! I always thought they were hard on him, but they didn't look at such things then as they do now. It wasn't a great while since they had freed their slaves here in New England, and somehow the curse of it still seemed to cling to the blacks, just as it does at the South now.

"I don't know whether Zeb's mother had ever been a slave or not, but if she had, she was freed before he was born, and owned a little house, where she lived with her children. I've been there to see her spin and weave, many a time.

"Zeb was her oldest son, and a smart boy enough to work when he felt like it; anyhow, he did very well for the odds and ends which father wanted him for, such as bringing water, tending the fires, feeding the cattle, and wheeling the goods from the warehouse to the shop.

"Father was a dealer in dry goods and groceries, and had a shop in the west corner room of the house, where he retailed goods to his customers. The warehouse was where he kept his stock in bales and barrels, as it came from Boston. It was a long, low building, a little back from the house, with one large door, and two windows, with heavy shutters. It was a dark, gloomy place, and nobody cared to go into it unless they were obliged to, and few ever did, excepting father, and Zeb, and Hicks, the peddler. Father used to supply Hicks with goods to carry round the country. After a while, father began to think that he missed more goods from the warehouse than he could account for, and, naturally enough, his suspicions fell first on Hicks. He said not a word to any one out of the family, but just kept a keen watch of the matter, and in a few months he found that, though things continued to disappear, it happened just as often when the peddler had not been along as when he had, so that he was all adrift again, and didn't know what to think.

"One evening, he came into the kitchen, where Zeb was entertaining us children with his violin. Zeb played just as naturally as the birds warble, and sometimes he would sing at the same time, and dance a kind of double shuffle that amused us greatly. Well, father came in, and of course Zeb stopped playing; but father said,—

"'Finish your tune, finish your tune, boy.'

"Zeb was about twenty years old at that time. He played his tune out, and then father said,—

"'Did you lock the warehouse carefully, to-night, Zeb?'

"'I did so, sah, and guv you the key,' said Zeb, looking surprised.

"'I believe you did. You always have, haven't you?'

"'Allers, sah.'

"'I only asked because I have thought for some time that I missed things, and I didn't see how that could be if the door was properly locked.'

"'What kind o' things? 'lasses, an' sich?' asked Zeb. 'Coz, sometimes, when I's drawin' off 'lasses, I jes' takes a lick, and now and then I eats a raisin or a fig, but I never thought as you'd care, or I wouldn't ha' done it.'

"'Eat all the goodies you want,' said father. 'I didn't refer to those; but sometimes I've missed whole bales of cloth, and bags of meal.'

"'You has! Ef that don't beat all! Now, look a here, sah, my room's in the back of the house, you know, sah, and I'll kind o' sleep with one eye open, an' ef anybody comes prowlin' round the warehouse, I'll hit him a crack over de head!'

"Father laughed at this valiant threat, and, after making some inquiries about the cattle and pigs, went back to the parlor.

"If Zeb slept with one eye open, it seemed to do no good, for occasionally father would miss something, the same as before.

"At last, it all came out, though I often wished it never had, and so, I think, did father.

"It was one night when Davie was at home from sea. He had been off with three of his comrades to some place of amusement, and was returning late, when he saw one of the warehouse shutters open.

"'Hollo, what's the meaning of that?' said he, in a whisper. 'Whist! Let's go and see.' So they crept along stealthily, keeping in the shadow of the buildings, till they came to the open shutter, and then they crouched down, and kept quite still. They could hear voices muttering inside, and a lifting and dragging of heavy articles. Presently, a man put his head out the window and reconnoitred, but did not see the boys in their dark clothes, close behind the shutter. So he got out, and the man inside began handing him out the stolen goods. Then two of the boys pounced upon the outside man, while the others closed the shutter and barred it, making a prisoner of the inside man. I don't know how the boys came to have their wits about them so. Father said they were as shrewd as if they'd been real detectives.

"Well, Davie and the boys dragged the man they had seized to the house, in spite of his struggles, for it was four to one, and, by the time they got him into the hall, the whole family was aroused, and ran down to see what the matter was—Dolly and I, as well as the rest, because we were afraid to be left up stairs alone. Just as we got there, father was pulling the man's hat from his face, and—*it was Zeb!*

"'I'm sorry for this,' said father, looking very solemn. And then we children begun to cry, and were sent back to bed.

"The man in the warehouse proved to be Hicks, the peddler. He and Zeb were both taken before a magistrate, and made a full confession, but not until so much had been proved against them that it was useless to try to conceal any thing. Hicks was leader in the affair, as he sold the goods, merely giving Zeb enough for a bribe, and keeping nearly all the profit himself. The way Zeb managed was to leave the window open, and then bar the shutter outside, so that, when all appeared safe, it was not in reality fastened at all.

"Then they put the goods in an old cave in the side of a hill which had once been used for a potato pen, and kept them there till the peddler could come and take them slyly, and that was how he escaped suspicion so long.

"They had their trial at the October term, and father had to be there, of course.

"When he came home, he went to the room where mother was sitting, and, leaning on the back of a chair, he said,—

"'Well, what do you think the sentence is?'

"'I hope they've been lenient to poor Zeb,' said mother. 'He was merely a tool of the other one.'

"'They've banished him. They're going to send him to the West Indies. O, it's a shame, a wicked shame! And that villain, Hicks, will only be shut up in jail a little while, and then be free to come and go as he pleases.'

"'But what right have they to make such a distinction between the two?' asked mother. 'What reason do they give?'

"'The right of might. No other. Reason? Isn't it excuse enough that his skin is black? No matter how black the heart is, if the outside be fair.'

"'It will kill his mother. How can we break it to her?' said mother.

"'She knows it now. She was at court,' said father.

"Perhaps something might have been done if father had understood how to do it. I don't know about that, but this I do know, that Zeb's sentence was carried out, and we never saw him more.

"Poor old Dinah went about her work as usual, but I noticed that if we came upon her suddenly, when she thought she was alone, there were almost always tears rolling down her cheeks. I don't like to think of it. The fate of Zeb and his

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mother has haunted me all my life. But it was nearly eighty years ago that this happened, my dears, and, thank Heaven! they don't do such things now; not in this part of the country, at least."

ANECDOTES OF SNAKES AND THEIR HABITS.

"It is astonishing what a bulk can be stowed away in a snake's stomach. I killed a young snake once so heavy with a rabbit it had swallowed that it could scarcely move. For a long time it puzzled me to know how any creature can swallow another larger than itself, and more especially how it can find room in its stomach for any thing more than its own length; for you know that serpents never divide their food into bits, nor even masticate it; they swallow it whole, horns and all, if it has any; but by watching I solved the mystery. Their jaws, throat, body and intestines are capable of very great distention. Any thing which is swallowed longer than itself must be such as can be bent double and laid parallel in the stomach, or else crooked into many short folds; for, however hugely a snake may stretch in girth, it can stretch very little in length.

"Now for the process of swallowing. The practice among all constrictors, or wrapping and crushing snakes, after having squeezed their prey until the bones are broken, and the body made long, is to cover it over with slimy saliva before swallowing. Eggs are slimed and swallowed without crushing. In all the serpents I have examined with care,—which I confess are those of the broad-headed or fanged variety,—the jaws are constructed on a plan different from those of quadrupeds. They are not composed of bone but of cartilage. They are not jointed at the sides only, but also in front. The jaws need not close on all sides at the same time, but those on the right, for instance, may be brought together, while those on the left may be open; and, more than that, the *closing* jaws may be drawn forcibly back towards the throat, while the pair that is *opening* may be shoved farther onwards for a fresh hold.

"The first time I had the opportunity of observing this was in the case of a small rattlesnake. It was by the roadside, while I was travelling. My attention was caught from a distance by seeing it throw itself about as if in great distress. As I drew nearer, I saw that although its neck was not bigger than my thumb, it had something in its mouth as large and long as my two fingers.

"On a nearer approach I discovered that it had caught a toad, and had succeeded in getting down the head and neck, as far as the shoulders, but that the toad, unwilling to travel farther along that dark and uncomfortable road, had stiffened its fore legs at right angles to its body, as a catfish sets its fins. From the frantic efforts made to throw the toad against the clods and hillocks of sand, and to draw it forcibly through bunches of grass, I was at first convinced that the snake had choked itself by attempting to swallow something too big for its throat, and that being threatened with suffocation, it was trying to disgorge, but was prevented by its recurved teeth.

"So I dismounted and stood close over it to watch the operation, saying to it, 'My little fellow, you have got yourself into a big trouble by your greediness. I'll stay here for a while to keep you company, but don't expect me to help you.'

"The snake was so much in earnest that it paid no attention to me, although I stooped directly over it. To my surprise, I saw that after every violent throwing of the toad about, as described, the snake would stop to work its jaws. It was then I observed the ratchet-like action of the recurved teeth, catching on one side and drawing towards the throat, while the other side was opened and pushed forward to take further hold of the skin. The snake was not trying to get the toad *out*, but *in*. Its pushing and pulling amid the grass and clods was to force down the toad's arms.

"'Poor toady!' I exclaimed, on seeing the skin of its neck sadly stretched and torn by the snake's teeth. 'You are in a bad way. You are bound to go down that dark hole, in spite of your stiff arms, for the snake will hold you there till you are dead, and then it will make no difference where you go.'

"After watching until I had learned all that my little scaly friend promised to teach, I thought of trying upon it the effect of tobacco juice. I never use tobacco in any form, though I always carry it with me, as a relief to the bite of ticks, mosquitoes and spiders, for a small piece of the leaf wetted and laid on the skin will kill the pain of almost any animal poison.

"I chewed a piece large enough to produce a few drops of very strong juice, which I dropped on the toad's neck so as to enter the snake's lips, and the effect was laughable. You never saw a wormy plum come out of a boy's mouth more quickly than that toad came out of the snake's.

"Away jumped the toad, so joyful that he kept jumping as long as he was in sight, and looked as if he would keep at it the rest of his life; but the snake—it would have amused you to see how disgusted he appeared. That was probably his first acquaintance with tobacco.

"So far as I know, all venomous serpents are heavily built, and slow in their movements. This is a wise ordering of Providence, for had they the swiftness and sauciness of some of the slender kinds, there would be no security to life of man or beast. This sluggishness is ensured also by their habits, for they lead a very lazy life, are great gormandizers, and become fat as aldermen.

"Deadly as their poison is to men and dogs, and even to horses and the larger cattle, it is seldom that hogs are hurt except when lean or bitten in the leg. No doubt their thick skin and coarse hair are a great protection, and still more the thick fat, which either neutralizes the poison, or by filling the groove of the fang with grease, prevents its flow. Yet hogs are more exposed than most animals, for they are great devourers of serpents, and will eat all the rattlesnakes they can find, poison-bags and all.

"Strange to say that, although these poison-bags, full of their green liquid, lie in the cheeks of a serpent, emitting their contents on the slightest pressure, and are no doubt emptied into the stomach in swallowing its larger prey, it never feels its effect except from a bite. Yet it can no more stand its own venom than any other creature can.

"A friend of mine once witnessed an interesting scene, in which a venturesome little black snake provoked a great overgrown rattlesnake to kill itself. How little blackie came to know that the other would be poisoned by its own bite, is more than we can conceive, unless the information came direct from its Maker; but it did know it, and it also put that knowledge to effectual use. The rattlesnake was moving leisurely along, with the dignity of an old patriarch, when suddenly something glided across its back; it was a little black snake, as slender, and almost as swift as an arrow.

"The rattlesnake gave one shake of its tail, instantly threw itself into coil, and looked angrily around. The black snake in the meantime had concealed itself in the bushes, waiting until the other had put itself out of battle array. The moment, however, that the clumsy rattlesnake had stretched itself at full length, and was moving heavily along as before, there was another streak of black, and the little snake had once more insulted its dignity by whipping over its back.

"This was rather too much for Mr. Rattle's patience, who made a furious backward stroke at the impertinent little tormentor, but without success. Again and again the provocation was repeated, until finally, by a stroke more awkward than usual, the rattlesnake wounded itself in the back, and in less than ten minutes turned over and died.

"This scene, as I say, was witnessed by one who described it to me; but I was myself witness once to a conflict between a black snake and a rattlesnake on a wholly different plan. The rattlesnake was in coil, and the black snake, with its tail wrapped around a bush just beyond the other's reach, was doing all it could, by saucily swinging its head near to its face and pecking at it, to induce it to strike, and thus throw itself out of guard.

"The rattlesnake, apparently aware of its danger, refused for a long time to give up the advantage of its coil, but contented itself with short, angry snaps at its persecutor when the insulting head was pushed nearer than usual.

"The moment, however, that wrath overcame prudence, and induced the rattlesnake to throw itself at full length, the other made a quick dart from the bush, seized it by the neck, wrapped its tightening folds around, and crushed it to death. We have no more effectual destroyer of the rattlesnake, and indeed of most others of the serpent race, than this same black-runner. Its elegant figure, graceful motion and superb manner, make it a thorough gentleman among snakes; but it is at the same time a perfect Ishmaelite towards every species except its own, and especially towards all of the venomous tribes.

"This makes it a useful animal, and should exempt it from the wholesale destruction pronounced against every thing bearing the name of serpent. It is also a capital mouser, being able to pursue its prey into holes and crevices where not even a ferret can go; and were it not so self-confident and insolent, and such an arrant thief where eggs and young poultry are to be found, it might be made a valuable addition to our list of domestic animals."

A BRUSH WITH FUEGIANS.

Ten years ago I entered the Straits of Magellan in H. M. S. *Thunderer*, in company with two gunboats, the *Froward* and the *Growler*, which she was ordered to convoy to Vancouver's Island.

One lovely morning as we were silently steaming at the head of our little squadron through the calm blue water, two large canoes full of Fuegians shot out from behind a projecting neck of land, and steered towards the ships.

With shouts and yells, and brandishing of spears and clubs, the hideous creatures on board endeavored to attract our attention, and held up skins and furs, to show their willingness to trade; but although they managed to place their canoes close alongside us, the captain, anxious to reach the next anchorage, refused to stop.

As the vessels swept rapidly past, the savages indulged in howls of rage and disappointment, which resembled the cries of wild beasts, and were audible long after they themselves were left far astern.

Some disappointment also was felt on board the *Thunderer* at having our acquaintance with these strange people cut so short, and it was with considerable satisfaction that we heard, about an hour afterwards, that in consequence of the machinery of one of the gunboats becoming disabled, it had been resolved to come to an anchor.

Scarcely was the frigate's anchor let go in one of the sheltered little nooks that abound on the Patagonian shore, before a party of half-a-dozen officers, including myself, manned the ship's gig and pulled back towards the promontory we had passed earlier in the day, and which was plainly distinguishable by pale blue smoke rising from behind the trees, and indicating the locality of a Fuegian encampment.

After a long row, and just as we were getting a little exhausted, we arrived off a narrow inlet, the entrance to which was partially concealed by the thick bushes that grew down to the water's edge. As the opening appeared to lead in the direction of the supposed encampment, it was resolved to explore further, and with some difficulty the boat was pushed into it.

To our surprise, after going some hundred yards, the channel suddenly widened, and we found ourselves in a large lagoon studded with little rocky islands, covered with luxuriant foliage, and reflected on its placid bosom as in a mirror. Above towered the lofty, snow-clad summits of the giant Andes, extending the length of the continent; nearer still were steep cliffs and gently sloping hills, down whose sides rolled myriads of silver cascades; trees of every kind, from the hardy fir to the crimson-blossomed fuschia, fringed the borders of the lake.

As yet we had seen nothing of the Indians. We had brought biscuits, blankets, and other articles to barter for skins and furs, and were determined not to be disappointed. Slowly we rowed across the lagoon for a distance of about a mile.

At length, on rounding a point, something appeared through the bushes, like one of the wigwams of twisted boughs which the natives construct for dwellings. A few moments after we saw another of these quaint habitations, and then another, till as the boat went ahead we found we were in the middle of a native village.

There, drawn up on the beach, were several war canoes, including the two we had seen outside, whilst standing beside them were over a dozen Fuegians engaged in landing fish from the boats, and lounging about in listless attitudes, handling their spears, and bows, and arrows, several of which strewed the ground. Squatting on the ground near them were some half-dozen squaws, with children slung round their necks.

On seeing the boat draw near they raised a loud cry, the meaning of which we were unable to comprehend, and the women and children at once disappeared, whilst all the men hurried down to the beach.

Aware of the treacherous disposition of these people, we made up our minds to carry on what intercourse we had with them without landing from the boat. The precaution had also been taken of bringing a couple of revolvers, which were now lying in the stern sheets, loaded with ball. We had in addition an ordinary double-barrelled fowling piece, and for other weapons (in the event of trouble arising contrary to our anticipations) were content to rely on the boat-hooks and stretchers.

We paddled cautiously in until the boat's bow just touched the beach. There was now a fair chance of observing the Indians, who we all confessed had justly earned the character they bore of being amongst the lowest and most degraded specimens of the human race—some, in fact most of them, were entirely devoid of clothing, and their faces and bodies, which, from exposure to the elements, had become somewhat the color of raw beef, were tattoed with various devices.

All, both men and women, wore their hair long, and presented on the whole an appearance as repulsive as can well be imagined.

We had not much leisure, however, to contemplate them, before many were knee-deep in water, and crowding around the boat. By signs and by making use of the few words from the Fuegian vocabulary that we were masters of, we made them understand our object, and one or two skins of the fur seal were produced for inspection.

Subsequently some robes made of the skins of ostriches and of the guanacoa or llama, skilfully sewn together, were offered.

After a little bargaining, some of our old blankets and some biscuit were exchanged for the skins. Our stores, as we showed them, were not yet exhausted, and by signs we endeavored to induce them to bring some more furs out of their wigwams, with a view to doing a little more business.

Every thing up to this time had gone on pleasantly enough. At length one of the Fuegians was discovered reaching his hand over the boat's gunwale, in the act of seizing a rather showy rug which had been reserved as a *bonne bouche* in our trading operations.

Of course it was immediately wrested from him; but on seeing himself baffled, the savage made a thrust with a heavy spear or lance at the officer in the bow, who, warding it off with one hand, delivered with the other a blow which sent the aggressor sprawling in the water.

At the same instant we noticed the natives endeavoring to seize the boat's oars, which hung over the side, whilst those on shore, who had now gathered in considerable numbers, raised another unearthly yell, and sent a volley of stones at our party.

Things now looked critical. If they once succeeded in getting possession of the oars, it was clear that our chance of retreat was gone, and equally so that we should infallibly be, one and all, reserved for the Fuegian roast, at the next great banquet, for the people are said to be cannibals.

Not a moment was to be lost. Two of us seized the revolvers, but as they had not been capped, they were not immediately available. So in the emergency we laid about us vigorously with the boat-hooks and stretchers upon the men who clung to our oars, thus compelling them to release their hold.

One discharge of small shot from the fowling-piece told with effect upon a brawny savage who had laid hold of the stem of the gig, and was trying to run her up on the beach, and we were clear.

Instantly we pushed out into the lagoon, followed by shouts and yells, and a few stray arrows; some of the latter fell on board, but beyond a trifling scratch or two, did no mischief.

Here we paused a minute to take breath after our little encounter. Our assailants, now some fifty yards distant, seeing that we had escaped, began crowding down to their canoes with a view to pursuit. Perceiving this, our two revolvers were brought into play, and at each discharge one or two of the natives fell, amid the howls of their companions.

During the confusion thus occasioned, we bent steadily to our oars, and were soon well out in the middle of the lake, where we could still hear, though faintly, the shouts of our late antagonists.

After this unexpected *rencontre* it was resolved to content ourselves with this day's trading, and go back to the ship, especially as the tops of the mountains were now ruddy with the glow of the setting sun. Leisurely we pulled by the various islets which we had passed on our journey up the lagoon, admiring still more their beauty, as, wrapped in the blue mist of evening, they presented an appearance of supernatural loveliness.

It was almost dusk when the narrow entrance spoken of above was approached; and all at once the midshipman in the bows beckoned to us to cease rowing, and pointed ahead, where, to our consternation, we perceived our Fuegian friends, who had got before us, and by taking some shorter route had been for some time at the entrance, where they were now busy cutting down the trees and underwood in such a manner as to block up the opening, and effectually to bar our retreat.

Here, then, was a dilemma which we had never contemplated; if, as we surmised, this was the only entrance to the lagoon, we were clearly in something very like a trap. A council of war was held, at which all agreed that, with our small party, to force the passage against such odds and in the face of the obstructions would be dangerous, if not impossible.

Ultimately it was decided that the safest plan would be to search for another exit out into the straits, and failing in this, to make the best we could of it in the gig till next morning, when assistance would be sent from the frigate.

It was now nearly dark, and the uselessness of attempting to find any other passage soon became apparent; we therefore had to resign ourselves to the prospect of passing all night in an open boat. The situation, though in some respects novel, was, it must be confessed, by no means agreeable.

The thought of danger from our Fuegian acquaintances, whose watch-fires still gleamed brightly on the beach, never troubled us much; although, to avoid a surprise, we deemed it safer to remain in the boat. For provisions we had plenty of biscuits, which had been intended for the natives if our intercourse with them had not been so rudely interrupted; we were also supplied with two or three blankets, which, as it soon became very cold, were of great service.

During the night, which was perfectly calm, though pitch dark, we more than once heard the distant boom of the guns fired from the ship as a signal to us to return on board, and would gladly have obeyed the summons, had obedience been possible.

At length, about midnight, signs of an approaching heavy shower appeared, and our little party were by this time so cramped by the cold, that we determined, at all hazards, to seek a place where we might land, and spend the remainder of the night with less discomfort; accordingly, after a careful survey, the boat was run noiselessly aground, under some bushes, and we landed, taking with us our blankets, fire-arms and boat-hooks.

The rain now began to descend in torrents. We had scarcely disembarked when the sight of two or three deserted wigwams startled us a little; after satisfying ourselves that they were unoccupied, possession was taken of one of them, which was strewn with muscle-shells, left by the former tenants, and spreading our blankets overhead we made a tolerable tent, which, in a great measure, afforded shelter from the rain.

Notwithstanding this improvement in our position, I cannot say that any of us slept that night. The necessity for being on the alert, as well as the general discomfort of our situation, effectually banished slumber. It continued to pour until nearly daylight, by which time the ground was a perfect swamp, and our tent barely habitable. As the sun rose in a sky that was absolutely cloudless, we cautiously moved down to our boat, which was nearly half full of rain water, looked to the revolvers, and started to reconnoitre.

On reaching our post of observation, we saw the Fuegians still at the entrance to the lagoon; they had now so completely blocked up the opening with felled trees, as to leave it scarcely distinguishable.

This time, however, our reconnoissance was not unnoticed, for venturing a little nearer than before, in order to make a more accurate survey, a loud yell announced that our approach was discovered. First one, then two, and eventually four canoes immediately put off in pursuit, crowded with savages. We got ready the fire-arms, and laid on our oars.

When the first canoe had got within forty yards it was received with two barrels from each revolver, and the howls that followed from the poor wretches attested the accuracy of our aim. Still they paddled rapidly towards us, letting fly several arrows, all of which fell short, and brandishing their clubs, as if in expectation of coming to close quarters.

This, however, was not in our judgment desirable, and a few strokes of the oars shot us some way ahead, and gave time to reload the discharged chambers of the revolvers.

Again we waited, but now the second canoe had overtaken the first, and the two came on together. Willingly would we have spared the poor creatures, but there was now no help for it, and as they neared us six reports followed in rapid succession, and, as nearly as we could judge, six more Fuegian warriors were killed.

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For a moment the survivors hesitated, and we began to entertain a hope that their experience of the deadly effect of the revolvers would induce them to discontinue the contest, when, rendered desperate by their loss, they again raised the war-cry, and advanced.

Once more we pulled vigorously ahead, and believed we had left all our foes astern, when a shower of stones, intermingled with a few more arrows, struck the boat. On looking round, we found, to our amazement, the other two canoes, which we had for a time lost sight of, rapidly closing upon us from two different directions, and the whole four, containing some fifty of the natives, appeared bent on driving us into a little bay that lay just before us.

Things now began to look really serious. We had only a few cartridges left, and the fowling-piece was of course useless, except at short range; whilst, as the enemy was rapidly heading us into the land, our superior speed would soon cease to be available.

However, there was nothing for it but to make a good fight, taking, if possible, the canoes in detail; and our two revolvers were again levelled, when all at once the deafening report of a sixty-eight pounder gun burst upon our startled ears, followed by a long, continuous roar, which, for some seconds, rumbled away in echoes among the distant hills.

At the same instant the tall masts and rigging of the old *Thunderer* appeared over the tops of the bushes, as, doubtless attracted by the smoke of the Fuegian camp fires, she steamed slowly and majestically down to what had been the entrance to the lagoon.

Never was a sight more welcome. The contest was at an end. With the most ludicrous expressions of terror, the enemy paddled to the shore, and, abandoning their canoes, fled inland with such precipitation, that before the frigate fired a second gun there was not a Fuegian to be seen.

By hoisting the boat's flag to the end of an oar, we managed to make our whereabouts known to those on board the ship, and in a short time a strong party landed, and after some hours' labor, removed the obstructions thrown across the opening, and released us from our unpleasant captivity.

DUST AND DISEASE.

That the air is full of particles of dust, and that these are not of an inorganic or mineral nature, has now been fully proved, but whether they are principally vegetable or animal organisms, is a point on which there is still a difference of opinion. It is probable that out of the 250,000 drawn from the air into a single drop of water, many were vegetable spores, and many belonged to low orders of animal life.

The microscope reveals a world teeming with animal existences. Even the human blood has its parasites. The matter from abscesses which have been exposed to the air is found to swarm with active little organisms, which are called *vibrios*. Helmboltz, a well known German physiologist, suffers from an annual attack of hay fever, which causes catarrh. During this time, and no other, the discharge from his nose is peopled with these *vibrios*, a strong sneeze being, however, necessary to dislodge them from their hiding-places. They are thus to be sneezed *out*, though not perhaps to be sneezed *at*.

Whether the atmospheric particles belong to the vegetable or animal kingdom, many of them have an immense power of reproducing themselves. Just as from one acorn grows an oak, which produces thousands of acorns, each the germ of another oak, from whence, in process of time, arises a large forest, so, when a dust germ is lodged in favorable circumstances, it multiplies itself with wonderful rapidity, and causes tremendous effects. This is now generally held to be the way in which various diseases are transplanted from one person to another, especially *epidemics*, attacking a large number of persons at once.

It was formerly believed that these diseases were communicated by malaria, or matter in *decay*. A little being received into the body, spread itself, or rather its decay, just as leaven spreads its influence indefinitely through a large quantity of flour. A speck of rotten matter would thus cause the whole human frame to rot. A blow was given to this theory, when, in 1836, a *yeast plant* was discovered, which acts in the same way as ordinary yeast, and thus shows that fermentation is a product of life instead of a process of decay.

In connection with this, it was further discovered that putrefaction, or the decaying process, does not take place when the air is excluded, or when only burnt air is supplied. This also shows that fermentation is caused by living organisms, which find their food in the substance which is said to ferment, and cause a chemical change in it by their multiplication.

The germs of disease are consequently now often called ferments, as small-pox ferment, typhus ferment, &c. They have, however, never yet been detected. The atoms are so small that a microscope of the highest power is incapable of defining them. How they get into our bodies is also a mystery. They are the worst kind of enemies, because they do not attack openly, but only in darkness.

Fortunately, there are several ways in which we can defend ourselves even from their invisible assaults. The first precaution is to keep the body and its surroundings clean, and to take plenty of fresh, not stale, air and exercise.

Again, we can enlist the services of carbolic and cresylic acids, sulphurous acid, chloride of lime, &c.; and, last of all, when in danger of infection, we can wear respirators of cotton wool, which will keep the dust from our mouths and nostrils.

THE DROWNED BOY.

I have been to the brink of the river,
  The cold, dark river of death;
And still in the valley I shiver,
  Where my child yielded up his breath.
Chill, chill was the touch of the billow,
  As it closed o'er my darling's head,
Then left him asleep on his pillow—
  My beautiful, beautiful dead!

O, dark was the day when the token
  Was sent from the palace on high,
That the sweet silver chord must be broken,
  And the pitcher all shattered must lie.
O, that midnight was starless and dreary
  When our child had to fight the last foe—
At length, of the conflict aweary,
  Love loosed him, and sobbed, "Let him go!"

"Great Father, receive the sweet spirit,
  That is bursting its fetters of clay!"
He slept—he was gone to inherit
  The crown and the kingdom of Day.
That smile, like an infant's escaping
  From danger to mother's own breast,
Told the moment the angels were taking
  Our weary one home to his rest.

CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES.

Though the organization of Congress is usually considered complete when each branch has its presiding officer and Clerk (Secretary, in the Senate) chosen, there still remains something to be done to put that body in working order.

That something consists in the appointment of committees, to each of which business is referred, to be put into shape and form for the benefit of Senate or House of Representatives.

In the House of Representatives, the Speaker appoints the Committees. His will is law. But he consults with members on the subject, and is governed to some extent by their suggestions and advice. An experienced Speaker knows, or is supposed to know, the character and talents of each member, and if he does his duty, he will assign men to the work they are best fitted to perform.

Sometimes, however, party or personal feelings come in, and influence the choice of the Speaker. He is expected to favor his own side in politics; and from this no evil may follow, if his party is represented in the House by men of ability.

The Senate keeps the business of forming its committees in its own hands. One reason of this is, that the Senate has no such office as the Speaker is in the House of Representatives.

The Vice-President of the United States is, by virtue of his office, President of the Senate, and he can preside at every sitting of that body. Yet he is not a member of that body, and he can take no part in its debates. In case the Senate should be equally divided on any question, he has "a casting vote," and can give victory to whichever side he may be pleased to give it.

It would not answer to leave the power to appoint committees in the hands of such an officer, for he might be opposed to the majority of the Senate, and form such committees as that majority never could approve. So the Senate acts for itself in committee-making, quite unlike to the House.

The most important committee in the House of Representatives is the Committee of Ways and Means. It has charge of every thing that relates to revenue, as its chief business; and the Chairman holds some such place in the House of Representatives as the English Chancellor of the Exchequer holds in the House of Commons.

Accordingly, it is always considered a high honor to be at the head of the Ways and Means Committee. The post has been held by some of the ablest men of the country. It is now held by Mr Dawes, of Massachusetts, who was appointed to it by Speaker Blaine, on the 4th of December.

The next committee is that on Appropriations, which has to do with expenditure.

Perhaps the next most important committee is that on Foreign Affairs. Then come the Committees on the Judiciary, on Banking and Currency, on Manufactures, on Post-Office and Post-Roads, on Military Affairs, on the Militia, on Naval Affairs, on Elections, and on many other subjects.

The number of committees has much increased, with the increase of the country. Speaker Blaine appointed fifty-seven Committees on the first day of the present session of Congress.

Such a committee as that on Pacific Railroad could not have been thought of twenty years ago; and so of the Committee on Freedmen's Affairs. These committees are of recent formation.

The work of the committees also has increased, and is most arduous. Every man who has been a member of a legislative body, and has done his duty there, is aware that most of the work in such a body is done by committees. It is so in Congress, where an honest, working committeeman is about as near a slave as any man well can be in this country. This is not apparent to the public, the work being privately done,—but it is the exact state of the case.

BERTHOLDE.

(THE DWARF OF ANCIENT LOMBARDY.)

Sometime during the early part of the sixth century, there was born in a small village, near the grand old city of Verona, a very remarkable dwarf. His name was Bertholde. At the age of manhood, his deformities were very marked. His stature was short; his head was of enormous size; his ears nearly covered the sides of his head; his under lip hung down on his chin, and from his mouth projected two large teeth.

Nature often compensates the unfortunate by endowing them with certain remarkable faculties, hiding behind a rough exterior her rarest intellectual gems. Bertholde possessed a wonderful mind. Every thing seemed clear to him. In point of intellect he was as superior to others as he was inferior to them in form.

Alboin, the founder of the kingdom of Lombardy, held his court, at this time, at Verona. Attracted to the royal residence by the fame of its splendors, Bertholde determined to have an interview with the King. In these palmy days, no guards frowned at the palace gates, and having resolved to see his sovereign, he entered the palace, and walked boldly into the royal apartment.

With the air of a philosopher he approached the King, and, without removing his hat, took a seat at his side. The King neither knew what to make of the creature himself, nor of his singular behavior; and the courtiers were struck with wonder.

"Who are you?" exclaimed the King. "How did you come into the world? From what country do you come?"

"I am a man," answered the dwarf, deliberately. "I came into the world in the manner that Providence sent me, and my country is the world."

Pleased with the answer, and with the dwarf's philosophical manner and cast of mind, the good King asked him a number of curious questions.

"What is that that has the swiftest wings?" asked the monarch.

"Thought," answered the dwarf.

"What is that gulf that is never full?"

"The avarice of a miser."

"What is most disagreeable in the character of the young?"

"Self-conceit."

"What is the most ridiculous in the old?"

"Love."

"Who caress us the most?"

"Those who have deceived us, and those who intend to do so."

The kind-hearted King was so much entertained by the good sense of the dwarf, that, at the close of the interview, he promised to give him any thing he desired, as a mark of his good will.

"I desire what I defy you to give."

"What?"

"Happiness, which kings are unable to impart, for they have less of it than others."

"You would not be a courtier?" asked the King, alluding to his plain, simple manners.

"No; unhappy as is my lot, I would not be a slave; moreover, I am neither a knave, nor a liar, and, consequently, I have not the qualities for that fine employment."

"What, then, do you seek at my court?"

"What I have been unable to find, for I had imagined that sovereigns were as much above other men, as steeples are above common houses, but I soon found that I had esteemed them too highly."

The King, thinking that the ready wit of the dwarf might be of service to him, gave him permission to reside at court. Bertholde accordingly became a very conspicuous character at Verona, and was finally appointed Prime Minister of Lombardy. The date of his death is unknown.

NEWS FROM URANUS.

A thousand or ten thousand miles is of no account with the telegraph. A message goes from Boston to San Francisco as readily as to New York. But how can a message come from Uranus, eighteen hundred millions of miles from the earth? The naked eye cannot see it, and a telescope of considerable power is needed to make it visible.

Yet news has just come from this planet, so far away, of great importance. There is no oxygen gas in its atmosphere, the gas which men, and animals, and plants breathe, and without which there could be no life on earth. It seems tolerably certain, therefore, that there are no living beings in Uranus, as there is no vegetation in the moon.

Instead of oxygen the atmosphere consists of hydrogen, one of the most inflammable of gases. If a fire were lighted anywhere on the planet, it would at once ignite this gas, and the whole planet be wrapped in a vast conflagration, unless the absence of oxygen should prevent combustion as well as life.

This curious news is reported by the spectroscope, an instrument which tells astronomers what the sun and stars are made of, and which is opening the way to more wonderful discoveries than the telescope.

ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.

Goldsmith was very poor, and lived in a wretched room in London, even after his name had been wafted on the winds of fame. His relatives in Ireland heard that Oliver had become a literary man, and his younger brother Charles thought it would be a fine thing to visit London, and receive the hospitalities of the poet.

When he arrived, he inquired at the coffee-house for his brother's residence, and, to his great wonderment, was conducted to a room in the second story of a miserable house in a sorry-looking part of the city. The interview was cordial, but Charles could not disguise his disappointment in finding a poet in such a situation.

"All in good time, my dear boy," said Oliver, with his usual humor; "all in good time. I shall be richer by-and-by. Besides, you see, I am not in positive want. Addison, let me tell you, wrote his poem of *Campaign* in a garret in the Haymarket, three stories high, and you see I am not come to that yet, for I have only got to the second story."

"I CANNOT AFFORD IT."

The world has little respect for a person who lives beyond his means, and fails to meet his dues, but it does not think less of one for saying, from the sincerity of an independent nature, "I cannot afford it."

George III., during a summer tour at the time of the hay harvest, saw a woman working alone in a field.

"Where are your neighbors, my good woman?" asked the King.

"They have gone to see King George."

"And why did you not go to see King George?"

"I have five children to support, and I could not afford to lose the day."

The confession commanded the King's respect.

"Well, my good woman," said he, handing her a piece of money, "since you cannot afford to go and see the King, tell your neighbors that the King has been to see you."

TRUE POLITENESS.

Said Horace Mann, "If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, do not pretend to notice it. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the play that does not require running."

The advice is characteristic of the benefactor who gave it, for it was such acts of kindness that developed the far-reaching sympathies of Horace Mann, and that made him a Christian statesman and philanthropist. He was a poor boy, and depended upon the earnings of his own hands for the means of cultivating his mind. But he had a kind *look* for all, a kind word for all, and a kind and helping hand for all. Men loved him, and felt that they were conferring an

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honor upon themselves, and upon all that was good and elevating, when they raised him to the choicest positions of public trust. There is no nobler statue in the city of Boston to-day than that of Horace Mann.

Kindness pays. Never notice misfortune, except when you can relieve it.

THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN.

In fully nourishing and in building up properly this body that we inhabit, we render it available for good service. In a very brief article, last week, I considered the importance of correct principles regarding diet. Other matters, also, contribute to the construction of the body and the quality of it; such as cleanliness, atmosphere and sunlight. But we will suppose that all these matters are allowed to contribute well and fully, and that the body is in perfect health. What are we to do with it?

The watch wheels being well oiled, every thing that could increase friction being removed, the broken cog replaced, and all in good order, it is better for the watch *to go;* it deteriorates by standing still. Our bodies were manifestly made to go about; but they were made to go about *for a purpose*. Let the exercise, then, be always with some pleasant, definite end in view. Put the power in action; but in a way to utilize it commendably. A walk on the stale principle of the necessity of exercise is only better than sitting unemployed, or than sitting to fatigue and indigestion.

A sufficient amount of active *occupation* to keep the body in action is desirable for all persons, and, by a little contrivance, may be well interspersed with studious pursuits or sedentary work. The beautiful is useful; and if we cannot make an errand of business or benevolence, we can make one of beauty. A game of ball, or some fine coasting, for the boys.

But the human body differs from other living bodies in being influenced by an intelligent principle—the mind. We say that *we* inhabit our bodies. At all events our bodies are only part of us. The brain is the peculiar organ of the mind; the instrument of sensation and of thought. It is in a manner distinct from the other organs; but upon its right exercise depend very much the good development, and good state, and useful action of the whole body. Keep it well employed. Keep the temper even and the mind cheerful. The brain is the arena of the gymnasium, where the mind may develop its strength. And in the right exercise of brain and muscle we utilize our available forces. G. H.

OUR PRESENT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

DARLEY'S FINE ENGRAVING, that we offer as a **Present, will be sent to every subscriber to the** *Companion* **who is entitled to it, as soon as we receive it from the printer. It may not be ready until the first of March next, but we hope to receive it before that time.**

We shall also give it to every new subscriber to the paper.

It will be given to every old subscriber, who, between Nov. 1, 1871, and Nov. 1, 1872, renews and **pays his subscription** *for one year* **from the time his present subscription expires. For instance,** if your **year expires next January, it will be necessary to pay for another year, in order to secure the** picture. **If it expires in February next, or in March,** or in **any month that follows up to November,** 1872, you **must pay for the paper for one year beyond that month, in order to be entitled to the picture.**

It will be given in addition to the Premiums and Presents that we offer for *new names.*

A PRINCE'S PLAYTHINGS.

A prince who is an only child, has a lonely life. He has no playmates, for it would be an offence against propriety to mingle with boys of inferior rank. He must, therefore, have a variety of toys to amuse him in solitude.

The public curiosity was excited by the sight of the prince imperial's playthings after his flight from Paris. A small steam press was found, of which he was evidently fond, and by its side a package of imaginary state papers, printed by his own hands. An elegant box of small sized carpenter's tools and polished walnut bench betrayed marks of frequent use; and with these were a bundle of ivory handled turning instruments, with turned peg-tops, balls and draughtsmen, showing awkward workmanship. A set of locksmith's tools belonged to the collection, with model locks made to be taken to pieces and put together.

A pile of books and jointed maps bore fewer marks of frequent use than the machinery, and the young prince, no doubt, preferred mechanical work to books. Some copy-books, however, were written in a very neat hand, with exercises in German, and Italian, and English, as well as French. Little respect was paid by the crowd to the toys of the Prince, and they were knocked off at auction for the merest trifle, having no value even as curiosities.

EASY WAY OF KILLING BUGS.

The curculio has proved more than a match for man's ingenuity and perseverance. All efforts to exterminate him have failed, while he has succeeded in killing a large share of the plum trees of New England. But a new enemy has appeared, which promises to be effective, and to destroy this great pest of our orchards.

A Southern gentleman, who had an orchard bordering on a railroad, noticed that the trees next to the road were untouched by the curculio, or any other vermin, while they did great damage to the farther side of the orchard. The curious fact perplexed him, till the thought occurred that possibly the concussion of the air from the motion of the trains, and from the steam whistle, might have an influence.

He tried an experiment on a large scale: bought two pounds of powder, and exploded it in the middle of his orchard, and found to his great delight that the explosion had cleared the trees, killing not only the curculios, but a host of other bugs. If the canker and currant can be disposed of by a similar process, we may hope to see an abundance of choice fruit in New England, and in all other parts of the country.

GOLDSMITH'S PLEA.

Oliver Goldsmith was a lazy, blundering, jolly-go-lucky sort of a fellow in youth, and a sore trial to his mother, who wished to see him smart and enterprising.

The good woman scolded so much that he at last left his home, and went to Cock, in the intention of shipping for America. He carried away with him a fine horse, and thirty pounds in his pocket.

His mother's expectations were somewhat raised when Oliver finally started to seek his fortune in the world. At the end of six weeks he returned home without a cent in his pocket, and riding one of the sorriest looking animals imaginable, which he called *Fiddleback*.

The good woman's patience was quite gone, when she saw how it was, and she received him wrathfully.

"And now, dear mother," said Oliver, cleverly, "after *having struggled so hard to come home*, I wonder that you are not more *rejoiced* to see me."

AN ANGRY MUSICIAN.

Great musicians, it is said, frequently have high tempers, which sometimes make more discord than melody. Many stories are told of the wrath of Handel, when performers did badly. The following is a good specimen:

Having occasion to bring out one of his oratorios in a provincial town of England, he began to look about for such material to complete his orchestra and chorus as the place might afford. One and another was recommended, as usual, as being a splendid singer, a great player, and so on. After a while, such as were collectable were gathered together in a room, and after preliminaries, Handel made his appearance, puffing, both arms full of manuscripts.

"Gentlemen," quoth he, "you all read manuscripts?"

"Yes, yes," responded from all parts of the room. "We play in the church," added an old man, behind a violoncello.

"Very well, play dis," said Handel, distributing the parts.

This done, and a few explanations delivered, Handel retired to a distant part of the room to enjoy the effect. The stumbling, fumbling and blundering that ensued is said to be indescribable. Handel's sensitive ear, and impetuous spirit, could not long brook the discord, and clapping his hands to his ears, he ran to the old gentleman of the violoncello, and shaking his fist, furiously, at the terrified man and the instrument, said, "You blay in de church!—very well—you may blay in de church—for we read, De Lord is long suffering, of great kindness, forgiving iniquities, trangression and sin; you sal blay in de church, but you sal not blay for me!" and snatching together his manuscripts, he rushed out of the room, leaving his astonished performers to draw their own conclusions.

A FOX'S LOGIC.

The instincts of animals come very near to human reason. The fox in the following story seemed to set his trap as cunningly as any boy:

Rev. Charles E. Nott, of St. Louis, sends to the *Independent* this story. A former pastor of mine told me the following: When a boy he had a fox, which, I regret to say, bore the reputation of possessing far more brain than personal piety. The fox was kept in the yard in a sort of raised den, nicely sodded over, and was confined by a chain that allowed quite a generous circumference.

One evening in the fall, the farm wagon, returning from the field with a load of corn, passed near the den, and by chance dropped an ear where the fox could reach it. He was seen to spring out, seize the corn, and carry it quickly back into the den. What he wanted with it was a mystery, as corn formed no part of the gentleman's diet.

The next morning, however, the mystery was solved, for the fox was observed, out of his den, and considerably within the length of his chain, nibbling off some of the corn, and scattering it about in full view of the poultry, after which he took the remainder back into his den, and awaited events. Sure enough, the chickens came; and while eating, out sprang the fox, nabbed his man, and quickly took his breakfast in his back parlor.

Now it seems to me that this is pretty good "generalizing." The fox may not have reasoned upon the most sublime theme imaginable. But if he didn't evolve that chicken out of the depths of his own consciousness, then there is no such thing as logic.

"THE BEST ARE TOO BUSY TO BE KNOWN."

The above line would make a good refrain for a poem—and the subject of the sketch is worthy of it. A Plymouth correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* tells the following of the schoolmistress on Clark's Island, in the bay, "where the pilgrims spent their first Sunday":

This woman keeps house, takes care of her aged mother, bakes her own bread, and makes her own garden; raises corn, potatoes and squashes; rows over to the main land for supplies, manages a sail-boat, keeps a school winter and spring, and teaches the large boys navigation in the evening; does her own sewing and washing, and takes boarders in summer. In view of such magnificent usefulness, how contracted seems the sphere of an ordinary intellectual or political woman. These New England women are a fearful race. It is only the second-rate ones who fall into publicity—by writing-books, or chiselling, or lecturing. The best are too busy to be known.

A Beautiful Present.

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Its title is "GRANDPA'S HIRED MAN." It represents a hay-field on a hot July afternoon. The farm-house is in the distance, partly covered by trees, and over it hangs the gray summer haze. Not far away, lusty men are loading a huge wagon, while in the foreground are grandpa and his little pet, raking the newly-made hay.

The man is approaching old age. His tall, muscular form is somewhat bent, and the strong, pleased, time-worn face is watching his little "three-year-old" grandchild, whose hands are tugging at a heavy rake, and whose face is a very picture of baby complacency and delight.

Neither grandpa nor his pet "hired man" is turning off work like the boys, but there is sunshine in their faces, as well as in the fields, though one reflects the rising, and the other the declining light. Little tot is charming as pencil can make him, and so delightfully has Mr. Darley blended the simple happiness of childhood with the pensive playfulness of age, that the picture not only pleases, but *holds* the observer,—like those rare faces that grow in attraction the more they are seen.

Mr. Darley, in American subjects, is unquestionably the first draughtsman in America; and in this picture he fully sustains his claims to that position. It is, in every sense of the word, a choice work of art, admirably conceived; one that will make a graceful and fitting ornament for any home.

The size of the picture, including its margin, is 17½ by 15 inches. It is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready so that we can send it to all persons entitled to it at the latest by the first of March next,—but probably before the first of February.

Send, therefore, your subscriptions when the year expires for which you have now paid, and the picture will be sent you as soon as it comes to us from the printer.

Remember that we give the picture to both old and new subscribers. Any person who subscribes for the paper for one year, between Nov. 1, 1871, and Nov. 1, 1872, and pays $1 50 for it, will receive the picture.

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The offer of this picture will prove a help to our friends in obtaining new names, for it will be given, as we have stated above, to each new subscriber.

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The subscriptions to these Publications can commence at the time they are sent us. We do not furnish Specimen copies of any of them. They need not necessarily be ordered to the same person, or the same Post-Office as the Companion. Our responsibility ends when subscribers receive their first number.

HERE is a bit of French philosophy. It is set down to the credit of Alexander Dumas, *fils:* "Walk two hours every day. Sleep seven hours every night. Get up as soon as you wake. Speak only when necessary, and say only half what you think. Don't write any thing but what you can sign. Think neither too much nor too little of money; it is a good servant, but a bad master.

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PARDONED.

Some touching incidents were recently related at the noon prayer meeting of the B. Y. M. Christian Association, and were reported in the *Congregationalist*, which happily illustrate the joy of the penitent when his sins are forgiven, and the sense of gratitude that follows the forgiveness of sin. The gentleman who presided over the meeting said:

"I shall never forget poor Scott, in the army, the first who was sentenced to be shot. His mother was a praying woman, and when she heard the dreadful tidings, she left her humble New England home, and went to Washington, to ask the President to pardon her poor boy. She arrived at the White House covered with dust, but was told that she could not see the President. But, while lingering there in tears, agony, and utter distress, the President himself made his appearance, coming out to his morning meal.

"He saw the distressed mother; it was enough; he went back, and she followed him into the reception-room.

"She got down on the floor before him, and said, 'O, sir, pardon my son! I know that he slept at his post, but he had been awake four nights, and he could not keep awake always!'

"And the President, in the fullness of his heart and feeling, said, 'Don't kneel to me any longer! He shall be pardoned!'

"That young man died in the hospital, after bravely toiling and fighting in the swamps of the Chickahominy. His last words to the surgeon were, 'Tell the President I loved him, and that I prayed for him with my dying breath!'

"That, my friends, was the result of pardon."

The speaker was hardly seated, when a young man arose and said, "I, too, well remember *that* day. I remember how the captain came to us, and told us that we must go to see our comrade shot. We went. Twelve soldiers were there waiting to do the deed. An officer appeared with a paper. He read the order of pardon. O, what a shout went up for the President! How the hats tossed in air. 'Pardoned!'

"I too, am pardoned, and I feel as happy as our comrade felt, when the glad tidings reached his ears."

THE TURNING POINT.

"A word fitly spoken how good it is!" Real kindness watches its opportunity to say such words, and weary hearts and bewildered heads enough there are in our way every day to be helped and blessed by their timely cheer:

A good minister had grown weary over his books, and so threw them all aside for a brisk walk in the open air. Nothing rests body and mind like this. No brandy bitters can give such a spring to the spirits as pure, fresh air. A pleasant companion is an excellent thing in a walk, but any one may have the company of pleasant thoughts.

As Dr. B—— was passing the corner of the park, he observed a lad with a valise in his hand just turning into the street. He paused a moment, as if uncertain which course to take. A moment's glance showed to the clergyman that the lad was from the country. Such ruddy cheeks, vigorous muscles, did not grow in the shade of a city home. It flashed through the good man's mind that this boy was leaving his early home, as he had done some forty years ago; and in imagination he recalled that parting scene with a feeling of gentle sadness that made him at once feel an interest in the boy before him. It is wonderful how rapidly thought can move. How much we can think of almost in an instant.

"Please, sir, will you direct me to Le Roy Street?" he asked, respectfully.

The clergyman gave the desired direction, and then added,—

"You have come from a home in the country to find a situation in the city, have you, my boy?"

There was something so kindly in the tone that it went at once to the boy's heart. A moment before he had felt so utterly alone. Now, he felt that this voice was one of real sympathy, and its effect was electrical.

"My father died a month ago," he said, "and my mother has got a place for me in my cousin's store."

"Well, my boy, I trust you have a good mother; I can usually tell by a boy's looks what kind of a mother he has. Remember all her good counsels, and be especially careful how you spend your Sabbaths. If you begin by going out to walk for your health, or pleasure, you will end in the liquor saloon, and all the haunts of wickedness. Anchor yourself in the church and the Sabbath school. Here is the address of mine, if you would like to attend it. Our superintendent loves boys, and so do I. Remember that the way you spend your first Sabbath in the city will very likely be the turning point of your life. Good-by, and may God give you His blessing always."

The good man gave his hand heartily to the stranger lad as he bade him good-by. It cost him nothing; but he knew full well how sweet such little wayside kindnesses are to the hearts of the lonely and homesick.

"I'll walk the length of this city through to find that man's church and Sunday school," said Robbie to himself, as he walked rapidly on, his heart cheered and strengthened by that little act of sympathy.

"When the next Sunday came, however, it found him worn down with unaccustomed tasks. A young man in the store, with whom he had formed a pleasant acquaintance, invited him to take a stroll about the city.

"I'll show you some of the sights, and treat you to a dinner of oysters in a saloon I know of, where they keep open on Sundays. The shutters are bowed, of course, out of respect to the day, you know; but there is always plenty to eat and drink inside on all days and hours. They have all kinds of liquors, too, and make splendid punch."

Robbie felt lonely enough that day.

His thoughts ran back to his old home, and more than once the tears started to his eyes. The young man seemed so pleasant and friendly, he was just on the eve of yielding to his temptations "just this once." But then the thought of the good minister's words about this day being the turning point in his life, came back to his mind just in time. He politely declined the invitation, and found his way to the morning Sabbath school to which he had been directed.

Every afternoon he felt that he had a home in that city. A kind superintendent, and a warm-hearted teacher, who welcomed him with a cordial grasp of the hand, effectually "anchored" him in the Sunday school. His career in after life was useful, honorable and successful; a very marked contrast to the Sabbath-breaking boys, who ran rapidly down the scale of dissipation until they reached the common drunkard.

CHARCOAL'S STORY.

I'm only Charcoal, the blacksmith's dog,
Ugly, and fast growing old;
Lying in the sunshine the livelong day,
By the forge when the nights are cold.
I look across at the little house,
The door where I used to wait
For a schoolboy shout, a merry face,
To meet me within the gate.

My master, the smith, remembers, too;
I see on his grimy cheek,
As he looks across at the cottage door,
A pitiful, tear-drawn streak.
He, stooping, lays, in a friendly way,
His hand on my lifted head;
I look, and whine, but we understand—
Each thinks of the schoolboy dead.

Prince is the tawny and handsome hound
That comes with the hunting squire;
Smooth and well-fed, with a stable bed,
And a place by the kitchen fire.
The squire is going away, he said;
He waited an hour to-day,
While my master carefully shod his mare,
In his slow, old-fashioned way.

I heard him say, with an oath or two,
"Put an end to that sorry cur;
Better buy my Prince, he's a noble beast."
I heard, but I did not stir;
For I knew I was only a worn-out thing,
Not bright, like the tawny hound,
And I felt I would gladly go and die
On a short, new churchyard mound.

"Well, squire,"—the brawny arm rose and fell,
The sparks from the anvil flew—
"I s'pose that critter that's lying there
Is not much account to you.
But while I live, and can earn his keep,
Old Charcoal and I won't part;
For, squire, I really sometimes think
The dog has a human heart.

"My little Jacky—he loved him so—
And Jacky, he's gone, you see;
And so it 'pears as if Charcoal knows
That he's more than folks to me."

The squire is gone with his horse and hound,
And master and I still wait
Together, and side by side go in
At night, through the lonely gate.
But by-and-by one must go alone—
Only one be left of three,
To pass the gate and the cottage door.
Alas! if it should be me! *Happy Hours.*

TREATMENT OF FROZEN FLESH.

Keep the surface of the frozen part at or near the freezing point—at or near thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit—until it is thawed out by the heat from within the body. Remember this, frozen flesh should be thawed from *within*, not from without. The reason is this:

If the melting commences by the action of the warm, arterial blood, at the deepest part, the frozen blood, as soon as melted, is carried away by the veins without rupturing the delicate network of capillary vessels which form the connecting link between the arteries and veins. If, instead, the thawing commences upon the surface, the blood, as it becomes liquefied, will remain upon the outside of the frozen part, as the vessels which should convey it away are still frozen up. This blood soon changes its color, expands with the heat, and causes intense pain, and is liable to burst the little capillary vessels which contain it.

The best way to keep the surface of the frozen part at the desired temperature, is to keep it in water in which there is a considerable quantity of ice or snow until it becomes entirely thawed out from within. Frozen flesh should on no account be rubbed. The frozen part is filled with minute vessels, running in every direction, each one of which contains an icicle.

Now if the part is rubbed, the effect is to break these minute icicles into thousands of pieces, and each piece has its sharp corners, which are forced through the walls of the vessels, tearing them to pieces, and lacerating the flesh, so as always to cause great soreness, and oftentimes disorganization and death of the part. While rubbing the frozen part itself should be carefully guarded against, it is useful to rub the adjoining parts, as it greatly promotes the circulation of the blood, and hastens the thawing in the natural way.—*Herald of Health.*

GEN. SCOTT'S BETRAYAL.

Gen. Washington was once nearly taken captive by the British, having been betrayed by a false friend with whom he was accustomed to dine. Gen. Scott also fell into a trap laid for him by a Canadian lady, and had a narrow escape on the morning of the battle of Chippewa, in 1814. He had the satisfaction afterwards of defeating the British army and taking possession of the very house in which the young lady made the treacherous attempt. He told the story to Col. Webb:

The 4th of July, 1814, was one of extreme heat. On that day my brigade skirmished with a British force commanded by Gen. Riall, from an early hour in the morning till late in the afternoon. We had driven the enemy down the river some twelve miles to Street's Creek, near Chippewa, where we encamped for the night, our army occupying the west, while that of the enemy was encamped on the east side of the creek. After our tents had been pitched, I observed a flag, borne by a man in peasant's dress, approaching by marquee.

He brought a letter from a lady who occupied a large mansion on the opposite side of the creek, informing me that she was the wife of a member of Parliament, who was then at Quebec; that her children, servants and a young lady friend were alone with her in the house; that Gen. Riall had placed a sentinel before her door; and that she ventured, with great doubts of the propriety of the request, to ask that I would place a sentinel upon the bridge to protect her against stragglers from our camp.

I assured the messenger that the lady's request should be complied with. Early the next morning the same messenger, bearing a white flag, reappeared with a note from the same lady, thanking me for the protection she enjoyed, adding that, in acknowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I would, with such members of my staff as I chose to bring with me, accept the hospitalities of her house at a breakfast which had been prepared with considerable attention, and was quite ready.

Acting upon an impulse which I have never been able to analyze or comprehend, I called two of my aids, Lieuts. Worth and Watts, and returned with the messenger to the mansion already indicated. We met our hostess at the door, where breakfast awaited us, and where the young lady previously referred to was already seated by the coffee urn.

Our hostess, asking to be excused for a few minutes, retired, and the young lady immediately served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast, Lieut. Watts rose from the table to get his bandanna (that being before the days of napkins) which he had left in his cap on a side table by the window, glancing through which he saw Indians approaching the house on one side, and red-coats approaching it on the other, with an evident purpose of surrounding it and us, and instantly exclaimed,—

"General, we are betrayed!" Springing from the table and clearing the house, I saw our danger, and remembering Lord Chesterfield had said, "Whatever it is proper to do, it is proper to do well," and as we had to run, and my legs were longer than those of my companions, I soon outstripped them. As we made our escape we were fired at, but got across the bridge in safety.

A QUICKSAND OF GRAIN.

It is fine fun to play in corn-bins, but the sport is sometimes dangerous, and it is well to look before one leaps. A boy in Ithaca, N. Y., came near losing his life.

In the storehouse of Mr. King a quantity of barley was being let down from a large bin in the third story to the second story through the usual spout leading from above. Mr. Charles King and his cousin, George King, were superintending the process, and Jerome Leonard, about sixteen years of age, was in the third story. When the grain in the large bin began to settle in the centre, young Leonard got on it and sat down in the centre, right over the spout where the grain was going down the fastest.

Probably the sensation of slowly sinking induced him to remain, which he did, strange to say, till the barley had closed in around him so much that when he attempted to stir, he only sank the faster, and caused the grain to pour in around him the more, just as would happen to a person in a bed of quicksand.

He became alarmed, and the other boys ran down to give the alarm. Mr. King at once shut the spout, through which the grain was running at the rate of twenty bushels per minute, and went up stairs. When he looked in the bin he saw only a hand sticking out of the grain. It moved for a few minutes, and then dropped, limber, on the grain.

Mr. King jumped in and took hold of the hand, but could do nothing toward pulling the boy out. The grain kept sliding down and burying the victim deeper. The hand turned black, and when other aid arrived, it was thought that young Leonard must be dead.

They began shoveling, and succeeded in getting hold of his feet, (for he had gone down just as he sat, his head and feet the highest,) but couldn't pull him out. They feared to shovel for fear of cutting his head, but one of the men got a wooden shovel, and succeeded in finding his hair without striking him.

The grain was cleared away by hand, till the boy's nose and mouth, which were full of grain, were uncovered. His face was black, and he did not breathe for some seconds. Soon he gasped, opened his eyes, and began to breathe. Meanwhile it was impossible to pull him out till about sixty bushels more of grain had been drawn off, those in the bin supporting his head, but all sinking with the body.

The boy was finally got out, almost senseless. He was taken home, medical aid called, and he is now recovering. It was a narrow escape from suffocation, and should be a warning to boys who play about the storehouses.

STORY OF AN INJURED EYE.

Nature exerts a wonderful energy to repair the damages of accident, and frequently succeeds where surgical skill would fail. The Norwich (Ct.) *Advertiser* relates the following:

Twenty-nine years ago, while building the Tomlinson bridge in New Haven, Mr. Sylvester Havens, of No. 30 Wooster Street, in Hartford, was injured in the right eye by a small and sharp piece of steel, which flew from a steel roller as the result of a blow. It pained him for several days, but gradually the pain wore off, and Mr. H. for years felt no other inconvenience from it than this, that he would occasionally see objects doubled. The eye looked somewhat different from the other eye, but not to any marked degree. Gradually, it began to lose the power of sight. This was many years after the accident. Finally, the eye lost all power of sight—became totally blind. It did not present such an appearance, however. In this way it continued fourteen years, causing, if we are correctly informed, no pain. About six weeks ago, Mr. H. was troubled by a boil which made its appearance on the inside of his right nostril. Its obstinately painful character led Mr. H. to puncture it with the small blade of a penknife, when out came, among some purulent matter, the identical piece of steel which had entered his eye twenty-nine years ago! The sore healed, but soon afterwards Mr. H. became conscious of a dimness in his remaining (left) eye, as if there were a wall over it. He consulted a New York oculist, Dr. Agnew, who found it to be the result of sympathetic action from the nerves of the other eye, and advised him to have the right eye (which had been for some years totally blind) removed from its socket. This, he told Mr. H., alone could save him from being totally blind. After returning, Mr. Havens decided to do this; and on Thursday last, Dr. Agnew performed the operation, assisted by Dr. Taft, at Mr. H.'s house in this city. The patient was put under the influence of chloroform, and the eye extracted, for a glass one in due time to take its place. Mr. H. has since remained in a darkened room. Curiously enough, any ray of light that enters the apartment pains the empty socket of the departed eye. Even a picture with a gilt frame, hanging on the opposite wall, had to be turned face to the wall, the reflection of the gilt frame in the room being painfully perceptible. The sensitiveness, however, is rapidly wearing off, if it be not already gone; and Mr. H. will soon, no doubt, be out of doors again.

POLITE ELEPHANT.

One evening, whilst riding in the vicinity of Kandy, my horse evinced some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, which consisted of a repetition of the ejaculation, urmph! urmph! in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery, by bringing me face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by an attendant.

He was laboring painfully to carry a beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks; but the pathway being narrow, he was forced to bend his head to one side to permit the load to pass endwise; and the exertion and this inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds which disturbed the composure of my horse.

On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, and reconnoitred us for a moment, and then flung down the timber, and voluntarily forced himself backward among the brushwood, so as to leave a passage, of which he expected us to avail ourselves.

My horse hesitated; the elephant observed it, and impatiently thrust himself still deeper into the jungle, repeating his cry of urmph! but in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to advance.

Still the horse trembled, and, anxious to observe the instinct of the two sagacious animals, I laid the rein upon its neck, and forbore any interference; again the elephant, of its own accord, wedged himself farther in amongst the trees, and manifested some impatience that we did not pass him.

At length, the horse moved forward, and when we had fairly passed the elephant, I looked back, and saw the wise creature stoop and take up its unwieldy burden, trim and balance it on his tusks, and resume its route as before, hoarsely snorting its discontented remonstrance.—*Every Boy's Magazine.*

A NATURAL GASOMETER.

It would be convenient for families in the country, if gas wells as productive as the following could be found in many neighborhoods:

A farmer living four and a half miles from Mattoon, Ill., while boring a well in his door yard, at the depth of twenty feet, liberated a flow of gas. A pipe was procured and inserted in the well, projecting above the ground several feet, and the gas was ignited. For weeks the flame produced from this pipe has been plainly visible from Mattoon at night. This gas is de-

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scribed as pure hydrogen, almost without smell, affording a bright light, and giving out intense heat. It appears to be much better adapted for heating and illuminating purposes than that which has been found in the region of Buffalo. The pipe placed in the well has a capacity of 14,000 feet per day, and the pressure of the gas is said by the superintendent of the Mattoon Gas Works to be as great as in the mains in that city. The farmer who owns the well proposes to light and heat his house with the gas which has been so unexpectedly added to the products of his farm.

SAVED FROM MADNESS BY PINS.

Solitary confinement in a dark dungeon often drives prisoners to idiocy or insanity. The following singular story, told by the *Court Journal*, shows how a very trivial employment may save one from such a terrible fate:

The Count K. was, some years ago, in his own country, suspected of being too much inclined to politics, and was, consequently, one night, without examination or further inquiry, torn from the bosom of his family by police officers, conveyed to a fortress in a distant part of the country, and thrown into a damp, dark dungeon. Days, weeks, months passed away, without his being brought to trial. The unhappy man saw himself robbed of every succor. In the stillness of death and the darkness of the grave he felt not only his strength failing him, but also his mind wandering.

An unspeakable anguish took hold upon him. He who feared not to appear before his judges, now trembled before himself. Conscious of his danger, he endeavored to find something to relieve himself from the double misery of idleness and loneliness, and thus preserve him from a terrible insanity. Four pins, which accidentally happened to be in his coat, had fortunately escaped the notice of his jailer. Those were to be the means of deliverance to his spirit.

He threw the pins upon the earth,—which alone was the floor of his gloomy dungeon, and then employed himself in seeking for them in the darkness.

When, after a tiresome search, he succeeded in finding them, he threw them down anew; and so, again and again, did he renew his voluntary task.

All the day long, sitting, lying or kneeling, he groped about with his hand until he had found the pins which he had intentionally scattered. This fearful, yet beneficial recreation continued for six years. Then, at last, a great political event opened suddenly the doors of his prison. The count had just scattered his pins, but he would not leave his cell without taking with him the little instruments of his own preservation from despair and madness.

He soon found them, for now the clear, bright light of day beamed in through the doorway of his dungeon. As the count related this sad story to the countess, she seized the pins with holy eagerness. Those crooked, yellow brass pins, which, during six fearful years, had been scattered and gathered alternately, were become to her as precious relics; and now, set in a frame of brilliants worth four hundred pounds, as a treasure of much greater value, she wears them on her bosom.

A BOY'S POEM ABOUT CHICAGO.

Dr. Johnson, when only four years old, wrote an epitaph on a certain unfortunate duckling, the eleventh of a brood:

"Here lies good Master Duck,
That Samuel Johnson trod on.
If it had lived, 'twould been good luck,
For then we'd had an odd one."

This ambitious stripling lived to write one of the finest epitaphs in Westminster Abbey, and some of the most famous elegies of the English language. Here is a boy who has written a poem about Chicago, in which there is a chance for improvement, as in the case of the great Englishman's first effort:

Chicago, Oct. 9, 1871.

DEAR MATTHEW,—No one can imagine how large the fire is, and I am not going to attempt to describe it. As the fire is raging, I am composing the following verses:

CHICAGO

City of fire, wrapped in flame,
It is useless to name
The extent of a fire, which commenced in one small flame.
O, how men, women and children wish it would rain!
It would keep many creatures from pain.

People who once were vain
May never be vain again.
Eight miles of buildings wrapped in light,
So light that it does not seem like night.
A river so red! Is it turned to blood?
No; its bed still consists of mud.

What do I hear? Boom! Boom! Boom!
The blowing up of many a room.
The fire can be stopped none too soon.

I will finish these verses in my next letter. I hope all are well. Your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM W. N——N.

WHERE FOUND.—A clergyman having, on a certain occasion, delivered himself of what is called a fine address, was met by one of his hearers the next day, when, in the course of conversation, allusion was made to it. The parishioner remarked that he had a book containing every word of it, and had heard it before. To this the clergyman boldly asserted that the address was written by himself the week previous to its delivery, and therefore the assertion could not be correct. The next day, he received a splendid copy of Webster's Dictionary.

For the Companion.

GRANDMA AND LITTLE MAGGIE.

"Grandma, O, grandma, just look on the tree,
There's a beautiful bird with a white head—do see!"
"That bird is a woodpecker, Maggie, my dear,
Do you see its long bill?" "Yes, grandma, how queer!"

"It is sharp as a needle, to make holes in the bark
He begins in the morning, and pecks till quite dark."
"Do peckerwoods eat at the bark all the day?
I should think they'd be tired, and leave off to play."

"They peck bugs for their living, then fly off and rest,
Or sing pretty songs, or sit in their nest."
"I'm glad I'm no peckerwood, with bugs for my supper,
I would rather have milk, or nice bread and butter;
And when I am tired, little dolly and me
Can lie in a crib, not be rocked in a tree."

God gave little Maggie a blanket and bed,
And gave wings for a blanket for woodpecker's head.
In crib, and in nest, they'll sleep soundly to-night,
And rise in the morning all happy and bright.

J.

For the Companion.

PINKIE.

One day I put on my new pasteboard sun-bonnet and went over to see Grandma Clark and Job, her funny hired man, that wears his straw hat slanted up behind, and a great, long nose, and a few whiskers.

Grandma was spinning.

I sat and watched her, she looked so nice and funny. This is a picture of us.

I heard Job pounding out in the barn. I let grandma spin, and I went to see Job awhile. He was thrashing oats. He didn't see me till I said, "Good-morning, Job; don't pound those poor oats so hard."

Job says, "Turvy Topsy, do you want a white kitten with a pink nose, or a white kitten with a black tip to its tail?"

I said I would take the pink nose.

We went to see 'em on the hay. The old mother, and the pink nose, and black tip, stuck up their ears, and opened their eyes to look at us.

Job put the pink-nosed one into my bonnet, told me to take it home, and give it catnip tea if it cried for its mother. It never cried enough to pay for making the catnip. It was always jolly, and I named it Pinkie.

I found it catching a chicken one day. I pulled one of its ears, and shut it in the preserve closet, but it didn't do much good; it *would* catch chickens, though I took her out in the woodshed, and lectured her every day, about.

One day, I went to stay with grandma all night. I slept in her spare bedroom. It's a scareful place, with the curtains all down.

I dreamed I saw Pinkie. She looked sober out of her eyes at me. I went home and told Tom that I saw Pinkie in my dream in the spare bedroom.

"Did you?" said Tom. "How did she look?"

"Sober at me."

Tom took me out into the yard, to what looked like a new flower bed, and said, "Pinkie is down deep in there, Topsy."

I whirled around fast, so Tom wouldn't see two tears.

"She catched chickens, Topsy."

"I know it. I lectured her."

"You can plant flowers there, Topsy."

So I did, some pinks.

That flower bed was a sober place to go to, but I felt better when the pinks blossomed, and I told Tom, one day,—

"Tom, it's better to grow up into nice, pretty pinks, than to be a pink-nosed kitten that catches chickens."

Tom said, "Yes, Topsy Tennyson."

TOPSY TURVY.

BE KIND.

Little children, bright and fair,
Blessed with every needful care,
Always bear this thing in mind:
God commands us to be kind;
Kind not only to our friends,
They on whom our care depends;
Kind not only to the poor,
They who poverty endure;
But in spite of form and feature,
Kind to every living creature,
Never pain or anguish bring,
Even to the smallest thing;
For, remember that the fly,
Just as much as you or I,
Is the work of that great Hand
That hath made the sea and land;
Therefore, children, bear in mind,
Ever, ever to "be kind."

THE TEMPERANCE BIRD.

Mary M. has a pet canary bird, which has shown great intelligence, and has been trained to many pretty ways.

Every day, at meal times, Mary opens the cage-door, and Dick flies out, and lights upon her shoulder, where he stays until the meal is over. He has been taught that he must be quite still while Mr. M. asks a blessing on their food; so, unless he comes at once when the cage-door is opened, he waits in silence till the blessing is over.

Once fairly perched on Mary's shoulder, he expects a taste of every thing she eats, and whenever she drinks, she holds up to him a spoonful of tea or coffee, which he sips with relish.

One day, Mary was ill, feeling no appetite, and growing often very faint. The doctor ordered brandy and water to revive her, and when she tasted it, Dick, as usual, called for his share. He laid his little head against her face, caressingly, peeped and coaxed till, just for fun, she determined to gratify him. But no sooner had Dick tasted the brandy than he flew into a violent passion, shook his head, stamped his feet, and beat his wings, scolding sharply all the time. Then, in disgust, he flew back into his cage, and would neither come out, nor notice Mary again all day.

O, that our boys, when spirit is offered them, would reject it indignantly, as did this little canary!

A DOG THAT THOUGHT.

One of the most unmistakable examples of dog-reason I can call to mind is that of a Newfoundland dog sent across a stream to fetch a couple of hats, while his master and friend had gone on some distance. The dog went after them, and the gentlemen saw him attempt to carry both hats, and fail, for the two were too much for him. Presently, he paused in his endeavor, took a careful survey of the hats, discovered that one was larger than the other, put the small one in the larger, took the larger in his teeth by the brim, and swam away, the happy carrier of the burden appointed him.—*Young Reaper.*

Enigmas, Charades, &c.

1.

By heaven created
For man as a blessing.
A post elevated
Forever possessing.

I'm a study for doctors,
A lesson in schools;
Of great use to proctors,
Who rail against fools.

Through me men have risen
To honor and glory;
Attaining a name
Never dying in story.

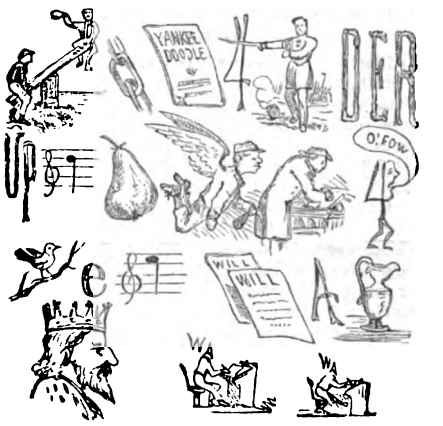
And men through me have sunk
Into misery's den,
Never to rise
On earth again.

I'm used by the sinner
To curse and to swear;
And I'm used by the righteous
To offer up prayer.

I often am found
In active employ;
Causing much sorrow,
And also much joy.

I'm prized by the beggar, as well as the king.
In fact, I am a most wonderful thing;
Found, it is true, in every man;
So what is my name? Come, guess, if you can.

2.



HAUTBOY.

3.

A PARTY OF SCHOOL GIRLS.

Three-fourths of a star and five-sixths of an attic.
Half of a flower.
A vowel, three-fourths of a liquid and a consonant.
Three-fourths of a month and two-fourths of a dial.
Three-fifths of an insect and a vowel.
A country and a consonant. K. G.

4.

Complete I am a sign
Of sorrow or of pain,
Behead me, and you'll find
I'm not far from the brain;
Curtail me and put on my head,
I am a useful shrub, 'tis said.

R. HILL.

5.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in hurricane, but not in storm.
My *second* is in cold, but not in warm.
My *third* is in summer, but not in fall.
My *fourth* is in bitter, but not in gall.
My *fifth* is in letters but not in words.
My *sixth* is in animals, but not in birds.
My *seventh* is in ten and also in eleven.
My *eighth* is in death, but never in heaven.
My *whole* is a town in New York State,
Where I reside up to this date. M. S.

6.

BURIED CITIES.

From England we went to Germany.
How slow Ellen does walk!
He opens the door with a bang or kick.
Gold is at par, is it not, uncle?
Use chloride of zinc for destroying insects.

ALICE.

Conundrums.

When is an umbrella like a cook's perquisites? When it's dripping.

When do miners resemble a rowing club? When they rest on their ores.

Why is a moth fluttering round a candle like a man getting off a horse? Because they are both going to a-light.

Why are books your best friends? Because you can shut them up without offending them.

How many peas are there in a pint? Only one *p*, surely.

What is it you can take without hands? A hint.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Ripe, Idea, Pear, Earl.
2. Abba, Baal, Balm, Alms.
3. Good health is above all wealth.
4. Leap-Frog.
5. First understand, then argue.
6. Sable, Sandy, Henry, Pillar, North, Disappointment. 7. Maine.

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FARMER SPEEDWELL'S HASTY PUDDING.

To illustrate the saying, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," and the excellent rule to meddlers, "When you undertake to improve any thing, first be sure you know whether it needs improving," we know of no more readable story than the following:

Old John Speedwell was a well-to-do farmer, living in the western part of Vermont.

His family consisted of his wife, Phœbe, two sons, Amos and Jim, and two daughters, Reliance and Prudence, (which names were very appropriate, as the elder daughter was a model of reliance, and the other was prudence personified.

The elder daughter, Reliance, was engaged to be married to a neighboring farmer, a young man whose mother had just died.

In those days there was no butcher to bring fresh meat every day, as at the present time; but people had to rely on their own resources for dinner; and, on the morning which opens our story, old Farmer Speedwell had proposed to have some hasty pudding and milk for dinner; and, as his word was law, it was agreed upon.

After breakfast Farmer Speedwell and his sons went to their haying, Dame Speedwell to her work, and the girls busied themselves about their domestic duties.

At the proper time Dame Speedwell made the pudding, taking care to salt it well, as she knew her husband liked a good deal of salt, hung it over a slow fire and went up stairs to put the winter clothing in camphor.

In a few moments Reliance came into the kitchen, when, seeing the pudding cooking, and knowing that her mother was apt to forget to salt it, she put in a handful of salt and stirred it well, so that her father would not have occasion to find fault.

Soon after, Prudence passed through the kitchen, and, reasoning the same as Reliance had, she also added a handful of salt, and went about her work again.

Before long Amos entered to get a jug of molasses and water, and soon after Jim, each of whom put in a handful more of salt, as they had no more faith in the mother remembering it, than Reliance or Prudence had.

Just before dinner time, Farmer Speedwell returned from work, and when he saw the pudding cooking, said, "That puddin' smells all fired good, but I'll bet a sixpence wife's forgot to salt it, as she always does. I used to depend on Reliance, till she got her head chock full of that young man o' hern, but I can't reckon on her thinkin' on't now, and as to Prudence, she is so cautious she would not dare to salt it any how; so I guess I'll salt it myself;" and suiting the action to the word, he put in a big handful of salt, stirring it well in.

Twelve o'clock came. They were all seated at the table, when Farmer Speedwell helped himself to a good share of the pudding, and took a mouthful; but no sooner had he done so, than he leaped up, exclaiming,—

"Who salted this ere puddin'?" Then recollecting that he had salted it himself, he left the room, saying, "I should think that thundering colt was trying to kick through the barn floor!"

The next who tried it was Amos, who leaped up, also, and went to see what the colt was doing!"

Then followed Reliance, Prudence, and Jim, who, each and all, escaped on some pretence, leaving Dame Speedwell in amazement, to realize the truth of the old adage, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

A SCHOONER ANCHORED TO A WHALE.

Capt. John Evitt, of the fishing schooner Charles H. Price, of Salem, Mass., reports the following strange story:

The schooner was at anchor on Grand Bank, with about two hundred fathoms of hemp cable out, and about ready to start for home, having taken about fifteen thousand pounds halibut. The cook threw over a line to catch a fish for dinner, and having caught one, threw the line over again and found it tended aft at a remarkable rate. Thinking it strange, he called from the cabin the captain, who came on deck, went forward, and found the vessel going ahead at about five knots speed, but could not account for it. He ordered all hands called, and they hove in the cable to within about thirty fathoms, when they discovered that their anchor had got hooked to a large whale, which they had before seen at some distance. The whale ran with the schooner some little time longer. The crew weather-bitted the cable, and in a short time the whale sounded, broke the anchor, and carried away with him a good part of it. The black skin is to be seen on the cable, where it chafed on the whale. The ring and a small piece of the anchor were all that was left attached to the cable; the flukes are gone and are supposed to have somehow become attached to the body of the whale.

DANGEROUS SPORT.

Dangerous games have a kind of fascination for young people, but they sometimes have fatal results. The following story carries with it a warning:

A sad accident occurred in the family of Mr. Daniel Beardsley, of the town of Andes, N. Y. During the absence of the parents, their three little boys, aged twelve, ten, and eight years, went into the wood-house, which was only separated from the kitchen, where older members of the family were at work, by a thin partition. They were soon engaged in the lively game of "tie up sheep," which consists of two chasing one until he is caught, then taking him into the wood-house and tying him up by the neck previous to hobbling. The sheep tied up is supposed to become refractory, and jump and spring about and buck the boys when they come within his reach.

The oldest boy (Mark) was caught and tied up by a small, wet, leather string fastened to a stout nail. As he sprang forwards to buck at his younger brothers the noose tightened around his neck, but would not slacken; his terrible efforts to release himself were taken by his brothers as funny demonstrations —his agony was laughed at. He soon became quiet, leaned forward on the string, and was dead.

BEGINNING THE BIBLE.

It is related of Dr. Kennicott, who spent thirty years in collating the Hebrew Scriptures, and resigned a valuable living because his studies prevented his residing on it, that his wife was accustomed to assist him in his preparation of his Polyglot Bible by reading to him, as they drove out for an airing, the portions to which his immediate attention was called.

When preparing for a drive, the day after the great work was completed, she asked him what book she should now take.

"O," exclaimed he, *"let us begin the Bible."*

No wonder that he was a happy, well balanced Christian man, as ready to die calmly in Christ, as he had been to live and labor for Him. His appetite for the Word of God increased with its gratification. Instead of fretting at some trifling defects in the translation, his great genius and consecrated spirit found full satisfaction in a lifetime perusal of its sacred pages.

RUBBER OVERSHOES.

The history of the introduction of India rubber overshoes, as told by the *Scientific American*, is a curious story. Before 1821, the rubber had been imported only in the form of curiosities, such as crocodiles, turtles and other objects. A sea captain at that time brought, among other devices, some rubber wrought in the shape of small shoes, and gave them as a present to an intelligent boy. They were closed over the top, and our hero cut them open to find only some clay within in the form of lasts His next desire was to put them on his feet, but as they would not stretch enough, he used boiling water to soften them, and then succeeded in his purpose. To color them he used ink, which soon washed off, but finally hit upon the plan of smoking them up in the chimney. He then had completed the first pair of India rubber shoes ever used in this country, and his success was the beginning of a business which now has immense proportions.

THANKSGIVING INCIDENT.

A worthy matron, recently deceased, left her little fortune to be divided between her two sons. The amount was some $30,000. Though the world had used neither of them in an unkindly manner, still one had made a larger accumulation of wealth than the other. On Thanksgiving day the deeds and checks for the whole patrimony were conveyed to the brother whose duties had led him in paths where wealth is not rapidly gleaned. It was a pleasant surprise to the recipient, but the donor must experience the pleasant satisfaction of knowing that his generous deed is written down in that golden treasury where men inscribe deeds like this. We have only to add that the donor is an active and influential member of the present Board of Aldermen of Boston.—*Journal.*

FRENCH SERVANTS.

Madame Thiers recently confounded a young American lady by inquiring what kind of servants America had. The lady hardly knew what answer to make, when Madame Thiers continued, with great vivacity: "Here all of them are rogues. I am obliged myself to lock up every thing after meals; if I did not, meat, liquor, dessert, every thing, would disappear. At the Tuilleries it was found necessary to sew up the pockets of the servants to prevent their stealing. Had the pockets not been sewed up, guests would have gotten nothing on ball nights. Before this measure was adopted, champagne, pies, chickens, even pieces of plate, disappeared in their pockets."

"I GLAD I got a grandma what lets me help her," said a dear little boy who had hands to do with, only nobody wanted his work. Dear grandmas are so kind and patient with little boys.

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There are but few who *seem* to know
How they on earth should seek to live;
With blessings though their cup o'erflow,
But little to the poor they give;
While those of large and generous heart,
Mindful of the unfortunate,
Will often something good impart,
To reconcile them to their fate;
Perhaps will give a suit of "CLOTHES"
To some poor boy, *"from head to feet,"*
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